

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 4



A COURT IN A VENEZUELAN HOME

(See article on page five)

From Here and There

The "Independent" cites Matthew 5:9 as applicable to President Wilson, and Matthew 26:52 as applicable to William Hohenzollern.

By the terms of the armistice Germany surrendered to the Allies ten battleships, six battle cruisers, eight light cruisers, fifty destroyers, and all her submarines.

The "Missionary Review of the World" gives the following suggestion as a sure cure for moths: "Appoint a committee to receive worn clothing from members of the congregation, and to give it tactfully to those who are needy."

Margarine is more popular across the water than here, as the annual per capita consumption reveals. Denmark uses 43 pounds per person, Norway 33½, Holland 20, while the United States averages only 1½ pounds for each person.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt died suddenly on January 6, from pulmonary embolism, or lodgment in the lung of a blood clot from a broken vein. Mr. Roosevelt had never been well since his hunting expedition abroad, after his retirement from the White House.

It is difficult to keep pace with the ratification movement for national prohibition. Since the new year began seven States have ratified the prohibition amendment to the Constitution. These are Ohio, Colorado, Oklahoma, Maine, Tennessee, Idaho, and West Virginia.

Over a million dollars' worth of gold leaf is imported into the kingdom of Siam each year. Of this amount it is estimated that fully ninety per cent goes to gild idols, temples, and royal property. By putting gold leaf on the idols, Buddhists believe they attain great merit.

What reconstruction of France means, the garden city of Lens, France, formerly a workingman's paradise, discloses. Of the 10,000 homes in this city not one remains today. "Every house has been deliberately razed, and the gardens which surrounded most of them have been ruined for a long time to come."

The famous palace at Versailles, built by Louis XIV just outside Paris, became during the war the seat of Allied councils. It was here that General Foch and the other representatives of the Allies drew up the terms of the armistice prefacing the German surrender. It is here that the Peace Congress convenes.

One of the brightest hopes for China is the coming of her women into the arena of active Christian work. In the dedication of a union church for all Cantonese Christians, Chinese ladies played an important part. They are on the board of trustees, are leaders in educational work, and alert in governing boards, giving a new significance to China's long-oppressed women.

The mines in the Lens and Douai districts before the war produced 12,000,000 tons of coal annually. The mines were kept working during the German occupation, but were flooded and the machinery destroyed when the enemy was made to evacuate. It is estimated that France must spend two years pumping the water from the mines before making any attempt to install machinery.

Herbert C. Hoover, the food administrator, in accordance with the resolution of the associated governments to take energetic steps in relief work, has appointed Colonel Wood, of the United States Army, to be director of relief for Serbia and Jugo-Slavonia on behalf of the United States Food Administration. Colonel Wood will have a staff of six officers as assistants.

A Score of Thrones Deserted

SINCE July, 1914, twenty-two crowns have fallen. The following list, given in a recent issue of the *Independent*, is of special interest, showing as it does the great political changes that have come since the beginning of the war:

Nicholas, czar of all the Russias, abdicated.
Constantine, king of the Hellenes, abdicated.
Ferdinand, czar of the Bulgars, abdicated.
Boris, czar of the Bulgars, abdicated.
Wilhelm, prince of Albania, absconded.
Yuan Shi-Kai, emperor of China, abdicated.
Francis Ferdinand, Austrian archduke, assassinated.
Friedrich August, king of Saxony, dethroned.
Adolph Frederick, grand duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, dethroned.
Friedrich Franz, grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, abdicated.
Ernst Ludwig, grand duke of Hesse, dethroned.
Friedrich Augustus, grand duke of Oldenburg, dethroned.
Ernest August, duke of Brunswick, abdicated.
Heinrich XXVII, prince of Reuss, abdicated.
William Ernst, grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, abdicated.
Leopold IV, prince of Lippe-Detmold, abdicated.
Wilhelm II, king of Württemberg, abdicated.
Friedrich of Waldeck-Pyrmont, abdicated.
Edward of Anhalt, abdicated.
Friedrich Wilhelm, crown prince of Prussia, renounced claims to throne.
Charles, emperor of Austria, king of Hungary and Bohemia, abdicated.
Wilhelm II, German emperor, abdicated.

"MEANWHILE, how slowly move the hosts of God
To claim the crown he hath already won!
Their feet, how slack with 'preparation shod,'
To forward plant the gospel of his Son!
'Regions beyond!' Will Christ's church ever dare
In selfish ease to read, 'Beyond his care'?"

The Youth's Instructor

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Home When Lessons are Done

SHE sat at her desk in the afternoon sun,
The lessons were over; one by one
The children had passed through the open door,
And left her there with her head bent o'er.
Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were red,
The sunlight fell on her golden head,
And on her slate, where the lesson should be,
Was a comical, childish picture of me.

"May I go home?" She raised her head,
"Yes, dear, when all the lessons are said."
A frown passed over the fair young face,
She picked up her pencil and tried to trace
Under the picture, the crooked B's,
The long, straight I's and the cross-top T's;
But her hands were tired, the day was hot,
And the letters were drowned in a big tear blot.

I went down the aisle and I closed her book,
Her hot little hands in my own I took;
Her tears fell fast on that picture of me.
"Teacher, I'm sorry as I can be,
But I'm so tired, and the lesson's so long,
Please forgive me for doing wrong;
Just this once," she earnestly plead,
"Let me go home with the lessons unsaid."

And that is the way it seemeth to be,
This life is a school for you and me;
For some, the words are set to a song,
For others, the lessons are hard and long;
Many a day are we tired and hot,
And the pages are marred by many a blot;
Some finish their tasks while the day is young,
We watch them leave us; one by one
They pass from our sight with a smile so sweet,
While we bow in tears, at the Master's feet.

But I love to think, at the close of day,
When the King walks down the shining way,
If he finds us *watching* to have him come,
Sorry for all we have left undone,
With such a tender, forgiving look,
From our tired hands he will take the book,
And with the loved ones, who rise from the dead,
He will let us go home, with the lessons unsaid.

— Carrie Estelle Roberts, in the *Young Pilgrim*.

The Bible First

INEZ HOILAND-STEVENS

DINNER was announced, and we sat down to a table bountifully spread with good things tastily prepared; but we could not enjoy the meal fully because there was no bread. I had always pitied the poor prisoner who has to fare on bread and water, but several times during that meal I felt I should like to exchange it all — soup, salad, vegetables, and dessert — for a good piece of bread and butter. Nothing else can quite take the place of it.

I have thought of that experience so many times since, and it always reminds me of what is likely to happen in our spiritual bill of fare.

As Seventh-day Adventists we have, besides the Bible, a wonderful Christian literature to feed upon, — tracts, periodicals, magazines, and books, which constitute a veritable feast for the soul that is hungering after righteousness.

And yet that is not enough to nourish us spiritually. We must have the Bread of Life, — the Word of God, — and nothing else can take its place.

Some one said to me the other day: "Last year I read the Bible quite a little, but this year I am reading the Testimonies." Applying the principle to physical food, she virtually said: "Last year I ate bread; this year I plan to eat soup and salad." You say that would be a decidedly unbalanced diet, and so it would, without the "staff of life."

Now the Testimonies, as well as the rest of our denominational literature, were never intended as substitutes for the Bible. They are meant to be aids or guides, — side lights thrown on the sacred pages to reveal partly hidden truths, — and should be used *with* and not *instead of* the Bible.

Just as we must have bread in some form with our daily physical food, so must we feed *daily* upon the spiritual bread if we would grow up in Christ.

I believe there are many in our denomination who read the *Review*, *Signs*, *INSTRUCTOR*, and many others of our excellent papers, who scarcely open the Bible except for a hurried study of the Sabbath school lesson in family worship. Such are sure to be undernourished spiritually.

Honestly ask yourself the question: What do I really enjoy reading most? The home letters, the newspaper, the popular magazines, some new book, our periodicals and books, the Testimonies, or the Bible? If all were placed before you on the table, which would you prefer to read first? Which, the Bible? If you can truly say "Yes," you are a long way toward the kingdom.

Possibly the tendency to neglect the Word is partly due to mental indolence. I mean this. It is so pleasant and easy to get comfortably settled and read by the hour, drinking in drafts of wisdom from some one else's fertile brain, or swallowing daintily prepared bits of wit or counsel offered to us by another.

But with the Bible it is different. To read it with real profit one must think and work and pray. It means effort.

Mining is an arduous process, but there is satisfaction in digging up a gold nugget occasionally. So all the truths and promises which we mine out of the Word of God are *ours*; they become a part of us, building us up; whereas, casual reading, for entertainment, — contemplating and admiring, as it were, the gold nuggets another has found, — although good and helpful in its place, does not tend to develop individuality or original thought.

I do not for a moment wish to disparage the reading of our periodicals and books, but time is short, and there is much to do. We cannot read everything we should like to, and if something must be neglected let

it be the general reading and not God's Word. Let us make the Bible first always. In so doing we can make no mistake, for "the Bible contains all the principles that men need to understand in order to be fitted either for this life or the life to come. . . . As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books combined. . . . No other study can impart such mental power as does the effort to grasp the stupendous truths of revelation."—*"Education," pp. 123, 124.*

A Flesh-Hook Procession in New China

THE past summer has been a very dry one in this section of China. Weeks ago we could see the industrious farmers trudging backward and forward through their little fields, carrying water by the slow and laborious method used in Oriental countries,—two buckets suspended on a bamboo pole which is carried on the shoulder,—to save their crops. The season advanced, and still the rains did not come. The following story tells what was done to meet the situation:

Gong Calling Local Priests Together

A week ago a herald passed down the road, vigorously beating a gong, and this was repeated the next day. We later learned that this was an announcement that on a certain day a convocation was called for by the local priests.

Several days after this, as we were leaving the dinner table, we heard quite a commotion in the Chinese village which is a quarter of a mile from our compound. Drums and cymbals were beating; shrill, flutelike instruments were being played; men and women were shouting; and above all the hubbub we could distinctly hear the heavy, vibrating notes of the massive temple gong. Crowds were seen emerging from the village gate. Banners and showy regalia were much in evidence.

Procession Approaches

Several groups of banner men, who proved to be the heralds of a procession, advanced down the road at a rapid pace. Small drums carried by boys were beaten very rapidly, and not without avail, for people came running from every direction to watch the procession. As the head of the column reached us we could not help admiring the gorgeous silken banners of scarlet and blue, richly embroidered with dragons and other fanciful designs. Large silk umbrellas, ornamented with tassels and with designs of gold and silver, appeared at frequent intervals in the gay procession.

Sharp Hooks Thrust Through Flesh

But we soon ceased looking at the gaudy trappings and ornamentations, for a strange and terrible sight met our eyes. Every few rods in the procession were men holding their arms out from their sides, and upon their arms were suspended heavy weights. Upon looking closely we saw that the cord upon which the weight hung terminated in twelve or fifteen smaller cords. These were fastened to sharp hooks which were thrust into the flesh of the forearm. The weights for the most part consisted of large pewter urns, weighing approximately forty pounds each. One man was observed carrying three of these large vessels with one arm, and he also had a weight suspended from the other arm. Many of the participants struggled along with large heavy gongs suspended on the hooks, which were constantly pounded by attendants. One man

had a large gong suspended from his right arm by hooks, and from his left arm a heavy mallet, with which he himself beat the gong.

That the supporting of these heavy urns and gongs caused much pain was apparent from the drawn and tense faces of all the men who carried them. In many cases the flesh of the forearm hung down several inches, so great was the weight. Of course the men could not hold their arms extended unassisted, so in each case a second man supported the clenched fist of the arm which was carrying the weight, though this did not relieve the sufferer of any of his burden. The entire column stopped frequently, that these poor creatures might rest before staggering forward with their painful loads.

Idol Placed at Rear of Procession

At the very end of the procession a large idol, two or three times the size of a man, was carried in an open sedan chair. It was dressed in royal apparel,



Flesh Hooks as Used in India

and its waxy countenance beamed approvingly upon the scene. Evidently this was the rain god. In addition to the carriers of the chair, a man walked by the side holding a large umbrella to protect the idol from the rays of the sun. Immediately preceding the idol, supported by two men, was a large container in which were placed large quantities of the choicest foods, delicacies, and candies.

After the procession had passed we asked each other, "What does it all mean? Why do they torture themselves in this way?" And then we were told the reason. When they saw their fields wilting for lack of rain, and hard times looming up like a specter, the farmer folk appealed to the priests to invoke aid from the gods. But no common appeals seemed to move the gods to acts of benevolence, and no rain was forthcoming. So an event in the form of a grand procession was planned which would surely favorably impress the god of the rain. Opportunity was given for those who wished to demonstrate their loyalty and

(Concluded on page fifteen)

Venezuela's Capital City

MRS. W. E. BAXTER

SITUATED in the center of the beautiful little Chacao Valley, a deep basin in the eastern Andes, not quite twelve miles long by four wide, stands Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. La Guaira, the seaport of the capital, is in a direct line less than seven miles distant, but the actual distance by rail or wagon road is almost thirty, as a mountain peak some 8,000 feet high separates the port from the city of Caracas. The road winds zigzag up the mountain side to a height of 3,000 feet before losing sight of the sea, then turns abruptly and enters the valley of Caracas. This valley is surrounded by mountains on the north that tower more than 5,000 feet above the city, and by green hills on the south.

Streets and Public Parks

Caracas is an old city, having been founded in the year 1567. It is laid out in blocks of regular size. The streets are narrow and well paved. The sidewalks are merely wide enough for two, and hardly that in case of a passing street car, as in many places the cars project over the walk. The streets are not generally known by names, but instead the old Spanish method of naming the corners at the crossings is preferred. Thus the address of an individual may be No. 20 between the corners of Jesus and Los Angelitos, the latter name meaning "The Little Angels." To us who are unaccustomed to hearing the name of the Deity used so commonly, it sounds a little like blasphemy. Among other names of corners are Corazon de Jesus (Heart of Jesus), La Cruz (The Cross), Misericordia (Mercy), and many others of like meaning. It is not unusual for the children to be named "Jesus," "Angel," "Gabriel," etc.

Caracas boasts of many public parks. There are in all perhaps a dozen scattered throughout the city, occupying a square or less of space each. In nearly every one is a statue of bronze or marble erected in honor of some hero or statesman of the country, and in one of these parks is a life-size statue of our Washington. Probably this is in cognizance of the fact that a statue of Simon Bolivar, the liberator and first president of Venezuela, occupies a place in Central Park, New York City.

But on the crown of a mountain spur that juts into the city from the west is Mont Calvario (Mount Calvary), the largest of these public gardens. It is reached by zigzag driveways, and once at the top the view of the entire city and valley is very beautiful. Here on the brow of this prominence is located one of the many churches. It is difficult to say the number of large, expensive church buildings the Roman Catholics have in this city, but one cannot walk more than two or three blocks in any direction without seeing one or more. On the feast days—and seldom does a week pass without a celebration in memory of some saint or historical event—business is suspended for at least half the day, the houses are decorated with banners and flowers, and every one seems to be out for a good time. On these days the church bells are rung oftener than usual, and at times all the bells seem to be ringing at once, causing a din that is almost deafening. Sunday is a day for recreation,—cock-fights, bullfights, races, gambling, and dissipation in general.

The capitol building occupies a whole square whereon once stood an ancient convent. The city has

also theaters, a pantheon, and a Masonic temple. The latter is very unusual in a Spanish-American country, but it was built by a former president, Antonio Guzman Blanco, who during his years of administration severely shook the power of the prelates. It was he who built the capitol on its present site. Many other radical changes also came about during his administration.

No Alleys, No Front Yards

The city is built very compactly. There are no vacant lots, no alleys, no front yards. What seems to be a solid adobe wall incloses the four sides of the block and stands right on the edge of the narrow sidewalk, while its overhanging eaves and the iron bars in front of the windows project over the walk. Now do not conclude that the bars are for the protection of the glass windows. No, they must have some other purpose to serve than that, since glass windows are almost unknown. The windows are simply wooden doors. This wall proves to be the united fronts of the houses. The walls which divide the houses one from another, fully as thick and strong, start at right angles from the inner side, and extend back about half the distance of the block, where another high wall separates the adjacent property. The only entrance is a large double door called the *porton*, which opens directly onto the sidewalk. A wide hallway leads from



this through a second door into a wide passage, and thence into an inner court or hollow square, called a *patio*. The dining-room is just ahead on the farther side of the *patio*, while the sitting-rooms and bedrooms are between, and a door to each of the rooms opens into this court. The kitchen, storeroom, bathroom, etc., open onto a second court back of the dining-room. The courts are often made very beautiful by fountains, plants, vines, and palms, and it is not uncommon to see large-sized trees that have been inclosed by these walls or planted later. The mode of architecture varies but little. It is old style and well adapted to the climate, but to a liberty-loving American it seems a bit confining, to say the least, to be housed behind these walls indefinitely, with no view of the outdoors except the patch of blue sky one can see by looking straight up.

The population consists of whites, Negroes, and Indians, and their mixed descendants. As a whole, they are proud and sensitive, but courteous and agreeable. Often in their anxiety to be polite they will say things that cannot be taken literally. For instance, it is good manners for a gentleman upon meeting a lady to tell her that he is ready to "kiss her feet." This is simply a polite phrase and means nothing.

Places Little Value on Time

The average Venezuelan places little value on time. If he has an appointment to meet you, he cannot understand why you should be disappointed if he is late. In short, he takes his time for everything. We have been told that this is the land of *mañanas* (to

tomorrow), and its motto seems to be, "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

If an unmarried man wishes to visit a lady whom he admires, he must do so in her home with her mother, married sister, or some member of the family continually present. The priest, dressed in his long black gown, is usually an agreeable guest at all the social gatherings in his parish, so young men who wish to be on good terms with parents who have marriageable daughters are always careful to please the priest.

Generally the men of the educated classes are at variance with the church, but the common people are zealous believers in its teachings and strictly regard the outward forms at least. They may appear indifferent and at times irreverent, but they are none the less ready to credit whatever the priest tells them.

Amid these conditions, forbidding though they may appear, the gospel must win its way, and we feel confident that it will do so, because the remedy for the spiritual darkness that has existed here so long is found in the light of the gospel which we have come to bear to this people, and its influence is already transforming some lives.

Echoes of History

Illusive Royalty

THAT earthly power is a false show and a surprising mockery is well attested by history.

Marie of Rumania recently said: "It is no sinecure to be the queen of a country." In confirmation of this she describes the horrors of heartless warfare, such as she has lately experienced, and tells of her painful efforts to administer comfort to the afflicted. To be ever ready for eventualities, to be unceasingly watchful and helpful, was at times a hard task; for she says, "There were many days when my heart died within me. But the smile on my lips had always to be there."

While reading this heart-cry a few days since, my mind at once began the review of other royal lives as recorded in history, and I was forced to agree with the first Napoleon, who said, "One sees everything at first through a gilded veil, which makes it bright and clear. Gradually, as one goes on, this veil thickens, until at last it becomes almost black." The author of these words certainly knew the deceitfulness of unsanctified ambition. His was an experience aptly expressed in verse by the poet Willis, who, after describing how ruling ambition chains down the heart until the very nature is frozen and heartless, then asks:

"And what is its reward? At best a name!
Praise, when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold, when the senses it should please are dead;
Wreaths, when the hair they cover has grown gray;
Fame, when the heart it should have thrilled is numb.
All things but love, when love is all we want,
And close behind comes death, and ere we know
That even these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave."

The Queen of Rumania must have been in a most trying situation, yet through it all she emerged a queen still, loved by her people. Hers was therefore a comparatively easy experience compared with what some of the queens of revolutionary France had to endure.

Marie Antoinette, the queen of Louis XVI, was an archduchess of Austria, and daughter of the famous Maria Theresa. The political relations between France and Austria had not been the most agreeable, and so the installation of a queen from that detested country

was altogether objectionable, especially as at that time (1770) the French people were bitterly complaining of the tyranny of royalty, which had so vigorously developed under the two preceding kings.

Moreover, the threatening clouds foreshadowing a coming revolution were already rapidly gathering above the unhappy country. In consequence, Queen Marie was obliged to receive the shock of a rising terrorism, to hear from the rebellious crowds who passed under the palace windows, vile denunciations of herself as a foreigner and as one of the causes of the prevailing court corruption, and was charged also with reckless independence. It was not long before Louis was legally reduced in power to the mere shadow of a king. Finding himself thus discredited, and fearing possible severe consequences, he attempted to flee from Paris with his family, but was apprehended and imprisoned, until under the frightful Reign of Terror, he and his queen were executed in 1793.

Out of this sad political condition there came to the front a young Corsican soldier by the name of Bonaparte, who, at the age of twenty-six, was appointed general of the French forces, and commissioned to deliver Italy from bondage. At about the same time he married a Creole widow, Josephine Beauharnais, whose husband had been guillotined as a victim of the French Revolution. Bonaparte was endowed with great genius. His command of men seemed perfectly marvelous. The success of his first campaign in Italy won for him the world's applause, even more than the French chiefs desired, and he was therefore sent to Egypt in 1798, where he remained a little more than a year.

Not reaching the place his ambition sought in the Far East, he determined to return, and bring France under his control. He arrived in Paris in October, 1799, and at once set about his chief object in life—to rule men. Through rashly contrived plans he succeeded in securing the place of first consul of the French. But he could not be satisfied until he had had himself crowned emperor of the French nation. In time he became so arbitrary in reserving to himself the power of disposing, on any pretext, the fate of each and all, that his subjects refused to sustain him, and he ended his days in exile on the island of St. Helena, dying in 1821.

But his was not the only suffering caused from overmasterly ambition. The Empress Josephine, who had been his star of success from the first, had brought him no heir through whom to maintain the throne of France in his family name. He therefore divorced her in 1809, to marry a daughter of the Austrian monarch. Josephine, who had never desired to rise so high, fearing the very thing which had now come, was made to suffer untold agony. Stepping down from her lofty position, she said to Bonaparte: "My reputation is tainted, my health is broken. I expect no further happiness in this life. Expel me from your heart, if you wish it; bury me in a convent. I desire neither throne nor wealth. Give my mother peace, grant to Eugene [her son by a former marriage] the glory which he deserves, but let me live quiet and alone." She died broken-hearted May 29, 1814.

Thus was blighted the career of one who is said to have been affable, gracious, obliging, and peaceful. History records that Josephine was one of the most modest and disinterested of women, being essentially tender and good, amiable and sympathetic, in all her intercourse with high and low, rich and poor. Yet,

through circumstances over which she had no control, she was sacrificed to unholy ambition, and permitted to die as one almost unknown, in the midst of those who had once fawned before her to gain royal favor.

Such is the end of human greatness. Notwithstanding these human mutations, many stand ready to grasp at any temporal greatness offered them. How much better to be small in the eyes of the world, and have the power of heaven!

"The charms that everywhere
Without veil are admired today,
By dint of speaking to the eye,
Leave nothing to say to the heart."

J. O. CORLISS.

A King in America

IT is perhaps not generally known that we once had a king living here in America. I do not mean to say that this exalted personage was a king when he was residing among us, but he had been a king. In fact, it might be said truly that he had been twice a king. How he came to be living in America without his crown and his royal robes and how he lived as an American citizen, is an interesting and romantic story and well worth the reading. As a general thing, we do not have kings in America.

But this man had really sat on two potent European thrones at different times. He was Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother of the great Napoleon, who, after having conquered many of the nations of Europe and having deposed their rulers, supplied them with new sovereigns out of his own family. Joseph was sent first to Italy to be king of Naples. I do not think he cared particularly to be a king, nor did he prove a popular ruler. So after reigning several years at Naples under his brother's orders with no great success, the emperor transferred him to Spain, whose throne had just been made vacant.

Joseph Bonaparte's experiences in Spain were not even as pleasant as they had been at Naples. The people of Spain objected to having a foreigner rule over them, and, assisted by the English and the Portuguese, they rose in rebellion and forced King Joseph to flee from the country.

The ex-king of Naples and Spain had various adventures in France and Switzerland; and when at last his brother lost all his power and was exiled to St. Helena for life, Joseph concluded that he would come to America. So, assuming a disguise, he secured passage in a small shipping vessel and landed at Philadelphia. He was accompanied only by his secretary; and when the two arrived in America and made themselves known, they were treated with great respect and attention, not so much perhaps because Joseph had been a king as because he was a Frenchman.

The self-exiled monarch did not look far to find a home. Near Bordentown, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, on a high wooded hill called Breezy Point, he purchased an estate of more than a thousand acres, which he laid out in drives and gardens and lawns and pleasures that were the wonder and the admiration of his neighbors. The house he built was in style and keeping with his means. It had grand halls and staircases and banquet-rooms, and was furnished in a very splendid manner for the time.

You may wonder how a king in exile happened to have so much money. Usually when a sovereign is obliged to abdicate and leave his kingdom, he manages

to arrange matters so that he will not be a pauper when he reaches a place of refuge. If he cannot take anything more than a valise, he is much more likely to fill it with good securities and his royal jewels than with his night clothes and his hair brushes. Bonaparte had not been careless in this respect, and when he came to New Jersey he came as a very rich man.

It took him three years to build his mansion and lay out his grounds. He sent to Europe for many things — costly paintings and beautiful sculptures — with which to adorn his home, and the style of his living might be truly called regal. When he took his hasty trip across the Atlantic, his wife chose to remain in Italy on account of her health, and her physicians would never allow her to come to America. But he had two accomplished daughters, who were with him during a part of his residence at Bordentown, and who looked after his house and helped to entertain his guests.

During his stay in America the ex-king welcomed many visitors at his palatial home. Louis Napoleon, afterward emperor of France, came, when a young man, and spent several months with his uncle. Prince Achille Murat, another nephew, the son of his great brother's dashing cavalry leader, came up from his estate in Florida to partake of his uncle's hospitality. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, General Lafayette, and other illustrious personages were entertained at different times by the Comte de Surveilliers, the title under which Joseph Bonaparte lived while at Bordentown.

The ex-king never became an American citizen by taking out naturalization papers, but the New Jersey Legislature passed a resolution which enabled him to hold property in that State. His gracious and social manners made him very popular with the people of his neighborhood; but they never lost sight of the fact that this country gentleman, with his lawns and flower gardens to look after, had once been a reigning monarch and had sat upon the thrones of Naples and Spain. They always spoke of him as "King Joseph," and his house was known as the "palace." His hospitality knew no bounds; he often gave entertainments, and he was constantly sending presents of fruits and flowers from his garden to his neighbors and friends. In winter time, when his ponds were frozen over, the boys of Bordentown came to skate upon the ice. At such times he nearly always gave them refreshments, and you may be sure he was always a favorite with them.

In living this life of a wealthy country gentleman in free America it is not probable that he ever regretted the loss of his two thrones. He spent much time in making roads and other improvements, and was always busy in looking after his estate. As proof that he had had enough of royalty, it is told that a delegation of Mexican nobles once came to Bordentown and offered the throne of that country to the ex-king of Spain and Naples. The offer was, however, very politely refused by Joseph Bonaparte on the ground that, having reigned over two countries, he had no desire to try another. A very wise conclusion, we think, for Mexico at that time was in about the same unsettled condition that it is in at present.

Joseph Bonaparte remained at Bordentown more than twenty years in all, at the end of which time he sold his American estate and returned to Europe, where he died in 1844. The old Bonaparte mansion was taken down many years ago, and but little remains now of the former grandeur of the place. The

drives and walks are overgrown with shrubbery, and the fish ponds have been filled up. But parts of the labyrinthine passages which the ex-king caused to be excavated, leading from his cellar, are still intact, showing how at one time he must have feared seizure and abduction by his enemies in Europe.

Measures are being taken by a prominent and wealthy gentleman of New York to partially restore the old place and keep it, with its historic setting, in memory of the time when a king lived in America.—*Fred M. Colby, in the Visitor.*

Nature and Science

Drinking Water for Jerusalem

WHAT the Turks could not do at Jerusalem in four hundred years of rule, the British engineers accomplished in ten weeks. The picturesque water carrier is passing. The germs that infested his leathern water bags no longer endanger the lives of the citizens, and the deadly perils which lurk in cistern water have been to a large extent removed. For its water Jerusalem used to rely mainly upon the winter rainfall to fill its cisterns. Practically every house has its underground reservoir. But many had fallen into disrepair, and most of them required cleaning.

To supplement the cistern supply, the Mosque of Omar reservoir halved with Bethlehem the water which flowed from near Solomon's Pool down an aqueduct constructed by Roman engineers under Herod before the Saviour was born. This was not nearly sufficient, nor was it so constant a supply as that provided by our army engineers. They went farther afield. They found a group of springheads in an absolutely clean gathering ground on the hills, yielding some 14,000 gallons an hour; and this water, which was running to waste, is lifted to the top of a hill, from which it flows by gravity through a long pipe line into Jerusalem. Supplies run direct to the hospitals, and at standpipes all over the city the inhabitants take as much as they desire. The water consumption of the people has become ten times what it was last year.—*Current History, October, 1918.*

The Restoration of the Canal

DURING the war the government made an effort to restore the canal, a great American institution of the past. As it was imperative that every possible transportation facility be utilized, the director general of the railroads made an effort to relieve the railroad congestion through an efficient canal service.

It is said that every country passes through three canal stages, "canal building, neglect of the canal for the railroad, and finally the calling in of the canal to be an ally of the tie-bound way."

When we entered the war, our country was in the second canal stage, for 2,444 miles of channels had been abandoned, despite their original cost of \$81,000,000; the canal locks and other equipment were in general disrepair, and boats were lacking; but some kind of vessels were soon set afloat in the almost deserted channels, and transportation work began.

The commercial efficiency of these artificial waterways is now so well recognized that it is believed that we are upon the eve of a permanent calling in of the canal.

The utilization of the Washington waterway, the proposed Lake Erie and Ohio River Canal, would give

the last link in a chain of deep-dug channels reaching thirty-two of our own States and the Dominion of Canada. The intracoastal canal system just back of the Atlantic, extending in an almost unbroken line from Boston, Massachusetts, to the Everglades, Florida, has proved to be a great source of strength to the country.

The New York barge canal cost the State of New York \$154,000,000, but it has already demonstrated its ability to make its cost worth while.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a familiar feature of the route from Georgetown, D. C., to Cumberland, Maryland, is regaining its prestige of the past. In Civil War days 800 boats were in constant operation on this waterway; but when the government took over the canal for war service, not more than a tithe of that number were at work. It was not long, however, before the lock crews were giving day and night service.

The new interest the war awakened in our canal systems is not likely to give way at once. It is to be hoped that even the railroads will recognize the canal to be an ally, and not a foe.

Helps and Hints to Daily Living

Lost and Found

Lost! a very precious thing,
A sunny little smile;
Although we've missed it but an hour,
It seems a long, long while.
The last time that we saw it was
On Mary Josephine;
She wore it to the party, and
Since then it's not been seen.

It shone just like a sunbeam
On the little maiden's face;
Two merry, twinkling dimples kept
The pretty thing in place.
I fear some one has stolen it;
I can't think where it's gone;
I only know, without it all
The household is forlorn.

Oh, joy! Oh, joy! I've found it,
And you never could guess where.
For I had looked and hunted
Under sofa, bed, and chair;
Had searched in every closet,
Had peered behind the screen,
And sat me down discouraged next
To Mary Josephine.

A frown was on her forehead,
And her lips were pursed up tight;
I couldn't keep from sighing,
She was such a dismal sight.
When all at once from eyes and lips
That precious smile peeped out!
It had been hiding all the time
Beneath that little pout!

—*Child's Hour.*

The Boy Who Could be Laughed At

WHEN Rudolph Helstrom came from the Swedish settlement to the north of our village and entered Edgewood Academy, there was a perfectly audible titter which began when he came into the assembly-room and did not cease until he was safe behind the desk allotted to him. The titter did not really signify an unkindly spirit, for the boys and girls of Edgewood were not unkind. It rose from spontaneous amusement, for Rudolph, truth to tell, was undeniably funny. His clothes were several sizes too large, his boots squeaked ominously, his ruddy face was ruddier from embarrassment, and he stumbled twice over nothing before he managed to reach his seat. When he

finally found that he had arrived at his destination, he turned a pleased face lighted by a sheepish smile upon the school at large, and again suppressed giggles threatened to burst into roars of laughter.

In fact, Rudolph was laughed at so continuously during that first week that the boys prophesied he would not stay the first month. But October found him still there, and determined to stay even though his only prospect was destined to be that of amusing other persons. Moreover, his good nature was slowly winning him friends, and boys and girls alike were discovering that there was something fine underneath the ill-fitting coat, and something very keen behind the blue Swedish eyes.

Rudolph had never played football in his life, but he was determined to learn, and willing to bear the laughter which greeted his appearance in the most ludicrous of football togs upon the athletic field. He had never debated, and made a most unprepossessing appearance on the platform, but he swallowed his fear, conquered his desire to "cut and run," and stuck to it. Friday afternoon rhetorical were hateful to him, but he never framed an excuse, and pretended not to see the smiles which greeted his first appearance.

As the years went by, he ceased to be laughed at. He was quick to observe and compare, and not afraid to learn from others. His second suit of clothes fitted him better than the first, his third better still, his fourth perfectly. When he was a junior, the boys declared he was "no end of a fellow," and when he was a senior, to his own amazement, though to the surprise of no one else, he was unanimously voted the most popular member of his class.

No one laughed at him in college, though if they had, he could have stood it quite well, being well trained by this time. He was graduated four years later, receiving alike his diploma and his appointment to the most responsible position offered to any member of his class.

As he journeyed in the train to the city where his new work awaited him, he reviewed the eight years since he had entered Edgewood, saw himself as he was on that first day, heard the titter that accompanied him to his seat, and remembered the many times he had almost decided to give it all up and go back to the farm.

"Well!" he said half aloud, much to the amusement of an elderly lady who sat behind him and who had been wishing for an hour that she had a son like that, "Well, I'm certainly glad I didn't go back. I'm glad I learned that it isn't such a terrible thing to be laughed at, after all!"—*Selected.*

Funny Spelling

THERE is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE,
And studly nature with his II,
And think of what he CC.

He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It will be a home for BB.

A yoke of horses he will UU
With many haws and GG,
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When plowing for his PP.

He little buys, but much he sells,
And, therefore, little OO;
And when he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose.

—The Messenger.

Clean Hands

MOTHER'S checked kitchen apron reached from Phoebe's chin to her toes, and she stood on a wooden stool as she washed the dishes. But even though she was such a little girl, her hands worked so quickly in the warm suds, and the dishes were so clean as she placed them in the rinsing pan, that any one would have said, "Ah, this is not the first time that Phoebe has washed dishes for her mother. She has learned how by doing it very often." And as Phoebe worked she sang so merrily that any one would say, "Phoebe likes to help her mother, even though the work is dishwashing."

While she was still singing, the door opened and Mabel peeped in. Mabel was Aunt Mabel's little daughter and Phoebe's cousin.

"Oh, how can you sing when you wash that greasy pan? Ugh! the thought of how your hands feel makes me creep," and Mabel looked at her own pretty hands. "I will not wash dishes."

"But today is Friday, and Nora cannot do more than the baking. It is mother's busy day, and she needs help." Phoebe polished the pan till it shone.

"Well, I wouldn't do it," Mabel cried, and ran away.

When the dishes were all put away on the pantry shelf, the small hands did look a little red, but do you think Phoebe cared for that when mother called, "Thank you, Phoebe, dear; you have made the whole morning easier"? She did not take the checked apron off, for she knew that mother was hurrying to find time to polish the silver. It was a slow, tedious task, but mother had said to Nora, "I must try to do it."

Phoebe knew why. Uncle Matthew was coming to spend a whole week with mother. Uncle Matthew was the brother mother loved so dearly and had not seen since he went away to a far country to be a missionary. Phoebe was such a tiny little girl that she could not remember the day at all, but mother often told her the story.

In a short time the silver knives and forks and spoons were spread on the kitchen table, and how they began to shine! First, a dab of powder on the soft chamois cloth, then round and round went Phoebe's fingers; not a dark stain escaped her notice.

Suddenly the door opened. "Look at your hands! They're as black as a piece of coal." Mabel had come in. As she spoke she rolled her own dimpled hands in her white apron.

"It'll all come off," laughed Phoebe.

"Well, I wouldn't do that for any one. I thought you'd be ready to come out to play by this time."

It did take a good deal of scouring to take the stains away from the fingers when the bright silver was laid away in its place, but do you think Phoebe cared after she heard mother say to Nora, "See what the child has done! She is a little treasure!"

The clock on the kitchen mantel warned Nora that dinner time was coming, and she cried, "What shall I do? The vegetables are not ready. The baking and the extra work have made me late."

"I'll pare the potatoes, Nora. Let me." It was little Phoebe who spoke.

"You, child! They'll stain your hands again."

"Oh, the stain will all come off." Soon Phoebe was seated on the low kitchen stool, with a pan in her lap almost as big as herself, paring potatoes, so that father's dinner should be ready on time.

Again Mabel popped her head through the kitchen doorway. "Well, you're the queerest girl!" she called.

"Queer girl, indeed!" snorted Nora. "Never a wee bit of help have ye given your mother, and she as busy as Phoebe's. Ye ought to be full of shame when ye look at your lazy, white hands."

Uncle Matthew came, and Phoebe soon found him to be as dear an uncle as mother had said. He had the strangest way of looking at one. Phoebe said to herself, "I believe he can almost see what I think." Of course this was not quite true, but certainly Uncle Matthew was very wise. He was so wise that it was not long before he understood just why Phoebe's mother was so gay and happy and rested, and why Mabel's mother sometimes seemed almost too tired to smile.

The day before he went away, both little cousins wondered when he caught their small hands in his big one. Side by side they rested; Mabel's soft, dimpled, white ones, and Phoebe's roughened and red, with here and there a stain. Slowly he said:

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through."

"It's a big mistake to think that loving work makes them ugly, my dears."

The next day, when Uncle Matthew kissed Phoebe good-by, he pinned a beautiful pearl pin under her chin as he whispered, "A badge of honor for the little maiden whose hands and heart are pure and clean and good and beautiful, because they are ready to give loving service."—*The Canadian Baptist*.

For the Finding-Out Club

NAME the American writer to whom the following lines refer. He was perhaps our most intensely human poet, and his homely productions find their way straight to the heart. Sorrow at his death, which occurred July 22, 1916, was country-wide.

"It's him writ 'Arma Lindy' an' him writ 'Pipes o' Pan,'
An' him that tol' us all erbout the 'Leetle Tin Shop Man';
An' him that sorter made us smile an' cry in ever' line
That ripples with the sweetness of 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine.'

It's him that writ the music that's ringin' sweet terday
'Bout the feller that was wearyin' ter hear 'The Ol' Band'
play;

An' him that led our hearts erlong in pathways sweet ter see,
'Out ter Ol' Aunt Mary's,' whar the old boys loved ter be.

It's him set hearts a beatin' 'like the tickin' of a clock,'
'When the frost wuz on the punkin an' the feller in the
shock;'

An' him that sent us loafin' with an ol' fish-hook an' line,
In the April light an' blossom on the banks o' 'Brandywine.'
It's him that's at the fireside, an' him that's whar the eld
Feels the throbbin' o' the seed's heart, as it seeks the light
o' God;

An' him that's sayin' words o' cheer when God's sweet world
goes wrong;

It's him that's in its sunshine, an' him that's in its song."

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 24

1. "THE lion is bold. His eye never quails, his form never trembles with fear. The 'righteous' are said to be as 'bold as a lion.' We are to be 'bold' in opposing the wrong, and in defending the right. Cowards are detestable. We are to be lion-like in courage, saying 'No' when necessary. 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' We are to be strong and bold. 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.'" Prov. 28:1.

2. "The vine never tries to put on the appearance of some beautiful plant, nor look like some tall, stately

oak. We, too, should always show ourselves to be what we are. Bad men often try to make others believe that they are good. They are ashamed to be known to others just as they are known to themselves. They claim to be what they are not. The vine, in this respect, rebukes them, for it is always just what it seems to be. Let all be true and avoid deception of every kind. Henry Clay once said, 'I would rather be right than be President.'

"The vine also shows us the necessity of having some suitable support. Does the vine stand alone, or seem to hold itself in an upright position by its own strength? There is a trellis or frame to which it clings, and this frame gives it support. Can we stand alone in life? Certainly not. We need each other's help. 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Gal. 6:2. We need Christ's help still more. He has said, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' John 15:5. Take away the trellis, and what would happen to the vine? Fall? Yes, it would fall to the ground. Many are in the dust today, because they have forsaken God, their only strength and support. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'

"The vine also teaches us a lesson on fruitfulness. . . . 'In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree on which grew golden apples and silver bells, and every time the breeze went by and shook the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment.' Let us all so live that the fruit of our lives may be more sweet and valuable than all the 'golden apples and silver bells' that fancy ever painted."

3. "How orderly and systematic the spider is! The lines running from the center to the outer edge of the web seem to be of equal length, and the distance between them seems to be equal also. Then, there are cords that cross the long threads, and these, too, are arranged with perfect order and system. So we are not to work in a haphazard way. We are to have order in our plans and pursuits. We are to have 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.' 'To everything there is a season.' Eccl. 3:1. The time to serve God is now. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' That is the order we are to observe."

4. "Our pathway in life is beset with many dangers, and there are alarm signals out on every side. Dangers on the railroad are often met with at the curves. Persons walking there do not see the train, and it dashes upon them and destroys them. There is danger at the curve, and they must watch the signal. So there are curves or turning-points in every life. Be careful how you approach them—how you go around them. As you go out of childhood into youth, you pass a curve on life's pathway. As you go from youth into manhood you pass another. These are turning-points in your history. And just at these points life may become a bane or a blessing. Some round the curve with no thought of what they are to do as they pass it. Go around the curve with a purpose. Resolve to make all your after-life better than it was before. Some are in a feverish hurry to get around the curve. They want to press on to honor, pleasure, and wealth with undue haste. And here is their danger. They are too eager, too venturesome. Sometimes scholars decide to leave the school. Then they reach a turning-point in their history. There is danger before them. They are too hasty and inconsiderate. They may go astray, and never return to the right way. Let us look out for danger at these turning-points in life.

(Concluded on page thirteen)

How Old Major Preached a Sermon

A COLD, northeast storm swept against the kitchen window, and Mr. Leeds went to the door to inspect the weather.

"Terribly bad weather, this," he said. "It would hardly be merciful to take old Major out this morning. I calculate we would better stay at home from service today."

Mrs. Leeds stopped in her preparations and looked thoughtfully at her husband.

"We are not in the habit of staying at home on account of the weather," she said. "Still, if it seems the proper thing to do, I have nothing to say."

James came running in from the barn banging the door after him. "It is getting worse all the time, father," he said, "but old Major is roughshod. I don't think it will hurt him. And we can take plenty of blankets along to keep us dry."

"We will spend the day at home, James," Mr. Leeds said. "It hardly seems fair to old Major to take him out in such weather. It might not do us any harm, but a righteous man considers the life of his beast."

"I suppose there will not be many out," said Mrs. Leeds, as she seated herself with open Bible. "Grandfather Strouber may drop in, but he has only to step out of his back door into the side entrance of the church. And the good old soul can't hear a word after he gets there, not even the singing. But his daughter-in-law says he receives his share of the blessing."

The morning slipped quietly by, and Mr. Leeds sat poring over a recent copy of the church paper, James had an issue of the young people's paper, and Mrs. Leeds was diligently studying the Sabbath school lesson. When the clock struck one Mrs. Leeds began making preparations for dinner.

"I'll run out and feed old Major," said Edward. "It is not storming now as it was an hour or so ago."

"Give him plenty of oats," said Mr. Leeds, kindly. "He always has heaping measure on Sabbath."

"Father," cried Edward, a few moments later, bounding into the kitchen and leaving the door wide open, "old Major has slipped his halter and I cannot find him anywhere."

"Here he comes down the road," cried Mrs. Leeds, excitedly. "I do believe he has been to church after all."

Sure enough, just as the minister entered the churchyard, old Major walked up the drive and sought the shed where he was sheltered every Sabbath.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Leeds, as she lifted the boiling kettle from the fire. "If old Major hasn't given us a sermon, then I am mistaken."

Mr. Leeds looked over his shoulder in her direction and smiled. "The most forceful sermon I ever heard in my life. We are not going to mind the weather next time, are we?"—*Sara Virginia Dubois.*

The Gift of Speech

OF all the talents with which God has endowed mankind there is none capable of greater blessing than the power of speech. To be able to make audible the thoughts which result from the intricate working of that most delicate of all mechanisms, the human mind, is a wonderful thing indeed. The human voice—what powers it possesses! The "harp of a thousand strings," it is capable of awakening responsive chords in the hearts of all mankind, and when imbued with

the spirit of Christ, there is no limit to its possibilities for good.

God gave the gift of the tongue that all his created intelligences might glorify their Maker and bring joy and happiness to one another. But that which was intended to be of the greatest blessing, the adversary has turned into the greatest curse. Man's first temptation was brought on through the medium of the voice; and when he yielded and chose to know the evil as well as the good, the talent of speech with all others was perverted and used for the perpetuation of evil, so that in a few centuries God found it expedient to confound the theretofore universal language. But, though it served to break up the ungodly enterprise then under way, the human family has through each succeeding generation added sorrow, suffering, pain, and death to its weight of guilt by the use of the "unruly member," until today we have a world so far departed from the original plan of the Creator that divine tolerance is well-nigh spent.

Human Voices Persuade to Salvation

But God's mercy still lingers; he is still using human voices to persuade men to choose the better way. The power of speech is the greatest agency which he is using to win hearts back to loyalty, and as his ambassadors, how sacredly we should guard this trust!

In this age, when everywhere about us—in the cars, on the streets, in the shops—our ears are constantly greeted with an aimless flow of empty words, there is danger that we imbibe its evil influence. Nothing is so soundly condemned in the Bible as unprofitable talk. The very thought of foolishness is branded as sin. Prov. 24:9. And the words of the Master in Matthew 12:36 stand on record as a warning against every idle word, for which an account must be given in the day of judgment.

Is the Anchor Hidden or Drifting?

The influence of a word once spoken never dies. It may be uttered thoughtlessly, carelessly, yet it leaves its impression on the mind of the speaker and hearer.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words;
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

The old adage has it that "actions speak louder than words," nevertheless words reveal character. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so that, in very truth,

"The word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, which betrays
Where the anchor is hidden."

The words of so many around us betray the sad fact that their anchors are drifting. It is our mission in this world to point them to the eternal Rock where they may be securely fastened. Therefore our words should reveal that our own anchor is hidden there.

When sending telegraphic messages, we spend time and thought so to frame them as to make each word count. All unnecessary words are eliminated, and we construct our sentences so as to convey the thought in the briefest possible way. And why? Because every word must be paid for. I wonder if we ever stop to think what the multitude of words which we utter each day will cost us. We do not have to pay for them in common currency as we go along, yet with unerring exactitude they are being placed to our debit or credit in the ledger of heaven, and in the day of final reckoning they will mean our justification or our

condemnation, for "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." How careful, then, should we be to choose "sound speech, that cannot be condemned."

Our Inconsistency

Let us use the priceless gift of speech to the glory of God and the blessing of our fellow men. We sometimes sing,

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

yet how often we use the one he has given us for anything but his praise. With the blight of sin and its natural consequent, death, everywhere about us, there is need of words that are a "savor of life unto life;" words that make hearts stronger, more hopeful, more courageous. The influence of such words will live on through all the ages to come, when the sin and confusion of this present world will have given place to the peace and harmony of the earth made new, wherein shall be found "joy and gladness, . . . thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." BERTHA UNRUH.

A Boy or a Girl Is Very Much Like a Watch

A BOY or a girl is like a watch in several respects. First, a watch *has a maker*. No one doubts this. God said, "I have made the earth, and created man upon it." Isa. 45:12.

Second, a watch is *wonderfully made*. There are about one hundred twenty-five pieces in a watch. David said that he was "fearfully and wonderfully made." Ps. 139:14.

Third, a watch has *three parts*: The movement, the plates, and the case. Each of us has a body, soul, and spirit. Paul said: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless." 1 Thess. 5:23.

Fourth, the works are *run by various springs, and a mainspring*. David said, "All my springs are in thee." Ps. 87:7. God is the mainspring. "In him," said the apostle, "we live, and move, and have our being." Acts 17:28.

Fifth, the watch has a *regulator* to correct it when wrong. The apostle shows that our conscience beareth witness (see Rom. 2:15) when we think wrong, talk wrong, and act wrong.

Sixth, the watch has a *face*, and the hands report according to the working of the machinery within. Our faces are an index of the heart. The king said to Nehemiah: "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart." Neh. 2:2. Solomon said, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Prov. 15:13.

Seventh, some watches are called *jeweled watches*. An Ingersoll watch has no jeweled bearings. Some of the very best have as high as twenty-three jewels. It is a fine thing to be a jeweled boy or girl. Paul de-

scribes a nine-jeweled person as having "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. 5:22, 23.

Eighth, the watch *does what it was made to do*. Its mission is to tell time, that all might use it wisely. Paul said we are to redeem "the time, because the days are evil." Eph. 5:16.

Ninth, the watch unknowingly *glorifies its maker*. We knowingly should do the same. Paul said, "Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Cor. 6:20.

Thus the watch, which is a pretty and useful thing, shows us how we can best serve our fellow men, and honor our Creator, God. WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

A Marked-Down Boy

You have heard of a marked-down coat and hat, you have heard of a marked-down toy;
Did you ever hear, among other things, of a real, live, marked-down boy?
He's the fellow who never gets things quite done; it would take but a minute more,
Ofttimes, to finish the task complete, on the farm, in the school, or store.
He's the one who forgets, is this marked-down boy, too often a thing he's told,
And he often puts off till some other time, forgetting time lost is gold.
He's not quite prompt when duty calls—you'd count it a failing trait—
Thinking it couldn't make any great odds, should he be a minute late.
Now let people refer to a marked-down coat, to a marked-down hat or toy;
But don't let any one speak of you—be sure—as a marked-down boy!

—Harold Farrington.

A Noble Character

AS long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets." This eloquent eulogy was written of William of Orange, by the masterly historian Motley.

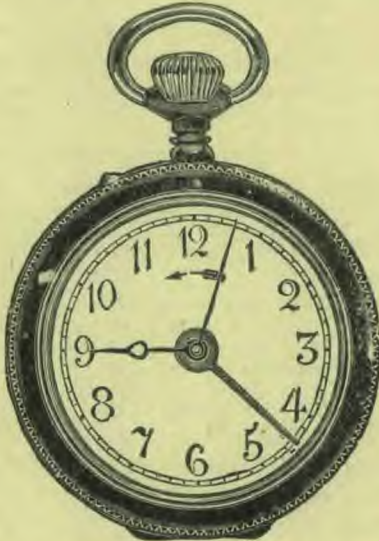
It has been my privilege recently to read two good-sized volumes by Motley on "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and I wish to recommend these books to our young people. They are not only replete with historical data, but the facts are stated in the choicest of English.

The above is only one of many such sentences to be found on nearly every page. The three prominent characters whose lives are sketched are: Philip II of Spain, the Duke of Alva, and William of Nassau, sometimes called William the Silent, and also spoken of as William of Orange. Of the three, William stands out as the one really great character of the age.

The era was the middle years of the sixteenth century. Philip sent the Duke of Alva to the Netherlands. Thus, the greatest general of the age came in contact with the most indefatigable of patriots. The struggle was long and fierce. In most cases, when the Spaniards and Dutch met on land, the Dutch were defeated.

The earnest, determined William, however, strove on, having one thing always in mind,—liberty of conscience for himself and his countrymen. He was born of Catholic parents, but in his young manhood embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and became a Calvinist.

To a certain extent, through his influence these doctrines gained a strong foothold in the Netherlands. Wherever William's influence prevailed, there was



freedom of worship. On the other hand, where the Spaniards controlled, the Inquisition did its deadly work. The Duke of Alva boasted that during his reign 18,500 heretics had been put to death.

Efforts were made to bribe and cajole William, but rather than yield his convictions, he suffered the loss of his estates, and was reduced almost to beggary. Through it all he never swerved. He was determined that the power of the Papacy should be broken and that civil and religious liberty should prevail.

A price was finally placed on William's head, and on July 10, 1584, he was killed by an assassin's bullet. His last words were, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul; O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

The world has almost forgotten Philip, the cruel king of Spain, of whom it is said he was known to laugh but once: and that was upon receipt of the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Duke of Alva is remembered by few. But William of Orange will hold his place in high esteem as long as men love liberty. He can ever be seen above his fellow men, recognized as "a highly gifted, large-hearted, devoted, patriotic prince." W. F. MARTIN.

"Snake in the Grass" Game

AN old rope is used for a "snake" in this game. A big knot is tied on one end. The players arrange themselves in a circle, and one of them, standing in the center, swings the rope around, skimming along the floor or grass at the feet of the players.

Each player must jump up as the rope nears him, so that it may pass unimpeded beneath his feet. If it touches him, the player drops out of the game. That player wins who is the last one touched or "bit-ten" by the "snake."

In military training camps this game is played with an iron or lead weight fastened on the end of a strong cord. I have also heard of an old book being used as the weight.—*Selected.*

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of December 24

(Concluded from page ten)

"Signals of danger will be useless if we do not heed them. Let the whistle blow or the alarm bell ring; but if the man on the track does not heed it, he will be destroyed. Let the mariner ignore the lighthouse, and his vessel will run upon the rocks, and all may be lost.

"A bell was once so arranged that in a storm it would ring loudly, and thus warn mariners of their danger. Some pirates muffled the bell so that it would not ring out its alarm, hoping that, in its silence, some unfortunate vessel might be driven upon the rocks and become their prey. Strange to say, they themselves were the first to suffer. They had silenced the warning bell, and all perished. Let us never muffle the bell of conscience. Let us heed the warnings of truth."

5. "God is able to save. James 4:12.

God is able to save from furnace heat. Dan. 3:13-18.

God is able to save from death. Heb. 5:7.

God is able to save to the uttermost. Heb. 7:25.

God is able to succor the tempted. Heb. 2:18.

God is able to make us stand. Rom. 14:4.

God is able to build us up. Acts 20:32.

God is able to keep us from falling. Jude 24.
God is able to keep that which we commit to him. 2 Tim. 1:12.

God is able to perform his promises. Rom. 4:21.

God is able to do more than we ask. Eph. 3:20.

God is able to make all grace abound. 2 Cor. 9:8.

God is able to subdue all things to himself. Phil. 3:21.

God is able to raise us from the dead. Heb. 11:19.

God is able to present us faultless. Jude 24."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

WHAT is the Morning Watch? We are somewhat confused about it. Some say that it is the little calendar, others say not. P. D."

The Morning Watch is not the little calendar which we circulate each year. True, the calendar is called the Morning Watch Calendar; but that is a name given to it because it was designed as an aid in keeping a morning appointment with God.

The Morning Watch is a time in the morning for prayer, Bible study, and meditation.

Why observe it? "That I may know myself. That I may know God. That I may know the Book. Because we do not pray enough. We do not pray aright. We do not read enough. We do not read aright."

When observe it? "In the morning. Then the soul is more open to realities. The day is young. The world is still. The cares of the day's affairs have not been taken up. The Morning Watch is putting on the armor. If we wait for some other time, we may get no time at all." M. V.

"Where can I find instruction in regard to the organization and maintenance of a Junior Missionary Volunteer Society? I am anxious to do what I can for the children, but hardly know how to proceed. A. M. C."

Procure a copy of the Junior Missionary Volunteer Manual for teachers and leaders. The price is forty cents a copy. It may be secured through your tract society. M. V.

Dead Timber

THE conference Missionary Volunteer secretary sat in his office with brows knit, and pencil poised meditatively in mid-air. He was apportioning the local society goals for 1919, giving each society a share of the conference goal. It was no small task.

A knock at the door interrupted him. The visitor proved to be the leader of his largest society. The secretary had been counting on that particular society to do more toward raising the 1919 conference goal than any of the other societies.

"I came to see if you would lower our society goal for the new year," the young man asked, reluctantly. "I'm sorry to ask this, but the goal for 1918 was so large that we couldn't reach it, and we want to make a better record this coming year."

Imagine the secretary's surprise and disappointment, when asked to lower this society's goal, instead of raising it as he had intended to do. He inquired the cause of such a request. Was not the society membership just as large, as it had been at the beginning of the previous year, and even larger? Why, then, should the goal be smaller?

"Well, you see it is this way in our society," was the embarrassed reply: "We have a long membership list, to be sure; but not half of our members are really *active*. It is because of this *dead timber* that we are asking for a lowering of our goal this year."

Dead timber! Yes, that was the trouble. And this society is not the only one that is clogged by dead timber. Many a society record book is carrying names of young people who, although they come to the meetings occasionally, really differ not one whit from those who do not pretend to be members. And whose fault is it that this dead timber is being carried along to the hindrance of the society? Sometimes it is the fault of the individual, but more often it is the fault of the society. If an organization of this kind is failing to win and hold its young people, there's a reason for the failure.

Has prayer been neglected, that great essential without which there can be no true success? In the measure that the society has been a praying one, in just that measure has it been successful.

Then perhaps the programs are at fault. They must be framed so that they will be helpfully attractive, and strong enough to hold the senior young people as well as the younger members.

There must also be something for every member to do. Young people desire activity. It is necessary to their growth. They will not stay where it is lacking. Some often confess frankly that they take no interest in the society because there is "nothing doing"—things don't move. But just set an enterprise on foot in which all are asked to co-operate, and watch how quickly the scene changes. Everybody is interested, everybody is eager to help. Enthusiasm runs high; things are accomplished.

It is of no avail to complain about dead timber in the society, and to scold because the interest is waning. Get your society into *action*,—enthusiastic, whole-souled action that includes every member,—and see how soon the dead timber will disappear.

Executive committees, it is your duty this new year to work out plans for your societies. In doing so, don't fail to make every member feel, as the little boy said, that he is "a part of the concern." You will see results if you do your part.

ELLA IDEN.

Just for the Juniors

Emmy Lou Lends a Hand

EMMY LOU heard them talking about it at the missionary meeting. She had come in to help serve the coffee and cake as a great favor to the minister's wife.

And while she was passing the cream to Mrs. Sawyer, she heard Mrs. Hopkins talking about it to Mrs. Tripp, who had come in later.

"Yes," she was saying, "we had a letter from her yesterday. You remember Charlotte Graham, who used to teach the sixth grade in the South Side school? Well, Charlotte got interested in missions and went out to teach a girls' school in Assam. She's having great success, but she writes she could do so much more if she had a typewriter."

"She tells us that she owes two hundred letters now, and that she's so busy from morning until night with her correspondence she doesn't know what she will do if she doesn't have the help of a typewriter soon. But really, I don't see how we can do anything. Our society is pledged now for all the money it can possibly raise. We can't undertake any more."

Emmy Lou went on passing the cake, but she had heard enough. She knew Charlotte Graham and loved her, and had never gotten over missing her since she went away across the sea. And she wished, O, how she wished! that Charlotte could have that typewriter.

But Emmy Lou did not see how it could be managed, either. There were always so many to help, and so many, many places for every dollar. But she could pray about it.

It happened that she went down to Judge Allen's office a few days afterward. Father had sent her down with an abstract he wanted to have examined.

As Emmy Lou walked into the office, she caught sight of three persons busily ticking off letters to the music of the typewriters.

She handed the abstract to Judge Allen himself, and the good man regarded her kindly.

"You have a good many typewriters, haven't you?" she said with a sweet little smile.

Judge Allen smiled back. He loved children.

"Yes, we do a great deal of business here, you know, Emmy Lou, and the up-to-date typewriter is a great aid."

Emmy Lou nodded.

"Yes, I know. Miss Charlotte Graham, who used to teach the sixth grade, and who has gone to Assam as a missionary, says so, too. She'd like one if she could have it."

Judge Allen stared. He was becoming interested.

"Where does a typewriter come in, in missions?" he asked.

Emmy Lou smiled brightly.

"Letters," she replied. "A great many of them. You see, a lot of letters are needed to be sent out in mission work, and it takes time to write them. Miss Graham says she would be ever so much better and efficient as a missionary if she had a typewriter."

"I wish our society had money to send her one. But the ladies all say they don't see how it can be done, with the starving Belgians and Armenians to help, and bandages and surgical dressings to be made for the soldiers. The society thinks it has about all it can do."

Judge Allen carefully repressed a smile. What a strange little girl! He had thought that most girls were more interested in gewgaws than they were in typewriters for missionaries. But this one was different—and then in the next moment the office faded away and he was sitting, a little child, beside his old grandmother in a little country church. And they were singing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

That meant missions, and how his old grandmother had loved them! She used to tell him about Judson and Carey and Dr. Clough, and he had loved to listen; but the busy years had crowded out these old memories.

Emmy Lou went out of the office, but somehow Judge Allen could not concentrate his mind on the task at hand. He was seeing visions; living again in that old past where the family altar was not forsaken, and where the missionaries as well as the members of the family were prayed for night and morning.

"There's a cry from Macedonia—
Come and help us."

They used to sing that, too, but he had forgotten all about it.

A day or two after that Emmy Lou received a letter beginning:

"DEAR EMMY LOU:

"You will be glad to know that I have just sent your society a check for a first-class typewriter to be sent at once to Miss Charlotte Graham in Assam. I am not in the habit of giving to missions, but I once had a grandmother who believed in them, and I am making this little offering in memory of her.

"But I am quite free to admit that I never would have given to missions in the ordinary way. You managed to touch my heart in rather a peculiar manner. Be that as it may, I know this will make you happy, and cement more than ever your interest that binds you not only to Miss Graham, but to the great work of missions.

"With best wishes, I remain,

"Truly your friend,

"GEORGE P. ALLEN."

When Emmy Lou received that letter, she went at once to her surprised and delighted family, then she ran up to the attic, and sat down on a little old hair-cloth trunk, and read it again. Somehow her heart sang for joy. She was only a little girl, but God, through her, had permitted her beloved Miss Graham to get that longed-for, necessary typewriter.

Emmy Lou looked up. A spider scurried across a box of old books, but she wasn't afraid. Over in Assam somebody was going to be very happy, and in America somebody also was very happy. It was Emmy Lou, up in the old attic at home.—*Susan Hubbard Martin.*

The Sabbath School

VI—Deborah and Barak Deliver Israel

(February 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 2: 11-23; 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth." Ps. 34: 16.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 543-545; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 17-23.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Questions

1. What book of the Bible are we now studying? What period of time does it cover? Note 1.

2. After the generation which had been associated with Joshua had passed away, what did the children of Israel do? Judges 2: 11-13. Note 2.

3. What distress came upon them because of their idolatry? Verses 14, 15.

4. How did the Lord still manifest his care over them? Verses 16-19. Note 3.

5. In what way did the Lord prove them? Verses 20-23.

6. What king greatly oppressed the Israelites for twenty years? Who was the captain of his army? Judges 4: 2, 3.

7. Who was the judge in Israel at that time? Where did she dwell? Verses 4, 5. Note 4.

8. Whom did she call to act as leader of the army? What did she say the Lord had commanded? What promise did the Lord make? Verses 6, 7. Note 5.

9. What did Barak say to Deborah? What was her reply? Verses 8, 9.

10. How large an army did Barak gather? How did Sisera learn where Barak was? What did Sisera then do? Verses 10-13.

11. How did Deborah encourage Barak? What took place when the battle began? Verses 14-16.

12. Where did Sisera seek to hide? What did Jael do for him? What further request did he make? Verses 17-20.

13. Knowing him to be an enemy of the people of the Lord, what did Jael do? How did Barak find Sisera? Verses 21, 22.

14. How did God work for his people at that time? Verses 23, 24.

For Thoughtful Pupils

Who are the following named persons? What part did they act in the story of this lesson? Jabin; Deborah; Sisera; Barak; Heber, the Kenite; Jael.

Notes

1. Judges "derives its title from the fact that it gives us the history of the Israelites under the administration of fifteen judges; viz, from eighteen or twenty years after the death of Joshua to the time of Saul."—*Schaff's Bible Dictionary.*

Peloubet recognizes three districts in Palestine at this period:

North Palestine.—Judges: Othniel, Deborah and Barak, and Elon,—twenty-eight years of oppression, and ninety years of peace.

West Palestine.—Judges: Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Abdon, Ibzan, Samson, Eli, Samuel,—forty-seven years of oppression, seventy-four of peace.

East Palestine.—Judges: Ehud, Jair, Jephthah,—thirty-six years of oppression, eighty-six of peace.

2. Baal—an idol of the Phœnicians.

Baalim—plural of Baal.

Ashtaroah—a goddess of the Phœnicians.

"And served Baal and Ashtaroah." The mountain tops of Syria and Palestine still bear witness to such worship of sun and moon."—*Mackie.*

3. The children of Israel mingled with the Canaanites who remained in the land, and idolatry spread like a plague. Their sins separated Israel from God, and they could not overcome their enemies. There were always a few among them who remained faithful to God, and from time to time devoted men were raised up through whom the Lord delivered his people.

4. Deborah, living under a palm tree, doubtless the landmark of her tent, began to prophesy, and the Lord moved upon her to take steps which resulted in the deliverance of Israel from their oppressors.

5. Barak was to assemble his army at Mt. Tabor. From this mount could be seen Sisera's army in the plains below.

A Flesh-Hook Procession in New China

(Concluded from page four)

devotion to the god to have their arms pierced with the many hooks, take a place in the procession, and endure the pain and suffering described above. And to make sure the god would not miss any of these personal sacrifices, he was carried at the rear of the procession where he would have a commanding view of the whole proceeding. Surely he would not be angry with them after such a feast of good things as had been given him that day, and he would send them the much-needed rain!

China Needs Jesus!

How such experiences as this give us a new zeal to carry to these poor, benighted souls a knowledge of the God "who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth," the only God who can bring peace to their sin-sick hearts! Surely we are thankful that the daylight of the gospel is penetrating this heathen land, and that many who formerly took part in these idolatrous scenes are now seeking the true God with humble and contrite hearts. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest that the saving knowledge of the gospel may be quickly carried to all parts of this needy land.

HAROLD L. GRAHAM.

Shanghai, China.

Be Patient

So many little faults we find.
 We see them; for not blind
 Is love. We see them; but if you and I
 Perhaps remember them some by and by,
 They will not be.
 Faults then — grave faults — to you and me,
 But just odd ways — mistakes, or even less,
 Remembrances to bless.
 Days change so many things — yes, hours, —
 We see so differently in suns and showers.
 Mistaken words tonight
 May be so cherished by tomorrow's light,
 We may be patient; for we know
 There's such a little way to go.

— George Klinge, in the Independent.

How Venice was Saved

VENICE, the queen of cities and once mistress of the seas, still sits "in state, throned on her hundred isles." Since her birth in the long ago she has stood "in a sea of green waters," her principal street being the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the form of the letter S. Into this canal run thousands of smaller waterways. These are covered with bridges at various points, and upon them at all hours ply small boats, gondolas, and tugs.

Venice began her existence as a community of fisher folk; but as cities on the mainland were overrun by barbarians, many refugees fled to the island hamlet.

As the city was favorably situated commercially, it soon so increased in wealth that many were attracted to it. In time the skill of her citizens as sailors enabled her to develop a powerful fleet and to become a great commercial state. She dominated the Adriatic, and gradually absorbed the carrying trade of the world, her ships going to Russia, England, India, Egypt, and China.

Even now Venice is the second city of Italy in the value of its transit trade. It is noted for its art goods, glass factories, and shipbuilding. Its population is about two thirds that of our national capital. It is the Mecca of European travel, not for its religious shrines, but for its history, beauty, and novel waterways. It boasted a prosperous independence until humiliated by Napoleon in 1797.

After the defeat of Napoleon the city fell to Austria. She rebelled under the oppression of Austria, but not until 1866 was she able to throw off this yoke and become united to the Italian kingdom.

In the war which has just closed, Venice came near falling again into the hands of the Austrians, who got within seven miles of the city. A writer in the *Christian Herald* gives the following description of the expedition, and of the unique way the city was saved from capture:

"A large contingent of the Austrian army had crossed it [the Piave River] with guns and ammunition, but with no food supplies, for so confident were they of getting to Venice that the soldiers were told that not only would they get an abundance of food and wine there, but also that each had better provide himself with a small sack in which to put his surplus spoils. Officers provided themselves with huge chests for the same purpose, and motor cars were there to carry the loot to Toblach for railway transport over the Brenner to Austria and Germany.

"They got to within six and a quarter miles of Venice. It was the moment of their fancied triumph. . . . Twenty-four hours of rain on the Dolomite Mountains sufficed to bring the Piave River down in floods. It became a rushing, roaring sea of water. Bridges,

boats, plants, tree trunks, all were swept away. Whole battalions of troops crossing were drowned, as the Egyptians were at the Red Sea. Those who had crossed the river were too few to fight their way to Venice; those on the other side could not get over to aid them. They were thus caught in a trap, and almost all were either killed or taken prisoners. Venice was saved, and we all thanked God."

F. D. C.

The Echo

HELLO, there!" shouted Eddie Thompson. Back came the reply in the same tone of voice, "Hello, there!" He did not know that it was the echo of his own voice, and he shouted again, "You are a naughty boy." Again the echo, "You are a naughty boy."

After many other expressions of the same nature, Eddie rushed off to find his mother. With some degree of excitement and indignation he said: "Mother, there is a bad, bad boy out there in the wood who calls me mean names."

His mother understood how it happened, and said to him: "Oh, no! You go back and speak to him in a pleasant tone of voice, and call him good names, and see if he will not reply in the same manner."

Back to the wood he hastily ran, and shouted: "Hello there!" "You are a good boy," and of course the reply came back, "You are a good boy." "I love you." "I love you," said the other voice. "I should like to play with you sometime." "I should like to play with you sometime," came the words from his supposedly new friend.

This story is a good illustration of many people in the world. Some think they have bad and disagreeable neighbors and even brethren in the church. If that is the case with you, it is most likely the trouble is entirely with yourself.

Selfishness, criticism, and self-pity are traits of character (sin) that go hand in hand. They are diseases that Jesus only can cure. If you have a sore, do not expose it. Keep it covered, and let it heal. This is the cure for a faultfinding, critical spirit.

J. R. PATTERSON.

"KEEP a guard on your lips, my darling,
 For words are wonderful things;
 They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
 Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
 They can bless like the cheering sunshine,
 And brighten a lonely life;
 They can cut in the strife of anger,
 Like an open two-edged knife."

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