

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 9



The upper building is the castle of Frederiksberg on the island of Zealand, twenty miles north of Copenhagen. The castle is now a national museum, and the former royal garden a public park. Frederiksberg was built before the pilgrims landed in this country. ¶ The lower building is the castle of Kronborg, for many years one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. It is nearly three hundred fifty years old.

From Here and There

According to an American Red Cross Commissioner "there is no supply of underwear or footwear in Poland, and as thread costs \$2.50 a spool, it is impossible for the poor to mend what garments they possess."

A building site valued at \$100,000 has been given by the city of Paris to the American University Union for the erection of a building to serve as a home for American students in Paris, as well as to provide French students with information regarding American universities.

Which Is More Daring ?

THE anger of Jehovah was kindled against Moses." Ex. 4: 14. I asked a young woman to teach a Sunday school class, and she said, "I don't dare undertake such a responsible task." I answered her, "When God is so manifestly calling you, you should say, 'I don't dare not to undertake such a responsible task.' We hear too much about the responsibility of working for God, but too little about the graver responsibility of refusing to work for him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

She Worked at Christianity

A FAITHFUL Bible woman in Korea was ill and went to a Japanese hospital for treatment, staying the entire summer. The Japanese physician in charge was a man of high rank, and had been decorated by the emperor for bravery in the Russo-Japanese War. When the Korean woman was cured, she asked for her bill. The doctor said: "I am a Buddhist, and you are a Christian; but I see that you are working at your religion, so there is no bill." The Korean woman wondered how she ever could repay his kindness. She resolved to pray for him, and pray that he might become a Christian. The doctor had been deeply impressed by the little woman's religion. He began to read the New Testament, to learn English, and soon was an earnest inquirer as to the way to Christ.

The "Star-Spangled Banner"

WHAT should civilians do when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played in public?

The War Department, in its "Home Reading Course for Citizen Soldiers," gives the following instruction:

"Every citizen of the United States, whether civilian or soldier, should give expression of his loyalty and devotion to his country by showing proper marks of respect for the colors and for the national anthem.

"When in civilian clothes, wearing a hat or a cap, the correct thing to do is to remove it and hold it in the right hand opposite the left shoulder . . . during the playing of the national anthem. If uncovered, stand at attention."

"For civilians to stand at 'attention' has been defined as 'standing erect, eyes front and arms at the sides.'"

"For the particular guidance of women the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense has, with the approval of the council, adopted the following resolution:

"The Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense recommends that as an expression of loyalty and respect to the colors and the national anthem, the women of the United States will stand at attention when the flag is passing or the national anthem is rendered."

"The War Department says further: 'The common habit of rising slowly, standing in a slouching attitude, and sometimes even carrying on a conversation when the national anthem is played is an indication of gross ignorance or ill breeding. On the other hand, the man who stands silent and at attention is not only showing proper respect and setting an example which will have its effect on others, but is also cultivating in himself the feelings of pride and patriotism which should belong to every citizen of the country.'"

Celebrating Mother's Birthday

IT was mother's birthday, and her small son, Bobby, was very anxious to give her a present. Unfortunately, however, the recent holidays had somewhat depleted the change in Bobby's pocketbook.

"I say, mother," he asked, "would my drawing slate be of any use to you?"

"No, dear; I don't think it would," she replied, with a smile.

"Well, do you think you would like to have my tin steamboat?"

"No, thank you, my little man," answered mother.

"I say, mother," as a happy thought struck him, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take a dose of castor oil for you without crying."—*Farm and Fireside*.

Results of the War Epitomized

HOW black the tragedy that has been lying upon our world! Four years of war! Twenty millions of men dead, missing, or wounded! Nearly two hundred billions of property destroyed! In France alone three hundred fifty thousand houses ruined, and over a million people left without roof between their heads and the pitiless rain and snow. At least ten million black-robed widows and several times as many broken-hearted children and orphans! The very sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood. The earth has seemed a runaway orb, crashing wildly through space. For years joy was death-stricken, hope waned, dying, while the sun seemed to have passed under a perpetual eclipse.—*Christian Herald*.

There's No Hurt in It

WHEN a Chinese editor rejects a manuscript, here is how he attempts to protect the sensitive feelings of his would-be contributor:

"We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that never before have we reveled in so enthralling a masterpiece. If we printed it, we should henceforth be obliged to take it as a model, as a standard of quality and achievement, and henceforth never print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal in ten thousand years, and we have to go to press with our poor, uninspired paper once a day, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow and blinded with tears at the necessity, to return thy divine manuscript, and for doing so we ask a thousand pardons."

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Steadfast — Earnest — Faithful

"Stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." Phil. 1:27.

Be steadfast through the coming year,
In the Lord's strength be strong;
Go forward bravely for the right,
Bravely resist the wrong.
And when temptation comes to you
Upon the New Year's way,
Stand fast and meet it in his strength,
And you will win the day.

Be earnest through the coming year,
In all the work it brings;
Do heartily, as to the Lord,
Both great and little things.
Strive for the highest and the best,
Aim with a purpose true,
To give your very best to him
Who all things gives to you.

Be faithful through the coming year.
Together strive to stand
Firm in the faith of Jesus Christ,
A strong and happy band.
Thus, in his service, day by day
As steadfast you are found,
All the New Year, whate'er it brings,
Will be with blessing crowned.
— Ethel Waring.

Denmark and the Danes: History

STEEN RASMUSSEN

DANISH history first becomes authentic at the beginning of the ninth century. The Danes, who then occupied the peninsula of Jutland, were in 777 strong enough to defy even the mighty Franks. Five years later, we find the Danish king, Sigfrid, among the princes who assembled at Lippe, where he, together with others, recognized Charles the Great as the greatest European ruler. Many attempts were made to conquer the wild Danes, but all were unsuccessful.

The early expeditions which went out to Normandy, France, and also to England, came without doubt from Denmark. The name of Rollo stands out very prominently among the names of those early warriors. The Danish dominion in England was short-lived, yet the name of Canute the Great will forever live in Danish history.

Among the earliest pioneers in Danish history the name of Archbishop Absalon (1128-1201), the founder of Copenhagen, should be especially remembered. He was the first really great statesman that Denmark produced in establishing the dominion of the country over the Baltic provinces and countries. During his time, we find that Denmark reached almost the zenith of her power and glory. The two kings, Valdemar I, and Valdemar II, who succeeded him, did not possess Absalon's ability to organize and conserve the conquered territory. However, favorable circumstances had given the Danes the lead in Scandinavia from the first. At that time, too, Danish territory covered almost four times its present area, and fourteenth century ships were available for national defense. At the death of the Valdemars a family discord set in, the rulers were weak, and general decline followed. War after war came in close succession, and soon the country was rent to pieces. It was left for Valdemar IV to reunite and weld together the scattered members of his heritage. His long reign resulted in the re-establishment of Denmark as the great Baltic power. At his death the country was again on a solid foundation, and his good work was carried on, completed, and consolidated by his illustrious daughter Margaret, whose crowning achievement was the union at Kalmar (1397) of the three Scandinavian countries. By this union she sought to combine these three northern kingdoms into one single state dominated by Denmark. While the union was effected during her reign, yet it never became popular either in Norway or Sweden. During her lifetime the system worked well, but her successors were unequal to the burden, and soon the union was again broken in pieces. However,

Norway remained with Denmark till 1814, when, after the fall of Copenhagen, she was surrendered to Sweden.

Another attempt to unify the three Scandinavian countries was made by Christian II (1513-23). Christian was a man of strong character, and he succeeded in subduing Sweden by force of arms, but spoiled everything at the culmination of his triumph, by the hideous crime and blunder known as the Stockholm massacre, when the blood of many of Sweden's noblest men was spilled. A tremendous storm arose against him in Sweden, and from this time on and during the following centuries, Denmark was at war with Sweden, the tide of fortune turning from time to time.

During the Napoleonic Wars, Denmark got into trouble with Great Britain. The Battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801, is one of the noted battles of history. An English fleet under Parker and Nelson appeared suddenly before Copenhagen. Surprised and unprepared though the Danes were, they offered gallant resistance. Notwithstanding all their bravery and heroism, their fleet was destroyed, the capital bombarded, and they were compelled to make a very disadvantageous peace. In 1807 new trouble came. Again the city was bombarded, surrender became necessary, and the whole Danish fleet was carried away by the victorious English.

During the nineteenth century, Denmark waged two wars with Germany, one in 1848 and another in 1864. In the latter, Denmark received a severe blow, as she lost two of her best provinces, Schleswig and Holstein. She hopes at the coming peace conference to regain Schleswig.

Language

The present language of Denmark is derived directly from the same source as that of Sweden and Norway. All these Scandinavian tongues come from the old Scandinavian, which, with some modifications, has remained in use in Iceland until our time. Until the year 1100, it was the literary language of all Scandinavia. The influence of the German language has had the effect of drawing the modern Danish and also the Swedish more and more away from this early type. The noted linguist Rasmus Christian Rask, the greatest linguist that Denmark ever produced, and one of the greatest in the world, has differentiated four periods in the development of the language. The first, which has been called oldest Danish, dates from 1110 to 1250; the second, that of old Danish, brings us down to 1400; in the third period, 1400-1530, the Ger-

man influence upon the language is especially felt, and culminates in the Reformation; the fourth period, from 1530-1680, completes the work of development, and leaves the language as we approximately find it at the present time.

Literature

The earliest Danish literature of which there is any record is a Latin biography of Canute the Saint, written by a monk at Odense. It was here in this city that Canute was murdered in the church of St. Alban. Anders Sunesen, who died in 1228, wrote a long poem in hexameters describing the creation, but it was not until the time of Archbishop Absalon, however, that definite steps were taken to make compilations of literature. He had the monks at Sorö make a collection of the annals of Denmark. It was also under his patronage that the great Saxo Grammaticus wrote his "*Historia Danica*." The Danish ballads, the so-called *Kjaempeviser*, a large collection of five hundred epical and lyrical poems, were written somewhere between 1300 and 1500. The authors have never been known. These most precious documents give an interesting picture of Denmark of the Middle Ages.

While all of these men rendered the country an inestimable service in the way of gathering compilations, yet the first real man of letters that Denmark produced was Christiern Pedersen (1480-1554). Among his notable works should be mentioned his translations of the Psalms and of the New Testament, which was printed in 1529. Finally, in conjunction with Bishop Peder Palladius, the whole Bible was translated, and appeared in 1550. Several men continued Pedersen's work, but with much less literary talent.

Two poets of note in this early stage should also be mentioned. One was Thomas Kingo (1634-1703), who really was the first Danish writer who wrote poetry with ease and grace; the other was the great hymn writer, Hans Adolph Brorson (1694-1764), who at the king's command, published a great hymn book which contained his and Kingo's best psalms. These psalms rank among the best songs ever written in the Danish, and they are used at the present time in the Danish churches. These men further gave the language a form and shape upon which such men as Holberg, Ewald, Baggesen, Öhlenschläger, Blicher, Grundtvig, Heiberg, Ingemann, Hauch, and many others continued to build the language and literature of today.

In the annals of science, the name of H. C. Örsted will forever live. Such names as Sören Kirkegaard, Georg Brandes, and others have been indelibly chiseled on the walls of modern philosophy and literature.

Of all the Danish writers and literary men, undoubtedly the name of Hans Christian Andersen will forever stand as the most prominent. This great story-writer was born at Odense in 1805. Most of his life, however, was spent in Copenhagen, where he in his later days went in and out at the king's court and table as if he were a member of the royal family.

Cities and Towns

Chief among the cities and towns of Denmark stands the capital, Copenhagen, with a population of over 600,000. It is noted for its cleanliness and its architectural beauty. It contains numerous parks and promenades. Its many interesting buildings, beautiful parks, and splendid museums attract thousands of tourists every year. It has truly been called the Athens of the North, and also the London of Scandi-

navia, as it combines so many of the old beauties of Greece with that of modern rush and commercialism.

A few miles west of Copenhagen is the old town of Roskilde. The most noted cathedral of the country is located here. It was built about 1250. Here the dust of the Danish kings and queens reposes in majestic silence. The altar in the chapel in which Christian IV, the greatest of Danish kings, is buried, is a masterpiece of sculpture, and the organ in the church is considered one of the finest in Europe. The oldest tomb found here is that of King Harold I, who died in 987, and the last king laid to rest here was King Christian, who died in 1906.

Many other cities of note are scattered throughout the country, most of these dating back five to nine hundred years. Much is being done to preserve their old monuments and characteristics, yet everywhere the hand of modern invention is to be seen supplanting that which remains to tell of medieval times.

For Her

THOU gavest me, O my Father, many things:
Life and the zest of living,
Home, friends, and faith in thee;
Thy Son who showed thee as thou art
To us, here in a world where
Sin and self struggle in combat,
With the life he lived and showed to men.
Thou gavest these. Thou gavest also her
In whom are gathered all
That's best of home, friends, faith,
And that great love that lingers,
That lifts the heart, the whole of life to thee.
I pray for her.
May she be kept by thee in health
And strength, and constantly assured
That all is well; that thou, the Maker,
Guidest all aright.
Bless her service, the things she makes,
Her great spirit, sad within,
But ever cheerful to the world.
Keep her confident, courageous,
And at the end of all the strife
May the life lived here —
If thou permittest the return —
Give me the right
To be with her and care for her
Throughout the years. And may those years
Bring joy, peace, and love
Through Christ, whose love
Her love makes better known.

— *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Story of the "Marseillaise"

HE was just an obscure officer of the engineers, and his name was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. Outside the little mountain town where he was born and the army posts at which he had been stationed, nobody knew anything about him; and he was far from being the most popular man in his regiment. His reserved manner and solitary habits prevented that — his inclination toward dreaminess that often took him on long rambles into the Vosges while his brother officers engaged in pranks at the barracks. Sometimes even when among them at the mess hall he seemed to be very far away; and then they would shrug their shoulders and let him alone; for although they liked him well enough, they could not understand his moody ways. And more than one foretold that these same moody ways would cause him to make a blunder some day that would disgrace him in the army.

But they who prophesy do not always know. It was written in the book of destiny that this dreaming soldier of Lorraine would be acclaimed among the greatest and most beloved sons of France.

It happened in Strasburg in the spring of 1792. The revolutionists, determined to overthrow the monarchical government of France, and fearing that the Emperors Francis of Austria and Frederick William of Prussia would support the claims of Louis XVI and thwart their efforts for independence, had declared war against these rulers, and each day brought nearer the attack that every one knew was sure to come from beyond the Rhine. The forces guarding the border were too weak to protect it in case of onslaught, and it was necessary to strengthen the Army of the Rhine, as it was called, by a large number of men. Strasburg alone needed six hundred, and a call for volunteers had been issued; but the recruiting was slow. France divided, with republican and royalist pitted against each other, was a dangerous country at that time in which to take a stand. There were many whose sympathies were with the revolutionists, but who hesitated to support them openly lest the royal party come into power again and mete out terrible punishment to all who had opposed them. Meanwhile, the war preparations of Prussia and Austria went on, and the people of Lorraine trembled.

No one realized the danger more deeply than Mayor Dietrich of Strasburg, who had spent hours and days working out plans to speed the recruiting. Results were very disappointing, however, and it was clear that something else would have to be done. He knew the captain of the engineers, Rouget de Lisle, and knew also that he often composed songs — words and music — that were sung by the soldiers at the barracks. So he invited the young officer to dine with him.

Mayor Dietrich was a wise man. Knowing that Rouget de Lisle was poetic and beauty-loving, and that color and light and music exhilarated him like some magic elixir, he proceeded to make that love of beauty serve France. He engaged an orchestra to play. He flooded the room with light from many-colored tapers, and ordered the tricolor, the recently adopted flag of the republicans, hung pendant along ceiling and wall. The music, the radiance of the scene, and the mute appeal of the banners inspired the soldier; and at a happy moment the mayor asked his guest to write a recruiting song.

Rouget de Lisle thought about it throughout the remainder of the dinner, and when he went home that night his soul was aflame. It was late, but he did not go to bed. Thoughts of fiery patriotism surged through his brain, melodies expressing the appeal of the tricolor, and he sat by the window working them out on paper. Some of them suited him and some did not, and these latter he scratched out or threw away. On and on he worked, having no thought of the passing of the hours, experiencing no sensation of fatigue, and when, at last, words and music were completed, dawn

was breaking over the Vosges. Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that he had worked all night and that he was very tired. But he was a soldier and could not then go to bed, for already the reveille was sounding, and he must take part in the daily program at the barracks.

Several hours later, the mayor sent over to know if the recruiting song would be ready by evening, and Rouget de Lisle replied with a copy of the completed manuscript. It was tried out at the Dietrich house that night, copied and arranged for a military band, and on Sunday, four days later, was sung by many voices and played by the band of the *Garde Nationale* at a review in the public square. "*Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin*" — "War Song of the Army of the Rhine," it was called, and was greeted by wild enthusiasm. Nine hundred men, instead

of six hundred, enlisted, and the fears of the people became memories.

For days afterward the "*Chant de guerre*" sounded in the streets of the city, in villages beyond, and then it traveled throughout Lorraine. Soon it was heard in other parts of France, and everywhere it was welcomed with the same enthusiasm it had aroused in Strasburg. Sometimes, during those terrible days when men's minds were inflamed by wrongs long endured and they perpetrated wild outrages in the name of liberty, it was the inspiration of bloody and merciless deeds, for the revolutionists adopted it as their battle song, and men and women went to the guillotine to the sound of its strains. How it came to play such a mighty part in that revolution is an interesting story.

THE MARSEILLAISE

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
When peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air!
To meet and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us.
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bemoaning
The blood-stained sword our conquerors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

It was a night in June, down in the warm, bright southland of Marseilles. Some republican leaders of that city had gathered at a banquet, and during the course of the meal a tenor named Mireur sang a song, one that had not been heard in that region before. It was Rouget de Lisle's "*Chant de guerre*," and such a thrill did it send through all present that they had it printed the next day, and copies were distributed to the members of the Marseilles Battalion, a body of volunteers about to depart for Paris. "Reds of the Midi," these men were called, and they were fierce, hot patriots every one. Some historians have described them as cutthroats and thieves, runaway galley slaves from Toulon, and scrapings from the slums of Marseilles. But that charge is hardly fair. Among them were some who had been convicts, not because they were criminals at heart, but because they lived in a time when might made right and the poor man had no privileges his lord was bound to respect. Those of humble birth were often victims of outrageous treatment at the hands of the nobility, who would send them to prison or even have them executed with no more feeling than they would have about killing a fly. More than one among the "Reds of the Midi" had served at Toulon for having committed no greater crime than that of angering a noble, and the memory of their wrongs made them ferocious. They were oppressed, liberty-craving people marching to the aid of their liberty-craving brethren in the north; and because Rouget de Lisle's recruiting song pulsed with the same spirit that animated them, they adopted it as their hymn of action. They rechristened it "*La Marseillaise*," and by that name it has been known ever since.

The Revolution was soon in full swing, and "*La Marseillaise*" did much toward keeping the people loyal to it, for ever since that day when it was first heard in Strasburg, no matter where sung or in what cause, it has made the blood of Frenchmen leap. Luke-warm they might be on a subject, but let some voice ring out with the words, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*" or a band strike up the first inspiring measures, and they were lukewarm no longer. Battles were won by it, and more than once it has saved the day for France.

This is the story of the song. But what of the singer who sat through the velvet April night composing a recruiting anthem for the Army of the Rhine? He served France as a soldier, and served it well, being always loyal to the republic. During the Reign of Terror, when so many mistakes were made and so many innocent people were imprisoned and executed, he came near going to the guillotine, charged with having made statements against the people's cause, statements which he had not even thought of. From behind prison bars he saw the attack on the Tuileries and heard his song sounding above the storming of the palace, wondering if it would be his death chant, too. But he managed to escape to Switzerland, where he remained until the power of Robespierre was broken and that tyrant himself followed to the guillotine the many people he had sent there. Then Rouget de Lisle returned to France and to the army. Under General Hoche, he fought the Austrians at Quiberon and was wounded there, and then served as a soldier for many years afterward. Finally, he retired to private life, and — to poverty! "*La Marseillaise*" had become the national anthem, but it brought him little money, and there was more than one day when its composer went hungry. Then, when he was seventy years old, Louis

Philippe granted him a pension and the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the remaining six years of his life were passed in comfort.

Rouget de Lisle suffered greatly, but he served France and is still serving it; and because France is grateful for that service, she honored him to the uttermost in 1916. In July of that year his body, which had till then lain in a little suburban cemetery, was borne in state to Paris. The day was made a national holiday, and at a service held as the nation's tribute to him, President Poincaré spoke a noble eulogy.

Then, amid the reverence of a grateful people, the body of Rouget de Lisle was placed in the Hôtel des Invalides, where sleep the great Emperor Napoleon and other illustrious Frenchmen, and which is France's memory hall of noble deeds.

"Soldier of France and singer of the Marseillaise" — that is his epitaph. — *Katherine Dunlap Cather, in St. Nicholas.*

Missionary Journeys in the Inca Union Mission

Laraos and Central Peru

THE interesting incidents of a trip to central Peru would fill a book; for Peru is a land of wonders. I can note only a few in this article.

We left Callao at six in the morning, and climbed rapidly to the top of the range. After passing sixty-two tunnels and several loops and zigzags, we reached the high tunnel, 15,680 feet up, at four in the afternoon. Headache and sometimes vomiting result from the rapid rise. Frequently one's nose bleeds, and at times the eyes also. The lessened air pressure is supposed to be the cause of this strange physical result. Giant snow-clad peaks surrounded us. From many of them miners were taking out the rich ores. At Oroya, several miles beyond the crest of the range, a line branches off to Cerro de Pasco, the richest mining center in South America. Practically all minerals are mined here and exist in great profusion.

We have believers at Junin, and also at Tarma, six leagues from the railroad. In 1915 Brother Stauffer and I made a visit to both of these places. After visiting Junin we found horses in a small station to the south of the city, and started on the journey to Tarma. We had gone but a half mile, when Brother Stauffer's horse refused to go farther. I got behind him and tried to urge him on. Instead of advancing, he began to buck as a Texas pony sometimes does. Not being able to unseat Brother Stauffer, he finally reared and fell backward. The steep hillside ended in a wide ditch about forty feet below, and into this both horse and rider rolled. I was afraid Brother Stauffer was killed, but he came out all right. We walked back and secured other horses. By this time it was raining and sleeting hard, but we went on, reaching Tarma at eight in the evening. A part of our road lay along the old Inca Highway, which is still well preserved. It is a wonder. Modern engineers could not make a better road, nor a more lasting one over those heights.

From Oroya a branch road runs to Huancayo through the heart of upper Peru. The Sunday fair of Huancayo is composed of a great gathering of Indians who sell everything from live stock to dried toads, the latter being pulverized and made into a tea to cure consumption. The streets are filled with Indians on these fair days.

From Huancayo to Laraos is sixty miles. Brother Prospero Salazar first visited the section in 1913. The

same year Brethren Pohle and Stauffer also visited the place and preached a week in the Catholic church. A company of believers was organized, and a Sabbath school established. Brother E. H. Wilcox and I visited here in August, 1917.

The trip requires two and a half days' travel over rough mountain trails. The last ten miles is the worst trail I have ever seen. The narrow road runs along the face of a precipice at whose foot flows a torrent invisible, but whose ominous roar is disquieting. A sunrise from these mountain tops can never be forgotten. The immensity of the vision staggers and tires the imagination. No artist's mind ever formed such a conception. It is a marvelous profusion of color in wild and rugged contrasts, in exquisite tints and shades.

We crossed the Pirahuanca Pass at an elevation of 16,000 feet. It was bitterly cold, and the air was very light. The road is so steep that the horses could not carry us up, and so we had to walk slowly, struggling and panting for breath, and with that bursting headache that attends high mountain climbing. Slowly but surely we gained the crest, and the panorama was again a surpassing wonder. A range of snowy peaks rises to the northwest, jagged, black, white-capped giants, piercing the sky at from 20,000 to 23,000 feet. Then we dropped down into a steep valley, six thousand feet in three miles, to the village of Laraos. Here lives a desperado and his many friends who had sworn to kill the next "gringo missionary" who came. We entered at night and were housed in the straw-thatched hut of one of the brethren. The next day town authorities visited us, and finally we received a call from the "bad man." But he did nothing, and we held services twice a day for a week, at the end of which time, twelve persons were ready for baptism.

Another week was spent in Piños and Miraflores, two villages perched like eagles' nests on the top of the rocks. From Piños one can kick a stone into the river *cañete*, which looks like a lace ribbon 4,000 feet below. I wonder that the children do not fall off this pinnacle.

On Sunday, August 19, baptism was celebrated in the river at the foot of this mountain. The sisters had prepared a *pachamanca*, or "field pot," of food thus: A hole was dug and lined with stones. These were then heated. After removing the fire, great chunks of beef, a bushel of potatoes, half as much green corn, and other foods were placed inside. All was covered with green leaves and then with earth, and left for four or five hours. Food so cooked is palatable, I assure you.

After dinner, three open-air sermons were preached and twelve persons baptized, before we started on the return trip. We crossed one of the famous rope bridges, of which there are several in these regions. The ropes are made by the Indians of twisted rushes. The first night we spent in Alis in the home of a friendly schoolmaster. At three o'clock in the morning we started again. The road led along a narrow gorge whose sides all but shut out the stars which gleamed overhead. At times there were barely a dozen bright ones visible, so small is the patch of sky that is framed by the walls of the gulch.

The black torrent roars from one to three hundred feet below, and an occasional falling pebble, loosened by our horses' feet, fell from the narrow trail into the depths. If my horse had made a misstep, I should have gone the same way. Finally the gray dawn began to peep over this roof of the world, and we could see

the wonders among which we were passing. The gorge narrows down to about ten feet in width, with perpendicular walls varying from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, and ends abruptly in a "staircase" over 200 feet high. This is a zigzag path up the face of the cliff, made with stone steps of from one to two feet each. We dismounted and slowly led the horses up. It is better to go first, as those below are in danger from falling stones.

We reached the Pirahuanca Pass and crossed it in the afternoon, and then urged our horses on to find a lower and warmer camping place. At four o'clock a sleet-and-snow storm overtook us, and by eight o'clock we were wet through. We took shelter under a friendly ledge of rock, where Brother Wilcox and I slept together for four hours on a folding cot in order to keep warm. At midnight we mounted and pressed on. The rain had stopped, but we were still wet and shivering, and the fear of pneumonia haunted us. Nineteen hours of hard riding brought us to Huan-cayo, where we found a hotel. Here we rested several days, patching our clothes, curing our blistered feet and lips, and cleaning up generally. Then we plunged into another section of the sierra.

E. L. MAXWELL.

The World's Need

THE world needs men and women of quick perception and sound judgment, those who can see the relation of cause and effect in the physical, moral, and social spheres. Much can be done in youth to cultivate the perceptive powers; but they are of all the faculties the least susceptible of cultivation in adult age. Consequently, if, as one writer says, deficiency of judgment be the most common intellectual fault, how important it is that children and youth be given the opportunity of forming their own judgments through the use of their perceptions at first hand, and of learning through their own experience the results of conduct. The traditional methods of learning and teaching by rote are responsible for much of the helplessness exhibited by young and old in practical matters.

The world needs clear thinkers. For one person who can give a clear, coherent account of the simplest event, or the logical development of the simplest theme, one will find a score whose ideas are misty, whose sentences trip, whose reasoning is inconclusive or fallacious. Every school exercise should train the student in sustained, logical thinking, and in clear, forcible, and effective expression.

The world needs persistent, self-reliant workers. There is a prevalent idea that the purpose of education is to free men from the necessity of labor; this is far from the true conception. The end and aim of every right educational process is to enable the individual to do more and better work, not merely for himself, but for God and humanity. Students need to realize that none of us live unto ourselves. Education should fit the individual for his place in our complex social and industrial system. In every school exercise, thoroughness and persistence should be cultivated. Students should early form the habit of close application, of overcoming obstacles, of getting results, of "delivering the goods."

And last, but most of all, the world needs men and women of principle, those who will not drift, who will not "follow a multitude to do evil," but who, on the contrary, will strive against opposing circumstances. — W. H. Buxton, in *Southwestern Union Record*.

The Correct Thing

[We begin a new department in this issue. If you wish it to become a regular feature of the paper, then send to the editor any question relating to good form or social ethics that you may wish to have answered.]

WHICH is better, to talk over among ourselves the faults of our friends, or to speak to them about their mistakes, or breaches of good form?

A. E. V.

This question was asked of one long connected with our work, and he said very expressively: "I have known of many things people have said about me, but I cannot recall a single instance where a person has come to me and helpfully pointed out a fault. How I wish they would do the latter way!"

Some of us have been more fortunate than this, for there are those who are sufficiently friendly and courageous to tell a person directly his fault. All are not backbiters.

Perhaps there would be more who would be willing to tell another his faults, if there were more who had enough good sense and grace to accept criticism in an appreciative spirit.

Earmarks of Egotism

A man with gray hair has remembered for long years the friendly criticism of a college chum. The first-mentioned young man was an honest, upright, ambitious youth, fresh from his uncle's farm. He had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and so in writing a recommendation for himself, he wrote one that was true, but bore the earmarks of plain egotism.

On showing the recommendation to his friend, he was told that it would not do to send such a letter. That while all he had written was true, and the friend himself could add to it, that the man to whom he was writing did not know him, and it would sound to him too egotistical to prove acceptable. So in response to a request the chum wrote a recommendation, straightforward and businesslike, but not overcomplimentary.

This young man saw that the criticism was just, and has always felt grateful for the friendly counsel of his chum.

A Cynic and Oversensitive

A young woman was once told by a matron that she was the worst cynic she ever met. This was a hard saying, but the young woman did not resent the charge, but accepted it as true, and tried to profit by it.

Another person told this same young woman that she was too sensitive ever to do good work in the world. She now holds a prominent place in our work, so she must have accepted this criticism in the same spirit as she did the former.

Oversensitiveness is a serious fault. If one thinks everything another says is directed at her personally, she will always be in trouble, and life will become a burden to herself and she an annoyance to her friends. Immunity from hurts and slights is to be cultivated.

Sacrilegious in Conversation

Another young woman profited by the criticism of one who had told her she was sacrilegious, meaning that she used Bible language and sacred terms in a frivolous manner. This is growing more and more common; but it is none the less wrong. One should never quote the Bible or use sacred terms in a flip-pant, careless way. It betrays great thoughtlessness and irreverence.

Personally Reminded

A well-meaning young man in one of our academies began to sharpen a pencil in the church during the intermission between Sabbath school and the following service. His Bible teacher observed the act, and stepping from the pulpit to the pew where the young man was seated, told him it was not proper to do that in the church. It was enough of a shock to the young man to deter him from ever again sharpening a pencil in church, but the criticism, or reproof, was appreciated.

Too Boisterous, Too Exacting

A man of long experience in the social and business world relates the following pertinent incidents:

"A young man, a friend, told me that I should be less boisterous in my laughing. I had been repeatedly complimented on my hearty, manly laugh. I therefore thought he was simply jealous; but later I came to see that he was altogether right, and I was very grateful for his stinging but friendly criticism.

"Ten years ago a minister told me I was too exacting in dealing with my help. I did not feel that I was. I thought I should be even more so than I was, but I began to watch myself in this particular, and in a short time made improvements that all recognized, and for which I am indeed grateful."

Not Enough Snap in Work

A compositor in one of our large printing offices said that his foreman once revealed to him confidentially that one of the reasons he was not advanced in his work faster was because he was dreamy and not so energetic as he should be. He did good and faithful work, but he needed to put more snap into it. This statement, the young man claimed, had helped him to get a truer picture of himself. "For example," he said, "you have a mental picture of me. I have one of myself; but more than likely yours is truer than my own; so if I can get your picture, it is better for me. This criticism helped me to get my foreman's picture of myself, and has been of great help to me."

Lapses in Spelling and Pronunciation

A young woman in a request to her fiancé to make a typewritten copy of a letter for her, suggested that the second syllable of opportunity is spelled *por*. He realized for the first time that in his letters to her he had been misspelling the word. A hint was sufficient to work a reformation.

At a Sabbath school teachers' meeting the leader used the word "belligerent," making the "g" hard. After the meeting a friend suggested to him that when he reached home he "should put that 'g' to soak." The unique suggestion impressed the correct pronunciation.

Sarcastic, Judged Motives

A young man holding a responsible position was told by a friend that his official letters were sarcastic. He had not realized this; so an immediate effort was made to correct the unbusinesslike habit.

Another man was told by a friend that he had the unfortunate habit of impugning the motives of others. We may know that persons make mistakes, but we cannot know that their motives are wrong. He accepted the criticism as just, and says that "a hopeful reformation, at least, has been made."

I have come to believe that in general people consider it a real favor to be told their faults. Not that it is pleasant medicine to take, but the results are salutary. Even to the most sensitive it is preferable to the backbiter's method.

F. D. C.

For the Finding-Out Club

[Every person sending to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR a neatly written correct list of answers to any set of questions within four weeks after the date of the paper containing the questions, becomes a member of the Finding-Out Club. The INSTRUCTOR will present a copy of any book printed by the Review and Herald Publishing Association to the one sending in the largest number of correct lists during the year.]

Part I

GIVE proof for each one of the points of faith cited in the following list. In such questions as 1 and 2, give a text to prove each point. The first question, therefore, will require at least seven texts; the second will require four; and the seventh, five.

Seventh-day Adventists Believe in—

1. One God, a personal creator, omnipotent, eternal, infinite, unchangeable, and everywhere present by his representative, the Holy Spirit.
2. Jesus Christ as our example, our sacrifice, our Mediator, our Redeemer.
3. The Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice.
4. Conversion as the special work of the Holy Spirit.
5. The perpetuity of the law of God,—the ten commandments,—and its binding obligation upon all men.
6. The observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, "according to the commandment."
7. The near, visible, personal, and literal return of the Lord to this earth, yet without setting a date for that event.
8. Nonconformity with the ways of the world, in its pleasures, follies, and fashions.
9. Baptism by immersion.
10. Prophecy as a revelation of God's purposes concerning the world.
11. The support of the gospel ministry by tithes and offerings.

Part II

ARUGGED Scotch stocking maker walked slowly along the Torthorwald road, bonnet in hand, his lips moving in silent prayer, as he gazed again and again at the lad by his side. John was leaving home for the first time. They reached the parting place. Hand clasped hand for a silent moment, and then with tears in his voice the old man said:

"God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you, and keep you from all evil!"

Alone in Glasgow, the homesick country boy was often sorely discouraged and tempted, but the memory of that parting—his father's advice and prayers and tears—followed him like a guardian angel, and kept his feet in the straight and narrow way.

Years passed in work and study, interspersed with occasional visits to the home in Torthorwald, where a pious father and mother still kept bright the fire on the family hearthstone. An interest in foreign missions, awakened in childhood, developed into a conviction in the heart of the student that he should go abroad on business for his King. At the close of his third year in medical college, circumstances led him to volunteer for immediate service in the islands of the South Pacific.

The experiences which came to this pioneer missionary were indeed thrilling and varied. In common with the great apostle to the Gentiles, he was "in deaths oft. . . . In perils of waters, in perils of rob-

bers, . . . in perils by the heathen, . . . in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst."

His introduction to the islanders of the New Hebrides was almost overwhelming to the new recruit, for on Tanna, the small island where he established his first station, he met heathenism in its most gruesome form—cannibalism. The Tannese judged all white men by the unscrupulous traders who abused and cheated them, and banded together for the missionary's destruction. Sometimes his own fearlessness, sometimes his faithful dog, sometimes a friendly native, but more frequently the wonderful providences of God saved him from a dreadful death: as when a band of savages surrounded the mission premises and set fire to them, a sudden severe tropical storm dispersed the warriors and quenched the flames.

After four years spent in constant peril the missionary left Tanna and established his work on a neighboring island, Aniwa. There his efforts met with marked success. Scotch pluck overcame seemingly insurmountable difficulties, and the dark-skinned heathen learned to trust him as a friend. Patiently he taught them about Jehovah God, and gradually a little company of inquirers gathered, among whom was the chief. It was the sinking of a well, the marvelous "rain from below," that gained the full native confidence and opened the way for real evangelistic work. But even on Aniwa his perils were many, and his deliverances marvelous answers to prayer.

This devoted worker fell asleep Jan. 28, 1907, aged eighty-three years. Scotland has given the world many great men, but her missionary heroes hold first place, and no name is more lovingly remembered than that of him whom Spurgeon called "The King of the Cannibals."

L. E. C.

Answers to Questions Printed Dec. 31, 1918

1. The prophet Malachi says that the redeemed of the Lord will "grow up as calves of the stall."
2. "Patriarchs and Prophets" says that Adam "was of lofty stature and perfect symmetry;" and that his "height was much greater than that of men who now inhabit the earth. Eve was somewhat less in stature; yet her form was noble, and full of beauty."
3. It seems that Seth was given to Adam and Eve "to be the inheritor of the divine promise, the heir of the spiritual birthright." Eve is represented as saying at the birth of Seth that the Lord had given her another son to take the place of Abel who was slain. Had she not been repentant of her sin, she would not thus have honored God.

The 1918-19 Reading Courses

HAVE you finished the Reading Courses? If not, there is still time. No one can afford to miss the pleasure and profit to be gained from the reading of these books.

The following books compose the Senior Course:

- "Makers of South America."
- "Making Good."
- "The Days of June."
- "The Story of Prophets and Kings."

The Junior Course includes the following books:

- "The White Queen of Okoyong."
- "Early Writings."
- "The Land of the Golden Man."
- "Outdoors, Indoors, and Up the Chimney."

The Sale

[The following poem is based upon an incident that occurred at one of Rowland Hill's open-air meetings. A lady of high birth was passing in her carriage the place of his service. As her coachman ordered the crowd to step aside that the carriage might pass, Mr. Hill directed a personal invitation to the lady to accept of Christ. His unique and earnest appeal led to her immediate surrender.]

JUST listen a moment, young friends,
And a story I'll unfold,
The marvelous tale of the wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old;
How her hand and her heart in an auction mart,
Her soul and her body she sold.

'Twas in the king's highway so broad,
A century ago,
That a preacher stood of noble blood
Telling the poor and the low
Of a Saviour's love, and a home above,
A peace which all might know.

A crowded throng drew eagerly near,
And they wept at the wondrous love
That could wash away their vilest sins
And give them a home above;
When, lo, through the crowd a lady proud,
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room! Make room!" cried the haughty groom,
"You obstruct the king's highway;
My lady is late and Her Majesty waits;
Give way there, good people, give way!"
But the preacher heard and his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, "Nay!"

His eyes like the lightning flashes out,
His voice like the trumpet rings:
"Your grand fête days, your fashions and ways,
Are all but perishing things.
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it today
In the name of the King of kings."

Then he cried as he gazed on the lady fair,
And marked her soft eyes fall:
"Now here in your name a sale I proclaim,
Three bids to this fair lady call;
Who will purchase her whole, her body and soul,
Her coronet, jewels, and all?"

"Three bidders already I see.
The world steps up at the first:
'My treasures and pleasures I give,
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall be happy and gay through life's bright day,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"Next up steps the devil and boldly bids;
'The kingdoms of earth are all mine;
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,
On its brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul and I will give thee the whole
Of its glory and wealth to be thine.'

"And what wilt thou give, O sinners' true Friend,
The Man of sorrows unknown?
He gently said: 'My blood I have shed
To purchase her for my own,
To conquer the grave and her soul to save,
She shall tread the wine press alone;

"I'll give her my cross of suffering here,
My cup of sorrow shall share,
Then with joy and love in my home above,
Forever to dwell with me there:
She shall walk in light, in a robe of white,
And a radiant crown shall wear.'

"Thou hast heard the terms, my lady fair,
Offered by each for thee;
Which wilt thou choose, or which wilt thou lose,
This life or the life to be?
The figure is mine, but the choice is thine;
Dear lady, which of the three?"

Nearer and nearer the preacher's stand
The gilded chariot stole;
And each head was bowed as over the crowd
The gospel accents rolled;
And every word which the lady heard
Burned into her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she kindly said
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
And the crowd made way, you might almost say
You could have heard their pulses beat;

And each head was bare as the lady fair
Knelt low at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels rare,
The coronet from her brow.
"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed low her head,
"The highest bidder art thou;
Thou hast died for my sake, and I gladly take
Thy offer, and take it now.

"I know the treasures and pleasures of earth;
At best they're but weary and cloy;
The tempter is bold, but his honors of gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy.
I long for thy rest, thy bid is the best;
O Lord, I accept it with joy.

"I turn from the treasures and pleasures of earth;
I welcome thy cross now so dear:
My mission shall be to win souls for thee
While life is spared to me here;
Then with joy ever found, with thee to be crowned,
When thou shalt in glory appear."

"Amen," cried the preacher with reverent grace,
And the people all wept aloud.
Years have flown, and all are gone
Who 'round that altar bowed;
Lady and throng have been swept along
By the wind like a summer cloud.

But soon, O soon, will the joy and gloom
Of this life have passed away,
When the Lord shall come to his promised home
With his saints in shining array!
Shall we be there with the lady fair
On that coronation day?

— Selected.

How Much Do You Want It ?

A WOMAN whose work as a public speaker has for years taken her before audiences of young people tells this story:

"I was speaking in the Middle West to a large convention of young people when I noticed in the audience a youth who had the largest hands and feet I think I ever saw. Every few minutes my eyes wandered back to them, and my sympathy went out to him in his efforts to dispose of them. He was as ungainly a specimen of young manhood as you could find anywhere. He had a voice in keeping with his hands and feet, big and booming. His idea of singing was to make a noise, and how that voice did dominate that gathering!

"At the close of the meeting he waited until the others were gone, and then he awkwardly confided to me his desire for an education. Of course I encouraged him. I spoke before that same audience four or five times, and each time he waited to talk with me. Finally he told me of his great desire to be a preacher. I gasped inwardly. A preacher, with that voice and those hands and feet!

"After my last address he was waiting for me as usual. 'Do you think I can ever make it?' he asked wistfully. 'Is it worth while for me to try?'

"I looked him straight in the eye. 'How much do you want it?' I asked.

"'Why, I want it very much,' he answered.

"'But how much?' I persisted. 'Are you willing to work to the limit of your strength? Are you willing to go hungry? Are you willing to go so shabbily dressed that people will laugh at you? Are you willing to give up everything in the way of pleasure for it? Are you willing to fight when it seems that there isn't a chance of winning?'

"He hesitated only a moment. 'I believe I am,' he said slowly.

"I never went back to that place; I heard nothing

more from him until about eighteen years later when I was in Boston. I had been invited to speak in a suburb of that city, and was entertained at the home of a friend. An hour before train time my hostess received a telephone message from a man who refused to give his name. He asked if I were going back to the city that evening, and when told that I was he begged that I would come to the station at least twenty minutes early. 'Tell her,' he said, 'that a gentleman who could not possibly get to her meeting wishes very much to see her.'

"So I went to the station twenty minutes early, and as I stepped into the waiting-room a man of more than ordinary distinction of appearance came to meet me with outstretched hands.

"Do you know me?' he asked.

"He was gracious, polished, a perfect gentleman in manner and bearing, but I knew him at once. He was my boy of the big hands and feet and the booming voice. He drew me over into a corner.

"I suppose,' he began, 'that you never saw a greener specimen than I was when I nearly bored you to death at that convention. If I am anything else now, and if I am of any use whatever in the world, it is because of something you said to me then: "How much do you want an education? What are you willing to pay for it?" Time and again, when things have seemed hopeless, I'd square myself before the glass and say to myself, "How much do you want it? How much are you willing to pay for it? If you, big as you are, can't pay the price, you don't deserve it." And it's your message I am endeavoring to pass on.'

"He was a preacher, he told me; and I learned afterward of the great work he was doing. His big voice had been trained and had proved one of his most valuable gifts. In the twenty minutes till train time he told me something of the price he had had to pay. It was a story of unusual perseverance in the face of difficulties.

"But it's worth all it cost,' he said, as he bade me good-by. 'And now I am busy telling other young people that there isn't anything in this world that is worth while that they can't have if they want it badly enough to pay the price.'—*Youth's Companion*.

A Word in Season

RETURNING from college, George Hamilton went to work in his native town. When the superintendent of the Sunday school asked him to teach a class, he flatly declined.

A day or so afterward George met the minister, who spoke to him of his refusal. "I am sorry," he said, "that you are not willing to take that class. The Sunday school needs you."

"There's no penalty for refusing, is there?" said George, with resentful flippancy.

"Yes," said the minister, gravely, "there is. There is the penalty of never knowing the good you have failed to do."

"If I never know it," said George, still in his flip-pant mood, "I guess I won't miss it."

But the minister, although pained, kept on. "Do you remember," he said, "this incident in the life of Jesus? Once when on his way to Jerusalem, he sent two disciples to ask shelter of a Samaritan village; but as his face was set toward Jerusalem, they would not receive him. Certain of the disciples wanted to call down fire and brimstone on that village, but Jesus, reproving them, patiently resumed his journey."

"I remember," said George. "We read about it in Sunday school."

"What was the penalty?"

"I don't think there was any. So far as I can remember, nothing happened to the village."

"No," the minister agreed, "nothing happened. People put out their lights and went to bed as usual; the next morning they rose just as they always had. Nothing happened, indeed; no sick were healed, no new parable was spoken, no new disciple found. Had any one of these things happened, the village would have had a place in history to the end of time; as things are, even its name is unknown."

For a moment George was silent; then he said, "I thank you for the reminder; I will teach that class."—*Youth's Companion*.

Fine Footing

THE householder who owns a few Navajo rugs takes a very pardonable pride in them. But the very finest rugs are those woven by the Turkomans. By the name you will guess that a Turkoman is a member of a branch of the Turkish race. Among the Turkoman tribes are the Tekke-Turkoman, who lives a nomadic life, being found chiefly in Russian Turkestan, around the towns of Merv and Akhal. It is to Merv that the Tekkes bring their beautiful woolen rugs, spreading them out on the ground, several small ones on a larger one, or draping them over the shoulder, keeping a lookout for American buyers.

The most noticeable qualities of Tekke rugs are their long, soft nap and their rich colors. Until recently the carefully selected wool was colored with vegetable dyes, a process which takes more than a year. The weaving, which is always done in the open, is described by E. A. Ross in his recent book, "Russia in Upheaval."

"Before the warp, taut between stakes in the ground, the woman sits, twists the yarn among the threads in a certain way, pulls it tight, and cuts it off with a knife. She draws her yarn from as many balls as there will be colors in the rug. When she has three rows of tufts, she drives them down with a mallet and shears them even. Thus, by the ends of knotted yarn, two to a knot, is built up the marvelous nap that is the life of the rug. No wonder the cleverest worker cannot make more than one and one-half square feet of ordinary Tekke rug in a week."

The finest rugs show perhaps twenty knots to the linear inch—twenty separate, laborious, painstaking operations. A little calculation will reveal the number of knots in a rug of ordinary size, perhaps a million, each one tied by a Tekke girl's fingers. And so the Turkoman girls are valued according to their rug-making skill, and the ardent swain must have many sheep if his heart draws him to a first-class rug weaver. Indeed, some of these nimble-fingered maidens are purposely valued so highly by their fathers that they remain unmarried, and thus add rug to rug of the parental store.

The American demand has become so great that aniline dyes are now being used, to save time. But if the buyer is vigilant and persistent, he can find a genuine vegetable-colored specimen. It may be one that has been used for years as a camel blanket, or one that has been worn by Turkish sandals and soft slippers until it has a sheen like rippled silk. No matter, it will outlive him even then.

ROGER ALTMAN.

Nature and Science

The Long Arctic Nights Brightened

THE benefits of electricity are felt everywhere these days, even reaching into the far North, making less desolate there the long arctic nights to our brother Eskimos. That these people thoroughly appreciate the benefits derived in thus being more closely connected with American interests and civilization, is set forth by Delbert Replogie, a teacher and wireless operator of Noorvik, Alaska. Having installed an electrical plant, he describes what it is accomplishing for the people, in the *Eskimo*, a paper published at Nome, and quoted in the issue of Dec. 28, 1918, of the *Literary Digest*. He says:

"It seems strange to drive out of the darkness of an arctic night into the electric blaze of the lights of the Eskimo village of Noorvik on the Kobuk. The lights stream from the houses, Government buildings, and street.

"One has to live in Noorvik to find how much the lights mean to the people. Some of the good results are the following:

"There is less eyestrain. Many an aged Eskimo woman whose eyes used to become wearied has been able to continue sewing by the soft, sure glow of the Mazda lamp installed in her home. A decided home pride and more cleanliness have come with the new light. And the people now have regular hours of sleep, since all the lights are turned off at nine-thirty, thus causing people to rise earlier and use more daylight in the winter.

"All this has come without any financial expense to the people. The twenty families having lights did the work on the buildings for the light plant and the general village improvement. But the present two-kilowatt dynamo is too small for the demand, and the village has already subscribed \$240 with the prospect of more, with which to buy a larger machine.

"In connection with the local plant the Government has established a wireless set, and now we can keep in touch with the Nome radio, and through it with Mr. Loop (in charge of the Alaskan Division of the U. S. Bureau of Education at Seattle) and Mr. Shields (superintendent of the Northwest District at Nome).

"Through the Noorvik wireless the Bureau of Education quickly reaches the other villages in our part of the northwestern district. Three times a week we relay messages to Selawik, where a receiving station was built by Frank Jones. The towns of Noatak, Kotzebue, and Shungnak can be reached by messenger. Through this station our department has been able to extend its courtesy to the Eskimo friend, the revenue cutter 'Bear,' to the post office, and the Department of Justice.

"Every day the daily news of the world comes to our wireless station. We make copies of the news bulletins for our own people and for the surrounding villages. The news is always read at the morning exercises of the Noorvik school. It tells them of world events and makes the children interested in geography. They see the bigness of things. And the daily news has awakened the whole village to the meaning of the United States, its people and Government. Formerly the Government was only Mr. Loop, Mr. Shields, and the local teachers; now the Government means the expression of the will of the people and something men are living and dying for.

"The Noorvik people have fittingly expressed their appreciation to Mr. Loop for the lights and wireless, and they are hoping that the people of other villages may soon know the advantages of these latest gifts of the Government of the people."

This interesting account of improvements coming into the experience of the Eskimos should serve to impress us with their further great need of the blessings and benefits found only in the spiritual light radiated by the third angel's message. Surely God must have somewhere in training some wireless station masters he can send into these northern regions, to catch the messages of the hour being radiated by the Holy Spirit into every nation, kindred, tribe, and people, where there are human agencies for receiving them, to communicate to those sitting in darkness near by. Why must thriving Alaska wait so long for such spiritual wireless operators? T. E. BOWEN.

Prison Conversion in Japan

JAPAN has twenty-seven prisons, and the American Bible Society has supplied Bibles for 25,000 inmates of these prisons. Many conversions of criminals have resulted from reading these Bibles, but none are more remarkable than the following, told by Mr. Aurell, the Bible Society's agent:

"A notorious criminal case was filling the newspapers with sensation upon sensation when, almost at the moment when the man charged with the crime was about to be hanged, the real criminal confessed, giving as his reason for doing so that he had found God. One of the lawyers in charge of the case, although himself not a Christian, summed up the matter by saying:

"'Well, you may say what you will, but there is some power in Christianity. The man is utterly changed. When one sees him in prison, one feels that one is confronted by the sight of the radiant face he bears rather than that one goes to comfort him. He is not an educated man, and has lived a whole life of crime. He is facing inevitable death. But what does that matter? 'God has given me life,—his life,—and nothing can take that away.' He has his Bible by him constantly. He reads other Christian books, but reads them once and then lays them aside. The Bible is sufficient for him, and Christ his Saviour is all in all.'"—*Record of Christian Work*.

Mother Love Appreciated

TWO brothers were in a Japanese agricultural college. One day one of these boys appeared wearing a woman's yellow-and-black-striped, padded coat, with a velvet neckband showing that the garment was ordinarily worn to support a baby carried Japanese fashion on the back. There was much tittering among the other students at this strange garb, and the instructors found their classes somewhat demoralized. At noon the young man was called into the faculty-room for an explanation. His father was dead; his mother made a bare subsistence out of a small farm she had managed to send her boys to school with clothes for the summer session. When winter came, the mother had tried to buy them the necessary winter kimonos, but in spite of every economy she had been unable to manage it.

"So I am sending you my own kimono and coat," she wrote. "You must have your thin cotton ones washed and mended. Wear my heavy kimono under-

neath, and as soon as I can I will send you some money to buy new ones."

"But though I have mended my old kimono," the boy went on, "it is too ragged. There was only one thing to do — wear this one on the outside."

He was asked why, at least, he had not removed the telltale black velvet band.

"Last night," he replied, "I took the scissors and began to rip, but suddenly I remembered how my mother's hands had sewed those stitches, and how she had taken off her warm coat to send me, and how she was always working for us and thinking of us here, lonely for the sight of our faces, and I could not rip out the stitches of my mother's hands. I had to wear it as it was."— *Asia Magazine*.

The Golden Keys

"A BUNCH of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.

'Good morning,' that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, 'Good night' I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, 'If you please' I
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I use the little 'Thank you' key.

'Excuse me,' 'Beg your pardon,' too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With 'Forgive me' I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is the motto: 'Be ye kind.'

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be."

— *Selected*.

Cecil Brown Made Dumb

CECIL BROWN, with his lithe body, bright eyes, and pleasant smile, was a popular lad, forward in his studies, and quick and alert at play. His Sabbath school and day school teachers relied upon him for help in public entertainments, for Cecil could execute his part well.

But as he grew older his closest friends observed that he lacked a fine sense of true manliness, that he was rude and irreverent at times, exhibiting unmistakable signs of being a "spoiled lad," a pathological condition not only difficult to cure but highly disagreeable to those with a truer view of life.

"What, that hen!" was Cecil's exclamation when told in Sabbath school who was to be his instructor.

Nothing more need be said to show that Cecil at his early age was very thoughtless, or else was well started on the wrong path; for it is only the coarse, uneducated, or the drinking man that will apply such a term to a woman.

A test of true manhood is reverence for pure womanhood. If a man speaks in such an uncomplimentary way of a woman, it is at once conceded that he is not possessed of the first principles of a worthy character.

Cecil was exhibiting the influence of unworthy associates. His parents had felt that an insidious change was taking place in their boy; so on hearing of his discourteous remark they were not altogether surprised, but were none the less grieved and humiliated. They counseled together as to the course to pursue to

correct the irreverent and discourteous spirit he had manifested. Finally they decided that a boy who could not speak respectfully of a woman should not be allowed to speak to one at all, or of one, until some evidence of a change of heart was revealed.

They had Cecil write a letter of apology to the lady to whom he referred in his uncouth remark, and also to those who heard him make it, and then forbade his speaking to any girl or woman for a fortnight, and also asked him to keep much to himself, for one who would be rude to women was hardly a suitable companion for any one. Cecil was devoted to his queenly mother, so this sentence was a deprivation indeed.

His parents explained the matter to his teachers, and gave them extra remuneration for assigning him written work. His mother served him graciously in the home, but suffered him not to speak to her during the punitive period.

Cecil's father sought to impress upon him that Tennyson spoke truly when he said:

"For he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his heart,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned."

In talking with Cecil, Mr. Brown told him the story of the Indian sage, Ammi, who took a seed one day and cut it in two. Then showing it to his son, he asked, "What do you see, my child?" "A seed, father," was the reply. "And what do you see in the seed?" "A small speck," was the answer. "And what do you see in the speck?" "Nothing," said the boy. "Ah, where you see nothing, I see a great tree," replied the sage.

So Mr. Brown explained that where Cecil saw only a joke, a chance to make his companions laugh, he and his mother saw a very serious breach of good form; they saw the beginning of a trait of character which if not overcome at once would mean to him a reckless, despoiled youth and manhood.

We shall not attempt to detail the embarrassing and inconvenient experiences that came to Cecil during the days of his isolation. He was glad to read the biographies of great women and other books his father provided for him during the extra hours that naturally came to him.

Eight long wearisome days had passed, when two of Cecil's cousins came to visit the family. They were his favorite cousins and were about his own age. They were beautiful girls in character and features, and came to spend the week-end at the home of their best-loved uncle and aunt. Great was their disappointment to learn that Cecil could not speak to them; but even greater was Cecil's chagrin and disappointment. While he recognized his punishment to be just, under the circumstances it grew to be almost unbearable; so one day in his desperation he sent his father the following note:

"DEAR FATHER:

"I never before knew what a hard time Zacharias had when he couldn't speak for so long. I have tried to imagine just how he felt when the Lord loosed his tongue, but I wish I could find out for sure before long, especially now that Leel and Neel are here. You see, I am afraid they won't have proper respect for manhood, boyhood I mean, unless my tongue is loosed before they go.

"Your loving son,

"CECIL."

Mr. Brown smiled as he read Cecil's appeal, and determined to cut short the period of punishment, especially since the girls must leave the next day. He therefore wrote Cecil as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:

"For your cousins' sake as well as your own, present restrictions will be removed at the rising of the morrow's sun. But my dear boy, I hope after this experience there will be in your heart such a wholesome respect for true womanhood that never again can you by word or deed show disrespect, much less real insult, to any woman.

"It is only the cheap, ill-bred boy or man who slurs or insults women. The world's really great men have always honored womanhood. It has been said by some writers that a man's real worth can be judged by his respect for woman.

"Therefore, Cecil, as long as life lasts, soil not your lips by any words that will dishonor your own mother or sister; for remember, you dishonor them in dishonoring other women.

"Your mother and I shall be happy to greet you as of old at the morning meal.

"Your devoted father,

"THEODORE BROWN."

As the lad came to the table the next morning he gave his mother a real bear hug, and left in her hand a crumpled note, over which she smiled as she later read:

"There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes, or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

The girls and Cecil made strenuous effort to redeem all lost time; and while Mr. and Mrs. Brown were satisfied that the enforced silence had resulted acceptably, they frequently endeavored to water the good seed they felt had taken root in the heart of their son.

F. D. C.

"Too Late"

I HAVE noticed how strangely on some days one idea clings to me, and how all I see and hear seems to prevent my forgetting it. Thus it was the other day when I happened to be at a large railway station in the country. The train was expected, and great was the bustle and excitement among the passengers on the crowded platform. Suddenly the bell rang, and the long train drew slowly in. I always find special pleasure in studying the countenances of travelers, even in the bustle of these railroad days. I wonder where they have come from and where they are bound for, why one looks so sad, and why another is so joyous. What a busy, strange world this is!—and so I was going off into a waking dream, when a guard's loud voice and shrill whistle roused me. There are my friends waving their hands,—“Good-by, good-by,”—and I am slowly walking away. In a moment I am almost carried off my legs by a man rushing in at the door, breathless and excited. “Just too late, sir,” says the porter. An angry, impatient expression burst from the man's lips, and then he hurriedly asked, “When's the next train?” “In an hour's time, sir,” quickly replied the porter, as he walked off to his business. I watched the gentleman. He walked up and down, drew his hand over his brow as if to rub off some unpleasant weight, looked at his watch, muttered to himself, took a letter from his pocket, read it, stopped, walked on again, and then I heard him say, “Perhaps I may do it yet.”

And so I left the station, pondering these words, “Too late.” My walk took me past the post office, where many people were thronging, for in three minutes the box would be closed. I stood quietly by to make my observations. Poor and rich, masters and servants, hurried to post their letters. But the time is up; the door closed; and now stare me in the face two words, speaking hopelessly to all comers—“Too late!”

Again I walked on, thinking of all that those two words meant. What a far better and happier world this would be, what trouble would be spared, how much be gotten through, if none were ever “too late!”

But this “one idea” was to be impressed still more deeply upon me. The same afternoon I went into a cottage near my home to visit a child, who I had heard was dangerously ill. I found the family in deep distress, for the little one, they told me, was suddenly worse, and dying. I went upstairs, stood by the bed, and saw that even then the hand of death was upon her. In a few minutes the doctor, having been sent for, came hastily into the house. I heard the mother say, as he came softly up the stairs, “I am afraid it is too late, sir.” He came into the room, touched the child's wrist, shook his head, and said in a whisper, “I can do nothing; it is too late.” He was right, for in a short time the little one passed away.

Can you wonder that during that day and for many a day after, those words, “too late,” seemed to be ever ringing in my ears; and that solemn thought filled my mind? Reader, how is it with your soul? It is bad to be “too late” in earthly matters; many a man has thus been ruined as far as worldly things go. It is possible to be “too late” in reference to your soul. What then? Why, there is no hope left. “Another train in an hour's time.” “The post will go out again.” Yes, that was true. But go to that bed where I stood; try and bring that child back; bring the most skilful physician—all “too late.”

Turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and read this: “Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.” But they had delayed until it was too late.

For you, dear friend, it is not yet too late. Still the voice of mercy sounds in your ear; still Christ, as the Saviour of lost sinners, is preached to you; still the calls to repent and believe the gospel are addressed to you, still the precious promises of God's Word are before you; still God waits to be gracious; still the “Spirit and the bride say, Come.” But what if present opportunities should be suddenly cut short? What if you should be surprised by death? Remember, “there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

“Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

[It has been thought best to publish in the Counsel Corner from time to time extracts from letters received from young people by our Missionary Volunteer workers. Young people's problems are much the same everywhere, and the introduction of such letters, together with the answers, may be helpful to others. Obviously the names cannot be published, nor any information that would identify the writers. We hope that our young people will be free to write of their personal problems. We have but a short time in which to develop Christian character for eternity. Let us not rest satisfied until we know the way of the victorious, soul-winning life.—M. E. K.]

How to Begin Missionary Volunteer Work

OF late I have felt much concerned about the young people here, but there seems absolutely nothing that I can do. There are several Senior young people who are church members, and many Juniors who are not. We have no society or young people's meetings whatever. Efforts have been made several times, but have proved unsuccessful for lack of leaders. The church is somewhat scattered, and we do not even have prayer meetings. You will think it is strange, but there really is no interest or effort made for missionary work at all. Surely, we could do much if we would awaken and see the opportunities and the danger of sleeping at our post. I am ashamed to say it, but I have never led one soul to Christ, the Saviour who has done so much for me. Nine years since I enlisted for him, and nothing accomplished! I know that of late a fatal indifference has been creeping over me, and oh, how I want to do something! But, honestly, I don't know how to begin. Of course, I have prayed much about it.

ANXIOUS.

This letter gives evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit. It is the Spirit that makes you dissatisfied with the lack of fruit in your life, and helps you to see your own and others' needs. God is calling you into closer fellowship with him, even the fellowship of soul-winning service. It is too bad that there is no prayer meeting. It is unfortunate that these young people and the Junior boys and girls have not been organized for service. Perhaps the elder of the church does not sense the importance of these things; or perhaps, like you, he hardly knows how to begin.

But you have already begun, and begun right—by praying. "Prayer changes things." Remember that. God is looking down into every needy church for young people who pray—for he can use those who pray. Keep close to God. Yield yourself as an instrument of righteousness, and he will use you.

After you have earnestly sought the Lord for strength and wisdom to interest others, invite the young person whom you think would most likely be interested, to join you in prayer. Study and pray together. Study the promises of God for the victorious life. As his blessing fills your hearts, you will want others to share it. Invite another. And let the prayer band thus formed reach out for all the young people of the church. Let each member be a personal worker. Make the New Year's Resolve in the Morning Watch Calendar your own, especially the last part. Soon you will have a Missionary Volunteer Society, and it will be clear to you all who should be leader. A society born in prayer will not go down so easily.

Perhaps before this the spirit of service will have taken hold of the Juniors. You probably have no church school, else you would have a Junior society. But you can have a society anyway. Pray about this. Invite some mature person, who you think has ability to lead Juniors, to join some of you in prayer for the boys and girls. If this individual manifests a genuine interest, suggest this work to him or her. Begin to work for the children in a personal way. Doubtless the church officers will gladly co-operate in the organization of the Missionary Volunteer work when they see the earnestness manifested, and learn that there are those who are able and willing to lead.

The church prayer meeting? Well, probably before this it is being held; for a little leaven of spirituality will leaven the whole lump. And the missionary spirit and the prayer-meeting spirit go together.

There is no better way to revive the spiritual life of a church than by prayer and personal work. Try it.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

XI — The Child Samuel

(March 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 1; 2: 1-19, 26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20: 11.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 569-572; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 39-44.

"Master, hast thou work for me?
I would gladly toil for thee;
I have neither strength nor skill,
Yet some place I long to fill;
Though my hands are small and weak,
Yet some little task I seek."

Questions

1. Where was the ark of God at the time of the events of this lesson? Joshua 18: 1. Note 1.
2. Where did Eli, the priest and judge, live? 1 Sam. 1: 9. Note 2.
3. What other priests lived at Shiloh? Verse 3, last part.
4. Among the worshipers who thronged the temple courts, what particular family is mentioned? Verses 1-3. Note 3.
5. What was the great grief of Hannah, wife of Elkanah? Verses 4-8.
6. On the occasion of one of the visits to Shiloh, to whom did Hannah take her grief? What shows that she was very much in earnest in her prayer? What vow did she make? Verses 9-11.
7. Of what did Eli take note as he sat by one of the temple pillars? What caused him to have a wrong idea concerning Hannah? How did he rebuke her? Verses 12-14.
8. What patient answer did Hannah make? Verses 15, 16.
9. What encouraging words did Eli then speak to her? What shows that she believed God would answer her prayer? Verses 17, 18.
10. To what place did Hannah and her husband then return? What name did Hannah give her son? Of what was his name a constant reminder? Verses 19, 20.
11. When it was again time to go to Shiloh, what did Hannah say? Verses 21-23.
12. When Samuel was old enough to leave his mother, where did she take him? What did she say to Eli? For how long did she give him to God? Verses 24-28.
13. Mention four things that Hannah said of the Lord in her prayer of thanksgiving. 1 Sam. 2: 1-10.
14. To what place did Elkanah and Hannah return? What did Samuel remain in Shiloh to do? Verse 11. Note 4.
15. How was Samuel dressed as he ministered before the Lord? How often did Samuel see his mother? What token of love did she bring him? Verses 18, 19. Note 5.
16. With whom did Samuel grow in favor? Verse 26.

An Important Thing to Think About

What children can do to make their home the best a home can be.

Notes

1. Shiloh is a city about ten miles north of Bethel. "During the period of the judges, for three hundred years, the tabernacle remained here."—Schaff.
 2. "Eli was priest and judge in Israel. He held the highest and most responsible positions among the people of God. As a man divinely chosen for the sacred duties of the priesthood, and set over the land as the highest judicial authority, he was looked up to as an example, and he wielded a great influence over the tribes of Israel."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 572.
 3. Elkanah was a Levite, and of one of the most honorable families originally. Schaff states that he was a descendant of Korah who was swallowed up by the earth with Dathan and Abiram. Num. 26: 9-11.
 4. "'To minister' means to serve; a minister is a servant. Samuel performed various services in the house of worship, such as lighting the lamps, opening the doors, running of errands, and other duties required for the sacrifices and worship. He was also the personal attendant and aid to the aged and dim-sighted Eli."—Peloubet.
 5. As a boy priest Samuel ministered before the Lord. The ephod "was one of the six sacred vestments which the priest was required to put on when about to conduct the worship of God (Ex. 28: 4), and was of gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine-twined linen, as worn by the high priest. But a more simple linen ephod was worn by ordinary priests."—Davis.
- "Doubtless the cloth was spun and woven by his mother, as well as the robe cut and sewed by her."—Peloubet.

A Little Prayer

WHERE'ER thou be,
On land or sea,
Or in the air,
This little prayer
I pray for thee:
God keep thee ever,
Day and night —
Face to the light —
Thine armor bright —
Thy 'scutcheon white —
That no despote —
Thine honor smite.
With infinite,
Sweet oversight,

God keep thee ever,
Heart's delight!
And guard thee whole,
Sweet body, soul,
And spirit high;
That, live or die,
Thou glorify
His Majesty;
And ever be,
Within his sight,
His true and upright,
Sweet and stainless,
Pure and sinless,
Perfect knight!

— John Ozenham.

Good News from Rangoon

THE appeal that the INSTRUCTOR made for the starving Armenians has touched responsive hearts in far-off Burma. The Rangoon Sabbath school has ordered that the General Conference pay fifty dollars a month throughout the year 1919 to the American Relief Committee for the care of Armenian and Syrian children, and charge the amount to its account. This one school by this generous offering supports ten children for one year.

The General Conference has received more than \$25,000 from our home churches for Armenian and Syrian relief. Has your school or your society done its share in this praiseworthy work? Why not tell us what you have done for the hungry children of Bible lands?

The Tu-ren of China

DR. JOSEPH BEECH, a Methodist missionary in China, having just returned to this country to participate in the Methodist centenary, tells of 4,000,000 people in the wilds of Western China, 95 per cent of whom have never heard of the great World War. They are the tu-ren, said to be the strangest people of the Orient.

The tu-ren include almost every type of mankind, "Negroes, American Indians, East Indians, Gurkhas, South Sea Islanders, European, and other races apparently from all four quarters of the globe.

"They live in a region about the size of New York State, bounded on the north by the province of Kansu, the south by Burma, Yunan, and Kuichau, the east by Szechuan, and the west by Tibet.

"Huge smokestacks in their communities gave them the appearance of thriving industrial cities. When we arrived, we found they were employed solely for the purpose of drying and curing vegetables, meat, and fish, which were suspended, tier upon tier, the entire height of the chimney.

"The architecture of the country is distinctively foreign to China, resembling in many respects the feudal castles of Normandy. In other respects it is not unlike the structures of Babylonia and Palestine. Grain, for instance, after being harvested, is threshed upon the roofs of the houses, just as in the Holy Land. The houses themselves are nothing more than boxes, with perhaps one window from which the odors and smoke of cooking escape.

"All the natives are farmers or herdsmen. The latter raise huge numbers of goats, hundreds of thousands of which can be seen on the mountain sides. Recently, or since the Chinese have equipped their army with modern rifles, the Chinese have opened up trading with the tu-ren, and now vast quantities of raw wool and hides are being exchanged. The Chinese,

too, are utilizing some of the valleys to raise opium, but this is done without the approval of the Peking government."

Paying What One Owes

ONE of our well-known magazines tells of a business man who says that he has loaned women about \$15,000 in amounts ranging from \$300 to \$1,200, and that not one of them has ever paid the amount borrowed. He cited also an instance of a debt of \$1,745 that a friend on leaving for a foreign shore contracted of him. The man left a sealed note, directed to his wife, to be opened only in case of his death. In this note he told her of owing this friend \$1,745, expecting of course that she would meet the debt out of his life insurance, as the borrowed money enabled him to get the insurance policy. He died, but the wife announced that she could not be held legally for the amount, so refused to pay it, though she received the \$10,000 insurance money.

The business man who has had this unfavorable experience courteously speaks of these women as "good Christian women," but says they are dishonest.

He is mistaken. They may be society church members; but they cannot be good Christians. If they were, they would meet their financial obligations. The respectable woman must meet her debts if she would have the respect of others. The Christian woman will pay her debts if it is a possibility.

Christianity does not permit a man or woman, boy or girl, to be dishonest. If a Christian owes but a nickel, it will be paid. If he owes much more, he will pay it, or die in the attempt. The Christian's motto is, "Owe no man anything," and the real Christian, man or woman, boy or girl, lives up to this motto.

F. D. C.

What Came from One Egg

A PEDDLER threw a dead turkey over a fence. A boy found it, dissected it, and secured from it an egg. From the egg he raised a turkey gobbler, which he sold for five dollars.

With this money he bought a pig. With the \$50 received from the pig and her offspring, he bought two heifers. These finally brought him \$200, which he invested in two one-year-old colts.

When the lad was twenty years old, he was the proud possessor of two good mares, and \$1,000 in gold which he had realized from the sale of their colts. This \$1,000 may come in handy in helping to meet his expenses at the State university where he is studying agriculture and animal husbandry.

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