

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"AND WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER THINK I CAN DO WITH THIS?"

From Here and There

The Anti-Saloon League of America plans to raise \$50,000,000 in this country in the interest of the enforcement of the dry amendment.

The Red Cross received from General Pershing and his staff a gift of \$10,000 to be devoted to the mothers and children of France.

Senator Edge, from New Jersey, tells in three words how to make America better: "Make America busier." This is not done by strikes.

More than 400 persons are known to have been killed by the hurricane that recently swept over Corpus Christi and other towns in Texas.

No parcel post relations have been opened as yet with Austria or Hungary, officials of the foreign mail division of the Post Office Department announce.

General Pershing has given to the Agora Society of Wellesley College his campaign helmet and his staff flag. His wife, Frances Warren Pershing, was a loyal member of this society.

The steamer "Jason," loaded with toys, glassware, and sugar-beet seed, recently arrived at New York from Hamburg. This is the first cargo shipment from Germany since the war ended.

On the second day of 1920 the decennial census taking begins. Nearly 90,000 persons will be required to number Uncle Sam's large family, 5,000 being employed in the national capital and 85,000 in the field.

Etienne Poulet is to attempt a flight from Paris to Australia, a distance of 12,300 miles. It is a private venture, and is made to obtain funds to maintain the wife and children of his comrade, Jules Vedrines, who was killed last April while flying over Rome. While the trip will cost him from \$10,000 to \$12,000, he hopes to raise much more than that by exhibitions in the various cities he visits.

A young woman once remarked to Admiral Sims: "I don't see how submarines can operate in the English Channel. It is so narrow that there is hardly room for the submarines to turn around." Wouldn't twenty miles at the shortest crossing and about two hundred at the widest allow a little leeway to vessels of a few hundred feet in length? The young woman had allowed herself to be deceived by the maps.

Nearly sixty representative citizens of the United States, leaders and doers in their respective fields, assembled in the hall of nations at the Pan-American Building, in Washington, D. C., October 6. As the national industrial conference they attempted to work out a program by which the whole national family may labor profitably and harmoniously, and dwell together in peace. Capital, labor, manufacture, trade, business management, education, agriculture, transportation, and the general public, in the person of their most eminent spokesmen, sat around the table for the first time in the history of the country, in an effort to solve what are considered the most serious economic problems that have harried this nation.

On September 22, workers in all the steel-making centers from Colorado to Pennsylvania, walked out on a strike. From 15,000 to 200,000 men are estimated to have abandoned their jobs out of a total of 500,000 or 600,000 engaged in this industry. Rioting and violence have resulted in a number of deaths. The wages of the steel workers have increased 110 per cent since 1914, while the cost of essential commodities has increased only ninety per cent. It would seem, then, that the strike is inopportune. It would have been better had labor joined with the President in a *bona fide* effort to lower the cost of living. Strikes cannot but increase the cost.

The United Mine Workers of America, in convention at Cleveland, Ohio, passed a resolution demanding a sixty-per-cent increase in all mine wages, a limit of six hours upon the day's labor underground, a five-day week, and important improvements in the conditions of labor. If a satisfactory new agreement cannot be reached with the mine operators by November 1, it is expected that a general strike of all bituminous coal miners in the United States will automatically ensue on that date. The country needs coal. It is selfish, unpatriotic, to strike in this time of reconstruction.

In These Days of Uncertainty and Change

THESE are days when we need to emphasize the words, "steadfast," "unmovable," "always abounding" in the "work of the Lord." If the voice and message of Jesus is to be heard above the noise of strife and turmoil in these disturbing days, if he is to be proclaimed to all people, then Christian youth must be *steadfast* in their purpose to exalt him and make him known. The following inscription is found upon Chinese Gordon's monument in St. Paul's cathedral:

"Major General Charles George Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

What finer tribute could be paid to any one? Could these words be applied to our lives? Let us determine, "in his name," to be unmovable Christians; always and everywhere giving our strength, our substance, our sympathy, our love, our lives to God and to all who are in need. ERNEST LLOYD.

The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1919

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Friendship

OLIVE SMITH

WHEN every day is lovely
And filled with mirth and song,
When those about are loving
And you're happy all day long;

When summer skies are bluest,
The breezes softly blow,
The flowers that are sweetest
Beside your pathway grow;

The world seems very happy,
You bask in love's sweet smile;
You love your friends about you,
With them glad hours beguile.

But when the skies are leaden,
The birds no longer sing;
When tempests are upon you,
The cold blasts bite and sting;

When pleasures sweet and riches
Have vanished as a flower,
And not a thing of beauty
To cheer the weary hour;

When sickness and affliction
Come with relentless pace
And rob you of all gladness
And furrow deep your face;

'Tis then, in bitter trial,
A comrade tried and true,
Like some fair form from glory,
Can soothe and hearten you;

Can speak the word of friendship,
Can wipe the falling tear;
Can speak the word of comfort,
That drives away all fear.

Then thank the Lord for friendship
That's warm and tried and true;
That, whate'er be the weather,
Will come to succor you.

Opportunity

AILEEN SMITH

IF you would attain success, you must grasp opportunities as you meet them. Do not wait for something great, but seize the commonplace opportunities and make the most of them.

"Let me think a minute, and I am sure I can make something that will do," exclaimed a boy who was employed as a scullion at the mansion of Signor Falieri. A large company had been invited to a banquet, and just before the hour for the feast the confectioner who had been making a large ornament for the center of the table sent word that in the finishing he had broken and spoiled it.

"You!" exclaimed the astonished head servant. "And who are you?" "I am Antonio Canova, the son of Pesano, the stonecutter," replied the little fellow.

"And pray, what can you do?" demanded the head servant.

"I can make something which will do for the center of the table if you will only let me try."

The servant was at his wit's end, and so consented. Antonio called for some butter, and quickly molded a large crouching lion, which was placed upon the table.

Dinner was announced. Many of the most noted princes and noblemen and merchants of Venice were seated at the table, and among them some of the most expert art critics. When they noticed the centerpiece, they forgot the banquet and gazed in wonder at the marvelous work. Inquiry brought out the name of the artist, and the dinner was turned into a feast of honor for the humble lad. His rich employer promised to educate Antonio Canova under the best masters, and he kept his word. Thus the boy who took advantage of a very unpromising opportunity, became, as a result, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times.

Carlyle says that "weak men wait for opportunities while strong men make them." Let us resolve to make opportunities, and having accomplished this, use them as stepping-stones to greater achievements.

Opportunity! That small word — only eleven letters long — carries with it inspiration and enthusiasm.

Why, the world is full, even overcrowded with opportunities waiting for you and for me. Every lesson is an opportunity. Every point of contact with fellow students or with teachers, friends, or mere acquaintances holds untold possibilities. The results rest with you alone.

Think of Frederick Douglass. If he could make of himself an orator and statesman respected and loved by a whole nation, what cannot you do, surrounded as you are by more favorable conditions? It is usually the idle man who complains of the absence of opportunities to better himself. Some make more of the odds and ends of life than others do of a whole lifetime. How?—By improving every opportunity, no matter how small.

"What is its name?" inquired a visitor in a studio as he paused before the statue of a god whose face was covered with hair and whose shoes seemed like wings. "Opportunity," replied the sculptor. "But why is its face so hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why do his feet seem to be wings?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be recalled or overtaken."

The time comes when the young surgeon is confronted with his first critical operation. He is alone, and face to face with responsibility as well as with opportunity. The way that he meets this situation will determine his future success, and if he is able to operate with a steady hand and a clear knowledge of just what must be done, it will be because he has grasped the smaller opportunities for experience which have come to him in his daily work under the direction of older and wiser heads.

Open eyes will discover opportunities, and willing hands will never lack for noble work to do. Probably every sailor in the long ago *wondered* what lay beyond the wide expanse of deep blue ocean stretching westward, but it remained for Columbus to steer boldly into the unknown and *discover* a new world. The opportunity was there for every one of them, but Columbus was the only man who seized it.

Avenues greater in number, wider in extent, and easier of access than ever before stand open to the

sober and energetic young men and women in this day of knowledge and enlightenment. Let us wake up and see what lies just before us, instead of idling away today and tomorrow and the days to come, always looking forward to something great.

What David Did

"LORD, I have hoped for thy salvation, and done thy commandments."

"I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word."

"I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great spoil."

"Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments."

"My soul hath kept thy testimonies; and I love them exceedingly."

God's Heroes

NAPOLÉON'S troops were once falling back before vastly superior numbers of Russians when the brave general rushed in among his disorganized men and shouted, "What, a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army! Forward, my brave lads!" As the troops whirled about, Napoleon caught sight of an old warrior hurrying to fall in. His face was blackened with gunpowder, his clothes red with blood, his left arm hanging limp, torn from the shoulder by a shell. "Stay," shouted Napoleon, "go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed." "I will," replied the soldier, "as soon as we make the charge."

Such courage will not only win battles, but will take the gospel to all the world in this generation, and hasten the glad time when all strife and sin will give place to peace and righteousness.

Courage — every Christian young person needs it. It takes courage to go onto the battlefield and face an armed foe, but it takes more courage to enter the battlefield of the Almighty and in his name fight his battles. But everywhere courageous hearts are enlisting. Let there be no slackers.

How many have dedicated all their strength and efforts to the mighty task before God's people? We have come to the time when mighty things must be done, and we have come to the time when God is fitting mighty men to do them. The choice is with us. Any one who is willing to pay the price may wear the badge of honor in God's army; and the price is eternal diligence, earnest, strenuous, hard work, coupled with fearless courage and undaunted faith in God and his message.

The need and demand for mighty men is not in the past. The times just ahead of us call for mighty men of valor. Some one again will prevail with God; some one will stretch out his rod and the Red Sea will part; some one will smite the rock and call forth the gushing water; some one will command the sun to stand still and it will obey; some one will smite the host of the Midianites; some one will interpret the handwriting for the king; some one will heal the leper; some one will prevail mightily with man and God. But this is not all. Some one will be sold into Egypt; some one will be thrown into the dungeon; some one will be cast into the lions' den; some one will say at last, with Paul, "In labors more abundantly, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. . . . Five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned,

thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Yes, there will be triumphs and trials; but he whom God can trust with great power and miraculous endeavors, he can trust in severe affliction and sore persecution. Will you be one to enter into these experiences and stand at last with all the heroes of God? D. D. REES.

Epidemic Idolatry

WE have had an epidemic of cholera in China. As the number of deaths increased, the alarmed people turned to their gods for help. Thus an epidemic of idolatry followed the epidemic of disease. The pestilence was especially virulent among the small villages near our Shanghai compound, so we saw much idolatrous display in our vicinity.



A PRAYER POLE

The activities consisted of processions, feasts, and other performances in honor of the favorite gods of the community, accompanied by various efforts to frighten away pestilence demons and obtain the help of good spirits. Thousands of dollars were spent in renovating and beautifying the temples, and the priests reaped a rich harvest in special fees. Hundreds of prayer poles were set up in the villages and temple grounds, the idea being to secure the aid of the spirits of ancient worthies. At the tops of the poles waved the dragon streamers, and there also were the mystic triangle and a string of nine lanterns.

At the bottom of each was tied an effigy of the king of departed spirits.

The Great Processions

The processions were impressive. First came the eighty-foot dragon,—*papier-mâché* head and tail and painted cloth-tube body, the whole kept distended by hoops and borne on long poles. As the procession leader waved his wand, the men carrying the dragon would wave their poles alternately left and right, producing an effect truly serpentine.

Following the dragon came groups of men carrying beautifully embroidered silk banners, priests in various vestments, and, last of all, the god, borne by four or more men. Interspersed among all these were scores of men and boys, making all the noise they could to frighten away the pestilence demons. Rubadub-dub went the drums, accompanied by the bang-bang of great brass gongs, the clash of cymbals, the wailing music of flutes and pipes, and the popping and booming of firecrackers small and great. Sleep was impossible anywhere near one of the processions.

Urns Carried by Hooks Thrust into the Flesh

These processions came night after night for three weeks, and at last they occurred both day and night, making the rounds of the villages which had provided feasts for the god. As time went on the fervor of the people increased. Men would present great heavy incense urns to the god, and, to make the offering more acceptable, would walk for hours in the processions, carrying the urns suspended from hooks thrust into the flesh of their arms. Some of them said that the god protected them from feeling any pain, but their words were belied by the drawn look on their faces.

The Feast for the God

One evening some of us visited a village which had prepared a feast for the god. It was spread on a long table under a red, white, and gold canopy. On the table were burning many sacred candles, lighting up the array of dainties, consisting of a pig's head, eggs prepared in various ways, many kinds of special meats, cakes, and tea. The whole was in readiness before the procession arrived. As the dragon came in sight, the villagers began shooting off firecrackers, keeping this up as the procession filed slowly by. When the group of priests directly preceding the god arrived, every sound was hushed for a moment. Then the priests divided into two groups and ran shouting past both sides of the table to drive away the last vestige of evil influence, preparing the way for the bearers to come and place the god at the head of the table.

While the bearers were refreshing themselves with tea from a large earthen vessel at the side of the table, two priests began to play a plaintive melody on flutes.

This was the most beautiful and appealing music I had ever heard produced by the Chinese.

Down at the foot of the table were strings of paper money. The headman of the village set fire to one string after another and threw it on the ground. The inhabitants of the village, one by one, came and prostrated themselves before the god and the burning money, bumping their heads on the ground. Not a person was excused from the worship, even children only a few months old being forced by their parents to go through the forms. When all the people had finished their worship, the procession moved on to the next village.

Within Sight of the Missionary's Compound

All this idol worship and waste of time and money took place within ten minutes' walk from our own mission compound and within the corporate limits of a city which is the widest open city in China. In this city reside ten or twelve thousand foreigners from Christian lands, and missionary work has been conducted here on a large scale for nearly a hundred years. But as yet, Christianity has hardly touched the surface of the city's heathenism, to say nothing of the needs of interior China! How much longer shall such conditions exist? Shall unbelievers who know nothing of the love of God go on believing that fear and superstition are the strongest forces in the world?

Is there not an army of consecrated young people in the homeland, who will answer, "By God's help, No!"
H. O. SWARTOUT.



THE FLESHHOOK PARADE

A Changeable Climate

I HAD always supposed that a changeable climate was inimical to health, and a mild, uniform climate conducive to health; but here comes Professor Huntington, of Yale, and says that is not so. He says that people living where the climate is variable become inured to changes; they get reserves of resistance; they have far more physical stamina than people who live in the monotonous regions. And he has the figures to prove that he is right.

That seems reasonable, though it flies right in the face of tradition. Anyway, it fits what we all know of conditions in the spiritual realm. It is certain that here there is such a thing as a too-easy life. The soul grows strong by buffets. It needs sunshine, of course, but not all sunshine. Storms are good for it, hard storms, storms frequent enough to toughen the sinews of the soul.

Never pray to be freed altogether from trouble; that is the same thing as praying for flabbiness and weakness. Pray that God will send just the weather that he thinks best, and that he will send with it the needed strength. Changeable fortunes do not mean a changeable God.—*Caleb Cobweb.*

Our Royal Visitors

KING ALBERT and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium are now touring this country. While they are returning the visit President and Mrs. Wilson made to Belgium, their chief purpose in visiting the United States is to thank the American people for what they have done and are still doing for Belgium. King Albert desires also to travel throughout the country, "conferring with commercial organizations, and business interests of every sort and advising with the great financiers of the country over the gigantic problems for building up the trade and industries of Belgium."

On account of President Wilson's illness, they will

He was then three times removed from the throne, and it was hardly expected that he would bear the title of king. The *American Review of Reviews* says:

"It is not a mere figure of speech, but the accurate statement of a probability, that if fate had not called him to the throne he would today be a vice-president of the Great Northern Railroad, straightening curves and reducing grades in North Dakota; leading a professional career not very much in the limelight, not much interested in the financial end of it, but preoccupied with the engineering side of the work; and finding his most valued compensation in the pleasure of devising new ways to do the job better and better;



Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

KING ALBERT, OF BELGIUM

not visit Washington, D. C., until after their trip to California.

This is the second time a reigning monarch has visited the United States. The first was Dom Pedro II, emperor of Brazil, and it is interesting to note that Dom Pedro and King Albert are related by ties of blood and marriage. They have much else in common, for Dom Pedro was one of the most democratic and wisest of rulers. He visited here at the time of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. He also was greatly interested in the industries and the commercial progress of the country.

King Albert is not a stranger to America, having personally toured this country in 1898, under the name of Count de Rethy. "His object on his former visit was to study the manufactures, and particularly the recent improvements in electrical apparatus. He was especially interested in electricity then, as he is said to be now, desiring to utilize the water power of his kingdom to the greatest possible advantage for the upbuilding of the industries of his people."



Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, OF BELGIUM

living in a modest suburb of Minneapolis, urging his children to study hard and take plenty of exercise — he would be typical of the best that America has. His early education was in the line of civil engineering, and some twenty years ago he worked at it under the late James J. Hill.

"As he studied railroading under James J. Hill, so did he study shipping in England, and he makes speeches in the Belgian senate which might perfectly well be the annual reports of the managing director of a great shipping corporation. He has the best personal equipment for managing a nation's business of any living monarch."

King Albert is a kindly spirited, democratic man. Throughout the war he kept with his soldiers. He never sought to save his own life at their expense. For his wise and courageous stand in behalf of Belgium, this youthful monarch seems destined to live not alone in the hearts of his own people, but in the hearts of the whole world.

Queen Elizabeth, too, is a woman of exceptional character, beautiful in her devotion to her country and in her willingness to serve her people at the risk of life itself.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke pays the following interesting tribute to these two serious and sincere rulers:

"Now he comes to us crowned with glory and honor; by the judgment of the world a hero; by the consent of the people a king; by the grace of God a true man. At his side, his equal in moral stature and a helpmate for him, comes the brave queen who forgot her own frail health in ministering to her people, and grew strong as she spent herself in helping others. To this royal pair, great in character and exalted in service to the world, America gives a royal welcome." F. D. C.

A Personal Experience

UP to the time that I was forty-six years of age, I had enjoyed the reputation of being a moral man, a church member, a loving husband and father, a good friend. I was entirely satisfied during all of this time that I was as good as the average Christian, or at least "good enough." This state of satisfaction was suddenly halted about four years ago by the death of a friend. While this friend was sick, again and again the thought came to me that I should go to visit him, and carry to him the consolation of my faith in God. But "procrastination is the thief of time." I put off the promised visit from day to day until it was too late. On returning home from his funeral service I had a feeling of deep regret at not having acted on the early impulse. I began to question myself as to why I had not gone to see him while he was still living.

One day shortly afterward, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the startling revelation that answered that question. The reason I had not gone to see my friend was because I had *nothing to give*.

After thirty years of church membership, professing to be a Christian man all that time, serving as an elder in one church, a deacon in another, and a trustee in still another, I had never really known the Lord Jesus Christ in a vital, living faith. In other words, I had mistaken my church activity for faith in Christ.

The immediate result of this discovery was that deliberately, prayerfully, and with an intense desire for help, I resolved to seek God with all my heart.

The next day I was lunching with a friend. He noticed my serious countenance.

"What's on your mind that's troubling you?"

"I have determined to find God," I said.

"You should read the book which I have just finished and which has completely changed my life," he immediately answered. "It has given me a new vision of Christ."

"What book is that?" I asked.

"'The Threefold Secret of the Holy Spirit,' by James H. McConkey."

That afternoon I received by messenger his copy of the book and at once began to read it. A day or two later I was sitting on the front seat of an open street car, reading this book. I came to this passage: "What a tremendous thought, to go through all the long years of life, with the privilege, the peace, and the power of the blessed life within your grasp at any hour, and yet to have missed it."

That sentence struck home. I realized how great had been my loss, that I had drifted away from God, and that through all those thirty years of my past life I could have had his blessed fellowship at any time if I had been willing to pay the price. Like the prodigal I came to myself in a far country and decided to return "home."

Desiring to know this "secret" of the abundant life which is in Christ, I turned back to the book for the answer. There it stood forth in all its simplicity and power, as I read:

"What is the secret of his fulness, of his abundant life of peace, power, and love? We answer: The absolute, unqualified surrender of our life to God, to do his will instead of our own."

All at once, in imagination, I looked down the pathway of the coming years, and then thought of the way over which I had come. If I continued to the end of my life in this same way it might possibly result in my being "saved; yet so as by fire." 1 Cor. 3:15. But there before me was another pathway, which the author of this book termed the "surrendered life," and which to me was an undiscovered country. It appeared to be a "leap in the dark."

But it turned out to be a leap into the light. There in that street car, deliberately, calmly, and earnestly, closing the book and shutting my eyes, I lifted my soul in prayer to God and surrendered my life and will to do his will to the end of my life.

That was all. No miracle happened. No fire fell from heaven. The next day I was outwardly the same as usual, excepting that this new resolution which I had formed was beginning to mold and guide my life. Shortly afterward the first great test came in a temptation that crossed my path. I decided as God would



Photo, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, OF BELGIUM

have it, and soon afterward I received my first conscious baptism of the power of the Holy Spirit. This resulted in an ecstasy of the soul, a new joy and a wonderful peace. I had never before known it, and did not imagine it was possible this side of heaven.

God is the same from generation to generation, and "is no respecter of persons." Acts 10:34. His promise still holds good, as it did in my case, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Jer. 29:13. So I learned this great truth in my first step toward God: That the moment a man gets in earnest with the Lord and comes, asking, seeking, knocking, he will always get what he asks for, will find what he is seeking, and the door at which he knocks will speedily open. (See Matt. 7:7.)—W. G. A. Millar.

Echoes of History

An Example of True Greatness

THE most noted of United States Chief Justices was John Marshall. He was born in poverty. Indeed, so straitened were the circumstances of his parents, that it is said his mother and sisters had to use brier thorns for pins with which to fasten their clothes about them. The family of fifteen children of which John was a member, was reared in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

Marshall served as lieutenant with much honor throughout the Revolutionary War. He was among the bravest of the celebrated "minutemen" of that crucial time. During the dreary winter that Washington's men at arms underwent at Valley Forge, he daily tramped, with unprotected feet, through deep snows, to gather small parcels of wood with which to keep from freezing, yet the record is that amid it all, he was cheerfully courageous, doing whatever he could to raise the drooping spirits of his downcast comrades.

Returning from the army quite penniless, young Marshall studied law during spare moments saved from daily toil. After being admitted to practise law in the courts, his sprightly manners and good will toward others soon won for him the confidence of his fellow men, who conferred every honor in their power upon him. He was first given service in the State legislature, and then sent as delegate to the convention which ratified the Constitution. He was appointed envoy to France, after which he was elected to the National Congress. He was Secretary of State under President Adams, and it was while he still filled this office that he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Besides becoming *great* as a *public servant*, better than all, he was a *man among men*. He was never haughty in action, and he dressed in the plainest clothing. Even after coming into the limelight of public position, he is said to have often walked from the city to his farm and back, a distance of several miles, without an apparent thought of ordering a carriage. It was reported that on one occasion, a prominent churchman met Judge Marshall riding to his farm with a bag of clover seed on the saddle in front of him.

The following is a striking example of his modest ways. He was said to be, at one time, unattended at the market place in Richmond, among the many commoners who were purchasing family supplies. Having provided for his own needs, he was about to

return home with his purchase, when he heard some one near by using profanity in a very strong way. Turning about, he saw a finely dressed young man, an apparent stranger, who had just bought a turkey. He was looking in vain for some one to carry it to his home, and so became very angry, demonstrating his feelings by loud cursing. After listening to him briefly, Judge Marshall stepped up to him and inquired where he lived.

Looking at the plainly dressed old countryman, as he supposed the judge to be, he described the way to his home. "That is my way," said the judge in a kindly fashion, "and I will take the turkey home for you."

On leaving the market, Judge Marshall followed behind the young man, bearing the turkey like a dutiful servant. "What shall I pay you?" queried the young gentleman as the burden was deposited. "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "you are welcome. It was on my way, and no trouble." He then bowed adieu to the young man, and continued toward his home, the other looking after him in a puzzled way. Just then a near resident was passing, and the young man asked him, pointing to the retreating form of Marshall, "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought my turkey from the market for me?"

"That," replied the neighbor, "is Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." Perfectly astounded, the crestfallen victim of self-aggrandizement exclaimed: "But why did he volunteer to bring my turkey home for me?" "Well," said the other, "to give you a proper reprimand, I suppose, and so teach you to attend to your own business hereafter."

While the greatest judges in Washington lifted their hats to the renowned man, this did not affect his native modesty in the least. Under all circumstances he was ever the same simple gentleman, wearing the friendly smile of benevolence toward all classes of people.

He was, however, ready at all times to defend the principles of Christianity against all its opponents. It is said that on a certain occasion, when his shabby old one-horse gig broke down on the road, he was obliged to take refuge for the night in a dingy wayside tavern. No one there seemed to notice him for a time until some free-thinking young lawyers present had ventilated their objections to Christianity. Finally one of them turned to him and laughingly said: "Well, old gentleman, what do you think of these things?"

All eyes were then turned toward him, apparently expecting that he would have nothing to say against their strongly expressed opinions. But he at once began an oration in favor of Christianity, and talked eloquently for an hour, while the younger men sat in interested silence. They were all keen lawyers, and could well appreciate a clear-spoken argument, but they were made to feel that the old gentleman was their superior in their own line of pleading. His discourse finished, he smiled and retired. Of course the young men were then quite anxious to learn who the interesting stranger could be. They soon discovered, upon inquiry, that he was the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

It is readily seen that humble birth and childhood poverty are really no obstacles to honorable greatness, if one's time is properly used toward improvement of the mind, and one is simple and kind to others. It pays to take the straight road to unquestioned greatness.

J. O. CORLISS.

WHAT THEN?

R. B. THURBER

The man was old and his hair was gray;
He long had walked in the Christian way.
The boy was young, in his middle teens,—
A farmer boy in his homespun jeans.
The man had plodded the new-plowed land
To meet the boy and to shake his hand;
The boy had followed his furrow through,
And rested now while his horses blew.
The weather, crops, the folks, and nation
Were soon run through in the conversation.
And then the elder, with friendly smile,
Asked, "How is your future planned the while?"

You surely know what you want to do
To fill the place that was made for you."

The youth's blue eyes were eager now,
And quick he said, as he mopped his brow,
"Why, father says that the old south field
Is mine for all that the land will yield;
It's growing now with a handsome crop,
That I can sell 'fore the prices drop;
It means three hundred or more in all
For me in the bank when the snowflakes fall."

The old man nodded his head, and when
The youngster paused, he asked, "What then?"

"Why, then," said he, "next year I'll hire
A bigger field from the village squire,
And clear a thousand or more, you bet,
On crops I'm sure of, dry or wet.
I'll salt it down in the banker's vault,
And feel quite rich; or it's not my fault."

The elder looked at the youth again,
And kicked a clod as he asked, "What then?"

"Why, some sweet day I will buy a place,
Will pay part down, and will run my face
To meet the rest till the notes are due;
With good hard work I can see it through.
I s'pose I'll marry and settle down,
And raise some children to grace the town.
I'll buy more land when the farm is paid for,
And do 'bout all that yours truly's made for."

The elder laughed with the younger when
The boy drew breath, but he asked, "What then?"

The boy was peeved, and he turned to flick
A stinging fly from his horse's neck.
He hadn't planned in his narrow ken
On Life's persistent and searching *then*.
But, quick with castles that rest on air,
He said, as he tousled his shock of hair,

"I think I'll meddle in politics;
And run for office, and learn the tricks
That put a man into closer touch
With government doings and laws and such.
And then I'll rise to the height of fame,
And make my fortune, and see my name
A household word through the country wide;
I'll 'ride the crest of the highest tide.'"

The old man smiled as he thought of men
Who dreamed the same, but he asked,
"What then?"

The team was rested now and bent
Their necks to see what the waiting meant.
The boy was puzzled, and hung his head;
"I s'pose I'll die when I'm old," he said.

The grave old elder inquired again,—
And patted the youthful back,—
"What then?"

The lad was silent. The view of death
Was disconcerting. He caught his breath.
The life before him seemed full of joy
As seen through eyes of a hopeful boy.
But some day (ever it seems too soon)
The sun would set on life's afternoon.
When darkness comes, what follows on—
An endless night or a radiant dawn?

A minute passed; and the elder said,
"It pays in the morning to look ahead,
And fit the work to tomorrow's plan,
And not alone to today's short span.
Eternity stretches long, my boy,
An aftermath of exceeding joy;
And life is granted us to prepare
For bliss ineffable over there.
The man who works at a task worth while,
And basks in the sunshine of Heaven's smile,
Who up the path to success would mount,
Must take eternity into account."

The boy turned round; gave the lines a jerk,
And started off with a "Here's to work."
The furrow turned to the other end,
He looked about to behold his friend
Beside a hazel bush kneeling there,
His head bowed forward as if in prayer.
Around and around the horses went,
Until at last, when their breath was spent,
He pulled them up as he bared his brow.
The old man smiled as he asked, "What now?"

Reflecting the smile as he scratched his head,
He squared his height to the full and said,
"I guess I'm needing a bit more knowledge;
It's that three hundred and me for college."

Nature and Science

Sunlight on the Lake

LIKE flashes of pure diamonds sparkling o'er
The ripples of the water clear and bright —
Now blazing forth in myriad points of light,
Now vanishing away as hides the sun
Behind the downy folds of passing clouds.
Emblem, methought, of that great Light divine
Exceeding bright above all stars or sun,
Whose rays eternal light our souls within
Unless o'ershadowed by the clouds of sin.
Then let us keep our hearts e'er sweet and pure,
That glistening points of lovelight yet may lure
The hearts of dear ones whom we fain would lead
To that great Fount of light and life and love,
Whose streams unceasing flow from heaven above.

BERTHA UNRUH.

Safeguarding a Great Industry

EIGHTEEN years ago silver fox pelts brought as high as five thousand dollars a skin; today they are selling for as low as one hundred fifty dollars each. Yet the value of 1919's crop of these silvery furs will be approximately ten times as great as that of the best year's catch during the times of fabulous prices. And the same anomaly applies to the still rarer blue fox.

Fifteen years ago the silver fox was as rare as the dodo bird — and to capture one of these prizes meant an all-winter plunge into the frigid parts of Alaska, the Yukon, or the Northwest territories and then with only a gambler's chance for success.

To reach the hunting ground of the blue fox was even more difficult, for it meant a journey to the remote Pribilof Islands.

To match silver fox skins was infinitely more expensive than to take them singly, for the match must be made the same season. No skin can be held from one year to another, in an effort to secure its mate.

Consequently the story of how the Hudson Bay Company spent a hundred thousand dollars in an effort to match eight skins for English royalty, and then failed, comes as no surprise to the old silver fox trapper.

But today silver skins can be matched at from five hundred to one thousand two hundred dollars a pair — and that for excellent specimens.

This, because the year 1919 finds fox farming a practical commercial enterprise, and one, incidentally, in which enormous fortunes have been made. Not long ago a single fox farm was sold for over \$600,000, after having earned more than fifty thousand dollars a year net for its owner.

This industry now flourishes in a dozen States and in Canada, and Alaska — and produces a total of several million dollars' worth of skins a year.

Uncle Sam is mainly responsible. He spent several years experimenting with silvers, and conducts on the Pribilof Islands large blue fox ranches, and also gives direct aid to a number of private fox farms scattered among the islands of the Alaskan waters. Altogether there are perhaps twenty islands given over to fox raising.

There can be no doubt as to the financial success of these farms or ranches, as the very best skins are still bringing in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars apiece.

Just as soon as the public learned that fox farming was possible and received quotations on some of the London sales, — in which silver fox skins brought as

high as ten thousand dollars a pair, — there was a rush to secure breeding stock.

Blue fox farming is an industry for the far north and not desirable in the States.

Our Government's experiments with the fox proved so successful that it has since taken up the raising of mink, marten, skunk, and muskrat. And it is also making a comprehensive study of the farming of opossum, ermine, raccoon, beaver, and other furbearers.

Why all this fuss over such pests? Because Uncle Sam has pushed our fur industry into the lead over all the rest of the world, only to discover that through natural circumstances, the march of civilization, the cutting of forest, the draining of swamps, and the breaking up of prairie lands, and by the carelessness of our farmers and the ignorant greed of our trappers, a great industry stands in peril of being wiped out of existence.

The greatest damage is done by trapping out of season and by killing females with their young, when whole litters are sacrificed for one pelt, which, on account of the season in which it is taken, has no value. This recklessness is due to the general impression that the supply of wild animals would never give out; to the belief that our commercial fur is taken mostly from animals of the far distant North, where civilization has done little to exterminate them.

Opossum and Muskrat Farming

Over half the total value of all our furs is represented by the product of three homely animals that inhabit even the most densely populated parts of our country. These animals are: the muskrat, the skunk, and the mink.

Consider the muskrat, for example. Millions of them live in the lowlands and swamps of Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, and millions of others thrive in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and from thence to the Pacific Coast and the Gulf of Mexico.

Muskrat farming is an enormous industry in the East now, and Maryland alone has several hundred farms and realizes a profit of over a million dollars a year from the water rodents. Dorchester County, Maryland, is described as one enormous muskrat farm, the swamp lands there bringing larger revenue to the muskrat farmers than do the choicest farm lands to the grain, fruit, and other stock farmers.

Neither the fur industry, the practical fur farmers, nor the United States Government attempt to say which is the more practical and profitable, the farming of muskrats or of skunks. For skunks, too, are easy to raise, prolific, and bring a very good price for pelts. Perhaps no animal is more easily domesticated than the skunk, nor easier to handle, once their keeper becomes skilled in farming them.

Opossum farming is also urged by the Government and by the fur industry, and although the animal's fur is not so much in demand as that of other furbearers, the fact that the flesh is salable for food adds to the profit of the undertaking.

Beaver farming is encouraged, but its exponents are warned that they will have extreme difficulties to meet — as the beaver does not thrive in or near civilization. The price his pelt brings, however, is tempting many fur farmers to consider him seriously now. — *William Fleming French, in Illustrated World.*



Just for the Juniors



Llewellyn and His Dog

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a dog, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! Why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His fav'rite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!

"Hellhound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Blest of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

—Southey.

A Case of "Selfishness"

THE girls gathered about jolly little Myrtle, their hostess, to say good night.

"We've had a lovely time, Myrtle," Helen declared sincerely. "Good night—and bring Grace to see me just as soon as you can."

Mabel had Myrtle's slim fingers in her own and gave them a little extra, chummy squeeze.

"Your cousin is lovely," she half whispered, in Grace's momentary attraction of eyes and ears elsewhere. "We're all so glad to meet her, and to know she is going to stay awhile."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Estelle. "Don't forget, Myrtle, that you and Grace are going out in our car tomorrow afternoon, with brother Jack and me."

"Indeed, we will not forget," laughed Myrtle. Then some one else came up to say good night, and soon the whole merry party was broken up.

These girls were members of Myrtle's class in Sunday school and classmates as well in the high school. For these two reasons Myrtle had invited them to an informal little "party" to meet Grace. This girl cousin had come from her distant home to spend the winter with her relatives and to attend the school that was so much better than her own town afforded.

"Isn't she lovely? So sweet and pleasant and friendly to everybody!" Helen said enthusiastically on the way home. Naturally they had begun to compare notes on Grace.

"That is the minister's daughter of it," laughed Mabel. "She has learned to be nice to everybody. She must, in her position, you know."

"Nice!" The word was repeated in a girlishly scornful tone. "It struck me that she was putting on airs, all through the evening. I think that fine lace evening dress she wore looked ridiculous on a poor country preacher's daughter, from a place so much smaller than this." It was Irma who so strongly disapproved of Grace.

"Oh, I thought it was very pretty," Helen defended loyally. "I'd like one just as nice," and she laughed.

"I wouldn't. My mother says elaborate dresses are unsuitable for young girls," said Irma with too-conscious virtue. Some one laughed—then Estelle put in:

"But Grace's dress wasn't elaborate—that was the beauty of it. It was so simple that I'd almost believe

she made it herself. That would allow her to put all her spending money into that beautiful stuff."

Irma did not press the point further. But to herself she thought: "I don't believe she made it. She just likes pretty, expensive things and gets them whether her father can afford them or not. And if she does that, she's mean and selfish, and I'm sure I shall not like her."

Some of the other girls, much as they wished to be loyal and friendly to Myrtle and her cousin, had more than one doubt and misgiving on the subject to overcome as time passed, and Grace mingled with them. There was no getting around it, she did dress like a young heiress. Simply always and in exquisite taste — save that every dress she wore was so clearly worth a great deal more than a poor minister's daughter should spend for clothes.

"She is a dear — but I am afraid she is selfishly extravagant. Perhaps she's never been taught better — perhaps we can show her the mistake she is making," Helen thought kindly. Irma held to her first opinion, and thought how superior her judgment was proving.

Then came the plan for a bazaar to be given by their Sunday school class, to raise Red Cross funds. Ideas and plans were very vague at first. They all wanted something new and attractive, that yet would demand small outlay from their universally slim purses. It was Grace who came to the rescue.

"Let's have a fantasia," she suggested, then laughed at their bewildered looks, and explained:

"We held one at home last year. A fantasia is an Egyptian fair or carnival. We had some summer residents with us last year who had been in Egypt for a year or two. They helped us get it up — suggested it in the first place. They brought down some real Egyptian costumes, and helped us make duplicates in all sorts of cheap but gay, Oriental-looking stuff. We had all kinds of booths, and tended them dressed in our costumes. First, though, each evening we paraded and drew a crowd. Then we sold them things. It was the prettiest thing we ever gave."

"It would be lovely," agreed Estelle. But her tone was more wistful than hopeful. "Only I'm afraid we couldn't manage the costumes — even in cheap stuff. We'll need every cent we can spare for materials to make up to sell."

"Of course," Grace agreed readily. "But I can send home for all the costumes. There are over a dozen. Brother Dick has a muleteer's dress — the loveliest baggy bloomers and puffed sleeves and fez. It will just do for Jack. He and the other boys can put up the booth frames in the hall, and we can decorate them with greens and crêpe paper for a few cents. Shall we do it?" She looked about for their decision.

It was given quickly — and it was "yes" unanimously. Even Irma could not but admire the executive ability of the girl who so easily solved the problem and planned the whole thing for them.

"But of course," Irma qualified later, "she learned it all from some one else. Now she has a chance to show it all off before our village. It looks like more selfishness to me; I don't believe she will spend a cent more than she can help on it. She needs all her allowance for fine clothes, I imagine," with secret scorn.

Again she was wrong. Grace not only furnished the costumes from her home friends, paying their carriage herself, but she also directed the building of the booths, helped in decorating to make sure of the right

effects, and showed the girls how to make a number of Oriental-looking articles to sell. Then she proceeded to buy and make and donate more than any other girl in the whole class.

"You are a treasure, Grace," Helen told her enthusiastically, in the midst of the brilliant scene of the opening night of the fantasia. "We never could have done all this without you. We've never gotten up anything half so pretty and original."

Grace smiled and shook her head disclaimingly.

"I've only passed on to you some of the help that was given us," she said modestly. "I think that is one of the best things about helpful things — passing them along. Don't you?"

"Yes. But you've done so much more than just that. You've worked so hard — and I know you've spent more than I have, and I spent every cent I could spare," laughed Helen. Grace blushed prettily.

"I love to spend money," she confessed, "when I know it is going to do good. I've spent every cent of my little allowance for the last two months on this — and I'm so glad to do it. The cause is so worthy. It doesn't matter where I am, I couldn't withhold a cent that I could spare." She laughed over her own use of Helen's words, then leaned forward and spoke in lowered, confidential tones: "Besides, as Aunt Ellen and the rest of the family understand now, I really do not need a bit of my allowance for clothes. I have a well-to-do city cousin just my size, who loves pretty, dainty clothes. But she is something of an invalid and gets little real wear out of them. Indeed, I suspect she has more made, really, than she would if I didn't exist. Anyway, after a short time the pretty things come to me, to 'please finish up' for her. It is lovely for me, it leaves me so much more for our poor folks at home, or whatever cause needs it most. Isn't she a dear?"

Helen's eyes were sweet and misty under her quaint Egyptian's peasant's headdress with its dangling forehead ornament.

"And so are you a dear. Some of the girls would just keep still and strut about in the lovely dresses you wear, and pretend they had plenty more, all their own; and they'd be sure they needed every cent besides for extras — you darling."

Just out of sight, round the booth from the two girls, stood Irma, waiting for a friend. It did her no harm to hear the low chat within. Her first words to the friend, as they moved away, proved that.

"Isn't Grace Deane a credit to her relatives? No wonder Myrtle is so openly proud of her. She is the dearest, brightest, most unselfish little thing —" and Irma felt better than she had since she first met Grace and formed a somewhat different opinion. — *Cora S. Day, in the Girls' Circle.*

A Hindu Boy's Story of His Conversion

MY name is Banka Howard. I was born away back in the Himalaya Mountains, many miles from even a railroad. My people are all Hindus. I very early desired to get an education, and as the Seventh-day Adventists had started a school, I decided to go there and learn what I could. I had no desire to accept their religion. I knew nothing about their Christianity and was content to worship our idols, Ram, Devi, Mahdev, besides 300,000,000 other gods and goddesses, too numerous to name.

One day something strange came into my mind, and the things I had been hearing from day to day in the

school caused me to want to learn more about the one God that was able to make the earth, sun, moon, and stars, and all things. My parents did everything to discourage me from believing in Christianity, but as the seeds of truth began to take root, the desire to know more about the true God was getting stronger hold of me. It happened my father was away from home for nearly a year, and that left me more free to do as I pleased. I had only three months left before I was to leave the school, so one day I decided to become a Christian. I wanted to be baptized, and I was baptized by Prof. H. R. Salisbury. All Hindus wear a bunch of long hair, called a *choti*. As I was a Christian now, I had my *choti* cut off, thus signifying I was no more a Hindu. This was also a sign that I was now an outcaste.

I decided to go to my village and tell my people about the Christ I had found and loved so much now. Evidently my father had heard that I had been baptized, for he came running and weeping, saying, "You have turned Christian and we all are in deep sorrow. Won't you give up that Christianity?" I told him that I must worship the true God. As no amount of coaxing would change me to become a Hindu again, they thought they would shave my head and leave a tuft of hair so I would look like a Hindu. Then they shut me up in the house and kept me a prisoner for eleven days. People took turns watching to see that I did not get away. But one day I managed to get away, and I ran as fast as I could the ten miles to the Seventh-day Adventist school. Two men ran after me, but God helped me to outrun them. Three days afterward my father came with three men to take me back by force, but I would not go. Several months later I was sent to our school at Lucknow, where I spent two years. Then I spent two years in a high school. This year I am employed as a teacher in this same school where I found Christ, and I intend to do the best I can to point others to the truth I hold so dear.

A year and a half after my baptism I went to visit my parents, and although they received me as their son, I was not allowed to eat or sleep with them, but was given my food out of doors. I am an outcaste and was not allowed to defile the holy (?) quarters of the Hindus.

My people feel somewhat more friendly now, but my being a Christian makes all the difference in the world to them. I am trying to live before them in such a way that they will see I have something a great deal better than they have, and I hope some day to see some of them saved in the new earth.

When I hear of so many hundreds of people in the enlightened parts of the world who have no good reason for not coming over to teach those who know not Christ,—and there are millions of us,—I wonder what excuse you will have at the bar of God? Do pray for us and for those who are dear to us by the ties of relationship. Also pray the Lord to convert you to do more efficient work.

Noted Globe-Trotting Dogs

MANY dogs have developed a fondness for traveling, acknowledging as master for the moment any one who would help them on their way. An antipodean example of the traveling dog was Bob, whose stuffed form now graces an Australian museum. Born in the rabbit country, he later attached himself to a railroad employee, and began to ride on the

tender of a locomotive. His license was always bought and paid for by the men, and his collar bore the inscription,

"Stop me not, but let me jog;
I am Bob, the driver's dog."

But eclipsing all records as a traveler was Owney, the railway postal clerks' dog. In his puppyhood Owney adopted the post-office staff at Albany, New York. One day he went down to the train with a mail wagon and decided he would go out with the boys in the postal car. He went, and he liked seeing the world so well that the wanderlust got the better of him. Finally, the Albany post-office clerks decided to ask the men to tag him on every run he made, with the result that before long it was found that Owney had visited every big city in the United States, with side trips to Mexico and Canada.

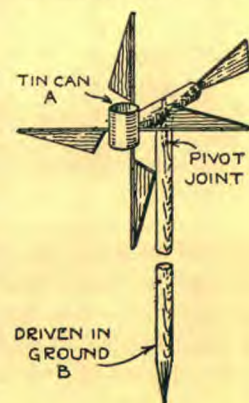
When he reached Washington, he called on the Postmaster-General, who ordered a harness to take the place of his overloaded collar. After some further traveling he went to San Francisco, where he was awarded a medal and fitted out with a regular traveling bag, in which to carry his blanket, comb and brush, harness, and credentials. Thus duly equipped, he took passage on the steamship "Victoria," as the guest of Captain Panton. Arriving at Yokohama, he was given the freedom of the Japanese Empire under the personal seal of the mikado. After doing Japan in regulation distinguished-visitor style, he went to Fuchau, where he was entertained aboard the U. S. S. "Detroit," dining on lobscouse and plum duff in the messroom.

Thence Owney went to Hongkong, received a personal passport from the Chinese emperor, and then headed for Singapore, Suez, and Western Europe. Eventually he took return passage to America. Upon his arrival in New York he was "interviewed" by reporters of the metropolitan newspapers, but the lure of Broadway was short-lived. He hastened on to Tacoma, and thus completed his trip around the world in 132 days, carrying more than 200 new medals, tags, and certificates as testimonials of his travels.

When Owney died, every postal clerk in America lamented his death. His stuffed skin, accoutered in all the trappings of his travels, is mounted in the Post Office Department Museum in the city of Washington.—*National Geographic Magazine*.

How to Make a Scarecrow and Windmill Combination

THE illustration shows a unique scarecrow windmill. The idea has been worked out with great



success by a farmer in Canada. As can be seen by the sketch, the arms of the windmill have as a center a tin can loaded with shot, and when the wind revolves the arm it rattles the shot around, making quite a peculiar noise. This will scare away many of the birds that feed on the grain. It is an extremely easy device to make, and is well worth setting up in any field.—*Illustrated World*.

Purpose of Missionary Volunteers

FIRST, to honor Christ, our Lord,
In our lives; by deed and word
Alluring others to a love
Pervading angel courts above.
Loath to desecrate a cause
Far excelling world applause;
Loath to fail to do our part,
We'll pray to God, "Live in my heart."

The mighty leaders in our work
We aim to help; we will not shirk.
We aim that God will permeate
Our lives with love, and make us hate
The sinful lusts that fill our minds
With evil thoughts of various kinds.
A lofty purpose now have we,
To save men for eternity.

We purpose every work of love
We'll do. The angels up above
Co-operate and sing God's praise
When we serve God in numerous ways.
A paper loaned, a gentle word,
May be the first that some have heard
Or known of Christ in man;
So let's reveal him all we can.

The mission fields are far and wide:
We purpose that whate'er betide
We'll help to reach them in this day.
God has a well-illuminated way
For Volunteers to walk, to live.
We'll do our part, we'll work and give.
God has an aim. Let his be ours,—
We'll shine through Missionary powers.

CARRIE MAY NICHOLAS.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT world-famed pianist has been made premier of his native land?

2. (a) What recent battle is considered by military critics as the sixteenth decisive battle in the world's history?

(b) When did it occur?

3. What European statesman is spoken of as "The Tiger"?

4. Who formed the "Big Four" at the peace table?

5. (a) What is considered the world's greatest naval battle?

(b) When did it occur?

6. What two provinces in Europe, after nearly half a century of separation from the mother country, have been restored to their former place?

7. (a) Where was the Peace Treaty of the late war signed?

(b) What notable paper was signed by two of the Allies at the same place more than a century ago?

8. What is the origin of the expression "a scrap of paper"?

9. Why did the Chinese delegates at the Peace Conference refuse to sign the treaty?

10. Who headed the American delegation?

WAYNE WOODS.

"God's Magnet, Jesus Christ, gathers to himself from the waste heaps of humanity and restores to useful service those who have been missing from their rightful places in home, society, and church, those whose former lives have been woeful mistakes, and those who have come to think of themselves as too insignificant to be of any use in the complex life of today. No one is beyond the uplifting power of Jesus. He still draws all kinds of men unto himself."

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VII — The Anointing of the Church for Service

(November 15)

GOLDEN TEXT: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John 14: 26.

The Anointing of Jesus

1. How was Jesus anointed at his baptism? Luke 3: 21, 22.
2. For what purpose was this anointing given to Jesus? Luke 4: 18.

The Anointing of the Early Church

3. What was one of the last promises Jesus gave his disciples before his ascension? John 14: 26.
4. When was this promise fulfilled? Acts 2: 1.
5. What preparation did they make for receiving the Spirit? Acts 1: 14.

Results of This Anointing

6. When the Holy Spirit came upon the disciples, what did they do? Acts 2: 4.
7. What was the effect upon those who heard the word when the power of the Holy Spirit accompanied it? Acts 2: 41; 5: 14, 28.
8. What did it enable the disciples to do? Acts 5: 42; 6: 7, 8.

The Holy Spirit for All Christians

9. What is each believer expected to receive? When? Acts 8: 14-17.
10. How long is the Holy Spirit to remain in the church? John 14: 16, 17.

The Work of the Holy Spirit upon Hearts

11. What will the Holy Spirit do for the unconverted? John 16: 7, 8.
12. What will the Holy Spirit do for those who give themselves to him? John 14: 26; 16: 13. Note 1.
13. What fruit will the Holy Spirit reveal in the life? Gal. 5: 22-26.

The Holy Spirit Promised for the Last Days

14. How willing is Jesus to give the Holy Spirit to his children? Luke 11: 13.
15. What special promise is given to Christian young people who live in the last days? Joel 2: 28, 29. Note 2.
16. In the time of the latter rain, for what are we told to pray especially? Zech. 10: 1.

Notes

1. The Holy Spirit is the great Teacher. Students when at school reap a tremendous advantage when they have fully given themselves to God, for the power of the Holy Spirit working upon the mind makes it quick to discern and strong to retain. He is the "memory of the new man," bringing "all things to your remembrance." No Christian young man or woman is living up to all his privileges who has not learned the power of the Holy Spirit Teacher. It is our high privilege in Jesus to pray that the Holy Spirit will so quicken our minds that we may quickly learn those things that we need to know in order to do our part in finishing God's work in the earth.

On one occasion a Christian young woman was unable to solve a certain problem in mathematics. In answer to her prayer for help, the entire solution was made perfectly plain to her in a dream, so that when she awoke she was able to present her work correctly to the teacher. Others through prayer and study have quickly mastered difficult languages, that they might be able to preach the gospel to foreign peoples in their native tongue. The Holy Spirit vivifies and electrifies the mental powers as nothing else can. Why shall not we also take God at his word?

2. "As the children sang in the temple courts, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,' so in these last days, children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers cannot do, because their way will be hedged up." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, pp. 202, 203.

The disciples had been with Jesus and listened to his instruction; they had witnessed the miracles he performed in stilling the sea, healing the sick, and raising the dead, but this did not qualify them for the great work before them. They must have a personal experience in the things of God,

and a baptism of the Spirit for service. It is the same with us. No theory of truth, however correct it may be, is sufficient. It is the Spirit that imparts life for service. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Zech. 4: 6.

Intermediate Lesson

VII — Daniel in the Lions' Den

(November 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." Dan. 6: 22.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 539-548; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 238-240.

"Pray therefore when thy heart is light,
And he has made thee glad;
Pray in the dark and stormy night,
When life has made thee sad;
Pray with the opening of the day,
Pray in the great world's rush,
And find repose in prayer to God
In the evening's calm and hush."

Questions

1. When Darius became ruler, how many princes were set over the kingdom? How many presidents were over the princes? Who was first of these? Why was he preferred above the others? Dan. 6: 1-3.
2. Who desired to accuse Daniel? What made it difficult for them to do this successfully? To what conclusion did these men finally come? Verses 4, 5.
3. What request did they make of the king? Who did they say were agreed in this matter? In what respect was this an untruthful statement? Verses 6, 7. Note 1.
4. What did the presidents and princes urge the king to do? What was their boast concerning their laws? What did King Darius do? Verses 8, 9. Note 2.
5. How did this decree affect Daniel's custom? Verse 10. Note 3.
6. What shows that the men were watching Daniel? With what question did they introduce the matter to the king? How did he reply? Verses 11, 12.
7. What accusation did they then make against Daniel? What shows that the king did not intend to entrap Daniel, or expose him to danger by this decree? Verses 13, 14.
8. Upon what did the accusers of Daniel insist? What was the king compelled to do? What words of encouragement did the king speak to Daniel? Verses 15, 16.
9. What extra care was taken that Daniel should not escape? How did King Darius then pass the night? Verses 17, 18.
10. Where did the king hasten in the morning? What did he cry out when he came to the den? What was Daniel's courteous reply? To whom did Daniel give praise for his deliverance? Verses 19-22.
11. How did the king now feel? What command did he give? What could not be found upon Daniel? Why was he thus saved from harm? Verse 23. Note 4.
12. How was the fierce hunger of the lions demonstrated? Verse 24.
13. In what way did Daniel's faithfulness result in making known the true God to many people? Verses 25-27.
14. During what time did Daniel prosper? Verse 28. Note 5.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

What doubtless caused the presidents and princes to cherish a feeling of enmity against Daniel? Prov. 27: 4; 1 John 3: 12. On what ground might Satan have tempted Daniel to avoid open transgression of the decree?

How much power was represented by the seals of the king and of his lords? In what similar manner was the power of the whole Roman Empire once set in opposition to God's power? Matt. 27: 64-66.

Notes

1. "The king was flattered by the proposal that he should receive the homage of every person. It was his pride and selfishness that caused him to be deceived. He was so pleased with the attention paid to himself that he did not stop to consider the effect of the law upon others."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 240.

2. "The strict etiquette of the Persian court obliged the king never to revoke an order once given, however much he might regret it, because in so doing he would contradict himself, and, according to Persian notions, the law could not contradict itself."—Tarbell.

3. "Take a little time every day to form a habit of communion with the Invisible. . . . If we do not set aside certain times, we shall soon discover that we have no time. Every physician will advise his patient to have certain times for meals, and certain times for rest, and certain times for sleep. Every teacher will advise his pupil to have certain times for study. Regularity is essential to the formation of habit, and the formation of habit is the way to develop character. For action oft repeated becomes habit, and habit long continued becomes second nature. Prayer will never become second nature by fitful indulgence on occasions of special stress."—*Idem*.

4. "No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God"—thus ends our story of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel trusted in God at this crisis because he had always been faithful in his Christian duties at ordinary times, because it had always been his custom to kneel upon his knees three times a day and pray and give thanks before his God. We cannot rise to the heroic in a day of crisis if we have not acquired stores of strength in the ordinary days. We cannot live a life of trust if we do not live a life of prayer. A prayerless Christian—if such a Christian is possible—cannot be a trustful Christian."—*Idem*.

5. From the story of Daniel's deliverance, we may learn that in seasons of trial and gloom, God's children should be just what they were when their prospects were bright with hope and their surroundings all that they could desire. Daniel in the lions' den was the same Daniel who stood before the king as chief among the ministers of state and as a prophet of the Most High. A man whose heart is stayed upon God will be the same in the hour of his greatest trial as he is in prosperity, when the light and favor of God and of man beam upon him. Faith reaches to the unseen, and grasps eternal realities.

"Heaven is very near those who suffer for righteousness' sake. Christ identifies his interests with the interests of his faithful people; he suffers in the person of his saints; and whoever touches his chosen one touches him. The power that is near to deliver from physical harm or distress is also near to save from the greater evil, making it possible for the servant of God to maintain his integrity under all circumstances, and to triumph through divine grace."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 545.

Where's My Mamma?

BY some miracle she had survived the shuffle of war, separated for months from her parents and picked up on the homeward journey with hundreds of other Greek children struggling along in the hope that they would eventually find their fathers and mothers. Although she was hungry and ragged and dirty, this little Miss Hopeful greeted the Red Cross worker with a beaming smile and asked: "Will you tell me the way to my home?"

Eager questions, glad little hands reached up, and a load of children was started on the return journey, contentedly eating their bits of bread given them by the A. R. C. worker.

Since the restoration of eastern Macedonia to Greek rule these children have been aimlessly wandering toward their old homes. The local Greek administration having been already overburdened, the American Red Cross took the initiative in finding and equipping buildings to house these little sufferers, and orphanages are now in operation at Kavala, Drama, Serres, Pravi, and Demir-Hissar.

A system of tracing lost families has been inaugurated, and nearly every week some children are returned to their families.

One of the first of the children to be restored was our Miss Hopeful, who waved good-by to the orphanage, and all the way down the street as she clutched her mother's hand until she was out of sight she smiled at us.

THE love of Christ is like the blue sky, into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—*Selected*.

Crownless

THOUGH I have labored with a longing hope,
And sometimes have drawn near, and touched the gem
That sparkled fairest in my diadem,
It ever passed beyond my vision's scope.

So with a toil-worn frame, and empty hand,
Uncrowned amid the throngs of earth I wait,
And place my hopes beyond the pearly gate,
Where crowns are given in the heavenly land.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

Dr. Grenfell's Escape from the Ice Floe

EVEN in the early days of July the whole coast line of Labrador was so blocked with ice and snow as to be impassable for travelers. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the intrepid missionary of the Northland, started in May to make his way through this mixture of snow and ice to New York for the annual meeting of the Grenfell Association. He was forced to turn back more than once, and finally had to abandon the motor boat in which he was endeavoring to make the trip. He left Mrs. Grenfell and the children in the captain's care, with the boat locked in the ice, while he with a companion set out to finish the trip with as light an outfit as possible.

"By working from point to point and undergoing many tedious setbacks and delays, he finally got inland to a place where he could reach a railway.

"One of the incidents of the trip, however, nearly resulted in Dr. Grenfell's death in the ice. He was rowing with his companion in a small boat when he suddenly discovered that the huge ice floes were closing around him. There was the barest fraction of time to get their traps and themselves out of the boat and leap onto the ice pan before the boat was crushed like an eggshell. Guns fired at intervals of a minute roused a few fishermen on the shore, and after a long wait the missionary and his companion were taken from their perilous position."

After reaching New York he received word of the safe landing of Mrs. Grenfell and the children.

The Outlook for 1920

THE INSTRUCTOR will pursue the same general policy through 1920 that it has followed during the present year; but material improvements are contemplated along some lines.

The Review and Herald has secured the services of additional help in the art department, so the art work of the INSTRUCTOR will be more acceptable.

Mr. E. C. Wood, instructor in carpentry at the Washington Missionary College, and an expert architect and builder, will furnish a series of articles for the boys on "How to Make Things." These articles will follow the general line of instruction given in a regular course in carpentry.

Mr. Bernard P. Foote, instructor in shorthand and typewriting at the Washington Missionary College, will give a series of articles on "Office Methods for Stenographers." He has also been asked to provide a beginners' course in shorthand.

We hope to have an interesting series of articles on nature study, and a series from the heads of our academy and college commercial departments on important business principles which should be familiar to all.

A series of articles on historical incidents, by Elder J. O. Corliss, will be an interesting and instructive feature of the paper.

Dr. Clara M. Schunk, of Melrose, Massachusetts, will give suggestive health hints from week to week; and J. D. Montgomery, of Newark, Ohio, will write a unique series on Bible characters.

The departments, "The Correct Thing," "Our Counsel Corner," "The Social Hour," "Finding-Out Club," and "Information Corner," will continue to give helpful and timely service to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

These, with the usual missionary and general articles, and the helpful stories for the juniors on character building, will, we believe, make the INSTRUCTOR invaluable to all our young people.

Through the INSTRUCTOR one keeps in touch with the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses and the general plans of the Missionary Volunteer Department.

Let none fail to avail himself of the help that this wide-awake paper offers for only \$1.75 a year.

The seventieth anniversary of the INSTRUCTOR comes in August, 1922. Let us see that its subscription list reaches the 25,000 goal by that time. Will not everybody help?

How Courage Came to Marcelle

A FRIGHTENED look came over the wan face of Marcelle as she was carried to the large white room where the doctors and nurses were to minister to her needs. They looked so very white in their long gowns and their caps. But her head had been very badly hurt during a bombardment, and an operation was necessary to make her well again.

"Oh, mother, take me home," she entreated. Little Marcelle was but nine years old and quite unused to this strange environment.

The whole staff was upset by her cries until the mother suggested that if they could prove that they were representatives of the Red Cross, Marcelle would feel safe, as her trust in that organization was most implicit.

The nurse put on her Red Cross cap and explained that she was an American Red Cross nurse. The child was soon calmed, and smiled at them all impartially as she lay back on the pillow, willing to trust them completely. She knew she was safe, protected. The Red Cross was her light, as it had been when she was near starvation and in misery before. The spirit of service and aid that you had sent across the seas by the Red Cross was deeply instilled into the heart of this little French maid.

"THE man who is always demanding all that he earns is only too likely to forget to earn it."

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