

The **INSTRUCTOR**

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No. 30



"Watch therefore: for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh." Matt. 24:42, A. R. V.

From Here and There

On Saturday, June 28, the German delegates signed the peace treaty. They regard the terms as very severe.

The President and Mrs. Wilson, homeward bound from France, arrived in Washington, D. C., July 8. They were accorded an enthusiastic reception.

The western provinces of Italy, Florence, Arezzo, and Siena, suffered quite a severe earthquake on June 29. Scores of persons were killed, thousands maimed, and more than a million made homeless.

A company has been formed, the American Foreign Trade Corporation, with a capital of \$20,000,000, to trade with the Near East. The company is modeled on the lines of the pioneer Hudson Bay Company.

Lieut. Omer Locklear performs the interesting feat of leaping from one flying airplane to another, and also of climbing from one machine in flight into another by means of a rope ladder thrown from the machine above him.

At the recent graduation exercises of students from one of the public schools, the girls were all dressed in white,—plain middie blouses and skirts, with canvas shoes. Did your class of graduates preserve an equal simplicity?

The Japanese government has made ample apologies for the violence of Japanese against American soldiers of the Fifteenth Infantry at Tientsin, China, on March 12 of the present year. This formal apology with expressions of regret closes the incident.

Admiral von Reuter, of the German navy, ordered the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow. These vessels had been turned over to the Allies, though they were still manned by German officers and men, awaiting the signing of the peace treaty. This act, coming as it did on the eve of the signing of the treaty, seems to the Allies especially reprehensible, and full indemnity is to be demanded.

Public outdoor exercises can now be made much more acceptable to the multitude who cannot get near the speaker, by means of wireless telephony. What a pleasure it was to the 10,000 people on Victory Way, in New York City, to hear distinctly the five-minute speeches made in the Liberty Loan drive, and also to hear the speech of a man flying at the altitude of a thousand feet above them! This remarkable feat was made possible by the use of large megaphonic receivers suspended at intervals along the way.

The bodies of twenty-six thousand American boys who lost their lives on the Argonne-Meuse battlefield are being gathered from scattered graves and buried in the great American cemetery at Romagne. A careful record is being kept of each interment, so that in case the bodies are eventually brought back to the United States, each may be sent home to a final resting place. When it is remembered that these bodies are scattered over a battlefield thirty miles long and sixteen miles wide, some idea may be gained of the time and labor involved.

High Cost of Living During the Civil War

At one time during the Civil War, owing to the blockade of the Confederate States, the prices of imported goods were fabulous. Mr. Barnes in his history gives the following account of the high cost of living at that time:

"Flour brought, in Confederate currency, \$40 per barrel; calico, \$30 per yard; coffee, \$50 per pound; French gloves, \$150 per pair; and black pepper, \$300 per pound. Dried sage, raspberry, and other leaves were substituted for the costly tea. Woolen clothing was scarce, and the army depended largely on the captures of the ample Federal stores. Pins were so rare that they were picked up with avidity in the streets. Paper was so expensive that matches could no longer be put in boxes. Sugar, butter, and white bread became luxuries even for the wealthy. Salt being a necessity, was economized to the last degree, old pork and fish barrels being soaked and the water evaporated so that not a grain of salt might be wasted. Women wore garments that were made of cloth carded, woven, spun, and dyed by their own hands. Large thorns were fitted with wax heads and made to serve as hairpins. Shoes were manufactured with wooden soles, to which the uppers were attached by means of small tacks. As a substitute for the expensive gas, the 'Confederate candle' was used. This consisted of a long wick coated with wax and resin, and wound on a little wooden frame, at the top of which was nailed a bit of tin. The end of the wick being passed through a hole in the tin, was lighted and uncoiled as needed."

New Trouble for Policemen

An aviator in flight from Sheepshead Bay, New York, to Albany, developed motor trouble, and was compelled to land. Seeing a wide expanse of ground, he came to earth in what proved to be Van Cortlandt Park, New York City. He was apprehended at once by a policeman, and ordered to appear in court for landing in a park without having from the city authorities a permit to do so.

Having shown the court the broken exhaust rod as evidence that landing was compulsory, and having assured it that he had not observed the signs, "Keep off the grass," the magistrate said that under these circumstances sentence would be suspended.

Refusing to pay carpenters their demand of one dollar an hour, the United States Government has announced that work on the army supply base at South Boston, Massachusetts, will be finished by non-union labor. Hitherto the Government has acceded to almost every demand of the men.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Works of God

ROGER ALTMAN

FROM the workshop of the centuries has issued the embodiment of the dreams of man. His character has been hammered into the tools he has made, and it is revealed in what he has fashioned with his tools and his fingers. It is breathed from the faces of the great stone portraits of Egyptian kings. It is blended with the delicate pottery and curiously wrought golden vessels of the Cretans. It speaks from the marble lips of Grecian sculpture. It is caught among the massive masonry in the great wall of China, and trembles from the bells of St. Peter's. It sleeps upon the shoulders of Gatun Dam, and roars from the vitals of the aeroplane.

From the works of man we draw many lessons. We see the ravages of time, are impressed with the pettiness of a multitude of things we wear our lives out for and wrangle over. We feel the futility of greed and selfishness, the power of influence, and the eternity of character.

God's Ideal Home for Man

Besides the works of man, the works of God are before us. He surrounds us with trees and flowers, and by means of these living examples of his workmanship, teaches us lessons that we need to learn. His character is written upon every leaf and bud, and if we will open our eyes, we shall see. When the Creator conceived the plan of forming the heavens and the earth, and of making man in his own image, he considered the influences to be thrown about him. In counsel with his Son, the Father carefully planned the surroundings for the being he was to form; the sights he should see, the sounds he should hear, the employment of his hands, and the medium through which the truths of heaven should be always present to the dwellers on the earth. When the plan was completed, when the divine Architects came down to fulfil their design, they covered the earth with grass and flowers and trees and living things, and then picked out the spot of greatest charm for the home of man. There the Lord God planted a garden. He lavished the wealth of his infinite artistry upon Eden, and brought the man to live among never-fading flowers, to bathe in living streams, and to recline upon velvet grass and gaze up among the perfect foliage of noble trees. It was here that Eve was created, and together they trained the thornless roses into bowers of delight. Surrounded by these matchless specimens of God's handiwork, living in this atmosphere of heavenly harmony and peace, the lessons of God's character and his plans for us were imparted. The Creator could have reared an immense university, filled it with books and apparatus, and appointed a faculty of angels of peerless intellect; but instead, he planted flowers and trees and said to Adam and Eve, "Take care of these. Watch them grow and unfold, and as you work among them, learn of me." Before Moses came down from the mount with the tables of stone in his hand, before the statutes of the Almighty were made known to Abraham, before Enoch walked home with God, the

Lord planted a garden in Eden, and gave it to the man whom he had formed.

Lessons from the Flowers

Consider the flowers. They are scattered profusely over the earth. They grow in the poor widow's tiny garden and in the fine grounds of the wealthy. The quality of the peasant's roses is quite as high as that of the magnate's, the fragrance quite as charming, and the thorns quite as few. The coloring of every violet is perfect, whether it hides behind a boulder in the silence of the woods, or smiles from the silver bowl in the chamber of a king. And the apple blossoms weight the air with sweetness, pouring their treasure forth unstintedly and continually until it is spent and their petals fall silently into decay.

The One who caused the earth to bring forth and bud, longs to plant the graces of the flowers in every believer's heart. He would have us develop constancy, serenity, loveliness, a longing to serve, and a willingness to sacrifice. The heavenly Landscape Gardener covered the earth with flowers so we might look and learn and live.

Excommunicated for Heresy

I HAD been a member of one of the leading Protestant churches about two years when representatives of a new denomination came to town, and pitched a large white tent on a conspicuous corner lot. They advertised a series of lectures on the "Great Prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation." I had long wanted to know something about those books, and supposed that our pastor would be glad to investigate also, as I considered him a liberal and fair-minded man.

A few hours before the time of the first meeting, I made my way to the parsonage with the announcement in my hand. When the pastor opened the door, I saw a distressed look upon his face and he seemed excited. After being invited in, I observed an announcement of the lectures on the study table. Before I had time to introduce my business, he said to me, "There is a bunch of religious fanatics starting meetings here, and the thing for our people to do is to steer clear of them."

I was surprised at the attitude our pastor took toward the newcomers, but thought perhaps he had experienced some difficulty with the tent preachers in days gone by.

"Brother Blank," I finally replied, "I hear they prove all things by the Word and lay special emphasis upon the prophecies."

"Well," said the pastor, "so far as the prophecies are concerned, the books of Daniel and the Revelation were sealed, and to this hour, they have never been opened. And besides this, the Adventists are a dangerous people to have in the community, as they sometimes break up whole churches. You will also find that nearly every one of them you meet is a preacher. I have sent for some literature which will expose their

narrow views, and I shall want you to help me circulate it throughout the town and country around."

When leaving, I told the pastor that I should be glad to help him in the work indicated. On my way home I made up my mind to investigate before entering into the campaign with my pastor in exposing this people. The only thing for me to do was to find out for myself just how dangerous the tent dwellers really were.

Not desiring to be recognized at their meeting, I disguised myself as much as possible by turning up my coat collar, though it was a warm summer night, and slipped into the back of the tent. I heard them sing something about "Give me the Bible," and I heard them pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit to be with them while the blessed Word was studied. Then followed such a sermon as I had never before heard. It was an illustrated lecture on the great image of Daniel, the second chapter. I knew from my study of high school history that every word of it was truth, but I did not before know that such things were in the Bible. When the speaker had finished his address, he kindly invited us to come back the following evening. I made up my mind that I would be there, but not on the rear seat with my coat collar rolled up.

I attended every meeting. During the weeks that followed, I met much opposition. I was given anti-Adventist literature and was often told the folly of being blown about by every wind of doctrine. As I was about to take hold of the Sabbath truth, I visited my pastor. Producing a blank sheet of paper, I told the pastor I desired him to give me a list of all the Bible texts for Sunday keeping. During the interview, I said little except to remark several times that I was still waiting for the texts. Many hard things were spoken to me concerning the people whose faith I was embracing. At length the preacher said, "The Adventists are an ignorant people. They have little or no schooling."

"I do not know so much about that," I ventured, "but I do know concerning One of whom it was said, 'How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?'"

Near the close of our visit, I could not refrain from presenting the minister with the blank sheet of paper upon which the first-day proof texts were to have been written, and asking him if he was proud of the record. I also remarked that the blank sheet of paper constituted another reason for my taking a stand for the commandments of God.

As I was leaving, the preacher said that in three weeks there would be a church business meeting, at which such cases as mine would be handled. He also told me that I might write a letter to the church, stating my position and giving the reasons for the stand which I had taken.

This afforded me the opportunity of giving reasons for my new-found faith. In the letter I told the church members that I had studied in the midst of opposition, and that I had read Canright's attack upon the people who believe in the near advent of our blessed Saviour. Other so-called "hard nuts for Seventh Dayists" were mentioned, and the fact that every objection to the truth, either written or spoken, only impressed the more upon my mind the absence of a "Thus saith the Lord" when it came to the vital point. To give foundation for my action I submitted about fifty scriptures on the Sabbath question, with the remark that the Jews had crucified our Saviour, and that the Protestant world had crucified the law

of God by claiming that the whole or part of it is not binding on Christians today. In closing, I thanked those of my former belief for the help which they had been to me, and said that it was for conscience' sake that I had taken this stand.

Four weeks after I had complied with the pastor's request by writing a letter, a notice from the church clerk was mailed to me, stating that I had been excommunicated for heresy.

"But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets." W. A. JOHNSON.

A Letter from Peru

PUNO, PERU, Jan. 21, 1919.

TO MY FRIENDS, THE JUNIOR VOLUNTEERS OF WEST MICHIGAN:

I have just learned that you are going to save and earn money to send to far-away Peru that I may continue my work here for these many Indians. I am glad that you are going to do this, for every day I see thousands of Indians who have not as yet heard that Jesus is soon coming. Although you are so far away, I am going to write to you about our Indians here, so you will learn to love them and be glad that you can send your money that they may learn of Jesus.

How should you like to be a little Indian? Now just suppose you were! Suppose you had been born here instead of in Michigan, and your father and mother had been Indians. I can almost hear you say, "I don't want to be an Indian." "I am glad my father and mother are not Indians." Well, if you are so very glad that you were born in Michigan and not in Peru, then I am sure that as soon as you hear about how you would have to live if you were an Indian, you will be glad to send your money to help these little Indians.

But let me suppose you are a little Indian. Your father and mother love you; still they are so very poor they cannot care for you as the white people care for their children. As soon as you are born they put on you a kind of shirt, and then take a long cloth about four inches wide and wrap it round and round you, from head to foot, so tight that you cannot move your hands or your feet. You do not even get a bath, unless the missionary comes to care for your mother. The missionaries make a great deal of difference in the lives of the little Indians. I am sure that you will want all the boys and girls to know these good people.

When you are only a few weeks old, because your mother has to work just like a man, she puts you in a small blanket and swings you upon her back, and goes out to hoe the potatoes. There you are snugly tucked away while she works all day. If you cry,—but most Indian babies do not cry very much,—your mother swings your blanket cradle a little with her elbow, or perhaps swings her whole body a little, and keeps right on working.

As you grow a little older your mother lets you put your head out of the blanket, and you can even stand up and put your arms about your mother's neck. Sometimes your mother takes you on long journeys. She walks and you ride upon her back. When your mother goes to town to sell cheese and eggs, she stows you away on her back very early in the morning, and you may not wake up until you are nearly to town. However, you enjoy your return trip in the afternoon.

Such a queer father you have! I suppose he loves you, but he never carries you on his back. Even though your mother is very, very tired, he does not help her. He also expects your mother to work with him in the field every day.

For a long time boys and girls dress almost alike. If you are a boy, your dress is very straight. It looks like a nightgown, only it is opened all the way down the front. You lap it together and wrap a cloth girdle about your waist. You never wear shoes or stockings. You do not even have a coat. If you are cold, you have a poncho. This you use for a cover at night.

If you are a little girl, your mother blouses your waist a little, and gathers your skirt. When you are a little older, you will wear a regular skirt. At first the only difference between your dress and your brother's is that on the back of your cap your mother sews some little braids of wool that look just like braids of hair. Of course boys wouldn't wear such things.

Almost your first work is to tend the sheep,—just as David did when he was a boy. You with your little brothers and sisters take the sheep out to pasture in the morning, and stay until night. Your mother ties about your neck a little woolen sack, which contains your dinner. I suppose you think there are some nice sandwiches. No! no! There is nothing but toasted barley grain. But you like it and eat it just as you would pop corn, although of course there is no butter on it. All day long you have to keep the sheep out of the barley and potatoes and watch that they do not run away. There are no fences, the people never saw any fences except those built of stones or mud. The sun is very hot, too, and there are no trees, so you can't get in the shade. You may have to take your sheep up on the mountains, very high mountains too, so high that your mother can hardly see you from the house because you are so small.

You carry a sling also, as did David. You do not have to keep the bears away as he did, for there are no bears; but you use this sling to make the sheep mind. If they start to run, you cannot keep up; so you pick up a stone and throw it away over their heads. It strikes in front of them, and they stop and turn away. Sometimes you swing the stone round and round your head, and the noise makes the sheep think you are going to hit them, so they go where you want them to go.

As soon as you are about ten or twelve years old, you have to help your father in the field. He lets you lead the oxen as he plows. Then you may drop the potatoes and he covers them with the plow. As soon as they grow, you have to help him hoe them. He has no cultivator, so all the work must be done with the hoe. Your back will get very, very tired, for the hoe has such a short handle that you have to lean way over all the time. You use your hands to hill up the potatoes. If you are a little girl, you may even have to carry the baby on your back while you hoe.

I think you will enjoy going to town. Your father cannot hitch up his horses and let you climb into the wagon, for he has no horses. Only the people with plenty of money have horses. You never saw a wagon in your life. Who could use a wagon on such roads? No, you help your father put the grain in sacks and he puts a sack on the back of a burro or llama. The burros are so small that they can carry only about a bushel of barley. However, if he is a big fellow, he will carry two bushels. The llamas never carry more

than a bushel. And away you go. Of course you walk. Your father may let you drive the burros, or he may send you ahead so that they cannot run away.

Sometimes the little Indian boy gets on the burro's back and goes galloping away across the fields. He does not have any saddle or bridle. He reaches out and slaps the burro on the side of the head when he wants him to turn. Usually the burro will stop running when the boy stops kicking him with his heels, for he is a slow, quiet fellow and wants to stop and eat. Once in a while, if the boy hits him very hard, he will stop suddenly, and away the rider goes over his head. I suppose you think this would be great fun. However, if you are the little Indian, you have little time to play, as you have to help your father. If you do not work, then you will not have anything to eat.

Your father or your mother makes all your clothes, and of course you have to help by spinning the wool. When you are very young you are taught to spin. You do not have spinning wheels as our grandmothers had, but just a little wooden thing that looks like a top, only it has a long stick through the middle with which you spin it. You spin this round and round, and at the same time draw out the wool into yarn and wind it on this top. While you are tending the sheep you have to spin, and even on your way to town you spin as you walk along. So do your father and mother. After you have a large ball of yarn, your father or mother weaves it into cloth and makes your clothes. Even the clothes worn by your father and mother are made in the same way. When you have to make your own clothes, you are careful of them and they last a long time.

Do you think you are old enough to go to school? You must remember that if you do not live where there are missionaries, you will not go to school. Little Indian children, and especially the girls, are not worth sending to school, so most of the people say. The missionary, however, is not like most of the other people, and he wants the children to come to school that they may learn of Jesus. You will love the missionary very much, for all the time he is trying to help you. If your father and mother love the missionary also, they will send you to school. Some fathers and mothers think that the missionaries are devils, and will not let their children go to school, so they never learn to read or write.

Going to school is funny. In school the teacher and pupils talk a different language from that spoken by the parents. You cannot even understand what the teacher says unless some Indian repeats it in the language your father and mother have always used. How should you like to go to such a school? You have to learn to write and to talk this new language because all the books in the country are written in it.

Now I am sure you are thankful to God that you were born in the United States and that your parents are not Indians. Still, Jesus loves these Indian boys and girls as he loves you, and he has given to you all the nice things that you have just to see if you love him enough to help the other little children that do not have these nice things, and who do not know about him and that he is soon coming again. Your way to help them is to send the missionary to teach them.

In my next letter I will write you about the house you would live in if you were an Indian. I will also tell you how you would live and what you would eat.

Sincerely your missionary to the Indians,

REID SHEPARD.

The Eighth Sense—Responsibility

WHEN I was a boy living on a farm, my father had an expression that he dinned into my ears, dinned it so often that I became weary of it, and yet so continually that I have never forgotten it. It was, "Have a sense of responsibility!" He usually presented it, however, in the negative form. When I failed to shut the gate and the cows got out; or failed to tie them at night, and they got to the feed bin, and then I let them out to drink all the water they wanted; and when I failed in many similar ways I heard again and again, "You have no sense of responsibility."

Now I have learned, as I have grown older, that this sense of responsibility is of utmost value to a successful life. We have certain physical senses upon which our knowledge of the world and its happenings largely depends. I may enumerate those which I learned when I studied physiology: the senses of sight, hearing, feeling, taste, smell, temperature, and weight—seven; and I have enjoyed thinking of this sense of responsibility as the eighth sense. While it is not a physical sense, yet it governs and controls and makes of use the physical senses of being, and the physical senses are capable of greater education.

Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indian can smell smoke thirty miles away. An experienced piano player hears sounds that the ordinary ear does not detect. I was standing on the deck of a ship coming from Cuba to New York, and an old seaman began to talk about a four-masted ship on the horizon. I could see no four-masted ship, because my eyes were not trained to long distances. The tea taster can give accurate information regarding the cultivation and care of the teas which he tastes. Every sense of our being is capable of great education and development, no less so this "eighth sense." But it must be educated the same as the physical senses, through efforts often severe and trying.

I regard this "eighth sense" as of more value than any physical sense we have; indeed, of more value than any two physical senses we may name. If an illustration can prove anything, I think I can prove to you the truth of my estimation of this value.

Helen Keller was deaf, blind, and dumb when barely two years old. Her parents had a sense of responsibility with reference to her education and training. They employed a teacher, Miss Sullivan, who had this sense of responsibility, and today Helen Keller is one of the best-educated young women in the world, having finished the college course and being subjected to the same regulations of examination that all the other students were. It is said she is able to appreciate distinctly, music through physical feeling, to detect color through feeling. She lectures, she has written books, she is highly educated, all because of the force of this sense of responsibility. It has enabled her to overcome the seemingly insurmountable obstacles of blindness and deafness.

Now if this sense of responsibility can drive a blind

and deaf and dumb person to such a height of intellectual attainment and ability, what will it not do for the young man or woman who has sight and hearing and all the faculties of his being? Oh, the shame of it that so many who have healthy bodies, who have reasonably good minds, will because of their indifference and neglect of this sense of responsibility, drift along in a mediocre fashion!

I want to give you an illustration of what this sense of responsibility will do for an individual. I have several times visited a normal school located about ten miles from our training school for colored workers at Huntsville, Alabama. The first time I visited this school we were met at the front of the large main building by the principal of the school, Dr. Council. It was a very warm day, and after he had conducted us into his office and we had exchanged opinions with reference to the heat, he broke a moment of silence by the exclamation, "Gentlemen, behold a miracle!" I looked about the elegant office in which we were sitting. I thought of the large building

erected by Carnegie as a library. I thought of the fifty or sixty other buildings on the ground. I thought of the faculty of one hundred twenty-five members. I thought of the student body of seven or eight hundred. As I thought upon these matters, Dr. Council evidently recognized that I was not thinking of what he was thinking, and he struck himself upon the chest and said, "Gentleman, I am the miracle." Then I thought he was egotistical. But he said, "I was sold as a chattel, as cattle are sold at auction, down in Huntsville on the courthouse steps. My mother was sold at the same



PROF. FREDERICK GRIGGS

time, and we went to different parts of the country. Sold! sold as a creature, not as a human being. I was a slave.

"When the slaves were emancipated, I was seventeen years old. The day after we knew we were free, my cousin and I were playing in the sand and he said, 'I know figures.' 'Figures,' I said, 'what are they?' Then he drew a figure one, and below it another figure one, and underneath them he drew a horizontal line, and then the figure two, and said, 'That is addition, that is arithmetic.' Gentlemen, the next day I began to teach school, and I have taught from that day to this. Now, gentlemen, I consider it a miracle that a human being sold as a slave, as cattle are sold at auction, a slave until seventeen years old and then not knowing anything about so simple a thing as figures, should, from that day until now, have gained an education and have been awarded degrees of scholarship and honor, and have built an institution of learning of the size of this, which has sent out scholars, men and women of usefulness. I consider it a miracle, and I think I am the miracle." And I said to myself, "He is not egotistical, he speaks God's great truth."

And my dear friends, the thing that made it possible for this slave boy to become the head of so great an educational institution as this, is this sense of responsibility—this "eighth sense," as I please to call

it. It was this that *drove him to, and held him to,* his task. It is this sense of responsibility that makes us enter joyfully into the work we accept, and it is this sense of responsibility that lifts us to the supreme point of life and living in the spiritual world, as well as in the moral and the temporal world. Develop the "eighth sense."—*Frederick Griggs.*

"When the Water Is Set on Fire"

AN impossibility you say? Naturally so. Yet apparent impossibilities have become realities. Who dared to say a few years ago that mail routes would be established by way of the clouds?

And a time will come when water shall burn. The prophet Isaiah saw rivers on fire, and if the waters of the rivers burn, why might not the gulfs and oceans to which they are tributary also catch fire? He saw the day of God and wrote: "For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion. And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched." Isa. 34:8-10.

Another writer who in vision saw the destruction of the whole earth at the close of the thousand years of its desolation, wrote this: "'The indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies: he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter.' 'Upon the wicked he shall rain quick-burning coals, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.' Fire comes down from God out of heaven. The earth is broken up. The weapons concealed in its depths are drawn forth. Devouring flames burst from every yawning chasm. The very rocks are on fire. The day has come that shall burn as an oven. The elements melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein are burned up. The earth's surface seems one molten mass — a vast, seething lake of fire."—*The Great Controversy,* pp. 672, 673.

By this last expression one would gather that the very seas were on fire, for about three fourths of the earth's surface is composed of water.

Scientists tell us if one element of water were removed, water would be turned into a combustible element. And could not God remove or change by his power that one element? It may even be demonstrated by man prior to the great day of God above described.

Under the title of this article there appeared in the *Washington Herald*, editorially, the following, in its issue of Feb. 17, 1919:

"Whitecaps dance on choppy waves.
Breakers roll a line of foam far up on a pebbly beach.
Step back there! You'll get your feet sopping wet!
Boats tack about far out on the expanse; bathers splash about inshore.
Interesting scenery?
Plenty of water?
See anything more?
Nothing but the home of the fish?
Blind!
Out there is one of the greatest untamed forces in nature. Its potentialities and possibilities are limitless. There are billions in ungathered treasure in those wild, free waves.
These are no new truths. Man has dimly realized them for ages.
Man has tried to harness the tide to run his mills and warm his houses.
Man has analyzed water. It is "H₂O."
What's that?
Two parts hydrogen, one part oxygen.

Hydrogen —
A powerful, inflammable, dangerous, explosive gas!
Gas that will burn!
Tamed, it would run every engine, light every street, warm every home, and cook every meal in the world!
What would that mean?
No more light and fuel problems or costs!
Richer world!
Where's the tamer?
Not yet here.
Is he coming?
There are no more impossibilities.
The thing that couldn't be done is done in these days.
Watch for the man who will "set the river afire!"
Open your eyes!
Imagine things!
It's good for the bone-bound brain!"

Whether or not this commercial harnessing of the dormant powers in the seas comes to pass, the truth still remains that God is able to so change that common commodity known as water, that it may be used in the final destruction of sin and sinners by fire, even as it was used in its natural state back in Noah's day for the cleansing of a sin-cursed earth.

T. E. BOWEN.

Read the "Instructor" for Sixty-six Years

LONG years ago I became acquainted with the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I read No. 7, Volume I, published in Rochester, New York, Jan. 1, 1853, and I have been a reader of it ever since — sixty-six years. Ten years later I became a regular subscriber, and it is the first paper for which I ever subscribed. My children always had it to read, and I want to say that this paper is an important factor in character building. I wonder how many of our workers received through the reading of this paper their first inspiration to enter the harvest field.

I have lived to see this work grow from a small beginning into a mighty movement. I have seen brilliant men go out from this people, expecting to bring the work to naught, but it is God's work, and it is going on to final victory. The victory is near. Who is going to share in the reward? "He that overcometh." Dear reader, you and I must be among that number. God grant that it may be so.

A. B. CASTLE.

When the Idol Breaks

WHEN Mahmud, the great Mohammedan conqueror of India, had taken one of the cities of Gujarat, he proceeded, as was his custom, to destroy the idols. There was one in the principal temple, fifteen feet in height, an ugly thing which the priests and devotees besought him to spare. "Break the others," they entreated, "but leave us this one. See, it has no beauty." But he was deaf to their entreaties, and seizing a mallet he struck it one blow, when to his amazement there rained down at his feet a shower of gems and pearls — treasures of fabulous value that the crafty priests had hidden within it! Self is an ugly idol, and many of us plead for it to be spared us, but it holds the hidden treasures of our life which ought to be laid at the feet of the conquering Saviour. — *John MacNeil.*

HE that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.—*Franklin.*

"Before Governors and Kings"

A CIRCASSIAN nobleman in Constantinople during Sultan Hamid's time was banished by that ruler to Amasia, since it was feared that the nobleman who had studied in French universities was tainted with the revolutionary ideas of the "Young Turks." He was made governor, or vali, of Amasia, and later governor of Van.

Sir Ahmed was an autocratic ruler, and while foreigners heretofore had been shown great consideration, he brought to light an old Mohammedan ruling that permitted a foreigner to live undisturbed in the country for one year; but at the end of this time he must embrace the Mohammedan religion, leave the country, or become a slave and pay tribute. Dr. Clarence D. Ussher was a medical missionary in that province at the time Sir Ahmed made the tyrannical announcement, that in accordance with this law, he would deport the American doctor and close the foreign hospital and schools. He would, however, first give the doctor and his associates a chance to acknowledge allegiance to the Mohammedan faith.

It was at the time of year when the Moslems fast for one month from sunrise to sunset. On the fifteenth day of this month "infidels," all non-Mohammedans, are invited to a great feast, and given opportunity to confess their conversion to the Islam faith.

Dr. Ussher gives the following account of such a banquet and its results:

"Sir Ahmed sat at the head of a long table, Dr. Reynolds was at his right, and next to him a Chaldean Catholic bishop. The writer was at the vali's left, and around the table were Catholic priests and Turkish officers.

"After we had feasted on a delicious thirteen-course dinner, a sweet and a meat served alternately, each dish a separate course, the vali opened the religious conversation by addressing the black-and-crimson-robed bishop:

"My Lord Bishop, will you kindly tell me what you think I must do to enter paradise?"

"Your Excellency," replied the bishop, "if you will permit me, I believe that God, for Jesus Christ's sake, pardons my sins and will receive me into paradise."

"No, sir," said Sir Ahmed; "I cannot accept that, for I believe God to be absolutely just and righteous, and one who is absolutely just cannot show favoritism. I am vali here, and my power is practically absolute; you might have a friend in prison for debt to the government [Turkish law imprisons a debtor until his debt be paid]; you might come to me and say, 'My friend is in prison for debt which he can never pay; I beg you for my sake to pardon and release him.' I am a man; I might not want to hurt your feelings or deny you anything as my friend; I might pardon him; but if I did so, I should be wronging the whole people. If God can do that kind of thing, he is no more righteous than I am; I cannot believe that of him."

"I thought Sir Ahmed's answer a good one and was interested to see how the bishop would reply. But he said not a word more, and I began to realize that this was one of the most critical moments of my life. Here was my religion on trial before Islam; the vali had asked a perfectly fair question, the most important question any man could ask, practically, 'What must I do to be saved?' and it was up to Christianity to give him a satisfactory reply. If it could not, it was

not worth while as a religion. What could the bishop have said?

"I had got so far in my thought when Sir Ahmed, speaking loudly, as if to the far end of the table, but with his eyes turned slightly toward me, said, 'Dr. Ussher, what do you say?' I did not know what to say, but I remembered the promise of Christ himself, 'Before governors and kings shall ye be brought for my sake, . . . but when they deliver you up, be not anxious how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak;' and I prayed with all my heart, 'O God, give me an answer.' Without a moment's hesitation I replied, and the answer came so distinctly as an answer to the prayer and was so far beyond what I alone was capable of saying that I feel it a duty to put it on record:

"Your Excellency, if you will permit me, I will use your own illustration; I will make a little change in it. I will call you the king; you have a son who is a friend of mine and loves me; I am in prison for a debt to the government on which I cannot pay one in a thousand. Your son comes to you and says, 'Father, my friend is in prison for debt; can you not pardon and release him?' You reply, 'My son, I too love him and do not want him to be in prison; but I cannot pardon him, for if I did I should be wronging the whole people. I must treat all alike.' 'Well, father, will you let me pay his debt and he go free?' 'Yes, my son, if he will accept it, I will not only let you pay the debt, but I will participate with you.'

"The son, without waiting to ask whether I accept or not, goes at once to the proper office, pays the debt, and it is marked on the books that my debt is paid. He receives a receipt upon which is the government seal stating that my debt is paid, and now I am free. But I do not know it. Then he comes to the prison with the receipt and says, 'Rise, brother, you are free; your debt is paid, I have paid it.'

"I may take one of three courses. I may draw myself up haughtily and say, 'No, I will not accept it, I will not be under obligation to any one!' forgetting that, being in debt, I am already under obligation, and this would be but a shifting of the obligation. Should I do this, I would unnecessarily wound one who for love of me has already made a great sacrifice which cannot be taken back. It is on record that my debt *is*, not that it *will be*, paid; to refuse would be unworthy of me.

"But I might sit moping, with my head in my hands, and say, 'I wish it were so! But I cannot believe it.' 'But I tell you it is so; see, here is the receipt. Get out of the prison and test it,' he might say. 'No, I dare not; the police might find me and take me back to greater shame!'

"Should he force me from the prison, how would I behave? Not believing in my heart that I was free, I would look sharply this way and that in the street, lest a policeman might see me; should I escape to my house, I would not dare to go near the door nor the window lest some one see my shadow and betray me to the police, and imprisonment in my house would be worse than imprisonment in the prison. Without faith, or belief, in the heart there is no liberty. This, too, would be ungrateful.

"The third thing I might do and ought to do, when he tells me he has paid my debt and I am free, is to fall at his feet and say, 'I thank you. I have

nothing to give in return,"—since my pennies to his pounds would be an insult,—“but I shall endeavor by my life to show my thanks.”

“Then I would go out of prison, as they did on Liberty Day when Abdul Hamid was deposed and all the prisons were thrown open; every man was free; men who were sentenced to be hanged, those who were imprisoned for life, or were confined, hopeless, for debt, rushed into the street shouting, “Azad! Azad!” (Free! Free!) It would be joy to me to tell every one that I was free and who set me free.

“But this is not all: Instead of letting me return to my hovel where there is nothing but poverty, he takes me to his beautiful home. There he gives me the *hamam* [Turkish bath], the most thorough cleansing known. My prison clothes with all their filth are thrown into the fire, and that is the end of my past life. Then he brings me his own beautiful garments of colored broadcloth and silk, and, clothed as a prince, he brings me to you, O king, and says, “Father, this is my brother!” and you say, “Come, my son, from this day you are my son. You shall take my name upon you: I will intrust it to you and you will honor it. In my name you shall go in and out; all that I have is yours; you shall share it with your elder brother.”

“This,” I said, “is as I understand Christianity. God is the King. Jesus Christ, his Son, paid my debt and yours, too,—yours just as much as mine. I believe it and know I am free; if *you* will believe it, it will mean as much to you as it does to me.

“Now,” I said, “what will be my attitude toward the Prince? I see him coming down one of the narrow streets on horseback; some one has dumped a load of firewood in the street, filling it up; he cannot pass, what shall I do? Wait until he comes, and say, “What will you give me to remove this obstruction from your way?” Or will I not, as soon as I see him coming, set to work with all my might to remove the obstruction, and then, when he passes, step aside and salute him with joy, glad that I have been able to do something to show my gratitude for what he has done for me? If he should offer to pay me, I would say, “No, I did not do it for pay. I rejoice that I can do something to show my appreciation of what you have already done for me.”

“So!” said the vali, knitting his brow; “and do you mean to tell me that the hospital and schools you have here are to show your gratitude to God for something he has already done for you, and not for the purpose of winning some new favor from God?”

“Yes, sir, exactly.”

“Well, I had not thought of it so before.” . . .

“There were no more threats of deportation, and before a great while the Turks of Van made complaint to Constantinople that the vali was too friendly with the Christians. He was removed from his position, but being a man of great power and ability, he rose again and became vali of the most important province in Turkey. When the order was given from Constantinople to deport and destroy the Armenians, he refused absolutely to obey. He gave up a very large salary and allowed himself and his family to be banished and their lives endangered. The last I heard of him he was living on a farm in the interior of Turkey near Tokat, where Henry Martin died. I have wondered sometimes how many of us who profess to be Christians would have measured up to the standard of that man who had never made any profession of faith in Christ. If we believe that Jesus the Christ

paid our debt on Calvary, not that he is going to pay it on the judgment day or at some future time, does it not behoove us to ask ourselves, Are we showing our thanks by our lives? and, How are we going to show our thanks?”

The Greatest Need

THE doors of opportunity
Stand open wide today;
They lure the youth to enter—
Not one is turned away.
By courage, brain, and vigor,
Each may the heights attain
In fame and worldly wisdom,
Position, wealth, or gain.

But far outweighing all of these,
One motive should inspire,—
One all-absorbing purpose rule,
An ever-burning fire,—
This motive love, its object souls
For whom Christ bore the cross;
His passion was for sinful men
He died to save from loss.

The world today is dying,
But not for power or gold;
The longing soul these cannot save,
Deep love must them infold.
Hearts yearn for love, the human touch,
And human sympathy,
The message of a Saviour's death
From sin to set them free.

O youth of Christ, to you the call
Is sounding loud and clear:
Arise and shine for Jesus!
Count not earth's treasures dear;
Use all your youthful vigor,
Your energy and might,
To lift the heavy burdens
Of your comrades in the fight.

Ye are for Christ ambassadors,
And millions o'er the sea
Know not that he has died for them,
As well as you and me.
Then go ye forth, coworkers,
With your almighty King,
Till the message of salvation
Through every land shall ring.

BESSIE MOUNT.

New Friends I Have Made

“Jack-of-All-Trades”

WHAT child among you knows about the Jacks-of-all-trades that feed you, and clothe you, and house you, and warm you, and amuse you, and carry you wherever you want to go? I didn't, until recently. And I'm a grown-up.

I have gone to the notion counter for a spool of cotton with no thought of *how* it came there; I really thought more about the two hundred yards' being reduced to one hundred fifty. But now, there is a little lump in my throat and I gaze at the spool with new eyes, understanding eyes, and tears gather as I think of the Sunbonnet Baby and Sookie and the twins being lured from their mountain home to Mill Town, to work in the cotton mills.

Then I read of dear little Giovanni (Italian for John), “most three years old,” making one hundred ninety-five forget-me-nots a day,—which puts four cents extra into the family purse,—until his pretty brown eyes have become crossed. How glad we are that we have no need of these artificial flowers!

More than a thousand little Giovannis and Mariettas “go to cranberries” in the bogs of New Jersey, rushing all day long and sleeping at night in miserable huts, that you and I may have cranberries for our Thanksgiving dinner.

These, and many, many others are the Jacks-of-all-trades that help to make us so comfortable. Have you ever stopped to figure out how many persons have had a part in providing your breakfast? It is all so charmingly told that I (a grown-up) laid aside the book only after having read the very last word.

"Stories of Brotherhood"

The immigrant has become another person to me since reading this book. It has painted for me the portraits of my little brothers and sisters from the lands across the seas; and how our big brothers in our own dear land have helped them to become good Americans. Some of these big brothers have gone to other lands to teach the boys and girls how to become good citizens. I wonder if you know how we came to have trained nurses to care for us when we are ill? I am so glad the author has included the story of this big sister. Oh, I learned so many intimate little things, such lovable things, about very great people with whose names I have long been familiar!

"Red, Yellow, and Black"

Do you like a *good* Indian story? Here it is. Also, a sweetly told story of the "lily feet," and how two noble Chinese women, who had learned to love Jesus, set their countrywomen free from this cruel bondage. Have you ever dreamed — I mean daydreams — of the time when you might be a missionary, mayhap in Dark Africa? One's ardor is not dampened in the least little bit by reading the "black" part of this book.

"Stories Worth Rereading"

The last book in this splendid Reading Course is "Stories Worth Rereading." If you really have not read it, do find a hammock in the very shadiest nook, and begin. Begin with the very first story. You, too, will be ready for the Hezekiah Woodbridge test; ready for the tests of tomorrow. Do not stop there! But you won't. There are stories for all occasions, and you will prize the book immediately. For instance, I found a story (I shall leave it to you to guess which one) that fitted neatly into my Sabbath school lesson review, and, at the same time, served to emphasize the need of a large thirteenth Sabbath offering on the next Sabbath, for a country in the Far East.

There are stories of great men; stories of great deeds done; pathetic stories; inspiring stories; in fact, there is not one story that is merely entertaining.

M. STELLA FLEISHER.

[NOTE.—Secure these good books of the Junior Missionary Volunteer Reading Course from your tract society.]

Nature and Science

The Cheery Chewink

"CHEWINK! Chewink!" a sprightly sound
Ringing across the bushy ground,
A worker's challenge bold and free,
The alto call of industry.

Deep in the underbrush is heard
The scratching of the busy bird;
Behold, with energetic heaves,
Both feet at once, he flings the leaves.

But ever, pausing on the brink
Of new descent—"Chewink! Chewink!"—
He shouts his slogan clear and strong,
And glorifies his work with song.

No dreary drudgery for him,
A very dandy gay and trim,
With black and white and ruddy brown,
The smartest gentleman in town!

Ah, brother toilers, bent and worn
Beneath your burdens all forlorn,
Your work's a martyrdom, you think?
Just hear that bird: "Chewink! Chewink!"

— Amos E. Wells.

The Sky Pirate

I HEARD his call this morning as I lay in bed.
Down from the sky it drifted through the dawn light.

Never a day of the year, hot, cold, wet, or dry, when the caw of the crow cannot be heard. It is the one bird that all of us know, even if we cannot tell a heron from a handsaw.

Crow Lives Up to His Reputation

The crow has a reputation as black as his feathers. Furthermore, he lives up, or rather down, to it. I shall never forget the first time I realized what a black fiend from the pit a crow must seem to all the scores and scores of little birds that nest in our fields and thickets and woods. I had found in a single brushy pasture the nest of a yellow-billed cuckoo, a catbird, a song sparrow, a red-eyed vireo, a robin, and the little horsehair circle of a chipping sparrow with its beautiful speckled blue eggs.

Every day I used to visit them all and make field notes on each one. Even the commonest nests will sometimes yield interesting notes. For example, that summer I found a robin's nest made mostly of green moss, and actually saw a young wood thrush break his way out of his shell in front of my very eyes. Years later two Boy Scouts and I saw the same thing happen in a robin's nest.

But to go back to my nest route. I had been over it several days in succession, and some black-hearted old crow had at last followed me from thicket to thicket. We little know how often we were watched and trailed by the wild folk. On my last trip, when I came back to my nests, the vireo's was torn down and the eggs gone. The catbird's was minus its eggs. Three of the newly hatched robins were missing, and the fourth lay dying in the nest. The song sparrow's nest was torn to pieces and the eggs broken, and the jewel box of the chipping sparrow was empty. Only the cuckoo's flat platform of sticks with its four blunt, light-blue eggs had not been touched. The cuckoos are such sly, uncanny birds that I like to believe that even a crow thinks twice before robbing their nests.

Crows Are Wary

Crows, like wolves and foxes, are much wariest than they used to be. One of the early ornithologists writes of a farmer who placed a dead horse one winter within range of a barn window, and shot enough crows to pay for the horse with the bounties, besides getting enough feathers for a good feather bed. Today that farmer would be lucky if he got two crows. He certainly would not get more.

Nesting Place of the Crow

The crow usually nests in the woods in some high unclimbable tree. No matter how inaccessible it is, you will have to watch close ever to see a crow entering or leaving a nest. The nest itself is made of sticks. If from below you see leaves mixed with the sticks, the nest is that of a squirrel. If it is made of sticks alone, it is usually a crow's or hawk's nest. The inside is lined with the inner bark of trees, cow's hair, or grapevine bark, and usually contains soft, damp mold, probably to keep the eggs from becoming too dry.

The eggs range from three to five; they vary in

color from a pale bluish green to olive green, and are spotted and blotched with brown and gray. Often one egg will be entirely different from the others. The last crow's nest I found and examined was on April 11, 1908. I was walking across the old Aronmink golf course in West Philadelphia, beside a little stream of sewage that would have been a clear brook in any other State than Pennsylvania. Out on the open links, with houses all around, stood a scrubby pin oak. As I went past, I saw what looked like a stick caught in a crotch of the tree about thirty feet from the ground. When I looked at it closely, it seemed to be a nest so built that only a stick or so showed from any one point. I circled the tree, but could find no place where I could see even an edge of the nest. Finally I climbed a bank; and, as I started away, threw a stick up into the tree. It happened to strike right under the crotch, and out flew a crow from a place which didn't seem big enough to shelter a robin. I climbed up, and found a beautifully concealed nest lined with bark, and with two eggs in it. One was long and pointed, of the usual sage green, while the other was rounder and beautifully marbled and mottled, almost like a whippoorwill's egg.

The fish crow lives near the coast, is smaller than the common crow, and has greenish reflections on its under as well as its upper feathers. It can best be told, however, by its voice. It says "Car" instead of "Caw." The black buzzard of the South is sometimes called the carrion crow. Some day if you are very lucky you may see what looks like an enormous crow which sails instead of flaps. That is the rare Northern raven. He measures about two feet in length, and has a wing extent of forty-six inches to a crow's thirty-four.

How the Bald Eagle Treated the Curious Crow

Once while I was at Pocono Lake I saw a magnificent bald eagle flying down the lake. With his snowy head and neck and pure white tail he looked every inch the king of birds. He would give four or five quick flaps and then soar. Finally he lighted on the farther bank close by the water, and seemed to be fishing.

A crow dropped down behind him, and would walk up threateningly. If the eagle moved his head, the crow would scuttle away in a tremendous hurry. When the eagle turned away, he would walk up very brave again. Finally he began to fly over and around the eagle's head, making dabs at him with his beak and claws, but never daring really to come within striking distance. The eagle paid him not the slightest attention. Suddenly the eagle sprang into the air, and the crow, with a squawk, fled for his life. As the eagle still paid him no attention, he came back and flew round and round like a yapping dog. The eagle began to mount up and up in magnificent spirals until he was so high that the crow became dizzy and flew off. That is the way to treat the crows of life that harry and harass us near the ground. Rise to the higher levels, and they will drop away.

Omnivorous Habits of the Crow

The crow eats about everything. Grain, carrion, insects, fish, clams, and an enormous amount of grubs and cutworms, make up some of his menus. He pulls up so much corn that some farmers have to plant their cornfields two and three times over. He also eats all the eggs and young birds that he can find. Probably he does more harm than good.

So, if you really must go hunting, try the crow. In the first place, he often deserves to be hunted, and he's more plentiful than the game birds. Secondly, he'll give you lots of exercise. Lastly, you are not likely to hurt him.—*Samuel Scoville, Jr., in the Christian Endeavor World.*

The Sky Pilot

LOOK, Don, there's an airplane!" exclaimed a naval officer to his small son recently. "O yes," answered the seven-year-old, scarcely glancing up from the work of strapping on his roller skates, "that's only the mail plane."

Truly it is hard to astonish modern America. We have come to expect the unusual, and to anticipate the realization of the seemingly impossible. Almost every day we hear of a new use to which some one is putting the airplane.

A doctor in the Middle West — that section of the country often characterized as "wild and woolly" — has pioneered the way along the air route for medical service by making his professional calls in a biplane. Not long ago two army surgeons flew to an island off the Atlantic coast to perform an operation in an emergency case.

A newspaper in Denver, Colorado, has purchased a plane, to be used for making paper deliveries in the city and suburbs.

We have the fire plane, as fully equipped for effective fire fighting as any motor truck or ancient horse-drawn engine, and forest rangers in the West are using the airplane in their observation work, since it enables them to detect fires more readily.

Then there is the air cop, who is thus able to keep a watchful eye on lawbreakers in out-of-the-way places.

The stockman of the plains finds a seat in an airplane of great advantage over a seat on the back of a horse in the performance of his duties, hence we have the air cowboy.

Explorers and scientists are putting the airplane to novel uses, and it is also finding an extensive field in the development of commerce and travel by air routes. The aerobus is a reality in Europe, and similar vehicles are already making trial trips in America. Surely the day is not far distant when the listening ear of the pilot of the aero-limousine will hear the order, "Home, James," and leaving his friend, the chauffeur, far behind, will soar away across city housetops and over green fields to the family domicile in a distant commonwealth. Then the hangar will supplant the garage, and it will be possible for residents across the continent to do their shopping in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York.

One of the most unique and exciting achievements of the airmen is a recent experience of a marine flier in the north Atlantic. "This flier was covering a patrol in his hydroplane when he sighted a huge whale floating on the surface of the sea, sunning himself and spouting away with all the feeling of safety and contentment of a captive in the zoological park." The pilot glided low and trained his machine gun on the loafing leviathan. "He was a good marksman and his shots went true. Today there is only water in the ocean where the whale used to be, for the new hunter not only killed the big fish, but attracted a trawler to the spot, and the great carcass was towed to port and converted into oil and whalebone."

The recent achievements in transatlantic air travel have set the world a-thrill with anticipation of the time when one can cross the "big pond" in a day; when freight as well as passenger steamers-of-the-air will make possible expeditious communication with the very ends of the earth.

L. E. C.

The Correct Thing

The Chaperon

NOWHERE in America does the chaperon occupy the perfectly defined position which she holds in Europe; nowhere in America are her duties so arduous as those imposed upon her in older countries. The necessity of a chaperon for young people on all occasions offends the taste of the American. It is even opposed to his code of good manners. That a young woman should never be able in her father's house to receive, without a guardian, the young men of her acquaintance, is alien to the average American's ideal of good breeding and of independence in friendship. In addition, his sense of humor sets down constant attendance on the very young as a bore and wearisome in the extreme.

Because of these prejudices current concerning the idea of chaperonage, because of this flippant mode of considering the subject, characteristically American, it is all the more necessary that the line should be sharply drawn as to the occasions where the consensus of usage and good sense declares a chaperon to be indispensable. The sense of the best American conventionalities, broadly speaking, is that a young woman may have greater liberty in her father's house than elsewhere. A young man who frequents a house for the purpose of calling on a young woman should be on terms with the members of her family, but it is not taken for granted that he must spend every minute of his visits in their presence, or that the young woman should feel that she is acting unconventionally in receiving his calls by herself. It is unconventional, however, for her to take with him long evening drives without a chaperon, or to go on any sort of prolonged outdoor excursion, be the party large or small, without a chaperon. Driving parties, fishing parties, country-club parties, sailing parties, picnics of every kind,—here the chaperon is indispensable. No one can tell what accidents or delays may occur at festivities of this kind that might render a prolonged absence embarrassing and awkward without the presence of the chaperon.

In the case of outdoor excursions a chaperon should fix the hour of departure to and from the place of festivity; she should group the guests for the journey there and back, and should designate their positions at the table if a meal or refreshments be served. In return, the duty of the chaperoned, is to make the position of the chaperon as agreeable as possible, to defer to her in every way. The favor, in the case of chaperonage, is conferred by the chaperon, though the actions of certain crude young people are no recognition of this fact. A case in point occurs to the writer where a young man and his wife were asked to chaperon a party of young people to a popular rendezvous twelve or fourteen miles from the city in which they lived. The married people, after much urging, consented with some reluctance, thereby sacrificing a cherished plan of their own. Going and coming they were asked to take the back seat, which they occupied

by themselves,—a seat over the wheels of the large vehicle provided. During the country supper they sat at one end of the table where their presence was conversationally ignored. When the time came for returning home, the married man was approached by one of the originators of the party, who said that the affair was a 'Dutch treat,' and would he (the married man) please pay his share of the bill? This is, of course, an exaggerated case, but in a gross way it is illustrative of the lack of consideration often incident to the relation between chaperon and chaperoned. That the obligation to the chaperon should be properly recognized is an important part of social training.—*"Everyday Etiquette,"* by Marion Harland.

Good Mottoes

IT may be a little farther around the corners of a square deal, but the road is better."

"Better to be small and shine than to be great and cast a shadow."

Every war, even to the nation that conquers, is nothing less than a misfortune.—*Von Moltke.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

HE is the highest-paid aviator in the world, his salary being estimated at \$100,000 a year.

He is an Australian by birth, therefore a Britisher.

His record of nine years as an aviator is one of astonishing successes.

During the war he worked as a testing pilot. It was his duty to take the battle planes up for their final tryout before they were delivered to the British government. He received \$125 for each flight, and the ambitious young flier frequently made twelve tests in a day.

About six months after the signing of the armistice he undertook to blaze a new trail to Europe, starting from Newfoundland. He made a high bid for the honor of being the first to cross the Atlantic on wings, but engine trouble forced him to come down in mid-ocean. For six days the world anxiously awaited news of his whereabouts, and after he had been given up for lost, word came of the rescue of the pilot and his navigator by a small Danish fishing boat.

He was given a royal welcome when he finally landed in England, and although his voyage cannot be counted successful, he at least blazed the trail for his more fortunate successor, who recently made the long-dreamed-of, nonstop transatlantic flight a reality.

The pioneer's name is ———.

L. E. C.

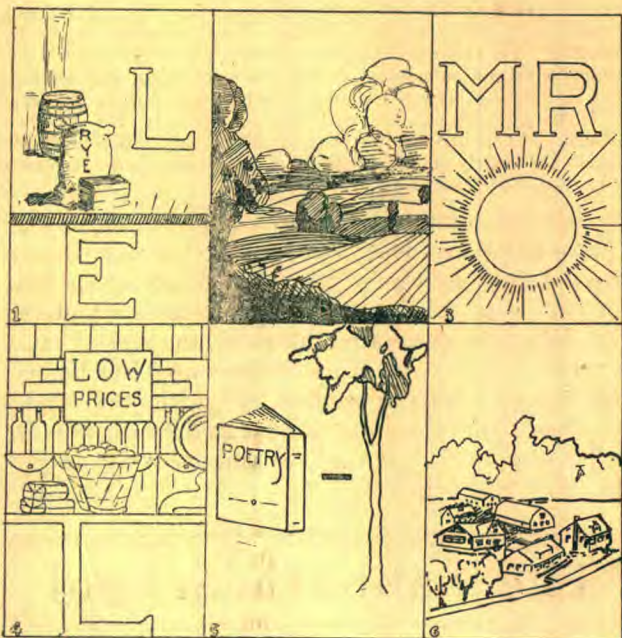
Part II

To whom were the following epithets applied?

1. "The Apostle to the Indians."
2. "Old Bullion."
3. "Old Fuss and Feathers."
4. "The Father of the Constitution."
5. "Old Salamander."
6. "Silver Dick."
7. "Old Swamp Fox."
8. "The Rock of Chickamauga."
9. "The Plumed Knight."
10. "Old Man Eloquent."

E. MAUDE BOSTWICK.

Part III



Name These Writers

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Young People's Missionary Volunteer Societies of the Southeastern Union Negro Mission

WE are blessed with twenty-eight Senior Missionary Volunteer Societies throughout the Union among our colored churches,—ten in Florida, ten in



Mrs. T. S. Tate, with part of the members of the Junior Society, Atlanta, Georgia

Carolina, five in Georgia, three in Cumberland. All of these are carrying on, to the best of their ability, the various lines of missionary activity outlined by the General Department.

In addition to these we have ten Junior societies in the mission schools — four in Carolina, three in Georgia, two in Florida, and one in Cumberland. Some of the schools have not organized separate societies, but have carried on certain lines of missionary work, and reported it through the church society.

At this writing some have already passed their Standard of Attainment examination for the year. Others have completed our 1918-19 Reading Course. The society in Savannah, Georgia, has reached its most important goal — members converted and added to the church.

The Missionary Volunteer work in Atlanta is the best organized of any in the Union mission. They have a Senior and a Junior society in the church, and hold their meetings separately, but at the same time. The mission school also has a Junior society. The accompanying picture shows the teacher, Mrs. T. S. Tate, and part of the members of the mission school in this place.

The Senior society has reached its goal — fifteen subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR. It is the most popular paper that comes to our church. Everybody loves the good old INSTRUCTOR!

We desire the prayers of all for the work in this union that this may be the best year in all our experience. We feel that we can more than reach our goals if all the other societies will try to do as well as the one in Atlanta is doing.

ANNA KNIGHT.

A Wide-Awake Society

THERE was such a variation in ages in our society this year that it seemed practical to divide the Volunteers into two bands, Junior and Senior. A consecrated leader was chosen from our ranks for the former, and success has favored her efforts to keep up interest and enthusiasm. The Juniors use an original song for all special exercises, and they have a society pennant also. About once a week they meet in the capacity of a correspondence band.

Twice this year we have had a special program by the Juniors, on one occasion the entire services being given over to them. A marked improvement in some has been clearly manifested.

The Senior society has been very faithful, as a whole, in the observance of the Morning Watch, keeping up with the Bible Year, and reporting. These features have been indicated on a homemade chart which shows the general percentage of activity.

We aim to have as much variety as possible, and to illustrate the lessons drawn from the Gazette in an impressive manner. For instance, when the program was outlined for a study on South America, we hung up a map in the chapel, showing the distribution of our work there. A young lady dressed in South American costume gave an interesting talk, as if she had just arrived from that country. A committee of one has special supervision of the music each week.

Twice a week we issue a typewritten sheet called the Bulletin, which may be regarded as the society paper. It contains all announcements and so forth.

Letters and literature are mailed weekly to different parts of the country. We have a regular leader for this kind of work.

Prayer bands are held regularly, and recently several interesting answers to prayer were related in one of our meetings.

The underlying object of the society is to promote a deeper consecration among the members.

ERNEST A. LAING, *Leader.*

EVALENA E. LEACH, *Secretary.*

Fernwood Academy, Tunesassa, New York.

Our Counsel Corner

WHAT is your opinion of the morality of reading newspaper accounts of crime and scandal?

B. B.

"The Christian will avoid the newspapers that emphasize such stories; and, if he reads them at all, will merely glance at them, and that in an earnest and sadly serious spirit. To gloat over such portrayals of sin and shame is itself a sin and a disgrace. It is dissipating intellectually and demoralizing spiritually."

Where can I secure some good missionary suggestions for the Juniors?

INQUIRER.

The Junior Missionary Volunteer Manual gives a great variety. You will feel repaid for purchasing a copy of this booklet; for it contains much helpful information for the Junior superintendent. Order of your tract society. Price, 40 cents. A good list of "Summer Interests for Juniors" may be secured free by writing to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.

M. V. D.

Just for the Juniors

A Good Example

DO you enjoy examination day? The boys and girls in this picture have just finished a Standard of Attainment examination. They must have been successful in answering the questions, if their beaming faces are a reliable index. These Juniors belong to the Lacey society in west Michigan.

Perhaps some of you who live in the country and have quite a distance to go to church have wished that you might have a Junior society as other churches do, but have thought it impossible to do so when the boys and girls are so scattered. Here is something for



Members of the Lacey Junior Society

your encouragement: Some time ago we received a good letter from Mrs. Harding, the superintendent of the Lacey society, telling how her band of boys and girls have been carrying on a live Junior society for over a year in spite of the fact that the members live from two and one-half to five miles apart. It shows that "where there's a will there's a way."

Mrs. Harding writes:

"We are so scattered here that we find it difficult to come back Sabbath afternoon, so we hold our Junior meeting while the seniors are having their church service. Once a month, on Missionary Day, we join the seniors in their meeting.

"During the past two weeks we have sold twenty copies of 'World Peace,' which was quite a task as our territory is very scattered. We have ten more on hand to sell. We volunteered to raise \$20 this year for Brother Reid Shepard in South America. We also have on hand money enough, earned by selling books last summer, to buy a blackboard for our society. Some are setting hens for missions; others are raising gardens. My little girl has a hen with eleven chickens for Brother Shepard. Last quarter we raised \$7.52 for missions. We worked for nearly a year with five active members, but now we have a membership of nine."

It is a fine thing to belong to a good Junior society. What others have done, you can do. If you wish to have a Junior society in your church, determine that you will work for one until you succeed. And the more difficulties there are in the way, the greater must be your perseverance. The obstacles need not hinder. You know "kites rise against, not with, the wind." Ask some of the older people to organize a society for the boys and girls. If they see you are really in earnest, they will help you.

E. I.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VI — The Foolish Rich Man

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 12: 13-32.

GOLDEN TEXT: "If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Luke 12: 26, 27.

Questions

1. When Jesus spake the parable of the foolish rich man, what were the surroundings? Luke 12: 1. Note 1.
2. What incident called forth this parable? Verses 13-15. Note 2.
3. What problem perplexed the rich man in the parable? Verses 16, 17.
4. What did he decide to do? Verse 18. Note 3.
5. What were his plans for the future? Verse 19.
6. If this man had had a correct view of life, how would he have spoken of the future? James 4: 14, 15.
7. What occurred just at the time when he was planning to give himself up to selfish ease, that shows how foolish it is to trust in earthly riches rather than in God? Luke 12: 20.
8. What two kinds of riches are here brought to view? Verse 21.
9. What did Jesus then say to his disciples? Verses 22, 23.
10. What lesson of trust may we learn from the ravens? Verse 24.
11. What other lesson of trust may we learn from the lilies? Verses 27, 28.
12. How should God's children differ from the nations of the world? Verses 29, 30.
13. What should be our first thought? Verse 31. Note 4.
14. When we make God's work first in all our plans, what promise may we claim? Verse 32.

Notes

1. The parable of the foolish rich man belongs to the same series of parables as the two debtors and the good Samaritan. Its purpose is to show the folly of laying up treasure in this earth, of selfishly giving oneself up to one's own comfort. It was spoken soon after Jesus had said to the seventy, "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, . . . for the laborer is worthy of his hire." Luke 10: 1, 4, 7.

2. "Through Moses, God had given directions concerning the transmission of property. The eldest son received a double portion of the father's estate, while the younger brothers were to share alike. This man thinks that his brother has defrauded him of his inheritance. . . . Jesus could have told this man just what was right. He knew the right in the case; but the brothers were in a quarrel because both were covetous. Christ virtually said, It is not my work to settle controversies of this kind. He came for another purpose, to preach the gospel, and thus to arouse men to a sense of eternal realities."—"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 253, 254.

3. "My fruits," "my barns," "my goods"—these expressions strike the keynote of his selfishness.

"By the parable of the foolish rich man, Christ showed the

folly of those who make the world their all. This man had received everything from God. The sun had been permitted to shine upon his land; for its rays fall on the just and on the unjust. The showers of heaven descend on the evil and on the good. The Lord had caused vegetation to flourish, and the fields to bring forth abundantly.

"The rich man . . . did not think of God, from whom all his mercies had come. He did not realize that God had made him a steward of his goods, that he might help the needy. . . .

"The situation of the poor, the orphan, the widow, the suffering, the afflicted, was brought to this rich man's attention; there were many places in which to bestow his goods. He could easily have relieved himself of a portion of his abundance, and many homes would have been freed from want, many who were hungry would have been fed, many naked clothed, many hearts made glad, many prayers for bread and clothing answered, and a melody of praise would have ascended to heaven. . . .

"This man's aims were no higher than those of the beasts that perish. He lived as if there were no God, no heaven, no future life; as if everything he possessed were his own, and he owed nothing to God or man. . . .

"In living for self he has rejected that divine love which would have flowed out in mercy to his fellow men. Thus he has rejected life. For God is love, and love is life. This man has chosen the earthly rather than the spiritual, and with the earthly he must pass away."—*Id.*, pp. 256-258.

4. On the expression, "All these things shall be added unto you," some one has said:

"They shall be cast in as an overplus, or as small advantages to the main bargain; as paper and packthread are given when we buy spice and fruit, or an inch of measure to an ell of cloth."

Or, as another has said:

"Ask great things, and little things shall be added to you [shall be thrown in for good measure]; ask heavenly things, and earthly things shall be added unto you."

Intermediate Lesson

VI — The Call of Elisha; Elijah Taken Up into Heaven

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 19: 19-21; 2 Kings 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52.

STUDY HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 217-228, 235, 236; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 152-154.

"The Saviour is coming, O children of light!
With hosts of the angels, the angels of might,
Adown the bright azure, with banners of flame,
He'll come soon in triumph his loved ones to claim."

Questions

1. On his way back from Mt. Horeb, whom did Elijah find plowing? What did Elijah do as he passed Elisha? 1 Kings 19: 19. Note 1.

2. What did Elisha understand the act of Elijah to mean? What did Elisha ask? What did Elijah say in reply? Verse 20. Note 2.

3. What did Elisha then do? Verse 21. Note 3.

4. When Elijah's work on earth was almost done, to what schools of the prophets did he make a farewell visit? Who accompanied him? What did Elijah seem to wish Elisha to do? What did Elisha say he would not do? 2 Kings 2: 1, 2. Note 4.

5. What had been revealed to the young men in the school at Bethel? What did they say to Elisha? How did he reply to them? Verse 3. Note 5.

6. What experience was repeated at Jericho? Verses 4, 5.

7. What conversation took place as Elijah was about to leave Jericho? Who watched Elijah and Elisha from afar? How did the two men cross the Jordan? Verses 6-8.

8. When they had crossed the river, what privilege did Elijah give his companion? What did Elisha ask? What was made the condition of his receiving what he desired? Verses 9, 10. Note 6.

9. What came to pass as they went on? What did Elisha cry out? What shows that he mourned for his master? To what place did he return? What did he carry with him? Verses 11-13.

10. What did Elisha do with Elijah's mantle? What shows that Elisha did not depend upon the mantle for power? What shows that the Lord recognized his faith? Verse 14.

11. Who saw Elisha perform this miracle? How did the sons of the prophets show their recognition of Elisha as the successor of Elijah? Verse 15.

12. What useless thing did the sons of the prophets insist on doing? How long did they continue the search? What did Elisha say to them? Verses 16-18.

13. About what did the men of Jericho complain? How was the water made pure? To whom did Elisha give the honor? Verses 19-22.

14. Where did Elisha then go? How was disrespect shown to him? What punishment came upon those who mocked? Verses 23, 24. Note 7.

15. What other places did Elisha visit? Verse 25.

Something to Do

Trace the route of Elijah and his servant from Gilgal to Bethel, thence to Jericho, and on to the river Jordan.

Trace the route of Elisha from the river Jordan to Jericho, thence to Bethel, on to Carmel and Samaria.

Notes

1. The plowmen of the East often plow in company. A recent traveler relates that he has frequently seen more than a dozen plows at work in the same field, each having its plowman and yoke of oxen, and all moving along in single file. Elisha was "with the twelfth;" that is, had charge of the last plow in the file.

"Elisha's father was a wealthy farmer, a man whose household were among the number that in a time of almost universal apostasy had not bowed the knee to Baal. Theirs was a home where God was honored, and where allegiance to the faith of ancient Israel was the rule of daily life."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 217.

2. "The Spirit of God impressed Elisha's heart as to the meaning of the prophet's act. To him it was the signal that God had called him to be the successor of Elijah. . . . 'Go back again,' was Elijah's answer; 'for what have I done to thee?' This was not a repulse, but a test of faith. Elisha must count the cost,—decide for himself to accept or reject the call. If his desires clung to his home and its advantages, he was at liberty to remain there. But Elisha understood the meaning of the call. He knew it was from God, and he did not hesitate to obey. . . . Without hesitation he left a home where he was beloved, to attend the prophet in his uncertain life."—*Id.*, p. 220.

"The youth would have to make a great earthly sacrifice, if he left father and mother and home and lands, to become the disciple and attendant of a wild, wandering, and persecuted prophet."—*Peloubet*.

3. Elisha "ministered" unto Elijah. "It was no great work that was at first required of Elisha; commonplace duties still constituted his discipline. He is spoken of as pouring water on the hands of Elijah, his master. He was willing to do anything that the Lord directed, and at every step he learned lessons of humility and service. As the prophet's personal attendant, he continued to prove faithful in little things, while with daily strengthening purpose he devoted himself to the mission appointed him by God."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 222.

4. "The schools of the prophets, established by Samuel, had fallen into decay during the years of Israel's apostasy. Elijah re-established these schools, making provision for young men to gain an education that would lead them to magnify the law and make it honorable. Three of these schools, one at Gilgal, one at Bethel, and one at Jericho, are mentioned in the record. Just before Elijah was taken to heaven, he and Elisha visited these centers of training."—*Id.*, pp. 224, 225.

5. "Unknown to Elijah, the revelation that he was to be translated had been made known to his disciples in the schools of the prophets, and in particular to Elisha."—*Id.*, pp. 225, 226.

6. "'Thou hast asked a hard thing.' It was hard because it was a spiritual gift, the hardest of all things to impart to another. It was hard because it depended on the fitness of the receiver. It was hard because it was the greatest of gifts, worth more than riches or thrones. It was hard because the granting of this request was not in Elijah's power to give, and he knew not yet if God meant to bestow it."—*Peloubet*.

7. "These youth had heard of Elijah's ascension, and they made this solemn event the subject of their jeers, saying to Elisha, 'Go up, thou baldhead; go up, thou baldhead.' At the sound of their mocking words the prophet turned back, and under the inspiration of the Almighty he pronounced a curse upon them. The awful judgment that followed was of God. . . . Had Elisha allowed the mockery to pass unnoticed, he would have continued to be ridiculed and reviled by the rabble, and his mission to instruct and save in a time of grave national peril might have been defeated. This one instance of terrible severity was sufficient to command respect throughout his life. For fifty years he went in and out of the gate of Bethel, and to and fro in the land, from city to city, passing through crowds of idle, rude, dissolute youth; but none mocked him or made light of his qualifications as the prophet of the Most High. . . . Reverence, in which the youth who mocked Elisha were so lacking, is a grace that should be carefully cherished. . . . Reverence should be shown for God's representatives,—for ministers, teachers, and parents, who are called to speak and act in his stead. In the respect shown them, God is honored."—"Prophets and Kings," pp. 235-237.

Colporteur Fools Crocodile

A COLPORTEUR working far back in the swamps of southeastern Bolivia, came to a river which he had to ford. The native who accompanied him to carry his load of books, went into the river first to test the depth of the water, whereupon he was seized by a crocodile and dragged under.

The colporteur was at a loss to know what to do. In his nervousness he pulled off his poncho, or large blanket, and threw it into the river where the skirmish was going on under the water. The crocodile immediately let go of the poor man and swallowed the poncho. The colporteur's helper then made his escape.

Thus does the Lord protect those engaged in his service.

J. H. MCEACHERN.

The Wabby Head

GOLF experts never tire of urging amateurs to keep their eye on the ball. Often they add this piece of advice, "Keep your head still." If the head wobbles, the vision will flicker, and the player, no matter how much energy he puts into his stroke, will miss the ball.

In the greater game of life it is no less necessary to keep the head still in critical moments. Unsteady heads, unsteady judgment, means at best a poor shot; at worst, a tragedy.

Youth is the time to practise careful thinking and to make clear and firm decisions. Few men's heads are set firmly on their shoulders by nature. Most are loose and wabby at first, and are made firm by stern effort.

Think, meditate, weigh, decide; then strike, not hesitatingly, doubtfully, and feebly, but with full force.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Even if No One Sees It

UP close to the place where clouds are made, an old man and his wife live during the summer. Not many people climb the mountain to visit them in their log cabin, though they are very well worth the journey, even if no beautiful little lake were there, and no trout, and no very special bread pudding.

They have some queer ways, these old folks. They live in a real cabin, not a make-believe one. Year after year they take care of the little clearing around it. They protect wild flowers in the grass. They guard the fish in the lake, so that too many will not be taken out by fishermen. All this they can do for the owner of the cabin and the lake and the surrounding forest,—for the owner who never comes near the place any more.

The windows of that mountain cabin fairly shine, and the floor is as clean as a freshly brushed table. Some folks who went up there recently found the woman of the cabin busy polishing the already clean glass in one of the windows. And while the visitors talked with the old couple, the man stooped and picked up a bit of string.

There's a boathouse on the shore of the mountain lake, and in it are two strong rowboats, painted gray. They are not exactly new boats, but they are as solid and as stanch, and as spotlessly clean as you could wish. You wouldn't think the boats are really old at all, and yet they were built more than fifty years ago. They've had good care, as has everything else in and around the cabin.

But the owner hasn't been there in years. If the owner should appear at any moment, day or night, everything in the cabin would be ready. Dishes, beds, a fire ready to be lighted in the fireplace. And what's more, these old people know that it isn't likely the owner ever can see the cabin again.

Those keepers are of the right kind. They've been like that for the length of a long life. They don't work for the sake of having their work seen by the owner or by any one else; they keep their work in beautiful condition all the time just because it is their work, and they must put their best into it.

Are you that careful about things left for you to do? Do you keep up to the mark only on what can be seen, or is sure to be seen by those who are in charge of you, or are you careful and thorough when you think no one of any importance will see the result?

There's a story of a man who was unjustly driven away into exile from his home town in the mountains where he would have to live alone. He could not know when, if ever, he might be allowed to return, but he decided not to become careless about the little matters of everyday life. So he used to set his table just as carefully as it had been set at home, to keep himself as neat as he had all his life, and in no way yield to the wild and lonely life his townfolk thought he must lead. When he did come home again, he was not a broken, but a stronger man.

Let's keep things up to the mark whether any one sees the work or not. We see it, and must live with it. And "the Master of all good workmen" sees, too, even though our place may be in the woods on a lonely mountain, or in a store, or in school.—*King's Treasures*.

What Faith Does

WHEN the great missionary, John G. Paton, was translating the Scriptures for his South Sea Islanders, apparently there was no word for "believe" in their native tongue. For a long while he was well-nigh baffled. One day a native came into his study, and, tired out, flung himself down on a chair, rested his feet on another chair, and lay back full length, saying as he did so something about how good it was to lean his whole weight on those chairs. Instantly Dr. Paton noted the word the man had used for "lean his whole weight on." The missionary had his word for "believe." He used it at once and thereafter in translating the Scriptures. Try it for yourself and see, in any verse that uses the word "believe."—*Dr. Griffith Thomas*.

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