

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

January 21, 1919

No. 3

A Place for the Youth

You elders in Israel, we're making
This earnest petition to you;
We honor, we trust you, and love you
As youth and as children should do:
We're asking a place at the table
Of service in God's sacred hall,
For we know that his bounty's not stinted,
And are sure he invited us all.

We ask but a place at his table
Of service where older ones meet;
No honor, no vaunting, but only
To wait in the lowliest seat.
To be there each wonderful moment
The Master is sitting at meat;
To rise and to serve him, if bidden,
Or wash, if permitted, his feet.

Yes, servants, we know, are unworthy
To dine at the board of a king;
But He said "whosoever" and "any,"
And such is the password we bring.
The veriest crumbs will suffice us,
The lowliest, humblest place,
If only you bid us to enter
The chamber of service and grace.

Give place — O give place! — at his table,
Ye elders, for all of the youth;
Awaiting your welcome, we linger,
Abashed, by the doorways of truth.
We're sure that his grace is sufficient
For all who are willing and true;
So we ask for a humble position
At his table of service with you.

E. F. Collier.

From Here and There

Coblenz, once the favorite summer home of Wilhelm II, is now occupied by the American Army.

A double-deck stretcher carrier is devised for attachment to a motorcycle for use on the battlefield.

More than 1,600,000 men were taken to Europe with a total loss of fewer than 300 lives, in spite of all the submarines.

The Chinese Government has conferred the Order of Chiaoho, second class, on E. N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

The mail now flies over the sea between Holland and England. The day may not be far distant when mail will fly from the United States to England.

Upon good authority it is stated that the Bolshevik army of Russia is kept together by terrorism, a company of 150 Chinese being attached to each regiment to act as executioners.

"The Guardian Angel" is the name of a parachute which enables an aviator to drop in safety from his burning airplane. The greater the distance, the better the chances of coming down in safety.

The largest book in the world is on exhibition in Ottawa, Canada. It contains the names of all who subscribed to the Victory Loan campaign. It is fifteen feet high, eight feet wide, and three feet thick, and stands in the public square.

The Julia Richman High School of New York City led in the United States Second Liberty Loan school drive. It also won the United States school contest in the Third Liberty Loan by going over the top for \$12,199,000.

Sixty airplanes of the Fokker type arrived in Coblenz recently by special train from Berlin. They were the first of two hundred airplanes which are to be turned over to the American forces in Coblenz in accordance with the armistice.

On Christmas Day, President Wilson, as commander-in-chief of the American Army, decorated General Pershing with the American distinguished service cross. Other officers, with scores of privates, will also receive medals at the hands of the President.

Col. Clarence Culver, of Washington, D. C., recently gave an exhibition of his invention, the radio-telephone, which is said to be perhaps the war's greatest aerial invention. By it an officer on the ground can control the movements of fighting squadrons in the air.

Motor trucks with twelve-inch pneumatic tires are now operating between Akron, Ohio, New York City, and Boston. They make the 500-mile trip from Akron to New York in forty-seven hours. The 750-mile trip from Akron to Boston takes sixty-one hours. The round trip of 1,500 miles has been covered in six days. These trucks run continuously day and night. Back of the driver's seat is a place for the extra driver to sleep in a comfortable bed, as if he were in a Pullman car.

Ehrenbreitstein, the once famous fort called the Gibraltar of Germany, has been turned over to the American forces of occupation. American doughboys have stood on the same little wooden platform jutting out on the highest parapet of the fortress, where the emperors of Germany stood in departed days, and looked down upon the marvelous panorama of the Rhine valley 377 feet beneath. Until the present only the elected few of Germany's inner military circles enjoyed that view, but now one can wander at random through the fort.

Walter H. Page, our former ambassador to Great Britain, died on December 21. The demands made upon the ambassador during the great European conflict were greater than his health could endure. Though he resigned his post at the Court of St. James, and returned to this country in October, he never regained his health. Mr. Page has long been known in this country and abroad as author and editor. For many years he has been editor of the *World's Work*.

On December 28, President Wilson's sixty-second birthday was celebrated. King George sent him a magnificent set of books, and gave brooches to the women of the President's party, and diamond stickpins to the men. The king also called at the President's apartment and wished him many happy returns of the day.

Steady progress in the establishment of a popular government in Finland on a comparatively stable basis, free from German control, has resulted in a decision by the United States and the Allies to furnish that country immediately with foodstuffs for civilian relief.

Prohibition in the nation's capital is the weakest form of prohibition, as the District is the only prohibition territory in the United States into which liquor may be imported for personal beverage use.

Hard-Coal Ashes

MILTON WHITNEY, chief of the Bureau of Soils, says: "Hard-coal ashes have little value as a fertilizer, although they are sometimes useful to apply to heavy clay soils, rendering them more open and porous and easier to work. The following is the analysis of this material: Nitrogen, with very small proportions of phosphoric acid and potash."

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That Letter Home

INEZ HOILAND-STEVENS

I USED to write home often," she said, "almost every week. But of late it seems I just cannot find time. Anyway, mother knows I'm busy, and so does not expect a letter often."

No time to write to mother! And yet that is the only thing she can do to cheer the heart of her best friend on earth. With an immense continent and the vast ocean between them, it is impossible to "drop in" at the old home with a delicacy for mother, or to put a rose in her hair. Nor can she send her presents or money. There is just one thing she *can* do to keep the love chords vibrating between them, and such a little thing it is — write her a letter. But she has no time!

There is time for work and time for rest; time for reading and visiting; time for entertaining and time for traveling; time for everything and everybody — except mother! How does it happen, I wonder, that we cannot *find* time for the really important things when we are *taking* time right along for the unnecessary ones?

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Can we afford to be too busy to neglect that command, considering the promise that follows? What does it mean to "honor" a person if it does not mean to give him first place — the very best we have and are capable of?

Ex-President Roosevelt's Visit to South America

A few years ago when Ex-President Roosevelt visited South America he was everywhere greeted with the highest enthusiasm and given elaborate banquets and receptions in the large cities.

While on his way to the interior to hunt he sailed up the beautiful Paraná River, which extends from Buenos Aires northward to the boundaries of Paraguay and Brazil. At the river ports where the steamer stopped were gathered crowds of people anxious to get a glimpse of the famous man, his hearty smile, and, incidentally, that wonderful row of teeth!

They were glad and willing to do all that for a man whom they had never before seen and whom, in all probability, they would never see again, just to *honor* him.

Now if an utter stranger merits such an expenditure of thought, time, and money, how much more do we owe our beloved parents, our best and truest friends in all the world? Not that they need — much less want — receptions or banquets, demonstrations or parades, to show them honor. The best that we can give them, and what their fond hearts must crave, is the little deeds of kindness and tender affection which spring from a loving, grateful heart.

A good way to show that love and appreciation is through the letters we write home. The only real joy of parents is in their children, and this grows more so as the years go by. We can never fully appreciate how their hearts ache as, one by one, the loved ones leave the family hearth. A feeling of utter desolation creeps over them as they realize that nobody needs them any more; worse still, they may even feel that they are in the way. Every cheery, loving message

from their children is like a ray of light breaking through the gloom. It reminds them that there is something to live for still, and fans anew the flame of courage that burns so low in old age.

A Son's Letter to His Mother

Not long ago I saw a note written by a devoted son to his invalid mother, who had just gone to a sanitarium in hope of relief. It read in part as follows:

"MY DEAR, SWEET MOTHER: I must hurry off this little note to you this morning before going to the office, for I can half-way guess you are lonesome. We certainly are, and miss you so much. Only four days since you left, and it seems months. The house is so empty without you. With the queen gone, it is a sorry kingdom indeed.

"I hope you are comfortably settled and like your room. I wrote the doctor to give you the best room in the sanitarium, and it's none too good for you, 'cause you know you're our sweetheart. Tomorrow I shall send you some carnations and some fresh peaches from the garden. Hope you enjoy them.

"Have been trimming the vines and planting some vegetables so everything will look fine when you get back. We hope that will be soon, for 'What is home without a mother?' especially when it's a mother like you!"

How do you suppose that mother felt after reading that letter? That she was a burden, an expense, 'in the way'? No, indeed, although a helpless invalid, she knows that just her presence is a joy to her children.

A Question for College Students

Young people away at college, how often do you write to your parents? Did you begin with the weekly letter, and then get "too busy" to write oftener than every two weeks, later once a month, and finally not at all? Possibly you were brought to your senses by a telegram from home asking if you were ill. Do you find your studies, the musicale, the literary society, the "good times," so absorbing that you have no time for that dear father and mother at home?

How do you happen to be at college, anyway? Probably because of mother. Do you think that because she has not had a college education, or perhaps is somewhat old-fashioned, she is not interested in your college life, or that she cannot understand or appreciate school activities? If you think that, you were never more mistaken in your life.

True, she may not be able to conjugate a Latin verb, or have the faintest conception of what trigonometry is, but the fact that *her child* knows those things means everything to her. It satisfies, in part, that life-longing for an education which poverty and lack of opportunity denied her.

Let your mother enjoy a bit of college life through your letters. Tell her about the latest debate in which you took part; about that famous singer you heard. (How *she* would have enjoyed hearing her!) Ask her opinion and counsel about your plans; tell her how her prayers and high ideals are helping you to ring true; how you appreciate her loving sacrifice in your behalf. Tell her you love her and thank God daily for such a good mother. Tell her all that and much more, and tell it over and over again. She will never tire of hearing it.

Frequent Letters Demanded

Write at least once a week, in spite of everything. Consider the home letter as important as your meals. Better miss a meal than a letter.

Write with ink, if possible, for of course when we "honor" people we never think of using a pencil. The pen seems to carry with it a certain air of respect that stimulates one to take more care in one's writing. And remember that the very best you are capable of is none too good for father and mother.

Besides, if your letter merits circulation outside the family circle it will probably get it (and it may anyway, for that matter). Mother's heart swells with pride as she reads what son or daughter is doing in college, and she slips the letter in with one to Uncle John, who in turn passes it on to Cousin Anne. You may meet that letter many years hence, and you would not want to be ashamed of it.

Just a few weeks ago a daughter was surprised to find inclosed with a letter from her mother a postal she had written home thirteen years ago while away canvassing. Her mother added this note: "I thought you might enjoy seeing this little reminder of those happy canvassing days. I have kept it along with many of your letters all these years."

Now that was the first intimation that she had had that her mother was keeping any of her letters. Nat-

urally, it made her resolve anew that the messages home should merit such attention.

Letter Writing Is Educational

Do you long to become a good writer? Then regard that weekly letter home as an educational opportunity, a stepping-stone to literary fame, if you please. For to be able to write a good letter is one of the fine arts, and is usually quite a fair index to one's literary ability. And when one considers what an unbounded source of pleasure a good letter affords the receiver, it is certainly well worth while cultivating the art.

And do not forget father. Of course he knows that even though the letter be directed to mother he is included, but it will do him good if you send him a personal message. Occasionally write him a special letter, particularly on his birthday, telling him the things you know will interest him most.

The day may come to you, as it has to me, when you learn with a heavy heart that your last letter from him has been received, the last loving word from his hand penned. Never again will you see that familiar handwriting. How you will wish then that you had written him oftener!

"It's not the things we do, dear, but the things we leave undone
That gives us a bitter heartache at the setting of the sun.
The friendly word unspoken, *the letter you did not write,*
The flower you did not send, dear, are your haunting dreams
at night."

Products of Venezuela

MRS. W. E. BAXTER

DESPITE the fact that Venezuela is a mountainous country, the valleys are well adapted to agriculture. It is estimated that there are more than thirty thousand square miles of good agricultural land. Generally the soil is dark, rich, and easy to cultivate, seldom suffering from prolonged drouths. The most important products are sugar, tobacco, corn, rice,

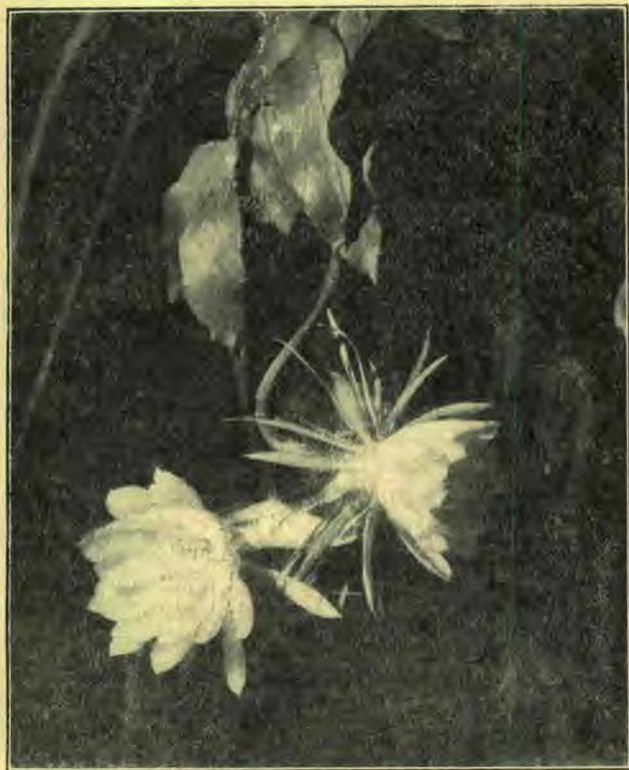
wheat, barley, potatoes, and a little cotton of an inferior quality. It is said that the possible products would be a high grade of cotton and all the cereals and vegetables of the temperate zones. The cotton plant here will grow to the dimensions of a large bush, and a good stand will last for several years, annual re-planting being seldom necessary.



"The valleys of Venezuela are well adapted to agriculture." Caracas, the capital, lies in this valley.

The tobacco plant flourishes here, in its natural home, the tropics. Large quantities are exported. A Venezuelan is never known to use tobacco except for smoking or snuffing. Would that they might know the harmfulness of this filthy poisonous plant of which one doctor has said, "It steals away from them one fifth of the enjoyment and at least one tenth of the length of their lives."

The sugar cane yields enormously with very little cultivation. In the lower valleys it will continue in good condition without replanting once in a generation. Much of the sugar is molded into cylinder-



A VENEZUELAN CACTUS

shaped cakes, and resembles maple sugar in appearance. There are a few sugar refineries that turn out a medium grade of granulated sugar.

Probably the most staple product of Venezuela is coffee. A wild coffee tree is a slender shrub, and will grow from twelve to twenty feet high; but under cultivation it is not allowed to become more than six or eight feet high, and is trimmed to the shape of a pyramid. It has thick, horizontal branches with leaves of a dark green, and the small white flowers are found close in the axils of the leaves. When the coffee plant is about three years of age it begins to bear, and continues to yield until it is about thirty years old, when it is replaced by a young plant.

Another staple product is chocolate, made from cacao. This plant produces two crops annually, beginning to bear at about five years of age and continuing until it is about forty. The fruit is a crescent-shaped pod from eight to ten inches long, and grows direct from the lower trunk and branches. When green it resembles a cucumber, but when ripe it is reddish-brown, at which stage the pods are gathered and thrown into a heap, where in a few days they ferment and burst. The beans are then shelled out, ground into powder, and the chocolate is ready for market. A good illustration of the cacao tree may be seen on page 115 of Morton's Advanced Geography.

Among the other cultivated plants are the indigo plant; the cassava, from which sago, tapioca, and

starch are made; oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruits, citron, cocoanuts, bananas, plantains,—a species of the banana,—vanilla, and many other fruits and vegetables too numerous to mention. In some parts is found the "sweet-milk tree," or *leche miel*, from the bark of which oozes a milklike fluid, which is used by the natives as food. Another tree that yields a most pleasant and nourishing food is the breadfruit tree. Indeed, one may find in a single day's journey the four seasons and most every vegetable of the three zones.

Not alone is Venezuela rich in vegetable products, but in mineral products as well. Gold is known to exist in nearly every province and district of the republic. Copper is also abundant in many parts as well as iron and asphalt. Coal of a good quality is being mined, and it is believed that there are extensive and rich deposits of it.

The government derives a neat annual income from its mines of almost pure salt. Among other minerals, the mining of which is not perfectly developed as yet, are sulphur, jet, porcelain, and white granite. These are some of the products of beautiful Venezuela, as nature has made it, with its rich and varied resources as yet undeveloped.

Caracas, Venezuela, South America.

Missionary Journeys in the Inca Union Mission

THE territory of this mission, which was organized in 1914, includes that part of South America which is in many ways the most interesting. Within its limits flourished the historic Inca Empire during five centuries. Here the famous, or infamous, *conquistadores* established the rule of blood and fire that, under Alva and Torquemada, worked ruin in Spain and the Netherlands at about the same epoch. It was from this section that the plethora of gold flowed into the treasury of Spain, which, filling her public and private coffers, gave rise to luxury and avarice, which brought her ruin. This political ruin of Spain, following hard on her social corruption, was, however, the salvation of struggling Protestantism in Europe; and later, when her American colonies felt themselves strong enough to break the galling yoke of three centuries, that same political ruin became the means of preparing the way for the extension of Protestantism triumphant, to those now independent republics.

Between the years 1810 and 1821, the political independence of all South America was secured by means of rebellion against Spanish domination. Thanks to the Monroe Doctrine, the weak and precarious republics then formed have gone on developing in strength, resources, and population till today they are worthy the place in the earth which they occupy.

The storm center of that decade of revolution, and the section from which Spanish authority was last uprooted, was that now comprised in the Inca Union Mission. But while in many cases the young republics patterned after the constitution of their older northern sisters, in one respect they did not do so. In place of the perfect religious liberty guaranteed by the fundamental charter of the United States, the three Andean republics retained the Catholic worship as the religion of the state.

For many years this prevented the entrance of the message in these countries. The last country to open its doors to the preaching of the gospel was Peru, which after a struggle of several years, suppressed the

last clause of the fourth article of her constitution, which forbade the public celebration of any other than the Catholic worship. Today the door is wide open.

The first seeds of truth were planted in this interesting land several years ago. In fact, as far back as 1898, there were a few who kept the Sabbath in Peru. The present organization of the work, however, dates from April, 1907, when the present church of Lima was organized by Elder F. L. Perry, now of Chile. About this time also, the work was seriously undertaken in Ecuador and Bolivia. As a result of patient seed sowing during the years that followed, there were one hundred forty-seven baptized members at the beginning of 1913, in the autumn of which year the writer and his family reached the field. The growth of the work since that time will be told in following articles.

E. L. MAXWELL.

According to What One Thinks

[The following poem was written by an American soldier in France.]

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think that you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.

Think big, and your deeds will grow.
Think small, and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

Scottish Martyrs in 1543

ON January 25, 1543, Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, with the Earl of Argyle and several other gentlemen, rode into Perth, on the borders of the Scottish Highlands. The priests had already marked their prey. On that same day James Founleson and Helen his wife, together with four other men, of the names of Lambe, Anderson, Hunter, and Ravelson, were arrested, and were thrown into prison to await their trial on the following day. It must have been a sad night for poor Helen Founleson. That morning she had been a happy and prosperous woman, a wife, and a mother, perhaps sharing in the rejoicings of the day, for it was a festival day of the conversion of St. Paul.

On the next day, the twenty-sixth, they were all six brought before the cardinal to be tried. They were chiefly accused of having dared to dispute about the meaning of the Bible, and of coming together to read the Bible; but there were also separate charges brought against some of them. Against Helen Founleson it was alleged as a crime, that when she was in great pain and sickness, she refused to call upon the Virgin to help her, and had prayed only to God.

No doubt the saddest thought to poor Helen Founleson was that of her young children and her little babe, made fatherless and motherless in one day, and so left to the mercy of the cruel world. But her faith and trust were strong, and she knew that they had still a Father in heaven; and not all the malice and power of man could take them from under the shadow of his hand. And so she was able to die calmly, and to leave a bright example in her death to those who should come after her.

Helen Founleson had requested that she might die with her husband, but this was not allowed. However, we are told, she followed him to the foot of the gallows, and gave him comfort, exhorting him to perseverance and patience for Christ's sake. She parted from him with a kiss; and took leave of him in these words: "Husband, rejoice, for we have lived together many joyful days, but this day in which we must die, ought to be most joyful unto us both, because we must have joy forever. Therefore I will not bid you good night, for we shall suddenly meet with joy in the kingdom of heaven."

After she had seen her husband die, she was led away to another place, to be drowned. Her babe was taken from her breast. We are told that she commended her children to her neighbors for God's sake; and so she died.

To praise her, after such a tale, would sound presumptuous; but we in this day ought never to forget how much we owe to those who died in those times for the faith. We owe our civil and religious liberties, and our pure Protestant faith, under God, not alone to kings and rulers, to the learned and the great, but far more to humble and lowly believers like James Founleson and his wife.—*Selected.*

The Experience of Gwo Tung Szi

GWO TUNG SZI was sowing wheat on his father's farm in northern Honan. He was a steady-going, honest boy, and loved the quiet of the country. He had heard about the Christian religion, and was an inquirer of the mission in a village several li from his home. As he was dropping the grain into the furrows, he heard the clanking of steel behind him. Turning, he saw two soldiers with bayoneted rifles. They said that his country needed him to help the army that was fighting the revolutionists down in Hunan, and that he must accompany them immediately. He begged not to be taken, and finally said that he would not go. The soldiers leveled their rifles at his head, and said that he would go with them or never plant any more wheat. He then complied, but asked permission to first say good-by to his parents. On the way to the house they met Gwo Tung Szi's older brother, who also was forced to go with the soldiers.

After two or three days' marching the two brothers, with the regiment, boarded a train, and after a day's ride arrived at Hankow. At this place they boarded small steam vessels and sailed up the great Yangtze-kiang. In two days they reached the Ting-tung-hu, the largest lake in China. At this point the vessel turned south and steamed up the Siang-kiang River, arriving at Changsha, the capital of Hunan Province. Here the soldiers left the vessels, and after remaining in Changsha a few days, were sent three hundred li to the western part of the province. Gwo Tung Szi and his brother went with them to help set up the camp, to wash clothes for the soldiers, and to cook for

all hands. Along the road they witnessed the soldiers, who were called licensed thieves by the Hunanese, rob the stores and inns, plunder the homes of the people, burn houses, kill noncombatant citizens, and abuse women and children. This conduct filled Gwo Tung Szi with horror. The cursing and coarse jesting and impurity of the soldiers jarred upon him, and he longed to be back on the peaceful farm in Honan many hundreds of li to the north. His thoughts constantly went to the little company of Christians in the village with whom he had so often met to study the Bible, to sing, and to pray.

One day, two or three months after leaving his home, he talked with his brother about his desire to return home. He reasoned that their country had not called them to its service; that they had not volunteered nor been drafted; that they had been forced into the army to be slaves to the soldiers, receiving no wage nor any remuneration except their rice and vegetables. He told his brother that he was going to escape at the first opportunity and try to return home, and asked his brother to go with him. The older brother was not a Christian, and had engaged with the soldiers in drinking, smoking, gambling, and in general wickedness. He replied that he was tired of the old farm, that the soldier's life was the life for him.

Very much concerned about his brother's moral conduct, and disappointed because he would not flee with him, Gwo Tung Szi nevertheless determined to leave the camp. A few days before, an officer who appreciated Gwo Tung Szi's conduct and services had given him three dollars. This sum would pay his fare from Changsha to Hankow, third-class passage.

For several nights after his talk with his brother about escaping, Gwo Tung Szi watched for a chance to get by a sleepy sentry. At last the opportunity came, and during the next thirty hours he walked one hundred fifty li to Ning Hsiang. Walking along the street in the evening, he passed our chapel, where a meeting was being held. He turned about and entered the door, joining in the singing with a joy that he had never before experienced. The evangelist preached upon God's plan for the support of the ministry. He had never before heard of the tithing system, and his heart was deeply touched by what he heard. After the sermon he took one of the dollars,—his precious money for fare to Hankow toward home,—and gave it to the preacher, saying that he desired no longer to rob God of tithe, also explaining that while he had received only three dollars for his services to the soldiers, he wished to give the one dollar to the Lord.

When the evangelist returned to Changsha, Gwo Tung Szi accompanied him and remained in our compound several days. Pastor W. E. Gillis was at that time auditing the books at Changsha. After hearing the boy's story, we decided that he was worthy,—not obligated to the soldiers, or to his country; and if we as missionaries failed to do him a kindness in his need, to whom could he turn for help? When Pastor Gillis returned to Hankow, the boy went with him. Later he was employed at our summer rest home in Honan, on Gi Gung Shan (Rooster Comb Mountain).

Gwo Tung Szi is happy indeed to be back in his native province, far away from the wickedness of the soldier camp in Hunan, but grieved because of his brother's course in evil-doing. He is a type of many Chinese who have turned from idol worship, though having seen only a few rays of light.

O. B. KUHN.

Importance of the Work of Stenographers and Bookkeepers

[A talk by Elder A. G. Daniells to the business ethics class in the commercial-room at Washington Missionary College, Nov. 19, 1918. Stenographically reported by B. P. Foote, instructor in shorthand and typewriting.]

IT is a pleasure to me to respond to the request of your instructors to meet with you and talk about the line of study you are pursuing in this department. I wish to place before you the call to our young people to prepare themselves for efficient work along stenographic and accounting lines in our cause.

We are carrying on a work throughout the entire world, and it has developed such strength and such proportions that everywhere we find great need of stenographers and accountants. We have one hundred thirty local and twenty-six union conferences. We have one hundred thirteen mission fields or large mission centers. Every one of these organizations calls for at least an accountant, and most of them now call for one or more stenographers. Then we have a large number of institutions—publishing houses, sanitariums, and schools; these institutions all require stenographers, bookkeepers, and accountants. I do not have the exact figures, but I judge we must now have in our employ close to one thousand of these workers.

We are taking in and passing out of our organized work many millions of dollars each year. This money comes to us in sums varying from one dollar to twenty thousand dollars. All this calls for a great deal of painstaking, accurate work on the part of some one in each conference, to receive this money, properly locate it in the accounts, acknowledge its receipt, and then disburse it according to the directions of the conference officers. You can see that this is a large affair we are carrying on.

A constant change is taking place in the ranks of our stenographers and accountants. Some get tired of the sort of work they are doing and wish a change; others fail in health and have to retire; others are called to care for their parents or other relatives; while some are transferred to other kinds of work. Every one that retires from that service must be replaced by another. This means a constant demand for conscientious, efficient, consecrated young people to help us in this work.

The Reason for the Scarcity of Stenographers

We are so short of workers of this class that we are searching the denomination for them. Three or four are wanted just now for the Far East. So far as demand is concerned, there is a wide-open door beckoning young people to hard work, to faithful endeavor, to real efficiency in this line of work. You need not fear that there will not be something for you to do if you develop efficiency.

This is strenuous work; but any work is hard work if you really work hard at it. Anything that you succeed in requires your whole heart, your devotion, your energy,—all there is of you. Those who are looking for a really easy job through life ought not to choose the stenographic line—in fact, they should not choose any work that is important. But the true life, the life worth living, the earnest, hard-working life, is that in which one studies not to see how *little* but how *much* one can do.

Opportunity to Gain Experience of Worth

Many young men who began work in our cause have gained a good experience through their contact with the work and with the men they have worked with, and have become very useful. I could name many of

our ablest men today who began as stenographers. That work was a stepping-stone to other useful service.

A good stenographer is of great value to our cause. It is believed that an efficient stenographer doubles the value of the service of the man for whom he works. Think of our most experienced men, and then think that you could step in and day by day double the value of their service. Isn't that worth while? May not any young person well covet the privilege? That is a great service to render, and that is what we believe our stenographic helpers do for us.

I would encourage you to look upon this work as a good work, and as most important. We must not think that that service only is valuable that is rendered in public. It is *good* work that counts, whether it is public or private. How can a stenographer take dictation from a man of large experience, reproduce it on the typewriter, and hand it back in the form of neatly written letters or articles, without rendering important service to the cause of God?

One reason why we are short of stenographers more than of almost any other class of workers is because it takes such earnest work to become efficient. No one wants a poor stenographer — one who does not get the dictation correctly, one who does not spell well, and does not put things in good shape. The reason why we are so short of stenographers is because so few who take the studies persevere, work hard, and become thoroughly efficient. In order to succeed in any line of endeavor worth while, one has to apply himself and work hard at it, and press through to the state of real efficiency. Those who will not do this will not succeed.

Put your heart into your efforts. Get your lessons so well that your teachers will feel you are going a little beyond the requirements each day. Then you will succeed in stenography.

Give Your Service to the Work of God

I hope you will study this line of work with the idea of giving your service to the cause of God, not to go out to the world to earn better wages. I know that stenographers can get higher wages in the world than they can in our cause; and so can other workers. We are nearly all working for much less than we could get in the world; but that is what we give to the Lord for giving us such a glorious message. That is the sacrifice we are willing to make for this truth. We have able stenographers working in our offices for less than half the amount they could obtain in commercial offices. But why do that? — Because this cause is worth more to us than all the world besides; and in a little while the world will perish, and those who are in the world and of the world will perish with it, while the work of God will triumph, and those who are true to it will triumph with it. So I should like to have you pursue your studies with the view of giving your lives to the work of God in some conference or institution at home or abroad, wherever the Lord may call you. Then you will feel blest, and you will feel that you are rendering good service.

[Note: Those interested in this subject who cannot attend our resident schools can successfully study bookkeeping, stenography, and typewriting through the Fireside Correspondence School, Takoma Park, D. C. Write for particulars.]

China, having suppressed the opium traffic, is alarmed at the contemplated influx of American brewers who plan to build extensive plants there. Public opinion is being aroused in the hope that the United States Government will prevent such activities.

Nature and Science

Grumbletown

FOLKS who live in Grumbletown
Show a scowl and wear a frown,
Never deign to crack a smile,
Mumble, grumble, all the while.

Winds are always hot or cold,
Making Grumble people scold;
Fretting, fuming, they complain
It is shine or it is rain.

All their tempers are awry,
Cannot please 'em if you try;
Nothing right, and all things wrong —
That's the burden of their song.

If you live there, don't you stay!
Pack your goods and move away;
Look around you — every hand
Shows the happy Laughter Land.

— Selected.

Oil Instead of Coal

PETROLEUM is about to effect a transformation in world shipping much more remarkable than that which was wrought by steam. The possibilities are fascinating. Both the oil-burning ship and the motor ship remove handicaps under which the merchant navies of the world have been steadily degenerating. They reduce operating costs, increase range and flexibility, overcome certain international political handicaps in shipping, and improve the living standards and morale of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The comparatively few shipping managers who have operated with petroleum will tell you that it is like switching from the "one-hoss shay" to a high-powered racing car.

Advantages of Oil

One of the advantages found in the oil-burning ship with steam engines over the coal burner is a reduction in the number of men needed in the boiler-room, first of all.

Some months before the "Lusitania" sailed on her last tragic voyage American petroleum experts examined her boilers and coal bunkers to make suggestions for converting her into an oil burner. They found this entirely feasible, and estimated that her fireroom force could be reduced ninety per cent by the change — that is, one man out of ten would be needed. It has been said that the "Lusitania" started on her last voyage short of firemen, and that because she was running with only seventy per cent steaming efficiency the submarine was able to torpedo her. Had she been running at full efficiency with coal, or been fitted for oil burning, she might, perhaps, have escaped.

Next comes reduction in bunker space, with an increase in cargo space. A ton of oil takes five cubic feet less space than a ton of coal, and gives eighty per cent steaming efficiency against sixty-five per cent for coal. This works out to about forty per cent saving in bunker space, which is made available for cargo in a freighter. Moreover, there is a saving in quarters for the crew, because an oil-burning ship carries fewer men. Estimates for the "Mauretania" give a fireroom force of twenty-seven men for oil burning as against three hundred twelve needed to burn coal.

Oil-burning vessels will make from ten to twenty per cent more mileage than coal burners. There is better control of steaming, because fires can be started and stopped instantly, steam raised quickly, and time

in port saved through the greater ease of taking on oil as contrasted with coal. Coaling is always a dirty job and tedious, whereas oil is simply pumped into the double bottoms quickly and without fuss or muss.

There are other advantages: Oil is often cheaper than coal in actual dollars—prices vary widely, of course. Oil does not deteriorate in storage like coal. Oil eliminates the fire risk from spontaneous combustion in coal, and is not subject to the danger of shifting in rough weather at sea. Oil eliminates ashes and ash conveyors, smoke and soot, and the necessity for frequently painting a ship. Oil reduces the expense of grate repairs, corrosion of boiler plates, fuel-handling devices afloat and ashore.

Even more remarkable, however, is the increase in radius of ship operation and the possibility for planning profitable voyages without handicaps imposed by coaling. The coal-burning ship must stop frequently for fuel. Her nationality may put her at a disadvantage where foreign bunkering stations are used. At the best, coal-bunkering stations in other countries have always involved political complications. Even with the magnificent bunkering facilities afforded British ships, there are various parts of the world where the coal burner must steam a considerable distance, with little or no cargo, simply to take on coal—a well-recognized operating handicap.

But the oil burner has a radius of from two to three times that of the coal burner. Fast passenger liners burning oil for steam could almost make the round trip from New York to Europe and back, taking most of their oil on this side; and with freight steamers running at slower speeds, and burning less oil to the mile, it would be possible for them to go half round the world.

The boiler-room of an oil-burning steamer can be twenty-five degrees cooler than if coal were burned under the same boilers. For most of the heat in a fire hold comes from opening the furnace doors to throw in coal. There are no furnace doors when oil is burned. With coal, heat escapes every time the furnace door is opened and is lost for steam-making purposes. With oil, there is no furnace door to open and all the heat is used for steam making.—*Selected.*

Tungsten and Its Uses

TUNGSTEN was first reduced and obtained as a pure metal in the year 1785. Shortly before this, however, a new mineral acid was discovered by the Swedish chemist Scheele, in the stony mineral afterward called scheelite. The element itself was called tungsten from the two Swedish words *tung*, heavy, and *sten*, stone.

Tungsten is never found native, but must be reduced from its ores to the metallic state by artificial means. As thus obtained, the metal is a gray powdery or granular mass from which wrought or ductile tungsten can be made. The latter looks very much like iron or steel, and takes a similar polish.

Where the Ore is Found

The western part of the United States furnishes the larger part of the world's output of tungsten. Various types of ore are mined in Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Montana, Arizona, and California. North Dakota and Connecticut also have deposits.

The ferberite ore of Boulder County, Colorado, furnishes apparently between one tenth and one eighth of the world's tungsten, while the deposits at Atolia,

California, are the largest and most productive scheelite deposits known. The output from the Atolia mine in 1916 was about one half the total production of the United States.

Mining and Concentrating the Ore

On Thanksgiving Day the writer was conducted by the superintendent of the Atolia mine, through this the largest tungsten mine in the world. Taking our lanterns, we climbed into the hoisting bucket, and were let down the shaft seven hundred feet, at first almost perpendicularly, then when the vein of ore was reached, following the angle of the vein. Getting out at the seven-hundred-foot level, we followed the horizontal tramcar track along the vein for several hundred feet.

The ore deposit may be better understood by the reader if he will picture in his mind a crevice in the rocks or earth a thousand feet deep, closed in places, but ranging from one to seven feet wide. Then imagine the wind's gradually filling this crevice with a coarse, granular, greasy-looking sand which hardens into a stone resembling limestone.

The vein actually appears like a deposit in a seam between two walls of quartz rock, varying in width from one to seven feet, and in some places disappearing entirely for a hundred feet or more.

The ore is removed by drilling and blasting. The quartz is filled back into the space left by the ore; while the latter is wheeled to the shaft and hoisted to the surface, where a more careful sorting of the larger pieces is made before hauling it to the mill. The ore in this mine runs from five to sixty per cent tungsten. Many millions of dollars' worth has been removed.

At the mill the ore is first pulverized by running it through a revolving cylinder resembling a huge washing machine filled with wrought-iron balls. From here it is distributed through pipes by means of a current of water, to separating tables. Here the lighter substances are washed over slight elevations on the table, leaving the heavier tungsten to be carried down by itself. A still further refinement is made by discharging this concentrate upon an inclined roller table which carries the concentrate over into a settling tank, while the lighter substances are washed down.

Before shipment this concentrate is dried and roasted to remove the sulphur. Lots which contain phosphorus must be treated with acids before roasting. The concentrate contains from sixty to eighty per cent calcium tungstate. It is sacked, and shipped to special electric furnaces, such as those at Niagara Falls, for reduction.

Properties of Tungsten

The symbol for tungsten is W. Its atomic weight is one hundred eighty-four when oxygen is the standard at a weight of sixteen. It is harder than steel, and about two and one-half times as heavy as iron. That is, a piece of tungsten will weigh two and one-half times as much as a piece of iron of the same size, or more than seven times as much as aluminum. Only three known metals are heavier.

The melting point of tungsten is higher than that of any other known metal. It is 3,267° Centigrade or 5,913° Fahrenheit. Tungsten is naturally very brittle, but by being worked sufficiently it becomes elastic and develops great tensile strength. It can be drawn into wires less than four ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter,—a sixth to a fourth of the diameter of a hair.

Tungsten, like iron, becomes much more malleable on being heated to or above a red heat. It is not magnetic.

The Uses of Tungsten

"The greatest use of tungsten, a use which overshadows all others in the quantity of the metal utilized, is as a constituent of tool steels, especially of those known as 'high-speed steels.' Of these steels, as they are made in this country, it forms percentages ranging from thirteen to twenty. High-speed tungsten steels have increased the efficiency of both machinists and lathes tremendously, and manufacturers working large groups of men say that from three to five times as much metal can be cut with such steel as with the old simple carbon steel. In other words, under favorable conditions one man and one lathe can do as much work with high-speed tungsten steels as five men and five lathes could formerly do with simple carbon steels.

"Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of labor is saved annually through the use of high-speed steels, and it would doubtless have been impossible to make the great quantities of turned and cut steel manufactured in this country in 1916 if it had been necessary to revert back to the use of carbon steels.

"The value of high-speed tungsten steel depends not only on its greater hardness, but on the quality of holding its hardness when heated to dull redness. This quality allows the tool to cut other metal at a rate which heats the point to about 535° C. (1,000° F.).

"Its high melting point, the toughness and fineness of the wire into which it may be drawn, and its behavior when an electric current is passed through it, make tungsten the best material now known for incandescent electric light filaments, so that for this use it is rapidly driving other material from the market. Incandescent lamps filled with nitrogen or argon, and having tungsten filaments, are taking the place of arc lamps for many purposes. Tungsten filament lamps are made in great numbers, but the filaments are so fine that an astonishingly small quantity of ore supplies the industry." These lamps not only give us better lights but save hundreds of millions of dollars each year in electric light bills.

Recently an alloy of tungsten with cobalt, known as stellite, has been perfected. Stellite is used in cutting steel. Surgical instruments are also being manufactured from it. It has the advantage of taking a hard, keen edge, and is not affected by acids, alkalies, or boiling. It takes a bright polish, and does not rust or tarnish.

EDGAR BRIGHAM, M. D.

A Gift from a Friend

A GIFT, a friend has sent.
A trifling thing, you say?
But one has sent her love to me,
And cheered a dreary day.

'Tis not the gift we prize,
But love that prompted it
Makes rare, a simple, common thing,
And warms the soul a bit.

A gift is not a gift
Without a friend to give;
I think that friends are what God gave
To make us care to live.

And as we love, we give;
And as we give, we love;
And thus our hearts are doubly filled
With blessings from above.

GRACE LYNDEN.

Cynthia's Calmology Course

IT was Monday, a blue Monday, too, for the girl who had had so little experience in doing the heavy part of a family washing. Besides, father had been late to breakfast, Dick had spilled the cream on the clean tablecloth, the pie had run out, the best platter had dropped from Evelyn's fingers and broken, the soup had scorched, and worst of all, the reel had broken and let a sheet and a shirt waist dangle in the mire.

"O dear, I'm the horriest body in all creation!" sobbed Cynthia. "I've flared up no less than five times today. If mother knew, it would break her heart. I don't see whatever has come over me lately. O dear, dear, dear!" And weary, repentant Cynthia threw herself face down upon the huge boulder and cried right out loud, while the brook below gurgled along as peacefully as ever. A strange duet it was, that of Cynthia and the brook, and so loud it was that soft footsteps in the grass seemed to make no noise at all.

Suddenly, the girl was startled by the pressure of a hand on her shoulder. She looked up into the face of Miss Matson, her mother's nurse.

"Bless your heart, girlie, whatever is the matter?" the woman asked in a tone of such sympathy that Cynthia almost forgave this trespassing on ground she had come to consider her own.

"I—I thought I was all alone," she stammered, sitting up, brushing back the stray locks and dashing the tears away. "I run down here to the brook when I can't hold in another second, and just cry all I've a mind to. I have to."

Miss Matson gave Cynthia a long, searching look, then sprang to a seat beside her, and took the girl's hand in hers. "Tell me, dear, just as you would tell the little mother if she were strong enough to bear the burdens of others. If I can help, I shall be very glad. I've felt anxious about you, Cynthia."

"You've felt anxious about me? Why should you? Mother's your patient. I'm not sick. I'm ugly, that's all."

"No, that isn't all," Miss Matson quietly contradicted. "You were very brave while the little mother's case was critical. Unconsciously we have all relaxed now,—you see I am leaving Evelyn in charge while I take a walk in the fresh air,—and we suddenly realize that the nervous strain of those anxious days is having its effect—Cynthia, why don't you take a vacation?"

"I can't, Miss Matson. Who'd do the cooking and the sweeping and the washing and the fancywork?"

"I think Mr. Reeves and Dick, Evelyn and I, could manage for one week, cooking and sweeping and washing," smiled Miss Matson. "As for the fancywork, I suppose that could be set aside till your return, couldn't it?"

"No," was the firm reply. "It's for Marion, and commencement comes the last of June. Mother was embroidering the petticoat when she was taken sick. I'm going to finish it this week and surprise her." Suddenly the look of nervous anxiety gave way to one of tenderness. "Miss Matson, I wish you could see my sister Marion. She's older than I, but you'd never know it. Most folks think me older, she's so dainty and sweet, and I'm so homely—and ugly. She's ever so smart, too. She has one of the honor parts. We're all proud of Marion."

For a time the brook sang its own little song quite undisturbed by human voices. Then Miss Matson

spoke gently but firmly: "You must have a week's vacation away from home. As for the fancywork, you can take that along if you like — and, my dear, Cynthia Reeves is my friend. Please, I'd rather you wouldn't say mean things about her. I'd rather you wouldn't even think them. She won't seem 'ugly' when she's had a much-needed rest."

The following Wednesday, Cynthia departed for the city, twenty miles away. She returned a week later, happy in the thought that she had finished Marion's commencement present, and that she was feeling quite capable of again taking up the burden of home cares. The welcome received from father and mother and Dick and Evelyn and Miss Matson touched a chord in the heart of Cynthia, the plainest of the Reeves girls. It was good to be back. Electric lights, frescoed walls, and all the other luxuries that she had enjoyed at Aunt Bertha's faded into insignificance when compared with the simple comforts of home.

When the slow striking of the old-fashioned clock interrupted the cozy chat in which the little mother had been able to take a part, Cynthia sprang to her feet. "You don't have to bother about supper tonight," she declared, "I'm home."

"But not on duty till tomorrow morning at five-thirty," finished Miss Matson. "Evelyn and I are the cooks tonight. Aren't we, Evelyn?" And she smiled knowingly.

"Of course we are. And Cynthia never could guess what we're going to have for dessert, could she? It's something she likes awfully well, with chocolate sauce on top. But we won't tell what's underneath, will we, Miss Matson?"

"Certainly not!" laughed Miss Matson, as she helped Mrs. Reeves to a more comfortable position.

Cynthia laughed too. Just before supper, she went out into the kitchen and saw Miss Matson calmly turning into the sink the contents of the ice-cream can.

"Oh, don't!" cried Cynthia. "Let's freeze it over."

But Miss Matson shook her head. "We can't afford to take chances with ptomaine poisoning," she said.

"It's all that Billy Finlay's fault," pouted Evelyn. "He always thinks he knows better than anybody else, even teacher. He wouldn't pay any attention to Miss Matson when she told him how to do it right, and now he's just spoiled all our surprise. I never did like Billy, anyhow."

"But there's no use in our crying over spilled milk, especially when we spill it ourselves," reasoned the nurse. "Besides," she whispered, "we still have the fine cake you made. Won't you put it on, while I take up the scalloped potatoes?"

Cynthia looked and listened in astonishment. What hidden power could it be that kept the angry frown from Miss Matson's brow, the sharp words from her lips? Cynthia meant to learn at the earliest opportunity, which came that very evening when nurse and housekeeper were enjoying a quiet stroll.

"Miss Matson, I'm going to ask a very personal question," Cynthia announced. "If I seem rude, don't answer. How did you keep from doing something wild or saying something dreadful when you found the ice cream all melted, and through no fault of your own? I should have sputtered unmercifully against the offender."

"I am quite willing to answer, since the fact you care to ask convinces me that calmology isn't mere child's play," smiled Miss Matson.

"Calmology?" Cynthia exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "I've heard Marion talk about psychology,

physiology, zoölogy, and biology, but never in all my life have I heard of calmology. Is it the science of keeping still as a clam?"

"Calmology, my dear!" corrected Miss Matson. "Please do not confuse the name of my favorite science with anything so stupid as a clam. The student of calmology must have an ordinary amount of intelligence."

"Which it would seem I haven't, since I couldn't understand even the name," laughed Cynthia. "For all that, Miss Matson, I wish you'd give me another try. I should like to learn an 'ology' that isn't in the college curriculum."

"It's really very simple to understand," Miss Matson said, thoughtfully. "The difficulty comes in applying it to everyday life. Mrs. Brown has the honor of being the most trying patient I ever had. One day, when she had been more overbearing than usual, I ran out to the garden to give vent to my feelings. That proved a magic garden. Sweet-faced pansies smiled up at me as I stooped to open the gate. 'Don't be cross,' they seemed to say. 'Be calm like us; and you'll be a great deal happier.' 'And like us,' breathed the sweet peas, as I moved on down the pebbled path. 'And like us,' nodded a tall pink aster from over the way. 'Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!' sang a merry little bird in the maple tree close by. I just stood perfectly still in the midst of that peaceful garden and thought. That's where I found my science and named it calmology. Perhaps I might better call it my religion, for the textbook I use is prayer. While I poured out the ice cream into the sink, I was praying something like this: 'Don't let me express my sentiments in regard to Billy Finlay until I master my calmology lesson for today.'"

Cynthia's eyes twinkled. "I never heard such a funny prayer as that," she commented. "Billy Finlay doesn't seem to fit into prayers at all. He isn't like 'our President and those in authority,' you know."

"If Billy is of enough importance to make his personality felt, he is of enough importance to be mentioned to his Creator," Miss Matson insisted with a quiet smile. "We must go back now, my dear. If my calmology can be of service to you, you are most welcome to study it all you please."

Cynthia fully intended to begin the course the very next day at sunrise. But the sun had long been shining when she sprang from bed, blinked the sleep from her eyes, and looked at the alarm clock which she had forgotten to wind. Calmology had no place in her thoughts as she dashed into her clothes and ran downstairs. Nobody, save the cook, found fault with the hastily prepared breakfast. As for her, she was by no means a competent judge, since she scarcely tasted it. When the rest of the family had finished and gone about their several duties, Cynthia stood a moment by the window.

Suddenly, she remembered!

"Does your head ache?" she asked.

"No," she answered.

"Does your back ache?"

"No."

"Does any part of you ache?"

"No."

"Then you're all right. Just you calm down a bit, my dear, and quit pitying yourself. You're making a failure of your first lesson in calmology." And having finished this self-investigation and scolding, Cynthia continued the morning's work.

Not all the trials of that first day back in the kitchen ended with the breakfast hour. The measuring cup which Cynthia always used for her spice cake was found, after a long search, upon the dining-room mantel where Evelyn had set it as a vase for a bunch of violets. The egg, which was supposed to drop into this cup carefully washed and scalded, dropped onto the floor instead. The curtain, pulled a bit too far, gave way at the top just as the hot fat was indicating that it must have immediate attention. Calmology was forgotten during the episode of the curtain, but that evening, as nurse and housekeeper sat resting on the porch, Cynthia had the satisfaction of knowing that she had made some progress in the art of keeping calm.

"I've found another textbook, Miss Matson," she announced, "not a better one than yours, of course, but one that will go with it all right. The name begins with the same letter. It's Plans. This morning when I woke late, I hadn't an idea what I'd have for breakfast or dinner or supper. My menus are planned for tomorrow."

"Excellent!" approved Miss Matson. "It is quite as possible for the stay-at-home girl to become a professional as for the go-to-college girl. It all depends upon the way she goes at her work."

Miss Matson never realized how helpful that quiet remark proved to the middle sister whose duty as the home girl seemed so plain. Cynthia had ambitions of which even her mother knew nothing.

Some weeks after the nurse had left the Reeves cottage, she received a long letter from Cynthia. Two portions of this, she read several times: "I'm still working at my calmology course. There are days I'm afraid I fall below passing mark, but I'm trying. I haven't told the folks anything about it. If I make good, they'll surely notice a difference by and by. . . . Dear little mother! I'm just praying for fine weather commencement week. Every now and then, I glance down to find her smiling, and almost always it's just a few minutes later that she makes some reference to Marion or plans for this outing she's looked forward to so long. Mother, you see, is very ambitious. She was unable to go to college, so she's just set her heart on seeing her daughter graduate. Don't I wish I could be a little sparrow up by an open window where I could just peep in at mother's face when Marion, in her cap and gown, steps upon the platform, faces the audience, and delivers her part! Well, never mind! One of my dresses is to be present even if I can't. Maybe that will whisper me all sorts of secrets when it comes home."

"No, the table's already set, thank you. You're just to sit here by the kitchen table and talk while I take up the beans and brown bread."

Marion dropped into the chair placed for her and sighed. "I hardly knew where to begin!" she exclaimed, in a soft, dreamy tone. "There were so many, many little feelings that I can't express in words, and yet they're the big things, after all."

"Begin at the beginning," suggested the more practical Cynthia, as she stooped to open the oven door.

But just then, something happened. The heavy bean pot slipped from Cynthia's grasp and dropped with such force upon the hearth that half the contents was upon the floor before the moderate Marion had even begun her story of commencement week.

For several seconds, an ominous stillness rested over the kitchen. Then Cynthia quietly arose, emptied the bean pot into the vegetable dish, spooned up the top

beans from the floor, and consigned the rest to the garbage can.

"Cynthia Reeves, are you sick?" The tone was no longer dreamy or moderate.

Cynthia laughed. "No, I'm all right," she answered. "Here's hoping the beans will be the same."

Marion's pretty face looked puzzled. "But—but why didn't you flare up? I should think any one with a temper would have, and not be much to blame, either. I wouldn't, maybe, for—"

The sentence was cut short by Cynthia, who suddenly threw her arms about this sister whom she loved so dearly, and kissed her first on one cheek, then on the other. "Did you notice a difference, really?" she asked, eagerly.

"Of course I did, dear. What makes it?"

"My calmology," Cynthia smiled. "You make me feel as if maybe I'd be an honor pupil some day. . . . Come, let's eat the rest of the beans while they're hot. I'll explain later."

Several times thereafter, Cynthia, who still held the position of chief cook, would glance up suddenly from mixing bowl or bread-board to find Marion furtively watching her. "Marion Reeves, will you please quit looking at me!" she at last exclaimed. "I'm not handsome, and you make me nervous."

Marion laughed as she again turned her attention to the sink well filled with cooking dishes. "You're certainly not homely," she declared. "I won't tell exactly what I've been thinking. That might make you vain and me jealous."

Not many days later, Cynthia's curiosity was aroused. There were quiet conversations carried on that ceased when she appeared. Almost constantly Evelyn wore an expression of superior wisdom. Mother and Marion planned to be upstairs when Cynthia was sure to be in the kitchen.

"I'd like to know what you folks are up to," Cynthia declared. "There's something going on that I feel out of."

"You'll feel the most 'in' of all, in about a week," Evelyn giggled.

"About a week" passed, and though it was only Wednesday, Marion proceeded to sweep the house. As in dust cap and apron she was passing through the kitchen to return broom and carpet sweeper to their place in the shed, she noticed a look of wistfulness in Cynthia's eyes.

"Would you really like to know?" Marion asked, again entering the kitchen.

"Why, yes, if it wouldn't spoil the fun," Cynthia admitted.

"It won't. Besides, since you're cook, you ought to know we're to have a friend come to stay a week. She arrives today."

Cynthia gasped. But before she could speak, Marion was leading her away. When the girls were alone in the little chamber they shared, Marion carefully removed a sheet placed over the bed, and revealed a set of dainty undergarments and a simple but pretty dress of white lawn. "For you, dear," she said.

Tears sprang to Cynthia's eyes. "Oh, no, no, Marion!" she cried. "You can't mean that! Why, these lovely things were commencement gifts to you, and the dress—oh, it's too sweet for me!"

"The dress was made for you, though fitted to me; and the other things," Marion fingered them tenderly, "the other things were made for me, but I'm sure Aunt Sarah won't mind my passing them on, unworn."

to the girl who takes first honor in calimology. Tomorrow begins your commencement week, Cynthia, and we're going to have the grandest time ever!"

Tears rolled unchecked down Cynthia's cheeks. "How—how did you guess that homely as I am, I just—just love pretty things?" she asked tremulously.

A ring of the door bell prevented Marion's answering. "Oh, I do believe your college president has arrived already!" she cried.

And Cynthia listening, heard Dick's familiar call, and the rippling laugh of her mother's little nurse, her beloved Miss Matson. And then to Cynthia came the "feelings that can't be expressed in words and yet are the big things, after all."—*Mary Louise Stetson.*

A Letter from Chung Sook Min

BROTHER S. A. NAGEL, of Hongkong, China, says:

"As I stepped on the Wai-chau boat one morning, the postman handed me a letter from one of our boys in the Canton Training School. After reading it, I thought you might be interested in learning of a 'genuine youth's instructor' out here in the East.

"The following is an exact copy of the letter. He had one of the English students write it for him, thinking I would give it more attention if written in English. One must understand Chinese to fully realize its force and meaning:

"I have the favor of writing you this letter personally, of such privilege and special facts. Evidently I sincerely hope to be a real Christian as a time of value of myself. Vacation is near and is a time of rest for our students in summer days. It seems to be about a month since you were here to visit our school at Tung-shan. And school is practically ceasing, so I hope to go up to Wai-chau in this summer to have more Bible instructions from you, that we may perceived something value which is dear to every "Young men's heart." But if you are not very busy, or have time enough to be my genuine youth's instructor, I shall be more please to accept it.

"I am, dear faithful pastor,

"Yours sincerely."

To Think Upon

I HEAR the voices calling—the voices of the books. . . . And to be answerable to them, responsive to them, on friendly terms with them, so that they are as near to you as members of your own household,—my friends, you will forgive me if I call that culture."—*Bishop William A. Quayle.*

"WHEREVER we go in life, even in the darkest alleys of literature, a good and an evil example will always be put before us; and because this world is not heaven, we must be left to make our choice between good and evil. But the more a person's views are enlarged, and the wider the choice that is offered to him, the better hope there is that he may take the good and leave the evil. All that we can do is to give him light—light in every possible direction; and if a man chooses to make a bad use of his eyes and ears, and of his other faculties, all that we can say is, we have done our best; we cannot make the world heaven."—*Archbishop Whately.*

"ALL works of quality must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those things which everybody calls cheap. Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense."—*Ruskin.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Palindromes

WHO can define the word "palindrome"? For the benefit of the uninitiated we will say that it is a word, verse, or sentence so written as to have the same meaning when read either forward or backward. After reading the following examples, write four original palindrome sentences:

"Happy and rich and wise was he.

"Faithfully served he God.

"She sits lamenting softly, often too much alone.

"Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

1. Where is Brest?
2. Why is it of special world interest now?
3. What other great rulers have visited Brest?
4. What has been the political history of Portugal from 1908 to the present time?
5. Sketch the history of the following martyred cities of Belgium: Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Ypres.

"ONE of the most pitiable creatures on earth is the man who is so concerned about the King's enemies that he has forgotten his own worst enemy—himself. War, like charity, begins at home."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

ON account of a long illness, I was unable to finish reading the Bible through in 1918, as I intended. Must I begin all over again this year in order to be a Bible Year member?

L. A.

No, you need not begin all over again, unless you prefer to do so. Continue your reading from where you left off, and if you complete the remainder of the Bible this year, you will be considered one of the 1919 finishers. Do not allow anything to hinder you from finishing the task you have undertaken. M. V. D.

Our church school has no Junior society yet, though it has been in operation three months. Who is supposed to organize the society? The children miss it.

A. G.

The teacher is responsible for the organization of the Junior Missionary Volunteer Society in the school; and it has come to be understood that no teacher has assumed all her duties and privileges until the pupils under her care have been organized definitely for spiritual upbuilding, and training in service for Christ. The society is a part of our church school plan, and as such, it is the teacher's duty to see that it is put in operation at the beginning of the school year. This is a part of her regular work. M. V. D.

Good School Games

"Up! Jenkins"

IN two opposing groups, one on each side of the bare dining-room table, we lined up the children, parents, and grandparents, ages five minus to eighty-four plus. One side took a silver quarter and passed it back and forth, with their hands all hidden beneath the table.

After the quarter had lodged in somebody's hidden hand, the captain of the opposing side, across the table, commanded: "Up! Jenkins," and all the hands together were raised high over the table, with all fists clenched alike. "Down! Jenkins," called the opposing captain, and all hands at one time slapped the table noisily, with fingers extended and the quarter ringing on the boards—somewhere.

Then the captain of the opposite group of players, after consulting with his men, ordered up his opponents' hands, one at a time. If he succeeded in selecting empty hands, leaving the quarter under the last hand left pressing upon the table, then his side took the quarter and its former custodians tried to win it back in similar fashion.

Obviously, this game may be played outdoors also. It gives less vigorous physical exercise than the other games described; but like them develops such discipline or "team play," and such alertness of eyes, ears, and judgment as are essential to physical efficiency.

Prisoner's Base

Our family went to Grandfather Winston's at Lawrence, Kansas, last Christmas and, recalling what pom-pom-pullaway had done for me and for the children living near my Chicago home, I spent one to three hours daily for a week playing youthful games with my own boy and girl and other children.

We played a timely war game, prisoner's base. I told the youngsters that in good old England centuries ago "prisoner's base was prohibited in the avenues of the palace at Westminster during sessions of Parliament, because it interrupted the members and others passing to and fro." It was then played principally by adults.

In Lawrence, we marked out two circles about fifty feet apart—they might have been nearer or farther. We "chose up" sides, and each of the two equal armies of players stood safely within its own circle.

Then a player from the opposing side led out from his goal toward ours, and I ran to tag him before he could get back home; I was "fresh" on him, because I left my goal after he left his.

But another of our opponents left his goal after I left mine, and tagged me before I could either touch the first runner or get back home. Thus I became a prisoner, and had to stand in the jail which was located near the enemy's goal so that their army could prevent the prisoners from being rescued.

Then the captain on my side sent his players one by one into the open to tempt the enemy to run out of their base in pursuit. Then, before the enemy could run back into their goal to get "fresh" again, my captain rushed out—"fresh" on all opposing players—tagged me in my prison, and thus took me safely home to keep on playing.

Any player may slip into his enemy's goal if he can get there without being tagged. The latest player to leave either goal—his own or his enemy's—is "fresh" on all players who ran into the open before he did, and may therefore send any one of them to prison by simply tagging him.

When you have tagged a player, both of you may go unmolested to your places—you to your home base, your enemy to prison; or your own man, if you have just rescued one from prison, to his home goal.

The latest prisoner must keep one foot or hand within the marked circle or touching the tree or post which constitutes the prison. The other prisoners form a line stretching out toward their home goal; the player who has been in jail longest stands farthest from the prison; all others in the order in which they were captured. Each must clasp the other's hand; the oldest prisoner, nearest his home base, must be rescued first.

When all the players of one side are prisoners, the other side has won the battle.—*Charles Frederick Weller.*

The Runaway Snail

ONCE there lived a funny little snail,
Two short horns, stubby little tail.
"Oh," said the snail to himself one day,
"Let us see what happens if I run away!"

Forth he started, quickly as he could,
Creeping, crawling, through the mossy wood.
"Oh, what a joy it has been to roam!
Surely I must be many miles from home!"

Then he turned his head and looked around.
What do you think the silly fellow found?
There was his shell like a peddler's pack—
He had run away with his house on his back!

—*Exchange.*

Two Viewpoints

ANDREW had been a backslider. Then came remorse and repentance, and a new hold upon God. The vacant place at the Endeavor meeting was filled, but it was a silent presence at first. He was yet unsatisfied, for God said, "Speak. Witness of thy transgression and forgiveness and thy new life." Andrew could unburden his heart to me, for I was his chum; but he was a quiet lad, and words came hard in public.

Then came a meeting from which I was absent. The next day I met a dear deacon, who was also our Sabbath school superintendent, and he said, with shining eyes and joy-filled voice, "O George, who do you think spoke? Andrew A——! He told all about his backsliding and repentance, and the new life that is in him. It was a wonderful testimony and a wonderful meeting."

Later on I met Andrew, and he looked downcast as he sadly said: "O George, I am afraid that I spoiled the Endeavor meeting. I tried to talk, to testify, and I made such blundering, stupid work of it that I am afraid I spoiled the meeting."

Two quite different viewpoints, were they not? The things that come hard do not spoil Endeavor meetings. It is the easy, flippant, shallow things that spoil the meetings, not the stumbling, heartfelt testimonies. It is the life back of the words that makes the testimony count. When your friend is on his feet in the Endeavor meeting, you think of more than simply what John is saying. What John is, what he stands for, what he represents in the world, means more to you than any form of words, however meaningful they may be.

No, Andrew did not spoil the Endeavor meeting, but he gave it new life. Earnestness counts. Honest testimony helps. What we count failure, God counts success.—*Selected.*

The Sabbath School

V — Dividing the Land; Cities of Refuge; Death of Joshua

(February 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 14: 20; 21: 43-45; 24: 26-33.

MEMORY VERSE: "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass." Joshua 21: 45.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 510-524; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 268-282.

"Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

Questions

1. How many kings had Joshua defeated in his conquest of Canaan? Joshua 12: 9-24. Note 1.
2. What experience did Caleb review as they were about to divide the land? Joshua 14: 6-9.
3. What did he say of himself? What was given to Caleb in response to his request? Verses 10-13.
4. What place did the Israelites make their headquarters? How did Joshua learn which portion the Lord wanted given to each tribe? Joshua 18: 1, 10.
5. Who received his inheritance last? Joshua 19: 49-51. Note 2.
6. What had God commanded concerning the inheritance of the Levites? Joshua 21: 1-3. Note 3.
7. What did the Lord command concerning cities of refuge? Joshua 20: 2.
8. Who were to be admitted to the cities of refuge? To whom should the guilty one tell his cause? Verses 3, 4. Note 4.
9. To whom should he not be given up? How long should he dwell in the city of refuge? Verses 5, 6.
10. How many cities were made cities of refuge? Verses 7-9. Note 5.
11. How completely did the Lord fulfil his promise to the children of Israel? Joshua 21: 43-45.
12. What warning did Joshua give the people? What reply did the people make? Joshua 24: 20-25.
13. What permanent record did Joshua make of this? Where did the people then go? Verses 26-28.
14. When Joshua had done all this, what came to pass? Verses 29, 30.
15. What showed the strong influence for good that Joshua had upon the children of Israel? Verse 31.

Work for Diligent Pupils

Study Note 6 and draw a map of Canaan showing the location of the different tribes of Israel.

Notes

1. Get well in mind the general situation of the Israelites at the time of this lesson. Joshua had conquered thirty-one kings. The land of the Philistines, Phœnicia, the ranges of Lebanon, and cities in Canaan, remained unconquered. The tribes of Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh had already received their inheritance on the east side of the Jordan River. Joshua was now to divide the land "for an inheritance unto the nine tribes, and the half tribe of Manasseh."

2. "When they had made an end of dividing the land," and all the tribes had been allotted their inheritance, Joshua presented his claim. To him, as to Caleb, a special promise of inheritance had been given; yet he asked for no extensive province, but only a single city. "They gave him the city which he asked, . . . and he built the city, and dwelt therein." The name given to the city was Timnath-serah, "the portion that remains,"—a standing testimony to the noble character and unselfish spirit of the conqueror, who, instead of being the first to appropriate the spoils of the conquest, deferred his claim until the humblest of his people had been served."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 515.

3. "Judah and Simeon gave nine cities to the Levites; Naphtali gave three; each of the other tribes gave four."

"The Levites not only assisted in the tabernacle service, but were also the teachers of Israel. They did not receive extensive lands for their inheritance; for their time was not to be devoted to tilling the soil, but to teaching the laws of God to Israel."

"They were therefore given forty-eight cities, and these cities were in different parts of the land, so that the Levites might be scattered among the people to help them by their influence and instruction. The Levites were supported by the tithes and offerings of the children of Israel."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 276, 277.

4. "He who fled to the city of refuge could make no delay. Family and employment were left behind. There was no time to say farewell to loved ones. His life was at stake, and every other interest must be sacrificed to the one purpose,—to reach the place of safety. Weariness was forgotten, difficulties were unheeded. The fugitive dared not for one moment slacken his

pace until he was "within the walls of the city."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 517.

5. "The cities of refuge appointed for God's ancient people were a symbol of the refuge provided in Christ. The same merciful Saviour who appointed those temporal cities of refuge, has by the shedding of his own blood provided for the transgressors of God's law a sure retreat, into which they may flee for safety from the second death. No power can take out of his hands the souls that go to him for pardon."—*Id.*, pp. 516, 517.

6. "REUBEN. Joshua 13: 15-23. This tribe received the kingdom of Sihon, the Amorite. The southern boundary was the Arnon; western boundary, the Dead Sea and Jordan River."

"GAD. Joshua 13: 24-28. The next tribe on the north of Reuben, possessing Mt. Gilead and half of Ammon. Land extended north to the Sea of Chinnereth, or Galilee."

"MANASSEH, half tribe. Joshua 13: 29-33. The kingdom of Og, king of Bashan, reaching to Mt. Hermon on the north."

"JUDAH. Joshua 15: 1-12. Dead Sea formed eastern boundary; northern boundary was drawn from the mouth of Jordan westward to Kirjath-jearim in Mt. Ephraim. The western boundary touched the land of the Philistines and the Mediterranean Sea, and the southern boundary reached to the land of Edom."

"EPHRAIM. Joshua 16: 5-10. The children of Joseph had the center of the land across from Jordan to the Mediterranean. The southern border of Ephraim was drawn from Jordan along the north side of the plain of Jericho. It included the vale of Shechem, the mountains of Ephraim, and the Plain of Sharon."

"MANASSEH, half tribe. Joshua 17. The land north of Ephraim; northern boundary difficult to determine definitely, may have included Mt. Carmel."

"BENJAMIN. Joshua 18: 11-28. The eastern half of the territory that lay between Judah and Ephraim. The plain of Jericho was within its borders."

"SIMEON. Joshua 19: 1-9. The southwestern part of the inheritance given to Judah, as far east as Beersheba."

"ZEBULUN. Joshua 19: 10-16. The land southwest of the Sea of Galilee."

"ISSACHAR. Joshua 19: 17-23. Northeast of Manasseh, and reached to the Sea of Galilee."

"ASHER. Joshua 19: 24-31. The coast northward from Zebulun to 'Great Zidon' and the 'strong city Tyre.'

"NAPHTALI. Joshua 19: 32-39. The land east of Asher and north of Zebulun."

"DAN. Joshua 19: 40-48. The western portion of the land between Judah and Ephraim. This was too small for them, and so a part of them went north to the head waters of the Jordan, and captured Leshem, or Laish, and named it Dan. Judges 18. Dan was the northern limit of the territory of Israel, as Beersheba was the southern, hence the expression, 'from Dan to Beersheba.'—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 272-274.

The Christian Who is a Christian

He is —	He is not —
Kind.	Morose.
Cheerful.	Bigoted.
Buoyant.	Narrow.
Generous.	Faultfinding.
Pitiful.	Overbearing.
Courteous.	
Compassionate.	

—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, pp. 420, 421.

From the Train

WHEN I was riding on the train,
The trees went marching through the rain.
Some trees were soldiers straight and tall;
They never bowed their heads at all.
Then I could see from where I sat
The dancing fruit trees, short and fat,
While little bushes skipped in glee
And waved their arms to beckon me.

—Selected.

"HALF the fun in this world is thinking of the fun you are going to have."

"Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me." Ps. 101:6.

President Wilson's Visit to England

ON Dec. 26, 1918, President and Mrs. Wilson left France for a brief visit to England. This is the first time a President of the United States ever visited the United Kingdom.

While President Wilson's visit was of an official character, having for its aim the discussion of the great questions now claiming the attention of the Allies, the English people did everything possible to make the President feel the welcome their hearts accorded him.

The State Banquet

At the state banquet given President and Mrs. Wilson at Buckingham Palace, every "royal formality which had attended epochal occasions at the palace for two or three hundred years was carried out before and during the banquet. President Wilson with Queen Mary led the procession into the dining hall, preceded by officials of the palace splendidly costumed, bearing wands, and walking backward and making obeisance to the guests. Immediately behind the President and the queen, came King George and Mrs. Wilson. They were followed by members of the royal family. Foreign diplomats and other notables also graced the banquet table."

The scene was one of splendor. In the dining salon were fifteen million dollars' worth of gold plate and ornaments.

King George's toast to the President at the banquet table was both gracious and complimentary, and breathed a respect and friendship for our own great commonwealth that we believe is genuinely felt by the English people.

From the Polar Regions

OUT of a land where a steel needle is the most valued of all possessions," Vilhjalimur Stefansson has returned to civilization. The story he tells of five years' travel across the Arctic Ocean wastes, where he was lost to the outside world for more than a year, is of thrilling interest.

The most inaccessible part of the Northern Hemisphere lies some four hundred miles from the north pole, and covers unexplored territory about 1,000,000 square miles in extent.

"We cleared up about one quarter of this," said Stefansson, "much of which proved to be ocean. However, we discovered five new islands, and found one hitherto supposed to exist to be merely ocean waste.

"On our journeys we took plenty of clothes, scientific instruments, and books. If there was room left on the sleds we took food supplies. We expected to find food as we went.

"Starting with six weeks' rations in 1916, our party continued for a year, and covered 5,000 miles. On the floating ice in the lanes of open water there are plenty of seals and polar bears, and the land is carpeted with grass and vegetation, upon which herds of reindeer and often musk oxen fatten.

"The Stefansson party first heard of the European war Aug. 20, 1915,—one year and half a month after it started,—from a whaler who was farther north than those hunters of the sea usually go."

A Missionary Canvasser's Experience

A LETTER from one of our lady colporteurs in Birmingham, England, shows how one may minister to others, while engaged in distributing literature. In this hour of world suffering is not such service the highest kind of missionary work? The writer says:

"Since I last wrote to you, events have taken place which make our hearts rejoice. Already in England things are returning to their usual way. We now have our streets and shops lighted up again. Nevertheless there is much sorrow, owing to this fearful epidemic which is raging the world over. Here in our vicinity the death rate is terrible, simply because there are not sufficient nurses to meet the demand of the public. I have had the great joy of nursing a whole family through the influenza. They were strangers to me, but no one would get near them, even to give them a drink of water. However, one morning God gave me strength to go in. You can imagine their surprise when they heard strange footsteps coming upstairs.

"When I went into the first room, the mother lay very ill indeed. I told her I had come as a friend to look after them. The look of gratitude on her face was sufficient remuneration for my service. I went to work, washed her, and made her comfortable. In the other room were her married daughter and two children, who were all very ill, pneumonia having set in. I gave them hot fomentations, which after a while caused them to go to sleep. How glad I was that I knew how to give relief. The next was a boy eighteen years of age, also ill with pneumonia. I sat with him day after day, expecting him to breathe his last at any moment. However, prayer and treatment have restored him, with all the rest, to health again.

"In answer to inquiries I had an opportunity to tell the young man how God requires us to live. I explained things to him, and he was quite interested. I am anxious to get the Anti-Tobacco number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to give him. I had many talks with the mother, who like many others, realizes the end is drawing near.

"Yesterday I went out canvassing, but owing to unforeseen circumstances was late in beginning. God, however, opened the hearts of the people, and I sold seventy papers in one hour. I had ten left. The last house at which I called with the seventieth paper brought me another opportunity for service. The woman came to the door with her eyes full of tears. I asked her what was troubling her. She said, 'Oh, my only daughter is at death's door! The doctor said there is no hope of her recovery.' I asked if she objected to my seeing her. The mother took me to her bedside. The poor girl was in great pain. I told the mother about the family I had just nursed, and offered to give her daughter the same treatment. We knelt down and prayed to God that if it was his will he would restore this child again, blessing the treatment which was to be given. I stayed two hours, and thank God for his goodness to the children of men! the girl became easier and fell asleep the first time for five days. The mother was very grateful for what I had done.

"I think all our people who go from door to door with our literature should know how to give treatment, as one sees so much sickness. We should be really glad God has given us the knowledge of doing things for people in the right way."

To Charles Lamb is accredited the remark that he couldn't hate a man he knew. It is generally conceded that much of the hatred and unkindness in the world is due to lack of real acquaintance between those concerned. Shall we not let 1919 be a year when all of us shall seek to know one another better, that we may love one another more?

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