

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 8

A Moment in the Morning

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

IN the early morning watch, when friendly sleep has fled away,
And the soul in silence waiteth for the coming of the day,
Then for calm and sweet communion of all times is surely best,
And the one in touch with Heaven starts in fortified and blest.

There's a battle waging 'tween the hosts of good and sin,
And an enemy e'er watching for the chance of slipping in;
And one needs to take the time to keep the heart's defenses whole,
For more needful than the raiment is the armor of the soul.

Just a moment in the morning. 'Tis a small thing, to be sure,
But that moment may bring blessings which forevermore endure;
Keeping one in touch with Heaven, giving courage for the way,
Just a moment in the morning means time saved through all the day.

Moho, Peru, South America.

From Here and There

Sir S. H. Sinha, the undersecretary of state for India in the new cabinet, has been raised to the peerage. He is the first native of India to take a seat in the British House of Lords.

The 1917 subscription list of the "Instructor" numbered 14,786, while that of 1918 was 17,027. Shall we not raise the 1919 list to an even 20,000? Honestly, don't you think the paper is worth it?

It is proposed that \$3,000,000 be appropriated by Congress for the building of embassy and legation buildings in the large foreign capitals. Some of our ambassadors have had to pay a larger rental for a suitable embassy than the amount of their salary, and some have paid several times the amount.

The grand duchy of Luxemburg has been presided over by the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide; but after the signing of the armistice the grand duchess was requested to abdicate, and the duchy was proclaimed a republic. The new government lasted but six hours, when it was superseded by the old régime, the former ruler's sister being placed at the head of the government.

There are 1,500,000 dope users in the United States. One million of them are known, the others use drugs in private. When liquor men tell us that prohibition will cause men to use dope, let us remember that men used dope while they still had liquor. In fact, it is usually the liquor user that becomes addicted to habit-forming drugs. Strong drink is but the first degree in the masonry of destruction; drugs are the second degree.

The fur which is known as Persian lamb, and which is used for expensive cloaks and for trimmings on overcoats, comes largely from Bokhara or some other province of Russia, the best from the high arid plateaus, from the Kara kid. From this district, there are sent annually 1,500,000 lamb skins which measure about twelve by six inches, and bring anywhere from five to ten dollars apiece in America. The lambs are killed within three days after birth, while the fur is soft and tightly curled.

Ushuaia is the most southerly town in the world; it lies in latitude 55 south, and is only seventy miles from Cape Horn. As the capital of that part of Tierra del Fuego which belongs to the Argentine Republic, it prides itself on being the residence of the governor, and on possessing a wireless station, a fishing and canning company, several stores, a church, and one hotel. It is also the penal settlement of Argentina. In the large building at the back of the town there are over one thousand men imprisoned for terms varying from five years to a lifetime.

Dr. Horace Fletcher, widely known as an expert on dietetics, died recently from bronchitis after a long illness. Horace Fletcher was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1849, and was educated at Dartmouth College. Since 1865 he had been a traveler, author, and lecturer. He carried out experiments in the University of Cambridge and Yale University, and was the originator of "Fletcherism," a system for the mastication of food. He was a member of numerous health, sociological, and geographical societies and the author of numerous books. During the war he was a food economist for the commission for relief in Belgium.

Princess Patricia, the very popular daughter of the Duke of Connaught, now governor-general of Canada, and first cousin to King George of England, has had among her suitors King Alphonso of Spain, King Manuel of Portugal, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Count of Turin, and the Marquis of Anglesey. But from all of these she turned aside, and has at last given her heart to the plain nonroyal Commander Alexander R. M. Ramsay, of the English Army.

To facilitate foreign exchange, and eliminate the shipping of quantities of gold between countries, it is proposed to establish a gold settlement fund of several hundred millions of dollars. This fund would probably be deposited in trust with the Bank of England. By this means exchange balances between countries could be arranged by bookkeeping transactions instead of by the shipping of gold.

How long some men live! The two hundred thirtieth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin was celebrated on Thrift Day; and the 1919 war savings stamps contain the likeness of the man whom every one loves and knows as Poor Richard.

The Methodist Episcopal Church plans to celebrate its centenary by raising \$85,000,000 for world rebuilding and the work of gospel missions at home and abroad.

Connecticut and Rhode Island are the only States that have expressed themselves against the prohibition amendment. Forty-four States have ratified.

Iceland Raises National Flag

BUT little attention has been accorded in America to the fact that Iceland has recently ceased to be either a province or a colony of Denmark, but has become an independent sovereignty, entirely autonomous and federated only to Denmark by dynastic ties—that is to say, Christian X is at one and the same time king of Denmark and king of Iceland.

This new condition of affairs was proclaimed on December 2, when Iceland's national flag was raised, with much ceremony, at Reykjavik, the capital of the island, and saluted with 21 guns by a Danish man-of-war, which King Christian had sent for the purpose. He also signalized the event by a great state banquet at the royal palace at Copenhagen, at which the new prime minister of Iceland was the principal guest.—*Marquise de Fontenoy.*

The Youth's Instructor

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The Church I Love

EUGENE ROWELL

It stands a little way apart,
The church I love so well,
Like some still chamber of God's heart
Where love alone can dwell.
The fragrances of answered prayer
Make sweet the sacred calm;
A holy quietness reigns there,
A grand but voiceless psalm;
And patriarch trees before the door
Shut out the world's distracting roar.

It is not large. A little place
Without majestic nave,
As simple as redeeming grace
Or cleansing blood to save.
And yet a saintlike beauty holds
The course of every line,
And fitness all the structure molds
To symmetry divine;
While pulpit, wall, and window tell
That those who buided, buided well.

O blessed precincts never rent
By worldly strife or wrong,
With God's own silence eloquent,
Or thrilled with prayer and song,
Be such a peace as thine my lot,
And mine as pure a praise,
My heart as sanctified a spot,
Mine too as tranquil days.
And as God's worship dwells with thee
So may his love abide with me.

The New Secretary of the Treasury

WHEN President Wilson, on the eve of his departure for Europe, named a rather obscure member of the House of Representatives as Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding William G. McAdoo to membership in the Cabinet, an incredulous public at once inquired, "Who is Carter Glass?" The nation at large had never before heard of him, and naturally questions arose as to the wisdom of his choice for so important a portfolio. Investigation, however, justified the President's wisdom, and furnished another proof of the fallacy of the old adage, "He that tooteth not his own horn, his horn shall not be tooted;" for the new secretary is known among his intimates as a quiet, unassuming man, energetic of action and stable of purpose.

The Boy "Pluck"

Back in Lynchburg, Virginia, old citizens who were reared with him on the banks of the James River, call him "Pluck" Glass. He received this nickname quite extemporaneously, so the story goes. A ball club from a neighboring town was playing the Lynchburg nine, and things were going badly with the home team. There were fouls, and arguments, and misunderstandings, and finally a home run precipitated the crisis. A small red-headed chap, with fury in his eye and a discarded bat in his hand, deserted second base and charged down the field, shouting to the visitors:

"You can play ball, but I'll show you how to fight!"

The winning team fled in confusion.

"He chased 'em clear off the field and they jumped the fence," chuckled a friend who was there.

"That's what I call pluck," shouted a Lynchburg rooter, as he witnessed the bold assault and the ensuing fight. "Pluck! Pluck!" roared the admiring Lynchburg fans, and the homely name still sticks, though the man who bears it now holds in hand the financial destinies of a nation. But the incident is characteristic of the quiet gentleman of whom it is not best to try to take advantage.

From Apprentice to Publisher

At the age of fourteen Carter Glass left school and began his apprenticeship as a printer in the office of the Lynchburg *Republican*, receiving a wage of \$1.50 per week. Times were hard in Virginia after the Civil War, and this made it necessary for the lad to go to work. But he took his first position with the philosophy in mind that "the man who actually does no more than he is paid to do, will never be paid for any more than he actually does;" and with the determina-

tion that some day he, himself, would own a newspaper.

"Apprentice, printer, pressman, foreman, city editor and editor, publisher and proprietor" are the catalogue of his realized ambitions. At the age of thirty he purchased the Lynchburg *Morning News* with a cash asset of \$60. The price he paid was \$13,000 — with the help of friends. But he made good, and in 1895 took over the Lynchburg *Evening Advance*. Today he still owns both papers.

In his editorial work Mr. Glass cultivated an extraordinary memory for facts. This has become a habit of mind with him, till it would seem that he never forgets acts and facts having to do with his contemporaries.

A Campaign Experience

The candidate opposing his first election to the House was an orator of repute, and he challenged Mr. Glass to a debate on the political issues of the day. The editor had never made a public address, and the listening constituency was surprised to hear him speak fluently and without the least embarrassment. His orator opponent finally made the statement that he believed every employer should compensate workmen injured in service. Carter Glass challenged him instantly, asking,

"Why didn't you vote that way in the legislature?"

"I did," asserted the orator.

"The record shows that you are mistaken," Carter Glass replied.

"Well, I spoke for it and worked for it," the orator said, "and I now recall that I was ill at home when the vote was taken."

"The record shows," Carter Glass continued, "that you voted for the bill that was put upon its passage just before the vote was taken on the bill that we are discussing, and that you voted for the bill that followed on the calendar. What I should like to know is how you could get ill, go to your home, a good many miles distant, recover your health and return to the meeting of the legislature inside of fifteen minutes?"

This question, stating the real facts of the case, which Mr. Glass had kept in mind, disposed of his opponent, and the newspaper man became a member of the House of Representatives.

The Congressman

While his colleagues were clogging the mails and filling the *Congressional Record* with their views anent nothing in particular and everything in general, this

singular man sat in the halls of Congress for ten years before making his maiden speech.

Mr. Glass was a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency. He was deeply interested in this question, and devoted his days, and frequently his nights as well, to study of books, reports, and testimony dealing with the subject. He reasoned that some day, by reason of seniority, he would succeed to the chairmanship of his committee, and he purposed to be ready for the duty. He studied the banking and currency systems of foreign countries—"every country in the world," in fact—as well as the coinage of the ancients. He found all authorities agreed that the currency system of the United States "lacks elasticity." Financiers, bankers, and business men bewailed the fact that there was no plan for having "more money in the country when there was need of it than when the need was usual or less,"—a regrettable situation surely, and a serious handicap to government operations in case of emergency.

In the early days of 1912, after Woodrow Wilson was elected to the Presidency, but before he came into office, Mr. Glass made a quiet trip to New Jersey, well armed with documents and evidence, and placed before the President elect the result of his years of intensive study. He gained unqualified approval of his conclusions and proposed remedy.

Who Wrote the Federal Reserve Bank Bill?

With the assembling of the new Congress he succeeded to the leadership of his committee, and began work on a bill in which he sought "to reconcile conflicting views, compose all friction from whatever source arising, embody the technical knowledge of the banker, the wisdom of the philosophers, and the rights of the people." Months were spent in its preparation, and at last, after long hearings, the bill was ready for discussion in the House.

His Maiden Speech

As author of this bill, Carter Glass took the floor for the purpose of analyzing the measure. He asked, inas-

much as he was unused to addressing Congress, that "the continuity of my speech be not interrupted, since the point is technical," and then made his initial address before the House, which would fill at least two pages of an ordinary newspaper.

Credit for the authorship of the bill, which provided for the creation of twelve Federal Reserve Banks, has been given to and accepted by others; but to Carter Glass alone belongs the honor of writing, and engineering the passage through the House, of this important legislation.

Subsequent Addresses

After his currency speech, Mr. Glass resumed his old habit of silence, and only twice since has his voice been heard in Congress—once in protest against our attitude toward the European conflict before the United States declared war, and again last February, when he told "The Truth About the War Department," in defense of Secretary Baker. His infrequent addresses ring with manliness, and while he has never attended school since circumstances forced him out as a lad of fourteen, he "splits none of his infinitives, and his command of language in its shadings and finer meanings is not surpassed, if equaled, by any one in public life from Woodrow Wilson down."

Outside the Social Whirl

In contrast with his predecessor, who was forced to resign because of the expense of following the pace of Washington's "four hundred," Mr. Glass continues his residence in a modest hotel apartment where he has lived in winter since his appointment to Congress. His family spends the summer on a farm near Lynchburg.

There can be little doubt that the new Secretary of the Treasury is the man for this hour, and that the department under his direction will conserve to the very best advantage the finances of the Government during the reconstruction period upon which we are entering.

L. E. C.

Are We Ready?

NELLIE A. HONEYWELL

HE saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." Rev. 19: 9, 7.

A wedding! What an interesting occasion! Days, weeks, and months are spent in preparation for the event!

The finest goods are procured, the most beautiful patterns are secured and applied to the material, which are then worked out day after day with painstaking effort. The one who is looking forward to that happy day employs her best skill in producing the finest needlework, that when the time arrives for the union with the one she loves, everything may be in readiness.

The guests are invited, and they too prepare, fashioning their garments with the greatest care, that they may honor those who have invited them to the wedding.

The task of preparation, although laborious, is a pleasant one, especially to the prospective bride, for it is a labor of love.

The higher place in the social scale the contracting parties occupy the greater the outlay and the more

elaborate the preparation made. In the marriage of a king's son no pains or expense is spared to make the occasion in every way one befitting the high rank of the persons concerned.

My dear young friends, we are all invited to a wedding—the wedding of the King. There we may be not only guests but the bride.

Are we making preparations for that great event proportionate to the importance of the occasion?

"By the marriage is represented the union of humanity with divinity; the wedding garment represents the character which all must possess who shall be accounted fit guests for the wedding."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 307.

"Only the covering which Christ himself has provided can make us meet to appear in God's presence. . . . This robe, woven in the loom of heaven, has in it not one thread of human devising."—*Id.*, p. 311.

Christ provides the material, and we are to fashion it in all things after the pattern given us by him. Heb. 8: 5. Christ puts upon us his robe of righteousness, but not to cover sin. The pattern must be stamped upon our hearts, then we must work out the heavenly design in the acts of our daily lives.

"The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework. . . . With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the king's palace." Ps. 45: 13-15.

The ones who enter into the king's palace will be those only who have on the wedding garment, those who have sought for the inward adorning which would make them "all glorious within."

They "shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," the divine pattern stamped upon the soul, wrought out day by day in painstaking effort. This is the heavenly embroidery, not to be made and used for a brief time, then cast aside. This inward adorning is not corruptible, and is in the sight of God of great price, for it will make our lives resplendent with beauty throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

My young sisters, are we diligently preparing for the wedding feast to which we are invited, and which is soon, much sooner perhaps than we expect, to take place?

Are we as much absorbed in getting ready for this event of such momentous importance to every one of us, as the bride and guests are in preparing for a worldly wedding? Are we making this spiritual needlework a labor of love? Are we working out our own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that it is God which worketh in us? (See Phil. 2: 12, 13.)

Instead of having our minds occupied with the adornment of these perishing bodies, we should be seeking for the clothing of wrought gold—love wrought out and shining in all our actions.

Many are called, but few are chosen. "Only those are chosen who meet the requirements of God's law, which is perfection."

Christ will present to himself a "glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Eph. 5: 27. Are we putting off the day of preparation, flattering ourselves that God will do a wonderful work for us at some future time, and in that way make us ready? Let us not be deceived. We have none too much time to prepare if we use every moment that is left us of probationary time.

You remember that in the parable of the ten virgins, representing the church, five, half the number, were found unready. Why this sad result? No doubt those who were unready thought they would be ready in time. In fact, when the warning cry was raised, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," they started to get ready. They went to buy the oil, but it was too late. "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."

"Those that were ready went in; those that were getting ready were too late. How came some to be ready? They were ready all the time; they kept ready. This lesson is for us now. Our only safety is in being ready every day; keeping sins forgiven, the life surrendered to God."—*"Our Day in the Light of Prophecy,"* p. 349.

Missionary Journeys in the Inca Union Mission

A Train Assaulted by Robbers

TOWARD the end of 1914 Brother R. B. Stauffer and I visited Pisco, about one hundred fifty miles south from Callao. From there we went by train across a desert to Ica, about fifty miles inland. The whole desert is infested with robbers, who rob trains, travelers, and ranches.

We were in the first-class coach, and our companions in travel were fifteen men and three women. When about five miles from the end of the desert, a group of horsemen, ten I should say, were seen galloping toward us. The immediate display of arms was remarkable. It seemed that every man had two or three. The women crouched under the seats and the men prepared to fight it out. But the train outran the horses, and we were not harmed. Besides, we were informed later that they were a posse out hunting thieves, and not train robbers, as we supposed.

On Lake Titicaca

This wonderful body of water is reached from Mollendo by train. Mollendo is a seaport four hundred seventy-seven miles south from Callao. The train passes through Arequipa, which lies at the foot of Misti, a beautiful volcanic cone, still slightly active.



"CHULPA," OR INCA TOMB

Temblors are frequent. The walls of the houses are four or five feet thick and of stone, built to resist the shocks. For a number of years the Harvard College Astronomical Observatory at this place was in charge of Brother F. E. Hinkley, who always made our workers more than welcome. Elder Ignacio Kalbermatter is pastor of the church at Arequipa, which numbers now about twenty-five members.

Arequipa has been a very fanatical city. Brother Pohle once had his hat knocked off and barely escaped a good beating because he failed to uncover his head when a procession of the Virgin was passing. Brother E. F. Forga was fiercely persecuted here before going to Spain to take charge of the editorial work in Barcelona. Now the cloud of Romanism is being driven back by the sunlight of the message.

We have a Brother Morales, a carpenter, in Arequipa, who had lived fourteen years with his "woman" without being married to her,—a common

(Concluded on page thirteen)



Frederiksberg Castle in Copenhagen. The Grounds Were Formerly the Playground of the Royal Children. Now the Children from the Garrets of the Capital Share These Privileges.

Denmark and the Danes

STEEN RASMUSSEN

THE Danes, who belong to the Teutonic group of races, are pious and amiable, but at the same time a pleasure-loving people. Like many other European nationalities, they regard Sunday as a day of pleasure and rest really more than as a day of worship. It is therefore no uncommon thing on Sundays to see great processions of people start from the churches to the parks, promenades, and pleasure resorts. As soon as the benediction has been pronounced, the street cars, the railroad cars, the busses, and other transportation facilities are loaded with their human freight.

It can hardly be said of the Danes that they are a temperate people. In fact, they consume immense quantities of beer. It is no wonder, therefore, that the country's richest man for many years was a brewer; yet he was also the greatest philanthropist the country has ever had. His public-spirited patriotism is seen everywhere. He has restored ancient palaces, established churches and schools, built libraries, historical museums, and art galleries, erected statues in parks and other public places. So while huge profits have been made on the beer, yet at the same time a large percentage of the money has been expended for national benefit. But philanthropy cannot atone for wrong.

The Danes take eager interest in public life and politics. In fact, it is one of their hobbies. While Denmark is a limited monarchy, the king shares the power of ruling with the Rigsdag, which consists of two chambers, Landsting (senate), and the Folkething (congress). The Landsting, which is composed of sixty-six members, represents the conservative wealthy element, while the Folkething, with its one hundred fourteen members, is really the legislative body, and is elected by the common people. Women have recently been granted the right of vote in both chambers. There are at present four women members in the Landsting and three in the Folkething.

The Danes are thrifty and ambitious. Even when they emigrate to other countries this characteristic is predominant. The educational system of Denmark is one of the finest and most thorough in the world, the compulsory school age being between seven and fourteen.

The long, balmy summer days are probably enjoyed and appreciated by the Danes as by no other people. All classes celebrate together in the open on holidays, and there is plenty of room for every one in the beautiful parks and forests, the splendid promenades, at the lakes, or on the seashore. Several old palaces have been transformed into public



The City Hall of Copenhagen, a Masterpiece of Architecture.

museums, and royal gardens have been opened to the general public. The inhabitants of the garrets and basements and slums of Copenhagen enjoy these blessings which were formerly enjoyed by only the royalty.

Agriculture

The main source of Denmark's wealth is her agriculture, which employs more than two fifths of her people. Especially during the last fifty years has dairy farming been brought to such a degree of perfection that Denmark is recognized as a leader in the world market. Her butter is considered superior to that of all other countries, and brings the highest prices. In South America, Africa, India, Egypt, the West and East Indies, in fact, everywhere, this splendid product is found. The Danes have invented a special process by which their butter will stand the heat of the tropical climate without losing its flavor and sweetness. In Denmark a farm of forty acres often produces as much as a farm of two hundred acres in other countries.

Commerce

A live and growing commerce is carried on by Denmark with Great Britain, the United States, Norway,



The Marble Church of Copenhagen is More Than One Hundred Years Old. The Inscription over the Main Entrance Reads, "The Word of the Lord Remains Forever."

Sweden, Russia, and France principally. In late years a growing trade has been developed with the East Indies, in particular Siam, China, and Japan. A large steamship company, commanding a total tonnage of a hundred thousand, is carrying on a most prosperous business with that part of the world. A large commercial fleet not only serves the country's own interest, but is engaged in trade between foreign ports. Great Britain is the greatest recipient of Danish products, receiving more than one half of all the dairy products exported.

As reference has already been made to the educational system of the country, and it has been stated that this has been maintained at a very high standard, it is of interest to notice that the University of Copenhagen was founded in the year 1479, by King Christian I. The university is not only among the oldest but also among the best equipped in all Europe. An especially valuable library is connected with it, having more than a half million volumes of books and many manuscripts, among which are about twenty thousand volumes gathered by Rasmus Christian Rask, on his extensive travels throughout Russia, Asia, and India.



The Orsted Park, Copenhagen, Named After the Great Inventor and Scientist.



The Church of Our Lady in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen's Marble Statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles Ornament the Church.

Art

In the field of art, Danish soil has by no means been barren. Many names stand out prominently, and among these the one overshadowing all the rest is Bertel Thorwaldsen. Very few men have had his privilege of assembling the results of their achievements in a single spot, and planning and erecting a monument and a mausoleum. In the center of Copenhagen, joining the royal palace and the royal church, we find a symmetrical structure of Egyptian architecture, in which the works of this great sculptor are collected. Here he himself lies buried.

This great sculptor came of a very humble family. His father was a carver of figureheads in Copenhagen. Before the boy was eleven years old, he was assisting

his father in this profession, and laying the foundation for his wonderful future. Early in life he distinguished himself by winning the gold medal of the royal academy of arts in Copenhagen, which carried with it a liberal sum of money. This enabled Thorwaldsen to make an extended trip to Rome. He spent more than thirty years there, but in 1830 he returned home on a man-of-war, bringing with him all his models, sketches, and reproductions of his works, including eighty statues, one hundred thirty busts, two hundred forty bas-reliefs, and three large friezes, which certainly bear testimony to his untiring activity.

Probably his most noted work is a series of statues which was placed in *Vor Frue Kirke* (the Church of Our Lady), the most noted church edifice in the



Thorwaldsen's Museum. In the Background to the Right Can be Seen the Ruins of Christiansborg Royal Palace. A New Palace has Recently Taken the Place of These Ruins.

city of Copenhagen. Here the aristocracy and royalty meet for worship. This church, however, is a temple of art as well as a place of worship. At either side of the entrance are heroic statues of King David and Moses. Over the entrance is a frieze representing the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. In the pediment is another frieze representing John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. At one end of the interior is an altar where under a canopy stands his remarkable statue of Jesus Christ. Thorwaldsen's conception of the Saviour is different from that of other artists. To him Jesus was a real man of powerful frame and sympathetic face. The only inscription on the statue is "*Kommer til mig*" (Come unto me). Matt. 11:28. Indeed, the extended arms, and the loving look on the Saviour's face, are in themselves an invitation to come and find rest.

In front of the statue of Christ kneels a beautiful woman in marble, "The Angel of Baptism," holding a large bowl in her hand. This is one of the most beautiful of all of his five hundred compositions. Along the walls on each side of the church is a procession of the twelve apostles, twelve heroic figures, each one identified by his token of martyrdom, according to the traditions of the church. It took Thorwaldsen about sixteen years to chisel these works in the beautiful white Italian marble which so obediently shaped itself after his master thoughts.

That Thorwaldsen must have been a man of pure mind and very friendly disposition, and that he must have had deep religious sentiments, are evidenced by all his works. In his museum there is not one repulsive figure, no horror, no representation of strife and enmity, no demon, no dragon or serpent. His chisel could produce only that which was beautiful in form and character. He saw only good in God and man. Love and its triumph was his favored theme. Two plaques, "Night" and "Day," reproductions of which are found in practically every art store in the world, are said to have been modeled and chiseled and finished by this artist on the same day.

Thorwaldsen died in 1844. The vault containing his body is in the courtyard of his museum, and was constructed before he died, under his own supervision. The tomb is simplicity itself. The only epitaph it bears is his name, and the dates of his birth and death.

"Redeeming the Time"

1. How is time lost?
 - a. By idleness.
 - b. By excessive amusements.
 - c. By unprofitable talk.
 - d. By exclusive attachment to worldly pursuits.
 - e. By positive wickedness.
2. How is time to be redeemed?
 - a. By guarding against its loss.
 - b. By acting according to rule or method.
 - c. By specially attending to the parts of our time that are most precious.
 - d. By being habitually engaged in doing good.
3. Why is time to be redeemed?
 - a. Because it is short and uncertain.
 - b. Because the work to be done in it is important.
 - c. Because the days are evil.—*The Expositor*.

Nature and Science

Found at Last

IN the deep forests of the Belgian Kongo, Africa, a strange animal was discovered in 1900. It is a cousin of the giraffe, but resembles the zebra in the coloring of its legs and haunches. It is the okapi (*ō-kä'pē*), a hermit, having kept itself so closely hidden in the deep, dismal, inhospitable regions of this vicious tropical forest that "no circus, no menagerie, no zoological garden the world over has ever owned a living specimen, and no natural history museum has ever possessed a stuffed specimen."

But the recluse was finally spied upon by the recently returned Lang-Chapin expedition, which for six years carried on extensive explorations in the wilds of



THE OKAPI OF THE AFRICAN FOREST

the Kongo for the American Museum of Natural History. They were as determined to make the okapi known to the world as the animal seemed to be to keep himself unknown. Perhaps he had learned of the depredations made upon the animal world by museum and circus hunters, and his desire for self-protection drove him to his wilderness home.

It was not an easy task that the expedition undertook, to secure its prize collection of okapi. They risked life and health by camping for several years in the deadly country, and they encountered serious difficulties and made many fruitless hunts before they obtained the coveted specimens and photographs of the animal in its natural habitat.

The okapi has nothing in common externally with the giraffe but the two skin-covered horns on the top of the head, and the tuft of long bristles tipping the tail; but its habits and internal structure show it to be a relative of that long-necked denizen of the forest. The okapi stands five feet high at the shoulders. It has a deerlike head, and a much shorter neck than the

giraffe. The body is of a glossy brown and purplish black. These colors are strikingly enhanced by the conspicuous white stripes and bands of the limbs, and the zebra-like pattern above the hind legs. The okapi's keen sense of hearing makes it timid and suspicious, so that it takes alarm easily, and is therefore difficult to capture.

The British Museum obtained, through the explorer Sir Henry Johnston, the first coveted remains of an okapi. But now the American Museum of Natural History of New York has a collection of skins and skeletons that every museum may well covet. F. D. C.

What One Cent Will Do

ONE cent's worth of electricity will make four cups of coffee, or cook a steak, or boil two quarts of water, or operate a seven-inch frying pan for twelve minutes, or an electric griddle for six minutes, or run a sewing machine for three hours, or an electric flat-iron for fifteen minutes, or a luminous radiator for eight minutes, or a heating pad for two hours, or a foot warmer for fifteen minutes, or a massage machine for four hours, or a curling iron once a day for two weeks, or a dentist's drill for an hour and a half, or an electric piano player for an hour, or vulcanize a patch on an automobile tire, or keep a big glue pot hot for an hour, or brand electrically one hundred fifty hams, or raise a passenger elevator five stories a minute, or raise two hundred fifty gallons of water one hundred feet high, or raise ten tons twelve feet high in one minute.—*The Independent*.

The Story of a Talking Crow

PLUTO was one of four baby crows that an adventurous boy had taken from a nest in a tall tree and carried home for pets. In that capacity, they all were amusing and playful and thrived abundantly; but Pluto was the only one to develop any conversational ability, and in him it was unassisted by surgical treatment, despite the widely accepted theory that a crow is unable to use human language unless its tongue is split. His remained intact, but he articulated the words that he used more distinctly than any crow or parrot that I ever heard speak. I never heard him try to pronounce a word containing the letter "s." Whether this was accidental, or because the sibilant was beyond his powers, I could not discover.

No effort had been made to teach him up to the occasion when he first exhibited his talent. It was on a hot summer afternoon, and half a dozen boys had started for the swimming hole. Pluto, perched on his young master's shoulder, seemed to listen with interest as the boy adjured a lagging urchin to mend his pace. "Come along, Bub!" he shouted impatiently; and was much surprised to hear croaked, directly in his ear, "Come along, Bub!" in very human accents. The other boys at once crowded around the pair, warmly urging Pluto to "say it again," though only half believing that the bird had really spoken, especially as he remained as mute as a Delphic oracle for the rest of the day.

The next morning, however, the little sister ran in from her play, calling, "Ma, I want a cup of milk!" Pluto, hopping behind her, repeated her demand with every inflection used by the child. From that time the floodgates of speech were opened, and he talked continually. It could not be said that he was teachable. Attempts to persuade him to repeat desired

words or sentences he treated with lofty indifference, and proceeded to converse according to his own ideas.

Adored the Girl with Red Hair

His three brothers or sisters soon heeded the call of the wild and disappeared into the woods; but Pluto preferred human society, and remained with the family of his captor until it moved to another State. Then he attached himself to a playmate who had often come to the house, and took up his residence in the home of his new master in the neighboring village of St. Francis, but soon forsook him for a little girl whose red hair seemed to be the object of his especial admiration. He would stand on the back of her chair, his head cocked adoringly to one side, and his eyes fixed in rapture on the brilliant sheen of her locks, occasionally smoothing them gently with his beak. This rather embarrassed Rosa, particularly when he would succeed in getting into the schoolroom, as he sometimes did, and there manifesting his devotion to her crowning glory. But as she was a pretty child and a great favorite, it was not so annoying as it might have been. "Only think," said her amused teacher, "if he had singled out some red-headed girl with a freckled face and snub nose! The poor child would have been laughed out of school; but with Rosa it doesn't matter."

His regard for his little mistress did not prevent his enjoying a joke at her expense, however, and there was one trick he never wearied of playing upon her. When she took her dolls' clothing to the side porch to perform the solemn rite of their family washing (in a washbasin), he would wait patiently, out of sight, until she was called away. Then he would seize one side of the basin in his strong beak, and tip it to pour out the water, afterward perching complacently near by and greeting her on her return with a prolonged "ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It was a much-discussed question in the village as to how much Pluto understood of what he said; but if he did not comprehend the full force of his remarks, he certainly had extraordinary luck in applying them to almost any occasion. Probably his favorite sentences were those easy to pronounce; at all events, they were always timely, if not wholly courteous. He never spoke the name of any one, calling everything living "Bub," from white-haired "Grandpa Randall" to his adored little Rosa.

One morning he was perched on the railing of the bridge over the Windego River, placidly watching the river drivers pilot the logs to the sluiceway of the dam. They had been warned that he was a pet and told of his accomplishment; but they were frankly skeptical, especially as he sat speechless and almost motionless for an hour or so.

"Talk, nothin'!" growled one of them. "I bet it ain't even alive. Them kids have just stuck up a stuffed crow there. They was stringin' us, to keep us a-listenin' for the old feather duster, and I'm going to knock it into the river." He picked up a loose piece of bark to throw, but at that moment Pluto twisted his head slightly toward him and philosophically observed, "You look like an old fool."

The man dropped the bark, in open-mouthed surprise, but joined good-naturedly in the shouts of laughter at his expense, while work was instantly suspended, and every one crowded toward the bridge to investigate the phenomenon more closely. One young fellow, in his eagerness to arrive within colloquial range, stepped on a rolling log that tipped him

into the water with a splash, and the crow, seeming to consider this mishap in the light of a successful practical joke played by himself, seesawed gleefully back and forth, calling out in the most jovial tones, "Hello, Bub, where you goin'?"

This was enough to establish his reputation once and for all with the river drivers, being entirely in line with their own direct and primitive ideas of humor. When, after some minutes during which they showed no intention of returning to work, but occupied their time in chaffing "Bub," Pluto suddenly admonished them, "Hurry up, you'll be late for dinner," they accepted his advice as the acme of refined sarcasm, and, fluently encouraged by the foreman of the drive, again devoted themselves to their task of shepherding reluctant logs in the way they should go.

Although he assumed a blasé and world-weary demeanor, Pluto was visibly puffed up by their applause, and allowed himself to be persuaded to go not only to the dinner he had mentioned, but to their other meals for the two or three days they were at work at St. Francis. When the bell rang, he would hop upon the shoulder of some one and ride gravely to the table, where he was fed to repletion by his admirers.

On the river he soon recognized the superior facilities offered by the shoulder of the river boss, that position affording him more variety of scene, as the official patrolled the river from the dam up to the sorting jack, and also, it is painful to add, giving him an opportunity to embellish his vocabulary with some flowers of speech hitherto unknown.

However, with the passing of the drive, whereat he mourned sincerely, spending hours on the bridge rail waiting for these fascinating friends to return, the more lurid of his newly acquired expressions gradually dropped from his memory. This was fortunate, for I fear he would hardly have survived a repetition of an incident that occurred directly after the drivers' departure, when he strayed into the weekly prayer meeting and enriched the proceedings with some words in season that were undoubtedly Scriptural, but so unbecomingly arranged and applied that the meeting broke up in disorder. Pluto's neck would assuredly have been wrung but for the tears and entreaties of Rosa, who promised to see that he was safely shut up on every future occasion of divine worship. At the time of his interruption a good deacon had been in the midst of a rather prolonged prayer, and Pluto, unhappily, had addressed him in the language used by the beloved river boss when exhorting some dilatory worker to greater haste and efficiency!

I had often been told of this remarkable bird, and as I much wished to see and hear him, I started with a friend one afternoon to call on Rosa's mother. As it was one of the first warm days of spring and the snow had been deep, we encountered many pools of water, but skirted them successfully till we came to a veritable pond before the gate we wished to enter. Here there was no possible way of reaching the walk save by edging along a rail of the old-fashioned fence, clinging tightly with our hands to the top of it. It was not a graceful method of approach, as Pluto seemed clearly to realize, for, as we came nearer the porch where he sat, he threw back his head, opened his beak widely, and rocking back and forth in evident delight, shouted out as hearty a "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" as I ever wish to hear at my expense.

Rosa called him into the house, but he either was sulky, or so scorned our undignified advent as to consider us beneath notice, for not a word would he

utter till Mrs. Morris said, "Rosa, you'll have to brush him." We were puzzled till she explained, "There's nothing he loves like having Rosa take a hairbrush and smooth his feathers, and she has made him understand that, if she does, he must talk."

So Rosa brought the brush, and Pluto honorably fulfilled his share of the unwritten agreement. It was with no especially remarkable salutation that he greeted my friend: "Hello! How are you today?" or something as commonplace; but when he turned to me and said, with a malign chuckle, "Dam went out again Monday," it did seem that he was "more or less than human," for his statement not only was historically accurate, but it was my unfortunate family that owned the water power. The crow, sitting on Rosa's lap as she brushed his feathers from head to tail, appeared to be in league with the powers of darkness.

I think it must have been some such impression that led to the wreck of the hopes of domestic happiness which he entertained the next spring. He had found a mate, and induced her to forsake the forest solitudes, beloved of crows, to join him in building a nest in the tallest tree in the little village park. It was finished without mishap, and she had been sitting on the eggs for some days, most devotedly fed by Pluto, when one morning the contemplative landlord of the inn, looking across the park from his favorite resting place on the porch, saw the proud husband fly up to the nest as usual with a toothsome morsel for his dusky bride. She had just accepted it when Pluto committed his irretrievable error, or, as the landlord said, "made the worst break of his life."

It is to be supposed that he had wooed his spouse exclusively in the crow vernacular, and, judging by her attitude when she discovered them, that she had been entirely unaware of his linguistic accomplishments. At any rate, the sequence of events was as follows: Having given her the food he had brought, he solicitously inquired, using one of his favorite sentences, "Hello, Bub, where you goin'?"

He was soon to learn! Dropping her breakfast in greater haste than did her celebrated ancestress who sang for the fox, she emitted one terrified squawk, rose from the nest with wildly flapping wings, and fled distractedly toward her native woods, followed in equal haste and confusion by Pluto, with frantic expostulations and pleadings to her to return.

He pleaded in vain. Late in the afternoon he came back to town, hardly recognizable. His feathers were ruffled and awry, some were missing from his tail, and altogether he was a most forlorn spectacle. Friends addressed him consolingly, but he utterly ignored them. Straight to his once-happy home he proceeded, dashed madly at the nest, tearing it to pieces with viciously wielded claws and beak, and hurling the eggs to the ground. Then, without a backward glance, he flew to Rosa's house, tapped on the window as usual, and when admitted, sought refuge for his passion of grief and humiliation in the ever-welcoming lap and open arms of his stanch little protectress. There he crouched, uttering queer little moans, while Rosa hugged him to her heart, and cried and sobbed over him.

Poor Pluto! He was not the first to find that education above the level of one's kith and kin is not always an unmixed benefit. However, such is the blessed power of recuperation in all of us that he gradually became somewhat soothed and comforted by his friend's caresses, and his self-respect, which had been nearly destroyed, began to revive.

During his courtship and honeymoon he had seen very little of his human admirers, and it now seemed to occur to him that their society had some advantages over that of his unappreciative family, for he presently hopped from Rosa's knee, and, after some rummaging in the nook devoted to the hairbrush reserved for his use, returned dragging that implement by the handle. There was no denying that he needed its services as never before, and its vigorous use soon restored to him some outward respectability, and seemingly, a measure of inward equanimity, for he took up his life as if his romance had not been. Its only visible trace was the aversion he afterward showed to all feathered creatures, and devotion to his human friends.—*Mary W. Caswell, in St. Nicholas.*

In the Christian Pathway

Tell the Helper

THE little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One sublimely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

As Others Saw Her

A FEW months ago there entered one of our colleges a young girl of about seventeen years whose main object in life seemed to be that of being popular with the young men. To gain such favor she became frivolous, giddy, and sentimental, and was having what she considered a good time, when one evening something happened, as told in her letter home.

"MY DEAR PAPA:

"Your long letter came yesterday, and of course it is needless to say that I devoured the contents with zeal. By the tone I should judge you were well pleased with the stand in life I am taking. Every one here says, 'Well, Maxine Brown is certainly undergoing a change for the better.' I will tell you just how I first came to review my life. It was since I came back from home the last time. One night, feeling rather adventurous, I slipped out and went for a walk. As I was walking toward a certain road, I suddenly realized that some one was near, because I heard approaching footsteps and boys' voices, so I stepped back into the shadow, and as I did so two boys from the boys' dormitory came in sight, both of whom I knew very well. One said, 'Who, Maxine Brown? She? Why I don't believe she ever had a serious thought in her life!' and the other one said, 'Yes, I will agree with you, I don't believe she could be serious if she had to. She giggles too much and uses too much slang.'

"By that time they were past and I could hear no more; but I began to think of my past life, and was simply horrified; and right then and there I knelt down on the ground and said, 'Lord, this is enough; show me no more. I promise faithfully now, by thy help, to live down these remarks I have just heard, and give my life unreservedly to thee.' I have passed some rather anxious moments during the last month, but, daddy dear, I am coming out victorious. I am so happy. No more of the world and its allurements. I am through.

"Ever your true-blue daughter."

How many a young person is "scarred" for life because he or she had a misconception of what it meant to be truly popular or well thought of. If Christ be enthroned within as the hidden man of the heart, the external life is protected from all superfluities, and from the heart radiates an unconscious dynamic influence which makes a soul truly great, and others long for the companionship of such.

EDNA L. WALKER.

Australian Workers

WE were very much pleased with the success of Master Russell Light, of which the INSTRUCTOR of April 23, 1918, gave an account. His bright face and interesting experience incited the young people in our Sabbath school room at Warburton, Australia, to emulate his example. Nearly all accepted a thrip-



The Class That Went to Work

eny bit as talent, and are busy with their investments. It will be many months before we have a final report to render. It was June when the paper reached us, not yet time for planting,—in fact, midwinter. As some wished to raise crops, it was unanimously decided to give nine months' time. I know that at least many of these talents are not laid away in a napkin, but that live missionaries are springing up from the ground in response to sunshine and showers.

So don't forget to pray for the little gardens and gardeners in this far-away corner of the world. That you may do this more individually, I am inclosing a picture of the most of them.

MRS. C. M. SNOW.

A Record-Breaking Circuit "Rider"

BISHOP ASBURY crossed the Alleghany Mountains sixty times, and was said to have been in the saddle more than Napoleon Bonaparte, yet a humble pastor in the Methodist Episcopal church at Maunie, Illinois, has made a record in the past six years not unworthy of comparison with any ever recounted. While the early Methodist itinerants won their fame on horseback, our friend made his record on foot. He has been in the ministry for only six years, but during that time he has walked, in order to fill his appointments, over fifteen thousand miles! This is not guesswork. He has kept a diary with all the accuracy of a United States census. Here are the figures for six years: 20,000 miles traveled, 15,000 miles walked, 1,500 sermons, 100 funerals preached, longest circuit forty miles around, shortest circuit twenty miles, longest day's walk thirty-two miles and preached four times that day, shortest day's walk to fill regular appointments during the six years' ministry, nine miles. He not only walked to fill his regular Sunday appointments, but during revival meetings, for three weeks or more, he would often walk many miles a day. He never missed a single appointment on account of sickness. The first year of his ministry he received only \$400, and gave away \$100 of that to benevolent purposes. He is in perfect health; does not use stimulants of any kind. He was ordained by Bishop Charles W. Smith in 1913. He is married and has three children. His name is Rev. W. A. Sharp, Maunie, Illinois.—*The Christian Herald.*

For the Finding-Out Club

PART I

Who Is He?

THE name — is not rightfully a name at all. It is a nickname. When Mr. —'s father fought for the Union in the Civil War, his companions had difficulty in pronouncing his Indian name "Di-hi-hi" (meaning "killer"), so they compromised by calling him —. And this became the family name.

This man entered the world by the unpromising surroundings of a Cherokee Indian Reservation in Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, on Oct. 31, 1874, with not much to commend him to fortune but himself. Not only was his very name picked up from the patois of a battlefield, but the American Government branded him, in common with all his brethren, unfit and incompetent to manage his own affairs, and set a guardian over him in the guise of a commissioner.

When the boy grew old enough to think it over, he resented this treatment, and determined to show the Government where, in his case at least, it was wrong. He took all the schooling he could get at the Government classes in the old Cherokee nation during the eighteen years he spent on his father's farm. There was no English spoken on the reservation, and it was an extremely difficult study for him to master, but the young man stuck to his lessons and won his coveted knowledge. At eighteen he went to the Cherokee National Male Seminary, studied there two years, then plunged into the English-speaking world about him via Fort Worth University at Fort Worth, Texas.

"Learning the English language was the most difficult thing I had to do," he said. "For though I was right here in the United States, it was as if I were in the heart of France or some other foreign land, so far as the language was concerned. The only way I could continue the study of my country's language after leaving the schoolroom in the evening was by reading. This I did."

Backed by the knowledge he had gained in the grade school, he clerked in a store on the reservation during his spare time until he had saved enough for his year at Fort Worth. After that he went back to the store, where he plugged along at a few dollars a week until 1906, when he got a job as cashier in a local bank and began to study law.

In 1910 he informed the Secretary of the Interior that he considered himself capable of getting along without a Government guardian, and, on proving this to the secretary's satisfaction, the restrictions on the management of his own affairs were removed; and with what result you may see by glancing over your Liberty Bond.

After holding minor local offices in his home village of Tahlequah, and serving as its first mayor when it was made a city of the first class in 1908, he was sent to the Oklahoma Legislature, served later as county attorney, went to the legislature again in 1912, and specialized in constitutional law. In 1914 he was appointed United States Probate Attorney under the Interior Department, which office he filled until he resigned to take the oath as Register of the Treasury, March 24, 1915.

And that is how the name of a Cherokee Indian, once a ward of the Government, happens to be affixed to the Liberty Bonds of the world war, in twenty million American homes.— *George Martin.*

PART II

1. Of what two men was it said that they "walked with God"?
2. What relation were the two men?
3. How many times did Abraham pray that Sodom might be saved?
4. How many times did Hagar leave Abraham's house on account of Sarai?
5. When and where was Isaac's place of secret prayer?
6. How did the Philistines express their envy of Isaac?
7. Who were the first parents of whom it is recorded that they grieved over their son's wife?
8. What two men walked unharmed through a fearful thunder-and-hail storm, when every one else exposed to the storm was killed?
9. Why were the children of Israel commanded not to break a bone of the Passover lamb?
10. How did the Lord fulfil his word against the gods of Egypt as given in Exodus 12:12?
11. How were the wonderful promises that God made to Israel as recorded in Exodus 6:2-8 inclusive, received by the Israelites?

Missionary Journeys in the Inca Union Mission

(Concluded from page five)

thing in South America. They had six children. The brother desired baptism, and of course had to be legally married before he could receive this ordinance. The wife, who was still Catholic, wanted a religious marriage, which the priest refused to perform unless the groom would go to confession. This he refused to do. Then the priest told him that he might secure a dispensation from the Archbishop of Lima. Brother Morales wrote me, asking me to inquire about the matter; so I went to the office of the archbishop and was told that such a dispensation could be had for fifty dollars. I protested at this, alleging that the man was poor. Then I was told that they would make a discount of fifty per cent from the price. I did not pay it, but promised to write the brother.

Meanwhile one of our sisters had succeeded in getting the priest to perform the ceremony by paying him a pound sterling.

From Arequipa to Puno on the border of Lake Titicaca is one day by rail. On the lake there is a "fleet" of three small steamers that ply its waters. The elevation of the lake is 12,500 feet above sea level, or about two miles higher than New York City.

The steamers are of steel, and it is said that eight years were consumed in transporting the material for their construction from the coast three hundred miles away. All was carried up on mules.

On the shores of this lake was started our first work among the Indians. That was in 1909. Now, we have over 1,200 baptized members and 2,200 children in nineteen schools.

On the occasion of my first visit, we were met by a band, and hundreds of Indians with flags and flowers, which latter they threw over us. Later the same was repeated on a grander scale when Elders Prescott, Town, and Montgomery and I visited them. These native brethren have suffered much, but are faithful. The authorities now look on the work with great favor, and ask us to establish more missions of the same kind.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

What One Society Did for the Poor

THE following from the leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, concerning the work which they did during the summer should be an encouragement to our young people everywhere. This is the kind of work that our young people everywhere may do.

You will not be surprised that the leader who wrote these words is now on his way to the mission field:

"Now, I want to tell you a little of what our young people's society is doing this summer. The work has been disorganized, having three different leaders since school closed. Lately we raised sixteen dollars to buy Anti-Cigarette INSTRUCTORS for free distribution. We also have bought three copies of Elder Spicer's 'Our Day.' Two of these are for the Clinton and one for the Lancaster library.

"Then, on Labor Day twelve of the young men went on a wood-cutting expedition. A resident gave the boys all the wood they could cut in one day, provided it was distributed among the poor. We cut about ten cords of four-foot wood, mostly white oak. That same afternoon some of the church people who own horses, turned out and drew most of the wood into town; so now we have a nice pile of hard wood ready for free distribution among the poor next winter. We were rather timid about trying it here, but the results are surely gratifying." M. E. K.

A Fine Idea

I HAVE received so many helpful thoughts from the INSTRUCTOR that I desire to pass on a good idea that has been a wonderful help to us, especially now that the new Reading Course series is just commencing.

The first meeting we had, after a vacation all summer because our young people were nearly all engaged in the Lord's work elsewhere, was the subject of reading good books. At that meeting sixteen volunteered to read the course. I printed the names of these sixteen in large letters on cardboard, and hung up the list in plain sight, and they were told that for each book read a large gold star would be placed after the name of the reader. When another book is finished another star is added after the name.

The stars looked so very attractive that the first time the card was hung up six more names were added, making a total of twenty-two, with more coming in. The stars show the amount of stick-to-it-iveness in the volunteers. Of course if one reads a book, one will not be slow in letting the fact be known, so the gold stars enable us to keep track easily of those who have and who have not filled out their cards. This plan has been a great help to us, and we hope it will be of help to others.

We have a society of thirteen members, and never more than five have finished a course in a year. If we get twenty-two to finish it this year we shall feel well repaid for our effort. We cannot supply the books fast enough. When a book is returned, several are waiting eagerly to receive it. CLARA M. LANG.

Our Counsel Corner

THERE has arisen a question in our church in regard to reporting. Is there any ruling by which we can limit the membership of the Missionary Volunteer Society? Is there not some way of granting honorary membership to those who should be reporting to the home missionary society? Kindly set a definite age limit if you do not have a different plan.

J. E. K.

The Missionary Volunteer Society is organized for the development of the young people of the church. It has not seemed best to set an age limit. It is often necessary for some one who is not a youth to lead out in the work; then there are often those whose associations are with the young people who are not really young, but who wish to work with the Missionary Volunteer Society young people. There should not be a barrier to such becoming members of the Missionary Volunteer Society.

At the same time we earnestly urge all members of the church to remember that this society is for the young people. If the older members of the church generally attend and take a leading part in the work, the young people are very likely to be deprived of the time and opportunity for development. The older members of the church, however, are invited and urged to visit the Missionary Volunteer Society and to encourage the young people in every possible way.

It sometimes happens that those who have been in the society for a number of years, hesitate to leave it, when they really should give their strength and zeal to the home missionary society of the church.

In a church where there is no home missionary society it is surely proper for older church members who desire to do missionary work to meet with the Missionary Volunteer Society and report there. Every one who is a church member is considered a member of the home missionary organization, so in such cases it is probably not necessary to form an honorary membership in the Missionary Volunteer Society. The reports of those who are not members of the Missionary Volunteer Society should be kept separate, and turned over to the home missionary secretary of the church. M. E. K.

Just for the Juniors

How Is This for Fidelity?

WE have a little girl of about thirteen in the house," wrote one of our missionaries. "She sweeps and dusts, sets the table, and then goes to school. She has been sick, and I had not given her any money for about five months.

"She was in the kitchen when Mr. R. paid the cook yesterday, and I told him to give her two gourdes for spending money. That is forty cents gold. About three minutes afterward she appeared in the office and handed the money back to him.

"'What is this for?' he asked.

"'For some back tithe,' she replied. 'Madame R. gave me sixteen gourdes one time to buy some dresses, and another time she gave me six gourdes, and I never paid my tithe. I will still owe twenty cents.'

"It almost made me cry," the missionary continued, "to see her give it up when it was the first money she

had had in five months; and I thought to myself, How many of us would turn over as tithe the first forty cents we had had in five months? I wanted to give the child some more, but decided to wait, lest she feel that she was being rewarded for doing her duty."

I wonder if our Juniors are always as particular to return to God an exact tithe of all the money that comes into their hands? Every time you receive a dime, remember that one tenth of it is God's. If you receive only two or three cents at a time, put the money away in a safe place until you have ten cents; then take out one for God. We cannot be really honest unless we are careful to return to the Lord his own.

E. I.

A Pile of Working Banks

"WHAT are those boys doing with so many banks?" some one is sure to exclaim when he looks at this picture. For of course all who had any part in the Armenian Relief campaign will know at once that these little boxes on the chair and in the children's hands are *banks*!

One, two, three, four,—yes, there are seventeen banks altogether, and John and Paul Miller actually raised \$24.60 for the little Armenian orphans through their use. Isn't that a splendid record?



In the large dish on the chair there are six hundred pennies. In the other two dishes are nickels and dimes. The boys must have done faithful and persevering work to collect so much money.

Seventeen cents a day, we are told, will feed one child over in Armenia. At that rate, John and Paul actually furnished food to keep nearly one hundred fifty children alive one day!

This relief work for the suffering people of Syria and Armenia is work that our Master is pleased to have us do. And even though our regular campaign is over, funds are still needed in these destitute countries. Have you done all that you can? E. I.

The Sabbath School

X — The Story of Ruth

(March 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Book of Ruth.

MEMORY VERSE: "Beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. 31: 30.

STUDY HELP: "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 31-38.

"Entreat me not to leave thee,
Or to return from following after thee;
For whither thou goest, I will go;
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God my God:
Where thou diest, I will die,
And there will I be buried:
The Lord do so to me, and more also,
If aught but death part thee and me."

Questions

1. During the days when Israel was ruled by judges, what trouble came to the people? What did this cause Elimelech to do? How many members composed his family? Ruth 1: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. What experiences came to this family while in the land of Moab? Verses 3-5.
3. What did Naomi decide to do? Who started to return to Judah with her? Verses 6, 7. Note 2.
4. On the way what did Naomi urge her daughters-in-law to do? Verses 8, 9.
5. Which of the girls turned back to Moab? What did Naomi say Orpah had returned to? Verses 14, 15.
6. When Naomi urged Ruth to return with her sister, what did Ruth reply? Verses 16, 17.
7. To what place did the two travelers at last come? How were they welcomed? What time of year was it? Verses 19-22. Note 3.
8. What did Ruth do that proved her to be industrious? What inquiry did the owner of the field make concerning her? Ruth 2: 1-7. Note 4.
9. How was this girl from another land treated by the rich owner and by all his servants? Verses 8-16. Note 5.
10. How much barley did Ruth have when she threshed out her gleanings? Why was Naomi glad that Ruth had gleaned in the fields of Boaz? What did Ruth continue to do until the close of the harvest? Verses 17-23.
11. In what manner did Boaz publicly attend to Naomi's business? What did the nearer kinsman at first say he would do? But what did he finally decide? What custom was observed in surrendering to Boaz all his rights? Ruth 4: 1-8. Note 6.
12. How did Boaz publicly assume these rights and claim Ruth for his wife? Verses 9-12.
13. What was the name of their first-born son? Of whom was he the father? the grandfather? Verse 17. Note 7.

Make a List

Of the most striking virtues in Ruth's character.
Of the marked traits of character revealed by Boaz in his treatment of his servants, of Ruth, and of Naomi.

Notes

1. It is generally understood that the incidents of the Book of Ruth took place in the latter part of the time when Israel was ruled by judges. The history of Israel at that time is a very dark record, but this little sketch shows that there were people living quietly and humbly in country districts, who still loved and honored God.

The land of Moab was east of the Dead Sea and the lower Jordan. Sometimes the rainfall is abundant east of the Jordan, while western Syria and Palestine suffer from drouth and famine.

2. "The young women would doubtless accompany their mother-in-law to the border of their own land, as an act of courtesy, though it is not quite certain whether they intended to go farther or not." The borderland of Moab proved the "valley of decision" for both Orpah and Ruth.

3. "In the laws that God gave to Israel, he provided for the poor. When the children of Israel reaped their fields, they were not to go over them the second time to gather what had been dropped or left in the corners. This was called the 'gleanings,' and was left for the poor."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 35.

4. Boaz was the son of Rahab, the woman of Jericho who was saved because she sheltered Joshua's spies.

5. The fields where Ruth gleaned were a part at least of the plains of Bethlehem where David cared for his sheep, and where the angels sang to the shepherds that Christ was born.

6. When the land of Canaan was divided and given to the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, it was understood that no one was to sell his land or let it pass out of the family. A law of Israel provided that if a man die his brother should marry the widow, and their first-born son should "succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not put out of Israel."

"The gates or ancient cities were very important places. Much of the public business of the people was transacted here, especially the settlement of questions concerning the laws of Israel."—*Id.*, p. 38.

7. "Ruth became the great-grandmother of David, and therefore one of the ancestors of Christ.

"Among the ancestors of Christ are the names of four women who were heathen. They are Tamar, the wife of Judah, Rahab of Jericho, Ruth the Moabitess, and Bathsheba the Hittite."

God of the Open Air

THESE are the things I prize
 And hold of dearest worth:
 Light of the sapphire skies,
 Peace of the silent hills,
 Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
 Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
 Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
 And after showers,
 The smell of flowers
 And of the good, brown earth —
 And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.
 So let me keep
 These treasures of the humble heart
 In true possession, owning them by love;
 And when at last I can no longer move
 Among them freely, but must part
 From the green fields and waters clear,
 Let me not creep
 Into some darkened room and hide
 From all that makes the world so bright and dear;
 But throw the windows wide
 To welcome in the light;
 And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
 Let me once more have sight
 Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land —
 Then gently fall on sleep,
 And breathe my body back to nature's care,
 My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

— Henry Van Dyke.

Blue Ribbons

THE young wife in short white dress and blue sash with long streamers at the Y. M. C. A. hotel seemed to onlookers to be gowned for a picnic rather than for a visit to the base hospital where lay her husband dangerously wounded.

But it became known that the white gown and blue ribbon stood for grit, determined strength, and a resolve "not to visit her husband in the guise of a woman already widowed; that he should be proud of her when he saw her as she always was on holidays when they walked in the park, and she as smart as any. She had always stood by him in making up his mind. He must make it up now. So the ribbons fluttered through the ward and the sick men turned to watch them."

Then when it was learned that this wife was "doing her bit" by carrying on her husband's job about the buffers of railway trucks and caring for her boy of five years, the white gown and blue ribbon became a tonic to more than the sick husband. It was her courage and help more than the doctor's care that made it possible for her husband's name to be removed so soon from the dreaded danger list.

True Greatness Is Generous

AT a certain army camp an enlisted man noted that his comrade failed to salute as he met the camp commander. On being reminded of the delinquency the offending recruit went to the general's headquarters and said: "General, I've come for my punishment. I failed to salute you this morning. I am sorry, but this doesn't excuse my neglect." The general looked at him for a moment, and a smile wreathed his face as he said: "That's all right this time; but for goodness' sake, don't fail to salute any of the young second lieutenants, or you'll get sent to the guardhouse for life."

While this is a hard saying for the young officers, it is a humorous recognition of the fact that as a rule petty officials in any department of the social or business world show less consideration for, and demand more of, their subordinates than do those in high command.

A barber on a speeding train, through no fault of his own, is likely to run the brush into his customer's

eyes, or let the razor cut an ugly gash when the train gives a sudden lurch or makes a curve. One such public servant who served many of the nation's great men while riding on the Twentieth Century Limited, says: "It's the little men that are demanding. The bigger the man, the more reasonable. I'd rather take a chance at spilling a whole mug of hot water on the President than to let a drop fall on some of the drummers that ride with us."

Age also is more lenient, more democratic, than youth, having learned, perhaps by perplexing and embarrassing experiences, that it is becomingly wise not to think too highly of oneself; that the surest evidence of greatness is the ability to judge others generously, and to control one's own spirit.

The wise youth, therefore, will seek to attain as early in life as possible immunity to fancied insults to dignity, and the ability to interpret accidents and errors perpetrated by others in the light of his own fallibility.

F. D. C.

Unkissed Dandelions

IN the springtime when my little lad was three years old he went for a walk with his nurse. When he came back, a withered dandelion was clasped in one small chubby hand. All the long blocks he carried it home to "muvver." As he ran forward to meet me, suddenly he saw that the earth was abloom with dandelions. From every nook and cranny their bright yellow faces peered out at him, cheapening his gift so carefully carried. Suddenly his flower seemed a common thing that might be gathered anywhere for the plucking. His face fell. Then a gleam of light came to his eyes as he glorified his gift and raised it far above the values of the common dandelions at my feet, handing it to me as he said, "But muvver, I put a kiss on *this* dandelion for you."

This old world of ours is full of unkissed dandelions that wait love's transforming lips to make them of priceless value to hearts that hunger for love and sympathy.—*Missionary Review of the World*.

Moses' Two Schools

MOSES went to two schools,—Pharaoh's court and the back side of the desert. Just out of the first school, Moses "looked this way and that," and killed a man. After graduating from the second school, Moses "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." Moses had at last learned the difference between horizontal and perpendicular vision. Have we entered into our privilege of heaven-high thinking and God's-way doing?—*The Sunday School Times*.

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