

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 52



A SCENE IN CUBA, WEST INDIES

From Here and There

Knives, forks, and spoons are being made from German helmets by a large steel factory in Wales.

In the average life of a woman, 12,700 hours, or one and a half years, are spent in arranging her hair.

A fast mail service between London, Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam is expected to be put in operation in a short time.

In 1916 the United States imported \$10,000,000 worth of pearls. This was about five times as many as she imported in 1912.

The United States today holds about one half of the world's diamonds, the value of which would be considerably over \$1,000,000,000.

Although four men have been working nearly a year on the British official history of the war, they have only reached the events which took place in September, 1914.

The deepest well in the world is found in West Virginia. This well was sunk by the Pittsburgh Natural Gas Company, and reaches a depth of 7,599 feet. The temperature recorded at the bottom was 183° F.

During last June our exports reached a value of \$918,000,000, half of which went to England, France, and Italy. These countries sent us in return imports of only \$30,000,000, or scarcely one fifteenth of our exports to them.

The art of canning food was invented in 1795 by a Frenchman, named Appert, and was practically the same process as that used today. In spite of this fact, canning is practised less in France than in any other country.

On November 5 plans were laid by the Senate Military Committee for the operation of an aerial mail service to Alaska. Mails now are handled exclusively by steamships, and a fast aerial mail service would make Alaska more accessible.

The submerged bridge is the new paradox which faces the civilized world. A steel or concrete tube is constructed in the open air and submerged. Although this is neither a tunnel nor a bridge, yet it is a union of the two in one structure.

The average earnings of all mine workers in 1918 was \$1,550.56, or \$6.18 for each day they worked. This conclusion was based on information taken directly from the monthly cost sheets on which the operators reported to the Federal Trade Commission.

The practice of grave robbing has been traced back to as early a date as 700 B. C. In the tomb of a mayor and chief priest of Thebes, who died about that time, evidences were found that ghouls had broken in soon after the body was interred, and carried off many jewels left with it.

From the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Labor, we learn the effect of the H. C. L. in fifty-nine cities. Families earning \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year expend \$584 for food. Fall River, Massachusetts, holds the "largest eaters," expending \$624; Savannah, Georgia, the smallest, expending \$427.

In the kaleidoscopic events of the four years of the war twenty-four great nations participated in the fighting; over 33,000,000 men were in arms. More than \$100,000,000,000 was consumed in the struggle. Revolutions occurred in Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Germany. Five monarchs and heirs were driven from the throne. The fall of the military dynasties of the Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Hapsburgs of Austria, and of King Ferdinand and his son of Bulgaria, occurred. The pro-German King Constantine of Greece fled before the wrath of his people. Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary sees his dual empire a heap of ruins, and Germany, revolting, is proclaiming republics within her borders.

In a tiny vial in Washington, D. C., can be found a specimen of the deadliest poison ever known. It is "lewisite," product of an American scientist. Ten airplanes carrying this poison could wipe out every vestige of life—human, animal, or vegetable—in a big city. A single day's output would snuff out the four million lives on Manhattan Island. A single drop placed on the hand would penetrate the blood, reach the heart, causing the victim to die in great agony. When the armistice was signed, this poison was being made at the rate of ten tons a day. It was developed by Prof. W. Lee Lewis, of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

A public speaker recently pointed out that while the United States has only 6 per cent of the population of the world and only 7 per cent of the land, it produces 60 per cent of the world's supply of copper, 40 per cent of lead, 50 per cent of zinc; 60 per cent of aluminum, 60 per cent of oil, 75 per cent of corn, 60 per cent of cotton, 40 per cent of silver, 42 per cent of coal, 40 per cent of iron and steel, 20 per cent of gold, 85 per cent of automobiles, and 25 per cent of wheat. It refines 80 per cent of the copper and operates over 40 per cent of the world's railroads.

Mrs. Tom Thumb's death at Middleboro, Massachusetts, is a reminder of entertainments of many years ago. Count Magri and his wife, veritable Lilliputians, were famous the world over. They were more than mere midgets. They had talent. Associated with them were "Commodore Nut" and Minnie Warren. This quartet toured the country, under the management of P. T. Barnum, whose genius for discovering quaint people and for making the public interested in them was proverbial. Tom Thumb, as he was best known, died long ago.

Unitania is the best word yet received by the World Trade Club of San Francisco in competition for its prize of \$1,000 for the very best word to name the United States of America and all parts of Britannia. The prize of one thousand dollars will be paid at noon on May 15, 1920, at San Francisco, and will be presented to the person suggesting the best name. The above-mentioned name is now being used by the World Trade Club in carrying on its campaign for Unitanian metric standardization.

In New York City, and many other places, the aggregate school budget has increased from 20 to 30 per cent; but with the cost of living advanced from 50 to 100 per cent, the teachers are probably the most poorly paid this season of any class of American workers. Harvard University has organized a campaign for an immediate sum of \$15,000,000 as a fresh endowment, the income of which is to be applied chiefly in the increase of teachers' salaries.

The Shapiro Candy Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn, New York, was fined \$1,000 in Federal court for profiteering in sugar. Charges declared the company had sold 79,000 pounds of sugar for 13 and 13 1-10 cents a pound.

The Youth's Instructor

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A New Year

B. F. M. SOURS

WERE I a prophet, that I could see
Things that the New Year has for me;
Had I the vision of seer of old
To foretell as the future was foretold,
 O year of joy!
 O year of woe!
My thankful heart would overflow.

Over the weeks and the months I see
Change, change, that is bearing down on me.
There is the gladness of joys long sought,
There are the sorrows I wished for not.
 In heaven above
 The God of love
Plans all my path to heights above.

So over the dark the sun will shine;
All life is under the wings divine.
I joy in his beaming smile above
And rest my all on his heart of love.
 Then come what may,
 If dark or gay,
I hail, I hail thee, New Year's Day!

The Best Year Yet

ERNEST LLOYD

THERE are several definite things that we can do which make it absolutely certain that the year 1920 will be the best year in the history of our missionary work.

I do not mean, of course, that any one member can make this year the best in his society's history, though there is no doubt that each individual has latent powers for producing such results. But I mean that if the society itself — all its members or nearly all of them — should determine to make this the best year in its history, it could be done.

Then, let us make it the best year. See how simple it is. Nobody in the world can stop you from doing those things that will make it the best.

In the first place it can be the best year in your nearness to God. Did you ever really stop to consider that no person or no power in the world can prevent you from coming just as near to God as you want to? In the old days it was only the high priest who could go into the holy of holies, where God's manifest presence was; and he could go only once a year. But Jesus has made a way by which every one of us may proceed to the very heart of God. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews makes the climax of his letter in these words: "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God; let us draw near." And Paul, naming over the mightiest things he could think of, exclaims that none of them "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:39.

Without doubt this will be the best year in numbers and in money collected; and it may be the best year in the lives of us all in staying near to the Master. Our great need today is more prayer. How glad we should be that the way to God lies wide open to all!

The wonderful results of the "haystack meeting," where four college students, seeking shelter from a shower, laid the foundations of the great modern forward missionary movement, prove what can be accomplished by a few persons — they may be very young persons — who will draw near to God in prayer. So make this the best prayer year in your society's history.

Then make it the best faith year. As nobody can stop your getting near to God, so nobody can stop your trusting him. We sing lustily:

"Faith is the victory
That overcomes the world."

But how much of the world is being overcome by our faith? Faith is the natural result of much prayer. The more you talk with God the more you will form the habit of believing him. And a few faithful ones who really expect great things from God will change the complexion and atmosphere of any society or church. We are too much inclined to depend upon numbers. Henry Drummond said, "What the cause of God needs is not so many more of us, but a better brand of us." God seems to take delight in accomplishing wonderful things with a Gideon band.

This can be the best year in sacrifice. You may not have so much to give as you had last year, or you may not have so much time and strength to use for the society's work. But with whatever time and strength and money are at your disposal, you can make greater sacrifice. And the amount of sacrifice made counts vastly more than the amount of money or strength or time expended. In these days of big things we are apt to forget the story of the widow and her two mites, and to pass over the earnest things Jesus said about self-denial and cross-bearing. Can't we turn the screws a little tighter this year? Do not make the sacrifice for its own sake, not for the good it will do; make it for Jesus' sake.

Prayer — faith — sacrifice — wonderful things, yet within the reach of all. You can have more of them this year than you have ever had before, and that will make this the best year of all.

Yours to Give

COMING out of a service some years ago, a young man said, "Pastor, I wish I could talk in meeting as some people can." I reminded him that there were other ways of serving God than talking in meeting. He then went on to say: "I remember very well the first time you called at our house. I saw you coming up the path; and, as you came in the front door, I went out the back door. Not that I had any-

thing against you, for I did not even know you; but I dreaded to meet ministers lest they talk to me. "In those days I seldom attended church, never went to a prayer meeting, and had never been in a minister's house. However, I began to attend church pretty regularly, but I could not understand why it was that all your sermons were directed to our pew, and to my particular end of the pew. By and by I became so uncomfortable that I decided I would become a Christian in all respects except one.

"I promised the Lord that I would pray and read the Bible, and do everything I thought he wanted me to do, except just one thing; that is, I would keep it secret. I was a farmer's boy without much education, and, of course, could not speak and pray in meeting as other people could; and I thought the Lord ought to be pretty well satisfied if he got out of me as much as I had promised. But, honestly, I was more miserable than I was before.

"Finally I became so wretched that I decided that I would go all the way, and, as you remember, I arose one night and told the Lord's people that I had accepted Christ and wanted to be numbered among his followers. Then the peace of God came into my heart.

"And now," he added, "there is no service I like better than a prayer meeting, and no house in town that I like to visit so well as the minister's."

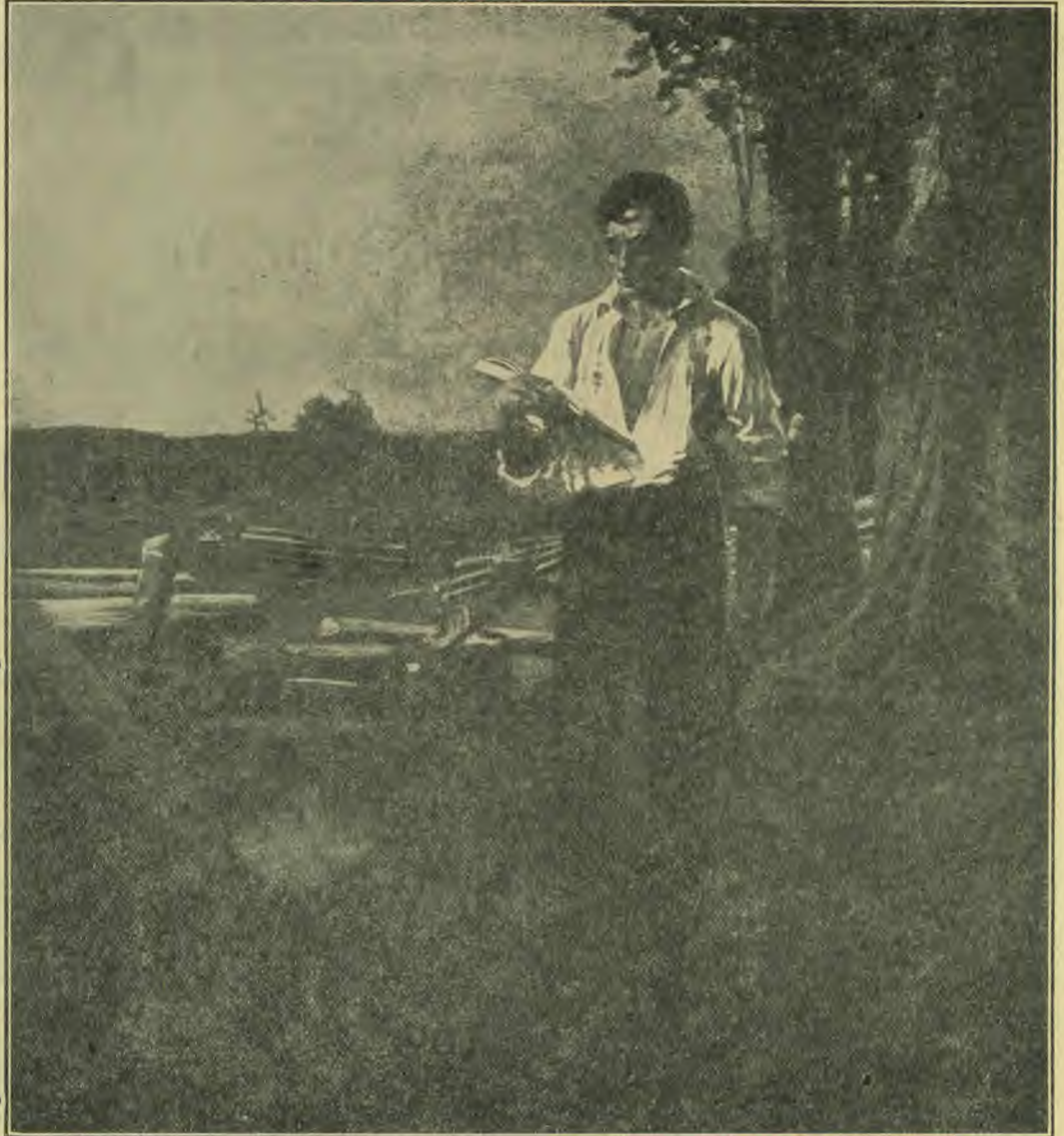
When he had finished his story, I said to him: "Clinton, I want to tell you that this story which you have just related is a stronger argument to prove that God actually changes men's hearts and lives than any sermon that I can preach, or any other minister. And this is your testimony. God has given it to you, and it is yours. Not yours to keep, but to use as God gives you opportunity. Never again say that you cannot speak in meeting, so long as you have a testimony like this.

"The world and the church are tired of mere talk; they are sick and disgusted with 'a few remarks;' but a testimony like this, fresh from a warm heart and

straight from the throne of God, will always get a hearing and carry conviction, whether given in public or in private. And this is your exclusive property. Use it to God's glory, and remember that you are rich, my boy, in the possession of it; but, if you hide it, you may lose it." — *Howard W. Page.*

What Shall We Read?

FOR what was Abraham Lincoln famous?" asked the teacher of a small boy in her history class. "Why, for his memory," came the prompt reply.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE STUDENT RAIL-SPLITTER

"And how do you know?" the teacher continued. "Because, as I was walking down the street the other day, I saw a monument erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln."

Yes, this great man was famous for his memory, and his memory became famous through reading. When he was but fourteen years old, he had read all the books he could lay his hands on, and had devoured them with a relish. In his reading, when he would come across a passage that particularly impressed him, he would write it and rewrite it, and repeat it, until it was fixed in his mind. This was the beginning of his career.

There is much that can be said about the value of reading good books, and its effect upon the life. There are books which tend to lower the ideals, and there

are those which always elevate and inspire with noble ambition. A personal acquaintance with the latter will prove of inestimable worth, while to waste one's time with that which has no depth to it will lessen the power of the brain to reproduce that which is worth retaining.

"Obtaining truth for one's reading is like mining for gold. One might find a nugget of gold in a tar bucket or a slop bucket, but his hands would be soiled in getting it. On the other hand, had he gone to the stream for it, not only would he have the gold, but his hands instead of being defiled would have been cleansed by the environment. So with our reading; one may find as pure and wholesome a truth in Ingersoll's writings, or in a dime novel, as could be found in the Bible, but he has been to the devil's tar bucket to get it, and has soiled his mind by the environment."

Through reading, one may receive a real education. How often in reading we encounter some word whose real meaning is not clear to us, and rather than miss the connection of the story, we hurry on and leave the word behind, not thinking that our interest would be doubly increased if we knew the part this word had to act in bringing about the thought. It is a good habit to form, that of acquainting oneself with the unfamiliar words, and in turn it will yield a generous dividend and lend an added zest to reading.

Those who are well read have a key which will admit them into any society. They will be sought for counsel and advice by those in responsible positions, they are never forgotten at social gatherings, and are hailed with delight by the invalid and by those who are unable to read. Thus while they have been the means of contributing toward the service and happiness of others, they have in return been mutually benefited.

For years the Missionary Volunteer Department has presented to our young people a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the best books, and in addition to the enjoyment one receives from them, and the instruction which they afford on various subjects, the department gives due recognition to those who read the books systematically. The courses outlined for 1919-20 are exceptional ones. If you are interested in adventure, you will want to read "On the Trail of Livingstone." Then there are the stories of mission life, what our foreign neighbors are doing for us, the wonderful providences of God, and many other subjects which are adapted to interest and instruct the minds of both old and young. Why not do something along the line of self-improvement this winter, and learn to relish good books, as did Abraham Lincoln?

FRANCES E. PERHAM.

My Dream

AN August rain was falling. The night was dark and threatening. A severe thunderstorm was about to break upon us. From a child I was possessed of great fear at the approach of a storm. My mother and older sisters had long sought to dispel my fear by impressing upon my mind the fact that God rules the storm and always cares for his own. But somehow the fear persisted, and this night I was afraid.

The darkness grew more dense. An occasional flash of lightning revealed the otherwise invisible buildings all about us. I feared that homes were being wrecked by the lightning, and their occupants exposed to the pitiless storm. Suddenly, as I lay awake watching and fearing, the storm broke upon us in its fury. Lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the wind tore through the trees, until it seemed I could not endure the strain of it all. Finally, however, after committing myself to my Father's care, from weariness I fell asleep, and dreamed.

The storm did not abate its fury even in my dream; but as I watched the great black mountain clouds, I beheld a form behind them. Only the head and shoulders were revealed. The face was full of kindness, love, and sympathy. I recognized it as the face of Jesus. And as I wondered why he was there, with outstretched arms he seemed to move the clouds back and forth at will. And the storm followed his directing hand. Then he raised his eyes and looked at me, so tenderly, as if to say, "Can't you see? Don't you understand? I am always in the storms. I direct them; but I always care for my children, and I'm caring for you."

I awoke, expecting still to see the storm, and my Saviour directing its course. But lo; it had ceased, the sky had cleared, and the stars and silvery moon shone bright in the blue.

Now storms may come, but there is no fear. I always see behind the threatening cloud the face of Him who said to me as he did to the disciples of old, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

MYRTLE DAVIDSON.

New Year Determinations

- We will strike hands in co-operative service.**
- We will stand square to duty in the world crisis.**
- We will waste no time in profitless parleying.**
- We will launch out promptly and positively.**
- We will prosecute spiritual tasks vigorously.**
- We will sacredly guard appointed times for worship.**
- We will build and not burden.**
- We will lift and not lean.**
- We will cultivate the spirit of fellowship.**
- We will refuse to listen to caustic criticisms.**
- We will be generous in our judgments.**
- We will make our church attractive to strangers.**
- We will bear witness with faithfulness.**
- We will generously support the church and its work.**
- We will cultivate the spirit of loyalty.**
- We will exemplify the teachings of Jesus.**
- We will be true to our profession of faith.**
- We will pray for increased spiritual prosperity.**
- We will attend services punctually and regularly.**
- We will respond to all reasonable requests for service.**
- We will honestly try to win others to Christ.**
- We will make this the best of years for our church.**

— A. Z. Conrad.

Choosing the Best

WHEN Harry Lauder stood at the grave of his son slain on the battlefield of France, he said to himself: "There are three things I can do: I can commit suicide; I can drown my sorrow in dissipation; or I can give myself to the Lord and lose my grief in ministering to others." He chose the last, the noblest choice a man can make.

A Visit to Porto Rico

G. B. THOMPSON

IT was recently my privilege to visit the island of Porto Rico in the interest of our mission work in this and other parts of the West Indies. This is one of the most beautiful and interesting of the islands in this part of the world. Porto Rico, prior to 1898, was a Spanish possession, but it now belongs to the United States, and through its uplifting influence is one of the most prosperous of the West Indies.

This island lies between 17° 54' and 18° 30' north latitude, and 65° 35' and 67° 15' west longitude, or about 1,380 miles in a south-eastern direction from New York. It is about thirty-five miles wide from north to south, and a hundred miles long from east to west, or an area of about 3,600 square miles. The population is reported as 1,250,000. The capital is San Juan, with 50,000 inhabitants, located on an excellent harbor on the north side of the island. The suburbs are connected by a street car line, and an excellent "jitney" service. A good narrow-gauge railroad has been built most of the way around the island, and more than a thousand miles of excellent macadamized roads, enabling the traveler to reach all the principal parts of the island in an automobile.

While this is an island possession of the United States, and English is the official language, the country is distinctively Spanish, and the Spanish language is the popular tongue. The towns are Spanish in appearance. The streets are narrow, and the houses for the most part are one and two stories in height.

The island furnishes much commerce, and it is increasing each year. There are about nine principal seaports, and thirteen lines of steamships are said to touch the island, three of these running to New York. There are telegraph and telephone lines, and cable connections with other parts of the world. The principal exports from the island are sugar, oranges, pineapples, cocoanuts, grapefruits, cigars, coffee, and tobacco. On a trip into the interior of the island we saw vast acres covered with tobacco. Whole fields of this poisonous herb are covered with a fine cloth netting to protect the tobacco, and thus produce a finer commercial commodity.

Nature has indeed been liberal in beautifying the island. The hills and valleys are among the most beautiful in the world, and it seems a pity to see these beautiful and fertile fields devoted to the raising of

that poisonous plant which is debauching and destroying the human family in all lands. We were shown through a tobacco factory in San Juan where large, complicated, and expensive machines make millions of cigars and cigarettes each day. When we think of all the millions that are made by machine, as well as those made by hand, and consider the terrible effect on the human system of the nicotine which is contained in them, the situation is alarming. This one factory we visited was filled with native women and girls working hard in the manufacture of cigarettes and cigars. Even if they do not use the poisonous weed, breathing the noxious fumes from it can only have an injurious effect on the health and the moral perception.

In educational matters Porto Rico is coming to the front. The Roman Catholic Church has long had an influence in this as well as other islands in this part of the world. But the Roman Catholic Church does not educate the people. Look where you will, and wherever this church bears sway, the world is filled with darkness and superstition and ignorance. This system grows best in the dark. But since the American occupation, schools of various grades have been established all over the island, and all children can now secure a free education, particularly in the study of English.

We have on this island a splendid work started, and the outlook is encouraging

for a stronger work in educational and evangelical lines in the future. From the mountains, luxuriant valleys, and verdant hills of Porto Rico a people will be gathered when the Saviour re-

turns to this earth to take his waiting, faithful children home.

Notes from Porto Rico

A COPY of the *Signs of the Times* containing an article entitled, "Why I Quit Keeping Sunday," fell into the hands of a Methodist pastor who had thought and read somewhat on the question. That article was what decided him in Sabbath keeping. He is the seventh native pastor who has accepted the message in less than four years. One is resting until the resurrection morning, and the rest are doing all they can to advance the work of the Lord in this place.

Not long ago two boys and one girl, the girl a very recent convert, left their island home and took up the duties and privileges of the industrial school at Huntsville, Alabama. The young woman had never been taught to work, and consequently found it difficult to adjust herself to dishwashing and the like. She is, however, doing well, having a determination to make the most of herself and her school privileges.



Baptismal and Church Dedicatory Services in the West Indies

One of the boys had never known much of manual hardship, and perhaps had never seen others engaged in plowing. When set at that work, and not appreciating the value of mule strength, he thought it his place to push the plow. He writes that when he let the mules do their part, the work was easier. Is there



PINEAPPLE FARM IN PORTO RICO

not a spiritual lesson to be learned from the experience?

The other young man was holding some six or seven places of responsibility in connection with the work here, so he is missed very much, but since he is fitting for a broader field of usefulness, we can spare him.

How the Lord leads honest ones where they can learn of his truth was exemplified here in the case of a Seventh-day Baptist young man who came from the States to teach in one of the Government schools of Porto Rico. An acquaintance of his wrote us in regard to him. An invitation was sent the teacher to visit us. He came at the time of a general meeting when Elders Spicer and Parmele were present. Studies were held with him and all the points were clear to his mind.

He was drafted, and while in the army was given Sabbath off and relieved from preparation for combatant service. The war closed before the Porto Rican soldiers were called to go across. While in the army he was the means in God's hand of leading two men to accept the message for this time. He has recently been spending several days in the home of one of them, and reports an excellent interest in the family and the neighborhood. He is engaging in the canvassing work, and hopes soon to be able to teach the truth of God to relatives and acquaintances in the States.

In a town of Porto Rico there was much opposition to the work of the Seventh-day Adventists. One man put forth his most earnest efforts to tear down and uproot our work. He even went so far as to attend one of our quarterly meetings that he might obtain data to use against the truth. There he became so impressed by the spirit manifested that his heart began to soften, and at the present time he is a baptized member of the Seventh-day Adventist church of

Santurce. Like Paul of old, he became as stanch an upholder as he was once a persecutor.

Some may think that persons in these fields are not so careful as in the home country. One of the natives came for an evening study, and familiarly I asked her to lay her hat on my bed. She quietly laid it elsewhere, with the modest explanation that she never laid anything on a bed.

One of our members is a domestic in the home of an American family. Harriet, the six-year-old daughter, is very fond of Augusta, despite the difference in their complexions. She is learning many valuable Bible truths and spiritual lessons. She likes *Our Little Friend*, and insists on her parents' reading it to her. She said, "Papa, do you say your prayers in the morning?" The answer being in the negative, she said, "Well, you ought to. I do."

She wanted one of the bell envelopes, used the first quarter of the year, and it came in well filled with coins. What may be the harvest from the seed sown by a godly servant?

This island is assigned to the various denominations for evangelization. Our territory is the whole island, for we have a world-wide message. A conference was held in the Baptist section and Brother G. D. Raff, our canvassing agent, attended it. One of the questions under discussion was to this effect: "What shall be done with the influence of Seventh-day Adventists?" It was trying to our brother to listen to the misstatements and abuse given, but by the power of the Holy Spirit he remained quiet. After the close of the conference it was his lot to travel by automobile with several of the ministers. Pleasant conversation engrossed the time, but no word of censure or complaint was heard because of what had happened. Since then one of the ministers has become deeply interested in the study of the third angel's message, and he gives, as one reason for his interest, the spirit manifested by our brother during and after the conference.

A young man who had neglected school opportunities in boyhood days, was converted, and thus awakened to the fact that he was seriously handicapped. However, he determined to make the best use of present opportunities, and set himself to the task of learning what he might have acquired when a boy. An in-



PORTO RICO TRAINING SCHOOL

terested friend inquired of his teacher if he was apt in the use of the dictionary, to which a favorable reply was given. The inference was that that being the case, he was likely to succeed to a fair degree. The dictionary is a volume of which all can make good use.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.



Just for the Juniors



The Saving of Tom Parmalee

E. F. COLLIER

(Concluded from last week)

THE next day they lowered the two small caskets, together with many bright hopes, into the ground at the cemetery; and Tom Parmalee, the hard man, and cruel in his hardness, at last felt a touch of the sorrow that comes into so many other lives, but had never before reached his.

Perhaps all sorrow is not helpful or illuminating, but his was, as following events soon showed. In fact, before the pang of grief was lightly assuaged, feelings more tender than Tom had ever experienced came into his heart. All during Christmas Day he was inwardly reviewing his past life. Mental images of the suffering endured by others, which at the time had only elicited sneers from his unsympathetic heart, now arose before him until he began to appraise rightfully his own mean spirit. His thoughts ran back to childhood's days with Christian parents teaching lessons of love and tenderness and pity. He had forgotten it all. His life had become one round of self-gratification, taking toll from his fellow beings but giving nothing in return. Now toll was taken of him. Suddenly, without warning and without his consent, his most priceless possession had been snatched away. He began to realize that there are powers greater than man, whose demands are inexorable; and when he remembered that the agent that collected the toll was of his own creation it well-nigh maddened him. Sandy had taken his first drink in Tom's saloon at Tom's solicitation. There he had companioned with that baser ilk who frequent such resorts, until he became that reckless, maudlin agent of death that crushed out the lives of two innocent children. "Blind mercenaries among men," that was the term employed by the temperance speaker to whom he had listened with such scorn, but now he knew that he was one of them.

When Tom started to his saloon Monday morning, he cared little about going and still less about his venture in the neighboring city. He had made a criminal of Sandy, and indirectly helped destroy his own children. He had laughed at heart appeals for help from his fellow beings; had turned life for some into human mockery, and jested as he coined dollars from their blood and tears. Should he continue in this iniquitous work? Would the God who loves little children ever forgive him if he did?

At a transfer corner where he awaited a car, a little child sat upon the curb, sobbing. Others passed her by with busy intent even as he would have done in days past; but the seeds of pity had been sown in Tom's heart by his loss, and he stooped to address her.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, gently touching the auburn curls that clung in disordered mass about her head.

An uncontrollable burst of sobbing was her only answer. But as Tom lifted her up she recognized the sympathy of a friend, and clung to him.

"I'm hungry," she managed to say between sobs. "Oho, hungry, is it? Well, then, we had better have something to eat right away."

For answer she clung still tighter about his neck.

Tom was strangely moved. That childish embrace, so much like Berta's, sent thrills into him. To his remembrance, this was the first time in his life that he had turned a hand to help a human being without some selfish motive prompting him; but this simple deed gave him a new joy.

Into a lunchroom he took her, first washing the tears from her face, and then regaling her with milk and bread and fruit. When she was satisfied, he began to question her. She was only a tot, not more than three, and her answers were hard to interpret. But the sum of them, finally gathered, was that her father was gone, her mother gone, and her brother and sister at home, sick and hungry. The greatest difficulty encountered was to secure the location of her home. This was finally done by the aid of a kind-hearted matron who came to Tom's assistance. Then Tom hailed a cabman and they were whirled away.

They found it, a little cottage, half hidden by the high board fence in front. Though it was winter, home-loving hands were traceable even on the outside. A vine, leafless now, arched its way above the door. A child's swing still hung between trees where a father's hand had placed it. This was the home of Jeanette,—for so she called herself,—in the factory district, far on the opposite side of the city from where Tom lived.

Within the house, lying upon a cot, was a frail girl about eight years of age. At sight of Tom and Jeanette she too burst into crying. When she had gained control of herself, she cried appealingly:

"Please, Mister, please—the baby! He's starving—he's had no milk or other food for two days!"

The little fellow whom Tom found, not more than a year old, had ceased to cry. Worn out and weak as he was, he could only gasp.

Tom asked no more questions, but ran through the gate to reappear shortly with a bottle of milk and sundry articles of food. He had also telephoned to Mrs. Parmalee to come without delay.

"Papa told us he would leave money with which to get food, but I guess he forgot. At least we could not find it after he was gone. Then I took sick the first evening after he left, and could not go out to get help. I sent out Jennie, but she is so young and could not tell our needs. Then besides, the neighbors about here are not friendly; they are all foreigners, and do not like papa because he will not mingle with them. Then we became so hungry and frightened."

"Where did your father go?" inquired Tom.

"He went to see mamma who is sick at Brighton. He expected to come back in a day or two. Papa said he would have a surprise for us when he returned; but he hasn't come, and I am so worried about him and mamma."

Tom started.

"What is your name?" he asked—"your last name?"

"Our name is Mayes. Papa's name is Charles, Charles Mayes."

To Tom's mind there came a vision of that drink-hounded man, fearing, yet too weak to resist. Mayes had confided to him that he would be back Christmas Day, and it was already several days past. Something should be done at once.

Having seen to it that the children were fed and first aid offered all around, Tom called Jeanette to him.

"Listen, Jennie," he said, "presently the doctor and Mrs. Parmalee will be here. They will take good care of baby and you, and will help your sister to get well. Now you be a brave, good girl, and help. That's right. And uncle," assuming the title for himself, "will go and find out about papa and mamma."

A long-distance call over the telephone brought the information that Mrs. Mayes had died the evening of the day following Christmas, and that word was awaited as to the disposition of the body. Tom telephoned back to hold the body until further orders. Then he sent out the word to surrounding towns to start the search for Mayes, determining to spare no expense necessary in order to find him.

Having done what he could for the time being, Tom sat down to think. Bereaved of his own children, he was hardly fit to take on a task like this so soon. But he felt that a load of guilt rested upon him and he must act. A new feeling called "sympathy," had been born within him, and it demanded duty.

He recalled what Mayes had told him. Mrs. Mayes was dying in a hospital, and he, as he supposed, was going to see her for the last time. Prior to her removal to the hospital, Mrs. Mayes had secured his promise that, whatever might ensue, this year the children should not be deprived of the Christmas joy that was due them. The twenty-fifth of December had passed, but Tom wondered if it might still be possible to fulfil the mother's desire in the experience of the little ones.

While he was pondering over the matter and wondering how it might be accomplished, a message came to him from Woodford, a small town lying east a few miles, stating that the body of a man identified as Charles Mayes had been discovered in a railway culvert; that an empty flask, formerly containing whisky, was by his side, and in his arms a number of parcels evidently intended for Christmas gifts.

Later messages revealed and confirmed the whole sad story. Mayes had gone to Brighton, as he purposed, to see his wife. He had even gone as far as the doors of the hospital; but the signs and fumes of liquor were upon him so strongly that he was ashamed to appear in her presence. He remembered the promise of abstinence he had made to her, and he would not grieve her last moments by letting her know that he had broken his pledge. So he took the money he had provided and purchased the gifts for his children. The money meant for his return fare had been spent in Parmalee's saloon before starting on his trip, so he must walk all the way back. The weather was bitterly cold, and whisky was a sorry substitute for food. Doubtless the thought of his children spurred him on, for he had traveled twelve miles before the cold drove him to the protection of the culvert. There, fatigued, chilled, and overcome with drowsiness, he had sunk down and frozen.

Tom writhed under the accumulation of his guilt and the burden of the message he must bear to those orphaned children who were now, in the nature of things, thrust upon his care. How could he tell them? How explain? How could he bear the disappointment and poignant sorrow of their child hearts?

Inwardly he prayed, prayed for the forgiveness of his sins and for enlightenment as to how he should proceed.

Hurrying over to the Mayes' home, he found Mrs. Parmalee busily engaged in making the children comfortable, and the doctor about to leave. The latter explained that the girl's ailment was not at all serious, and that in all probability she would be about in a day or two.

Then Tom held a long, whispered conversation with Mrs. Parmalee, proposing certain steps to which she at first demurred, but later gave consent when she had heard the whole matter and thought it over.

"Not a word to them then until after tonight," cautioned Tom. "I am sure it will be best, and just what both parents would want done if they could but make it known."

That afternoon many parcels and packages arrived, the contents of which, Tom explained, was to be a surprise.

"Maybe," suggested Jeanette, "it will be our Chwis'mus."

"Maybe so," consented Tom, smiling to himself.

All of these things, together with another parcel taller than Tom himself, were carefully deposited in the front room of the house.

"Now, Jeanette," he whispered to the little maid who was all agog with excitement and curiosity, "if you will look after baby brother for a while, auntie and uncle will fix up the surprise." To which she readily agreed, though her eyes tokened her eagerness to know what it all meant.

That evening, when it had grown quite dark, they drew the girl's cot over by the door, so she could readily view the interior of the larger room when the door should be opened. Then baby was seated upon a high chair within the darkened room, with Jeanette near by. When all was ready, Tom released a switch attached to an electric battery, and the whole room seemed fairly to spring forth in a blaze of light and interest.

A beautiful Christmas tree,—the one intended originally for little Tom and Berta,—with all its weight of tinsel decoration and colored lights, stood before them. Upon the tree and beneath and around it were beautiful and valuable gifts,—dolls and pictures and toys, candies and fruits, mittens and furs, a muff, some warm shoes, and dozens of other articles, many of them almost sacred to Tom and his wife because they had been bought for their own children, now asleep beneath the snow on the hillside.

"These," said Tom, pointing to some of the gifts that hung upon the tree, "were purchased for you by your father. It was your mother's plan that such a Christmas treat be given you. These were brought today by a messenger that they might be here in time for this occasion."

It was a solemn moment, indeed, for Tom and Mrs. Parmalee. The latter could scarcely forbear taking the children in her arms and pouring forth her pity and consolation. But Tom restrained her with a warning glance, though his own eyes were dim and his heart filled with compassion.

Both girls looked up, the same question uppermost in each of their minds.

"Where is my papa and my mamma?" questioned Jeanette, tears starting to her eyes in the midst of her joy.

This was just the question it was hoped would not be asked.

"Never mind now, dear," soothed Mrs. Parmalee, "tomorrow you will learn why they are not here to-night."

Of course the things bought by the limited means of their father were not so costly or elegant as those brought over by the Parmalees; but as each one was taken down and placed in the hands of the children, comments were made relative to its beauty and usefulness, so that a deeper and more lasting impression would be made by those things which their father and mother had provided.

That night a servant, brought over from Tom's house, stayed with and cared for the children. Next day they were told of their loss of both father and mother, a most difficult task for their new-found friends, and in view of the situation they were all removed to the home so recently occupied by little Tom and Berta. That afternoon the bodies of the two parents were interred in the cemetery just outside the city, near where two other fresh-heaped mounds were in evidence.

Standing between the graves of their dead children and the newer graves, where the falling clouds sounded to Tom like hammer strokes of judgment, the eyes of Tom and Mrs. Parmalee met; then dropped to Jeanette who was standing by their side, clinging to their hands, with big tears filling her blue eyes; and then turned to the older maiden and the baby boy who sat folded in robes in Tom's automobile.

"Tom, whose children are these now?" asked Mrs. Parmalee, with a quaver in her voice, as they lifted Jeanette into the car and prepared to leave.

"They are ours, if God permit," answered Tom, hoarsely.

Inwardly Mrs. Parmalee was happier than she could have believed possible under the trial they had just experienced. The reason for her joy was the change she had seen taking place in Tom. It was unnecessary to ask questions to know that he was different; she could see it in his face and attitude, and in every word which he spoke.

When they had ridden a distance toward home, she leaned forward in the car and inquired:

"Tom, what about the new saloon you are opening next month?"

"I am not opening any saloon," he answered. "The deal has been called off, and all the property and appurtenances I possess connected with the abominable business now carry the sign, 'For Sale.'"

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

AND it came to pass that a certain student went down from South Dakota to the Clinton Seminary and fell into bad company.

These students made him believe that he should never, under any circumstances, let his lessons interfere with his good times. They told him that the school rules were made to develop wit; that is, the one who could break most of them and "get by," was considered most brilliant. They explained to him that if he could slip out to watermelon patches, hand in Dick's theme for his own, or write out history dates on his starched cuffs for examination, he was indeed one greatly to be desired.

Now when these had stripped him of his time and good grades, and wounded his character, they left him sore discouraged.

By chance a bright senior girl came to know him; and she, being a Christian, nominally, could have

helped him. She was too busy, though, planning her graduation gown. O foolish virgin!

And likewise a junior, rooming across the hall from him, heard the discouraged student talk of leaving; and he laughed at his feminine homesickness, shamed him for the trouble in which he was, and slammed his door, saying that such a fellow wasn't fit for school anyway.

But a certain freshman beheld him in his unhappy state and had compassion on him. He went to him each day, helping him with back algebra problems and science notebooks long since due. He even made arrangements with the president of the school to permit him to do the unfortunate boy's domestic work until he could catch up.

Which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell into bad company?

KATHERINE DOROTHY OLIPHANT.

On Having Fun

MR. FRANK CRANE says that the best rules he ever saw for having fun he found in the Woodcraft League, an organization designed to teach children to play out of doors, "which is where the best play is always to be had, because God made the out-doors." These three rules, given by Ernest Thompson Seton, who loves children and is loved by them, are:

"You must find your fun in your imagination.

"You must observe decorum.

"You must learn how to have fun without spending money."

Dr. Crane's interesting comments on these rules follow:

Rule I

"You must find your fun in your imagination.

"Not in things.

"The disease of the world is thingitis.

"This is a mania whereby the sufferer has a fixed delusion that to possess some certain material object will make him happy.

"I once knew a girl that had a high fever, so to speak, for a week, because she had her heart set on a certain kind of tennis racket, such as one or two other girls at her school owned. She got it. The fever went down a while. Then it broke out in a new place. This time she wanted a bicycle. And after the bicycle, an ivory-backed toilet set for her dresser, and then something else, and so on, a continuous stream of things being poured into her soul in the endeavor to allay the craving. But the process is hopeless. . . .

"A boy can have more fun playing in the sand, creating men and houses out of mud, than he can with a grand mechanical toy that smothers his imaginative faculty. He laughs louder riding a broom handle than a man does riding a real horse, because fancy rides with him.

"When the bicycle craze was new, they used to speak of 'the bicycle face,' meaning that strained and deadly serious expression the riders wore. But that is the face of all getters. Those who have got a million dollars, or got elected, or got a new grand piano, or got anything, straightway lose the blush off the peach; the fine and beautiful edge of happiness has been dulled. The people that keep their edge, the happy elect, are they that *play* they have things."

Rule II

"You must observe decorum.

"Your fun will not last unless you keep the rules of the game.

"There never was a more foolish idea than the notion that happiness consists in doing as one pleases. Quite the contrary. Happiness is found in pleasing others.

"Fun is social. Most enjoyment comes from the reaction of your companions. And the only known way of making them react so as to please you is to act so as to please them. . . .

"Doing as you please means confusion, and confusion is what is the matter with the world. From disorder come strikes, lockouts, riots, grudges, scandals, crimes, wars. All these troubles begin with some 'superman,' who thinks he does not have to play the game according to the rules, that *he* is bigger than humanity.

"There is no liberty in disorder. On the contrary, everybody is fettered. Civilization is a multiplication of restrictions, yet the civilized man is freer than the wild Hottentot; he is more secure."

Rule III

"You must learn to have fun without spending money.

"Did you get that?"

"The best fun costs no money. The kisses that are sweetest are given, those that are paid for are septic. Walking and running do more for health and long life than riding in a Pullman-feather-bed automobile. Playing tag in the schoolyard is more fun, eyes are brighter and laughter is louder, than dancing in the cabaret where orangeade costs a dollar a drink.

"Oh, the great delusion, that you can't have fun without money! May you, gentle reader, be saved from it!"

Seven Minds

MIND your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!

Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!

Mind your lips! Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight or write any evil words. Mind!

Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan; but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind! — *Young People*.

Nature and Science

Our Late Intruder, the Pink Bollworm

IF the morning papers should announce some day that "a fleet of enemy battleships had steamed up the Mississippi River" during the night, the consternation could hardly be greater than was produced in certain official circles when the news was received, after the great European war began, that the little pink bollworm, the world's greatest cotton pest, had taken up residence in the United States.

Its first appearance in North America was only a few years ago, having been found in some of the northern provinces of Mexico. Immediately our Government prohibited the importation from Mexico of cotton seeds, hulls, or seed cotton.

Through its depredations in Egypt, India, Brazil, Japan, the Philippines, Ceylon, and the Hawaiian Islands, the pink bollworm was well known in this country, even though it had never visited our shores.

One small beetle and two caterpillars are said to be responsible for at least three fifths of the annual loss of \$75,000,000 due to enemies of the cotton crop. The country therefore could ill afford to have another destroyer, more vicious and vigorous than the rest, take up its abode here; and since seven tenths of the world's cotton crop is produced in the United States, and since it was conceded by agricultural scientists that this pest would cause an annual loss of at least \$50,000,000, drastic measures of extermination were determined upon.

Uncle Sam set a body of experts and laborers — nearly a thousand men — at work cleaning up the infected districts. All cotton plants, with other vegetation, were gathered and burned. Every bit of ground was thoroughly searched for eggs, larvæ, and moths. So successful was the search that no sign of the destroyer was found in 1918.

The Government forbade the growing of cotton in the infected areas for three years. But the temptation to the farmer whose most lucrative crop is cotton, is to plant illicit crops. The Government has kept a sharp lookout for violators of the law, but several crops planted in "some nook of the woods" had escaped notice until the birdman's eye recently found them. "Legal action was taken against the owners of these crops, and they have since signed an agreement to bear all the cost of cleaning up their farms, under the supervision of Government inspectors, and to leave the disposal of the cotton grown absolutely in the hands of the authorities."

This little unwelcome invader was rather unceremoniously introduced into this country through the great storm that ravaged the Gulf country in 1915. During the storm great quantities of cotton lint and seed were washed ashore around Trinity Bay, Texas. No one thought of this waste cotton as harboring the pest; but so it was found the following year, when the pink bollworm appeared all through this section, involving more than six thousand acres. Then it was found that this cotton had come from the Laguna district of Mexico, where the pest had gained a footing.

Another source was from an oil mill at Hearne, Texas, which procured cotton seed from Mexico in 1916, the bollworm later appearing in neighboring fields. The same was true of a Beaumont mill.

Though this pest spreads rapidly, and is difficult to exterminate, if the farmers of the cotton country will only co-operate fully with the Government, they will soon be able to plant cotton without fear of molestation from the little pink ravager. F. D. C.

Two New Ships

TWO sisters ships, each one thousand feet in length, — fifty feet longer than any vessel now afloat, — that will establish new speed records for ocean voyages, will probably be steaming across the Atlantic in the near future.

The keels have not yet been laid, but the plans are ready, and because of the fact that the United States Shipping Board has asked the Navy Department to sponsor the building of these great vessels, there is little doubt that they will be constructed.

They will be 110,000-horsepower. The four propellers will drive the vessel through the water at about

thirty knots an hour. This speed will enable the ships to make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in four days. They each will have ten decks, which will be designated respectively, "Deck A," "Deck B," "Deck C," "Deck D," and so on. Provision will be made for a total of three thousand passengers, who will be divided into three classes.

Oil will be the fuel used to drive the propellers of these ocean titans, provision being made to carry on board a supply sufficient for a continuous voyage of seven thousand miles. — *Selected.*

Frost Miracles

A SIMPLE bush from the wayside sprung,
And yet with hundreds of jewels hung.
What compensation for wintry days!
What a theme for song, what a theme for praise!
The wire where the weekly wash is hung,
Is a silver necklace with diamonds strung.
The grapevine shimmers from top to root,
And bears pearl clusters instead of fruit.
The wayside weeds are like costly lace,
Where tiny diamonds the pattern trace.
What wealth is mine, as I now behold
The marvelous thoughts of God unfold
In icy patterns without a flaw!
I thrill with wonder, and thrill with awe.
The mountain sparkles with rainbows bright,
Where iced twigs move in the sun's warm light.
Strange frost flowers glitter upon the grass,
And make the meadow a sea of glass.
And as I tread on the frozen sod,
I whisper softly, "My Lord and my God."

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

America's New Neighbor

AMERICA has a new neighbor — a new customer for its products. It is Siberia, a land that we have looked upon for years as a country of icy wastes, useful chiefly as a vast, barren prison for Russian exiles. But Siberia has taken on a strangely different aspect since the war, and now offers exceptional opportunities to American business.

During the first half of 1919, Seattle, the American gateway of Siberia, shipped \$15,785,796 worth of goods to this once obscure land, as compared with only \$987,381 worth of goods in the same period last year.

Siberia is considered the richest undeveloped country in the world. Its mineral resources are limitless. Some of the eastern regions, particularly in the governments of Tomsk and Yeniseisk, are highly auriferous. One tract, larger in area than the whole of France, contains gold, not in its washed deposits, but in the matrix of the rocks.

Gold, iron, copper, silver, platinum, lead, tin, and zinc are found in great abundance in various parts of Siberia.

The other notable minerals of our new neighbor are the emerald and topaz, of which there are celebrated mines at Nervchinsk.

Besides its mineral resources, Siberia has limitless forests of fir, birch, and oak. Wild animals also are very numerous, and many valuable furs, such as white-bear and fox, will soon be reaching American markets. Its agricultural possibilities are enormous. But before all these riches can be made available for mankind, modern tools, machinery, and supplies must be sent into the country. The most urgent demand from Siberia now is for leather and leather products. Dry goods, woolen clothing, tractors, farm machinery, tools,—in short, practically all kinds of American manufactured products will be eagerly taken.

America's new neighbor promises to be one of its

best customers if Americans grasp the opportunities before the agents of other countries become firmly established. Siberia has awakened. This vast territory covering almost 5,000,000 square miles has only about 10,000,000 people. This population will increase rapidly, and every person will be a potential customer of Uncle Sam.—*Illustrated World.*



The Man Who Changed the Course of the World

HE was a wonderful man, tall, erect, and of commanding appearance. His flesh bore the ruddy tint of health. His countenance glowed with the light of life and joy. Innocence was in his eyes, joy and peace in his heart. He was lord over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and even the fishes of the sea. As he stood there that perfect day in the Eden of God, he was master of all he surveyed—he controlled the destinies of a world. "He was placed, as God's representative, over the lower orders of being. They cannot understand or acknowledge the sovereignty of God, yet they were made capable of loving and serving man. . . . 'Thou hast put all things under his feet.'"

In the Hebrew tongue this man's name was Adam, meaning "red earth." The name he gave to himself was Ish, signifying "a man of the earth." This man of the earth was in charge, under God, of the affairs of the earth, he was the "son of God." It is said of him, "His mind was capable of comprehending divine things," and he understood the plans of God for himself and his dominion. He was "a man of the earth:" he was *the* man of the earth; the head thereof, the governor, and he was capable. His manner, like that of all great men, was gentle, kindly, and considerate. "His affections were pure, his appetites and passions were under the control of reason."

This man knew no childhood; as yet he knew no evil, no pain, no sorrow, nor death; but, under God, he controlled the destiny of a world. No other human being ever occupied that position, and none ever will again. He stood that day, the time of which we write, in the parting of the ways. The happiness of the world and the peace of the entire universe hung in the balance.

He was working amid the beauties of Eden, having been commanded "to dress it and to keep it." He was occupied in the effort to "train the branches of the vines and trees to form bowers" and dwelling places. Suddenly there fell upon his ear a voice like the melody of music, like the tinkling of a silver bell. "O husband, see what I have for you!" The call seemed full of eagerness, but perhaps a little too eager to sound altogether natural. Unmindful of what he was to meet that day, the man looked up quickly into the face of the approaching figure, while smiles of love and welcome lighted his noble face.

The woman was a splendid creature. She was somewhat less in stature than the man, yet her form was noble and full of beauty. Like her husband, she was "clothed with a covering of light and glory, such as the angels wear."

As the man gazed upon the form of his beloved wife rapidly approaching him, he could see that she held in her hand some of the fruit of the trees of the garden. It may be that he called to her, "Have you found a new fruit, my dear?"

"Oh, yes! It is pleasant to the eye, and good for food; and it is to be desired to make one wise."

"From what tree did you get it, my love?"

"From the tree of knowledge of good and evil, standing in the midst of the garden."

A shadow of consternation spread itself over the face of the man as he heard the bold admission of the woman. God had said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die," and here stood his beloved companion, Eve, "the mother of all living," with the fruit in her hand, declaring that it was good for food and to be desired to make one wise. This could but mean that she had become a transgressor, and over her beautiful but foolish head now hung the divine sentence: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

In this valley of decision stood this mighty but stricken man. Should he, the lord of the world, the guardian of its destiny, go with this one who had become so indispensable to him? Or should he permit the removal of this beloved wife and be true to God and to his trust? Strong emotions shook the mighty frame of this great man as he trembled in the balance of indecision.

"How can I bear to leave thee, Eve, my wife, my companion, "bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh—how can I leave thee?" He himself had once said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." Love to woman and duty to his trust were in conflict within the breast of this tempted and tried man. Man "was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." She had been led to believe that it really did not matter whether they obeyed God literally or not. But the man knew what it meant. With eyes open, with the consciousness of guilt upon his heart, Adam took the fruit from the hands of his wife and ate thereof. He could not bear to lose the one who had become so dear to him.

Soon a strange chill was in the air. Their lovely robes melted away from them, "and they knew that they were naked." A strange sensation seized them; "they were ashamed." They tried to cover their naked, stark bodies with aprons of fig leaves. Thus in misery and regret the day wore on. They found themselves slinking away from that happy spot where God had been wont to meet them in the cool of the day, and where they had talked with him face to face and had known no reason to feel afraid. They had communed with the angels as friend with friend, with no other thought than that of happy association; but now they were afraid. They hid themselves as they "heard the Voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." They were shrinking

from contact with their loving Father because they had sinned. What an awful thing it is to think of meeting God with the guilt of sin upon one's heart!

This man had yielded to temptation, and by this had changed the whole course of the world. He opened the floodgates of woe and misery upon the world and altered its appearance, character, and final destiny. He transgressed the mighty law of God. He closed the door of hope to himself and his kind by his sin. And it must have remained eternally closed to them and to us had not the "Voice of God," the man Jesus Christ, walked that day in Eden and kindled hope afresh by the message that the Seed of the woman would bruise the serpent's head, and he himself be bruised for us. They were made to understand the great plan of salvation, the only way by which the now-lost dominion, and the lost innocence, and the happiness of Eden could be restored. The "second Adam" must now undertake the task of restoration, and redeem the world.



Adam and His Companion in the Garden

The years passed slowly away as the saddened couple told their melancholy story to their posterity. Hope sprang up in their hearts at the birth of Cain, their first-born, only to be dashed to the ground as they noted the bent of his mind. Then Abel aroused their hopes, only to have them dissipated at his violent death. So to generation after generation did Adam tell

his story and make his confession. Seth was born after one hundred thirty years of repentance for the great sin, and he was "a son, in his own likeness, after his image." Other sons and daughters were born in due time, and to all must the story of original sin be repeated. For nine hundred thirty years this pitiful tale was told and retold till death gave relief. Adam now sleeps in the hope of a restoration of all things, as promised to him that day in the garden of Eden by the Voice of God who walked in the garden in the cool of the day.

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

For the Finding-Out Club

What Is My Name?

MY name is the noise of an excited dog.

I am an island. I have belonged to Portugal, Spain, and Germany. Now Uncle Sam would like to adopt me for a cable station, as I am strategically located in the Pacific Ocean.

My 7,600 inhabitants are divided into but two classes. The distinguishing feature of aristocracy is the wearing of a bamboo comb of curious shape. For a plebeian to be caught wearing such a comb would mean summary execution.

I boast of wonderful stone buildings, and ethnologists think I was settled by people from Asia.

Theft is practically minus among my folks. If

any one has too much money (it is made of stone, and the "coins are from six inches to twelve feet in diameter") to keep in the house, he stores it outside.

Now where have you met me before?

ROGER ALTMAN.

Answers to Questions Printed November 25

1. DAVID. The first time, he was made commander in chief of Saul's army and gained the people's approbation. Of the second occurrence the record says, "The Lord was with him." In the third circumstance, David's name was honored very highly. 1 Sam. 18:5; 14:30.

2. Balaam made this exclamation when, in attempting to curse Israel, he was caused by the Lord to bless them. Num. 23:10.

3. Pharaoh. Ex. 8:8.

4. Shem.

5. Ahasuerus. Esther 8:10.

6. Caleb's daughter. Joshua 15:19.

7. Deborah. Judges 5.

8. Rachel. Gen. 35:20.

9. Hezekiah. 2 Kings 18:4.

10. Jehu. 2 Kings 9:20.

ELLEN OXLEY.

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MEADE MACGUIRE Field Secretary

The Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting

I WISH you would publish the Missionary Volunteer Society programs in the INSTRUCTOR as you did years ago," wrote a Missionary Volunteer worker recently. With the program in the *Gazette*, it hardly seems best to use the space in the INSTRUCTOR for that purpose. However, we are glad to give the subjects each week. For the first two Sabbaths the Senior and Junior subjects are the same.

We trust that every Missionary Volunteer will give his best, not his "bit," to the society meetings during 1920.

Topic for January 3

SENIOR and Junior: "Your Best, Not Your 'Bit.'"

This is a New Year's program which every Missionary Volunteer should hear. It strikes the keynote for successful society work. For programs and helps see the *Gazette*.

Topic for January 10

Senior and Junior: "Our Goals and How to Reach Them."

The meeting today might be called a New Year's Rally. Every society is invited to start on its annual goal. The eyes of Missionary Volunteers in the various union conferences today will look out upon different mission fields when the financial item in the goal is discussed, but all are working together in the one great aim of our movement. Six years ago the Missionary Volunteers of North America had a foreign mission goal. But today the societies in North America are getting under a load four times as heavy. Here is their 1920 goal:

3,000 young people to be converted.
1,000 Standard of Attainment certificates earned.
4,000 Reading Course certificates earned.
2,500 to read the Bible through.
15,000 reporting members.
\$100,000 for foreign missions.

That is a splendid goal; and a splendid army of young people are pressing toward it in the spirit of "We can reach it and we will," by the grace of Him whom we serve.

The program for today will be found in the *January Gazette*.

"It is not enough to be good; be good for something."

Our Counsel Corner

WE were told one day that if we confessed our sins, God would forgive them whether we believed it or not. Is this true?
A. M.

Confessions that "are not inspired by the divine Spirit, will not be acceptable to God." "Confession will not be acceptable to God without sincere repentance and reformation." "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them [his sins] shall have mercy." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If we confess our sins to God, and then doubt God's faithfulness to forgive, we make God a liar and deceiver, a fraud and an impostor. It is not a question of whether I believe my sins are forgiven, it is a question of whether I take God at his word. Do I accept Christ as my Saviour and Redeemer? Our sins are not forgiven merely because we confess them, but because we meet the conditions of a genuine repentance and an unflinching trust in the Lord.

C. S. LONGACRE.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II — Abiding in Christ

(January 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16:6-40.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Phil. 1:6.

Christian Grace and Peace

1. Who wrote the epistle to the Philippians? Phil. 1:1.
2. By what title does Paul speak of himself and Timothy? What does he call the believers in Philippi? Verse 1.
3. With what words of greeting does the letter begin? Verse 2. Note 1.

Christian Fellowship

4. What does Paul say he did whenever he thought of them? Verse 3.
5. For what did he thank God? Verse 5. Note 2.
6. How often did he pray for them? What accompanied his requests? Verse 4.

Christian Confidence

7. Of what did he feel confident concerning these brethren? Verse 6, margin. Note 3.
8. Why did Paul feel so tender toward the Philippians, and express such confidence in them? Verse 7, margin. Note 4.

Christian Love

9. How does he express his deep love for them? Verse 8.
10. What kind of love does he pray that they may have? Verse 9, margin.

Christian Knowledge and Judgment

11. How much of this love, based on knowledge and judgment, does he pray that they may have? Verse 9.
12. Why did he desire they should have this love? Note 5.

Christian Righteousness

13. With what will such love fill the heart? Verse 11, first part.
14. By whom are these fruits of righteousness? Verse 11, second clause.
15. To whom, then, do the glory and praise belong? Verse 11, last part. Note 6.

Notes

1. Grace is defined as "the unmerited love and favor of God;" also "the divine influence acting within the heart to regenerate, sanctify, and keep it." He who receives the grace of God in its fulness, will also have his sweet peace in mind and heart. These can come from no other source than "God our Father" and "the Lord Jesus Christ." Paul desired grace and peace for his Philippian children in the faith.

2. Christian fellowship indicates a common interest, a companionship, a sharing in joy and sorrow, a feeling of equality and oneness, a perfect unity. This the gospel will give to us as well as to the Philippians, and this feeling of fellowship in our hearts toward the children of God is evidence that we are members of the family of God.

3. Every true Christian may have the same confidence that Paul here mentions—that quiet assurance that when God has once set his hand to "a good work in you," he will finish it. Only one thing can prevent his work, and that is our own stubborn refusal to let him do the work for us. God will never force his way into a human heart.

4. Paul's letter to the Philippians was written while he was a prisoner, "in bonds," at Rome.

5. There is no more truly noble grace, and perhaps none more rare, than genuine sincerity. This world is full of that which is false and insincere. Many confuse courtesy and insincerity; others confuse tact and insincerity. Neither courtesy nor tact are incompatible with sincerity. Perhaps no other grace is more refreshing or more conducive to confidence and love than true Christian sincerity.

6. Christian grace and peace, Christian fellowship, Christian confidence and love, Christian knowledge and judgment, Christian sincerity and righteousness—all are "by Jesus Christ." And since that is true, we owe to God all that we are, all that we can ever hope to be. To God, then, belongs all the glory and the praise. We have no right to count ourselves one whit better than the worst of sinners.

4. Whose Son should Mary's child be called? Verse 35.
5. What reply did Mary make to the words of the angel? Verse 38.
6. Whom did Mary then visit? To what place did she return? Verses 39, 40, 56.
7. How was the fact that the Son of God was soon to be born made known to Joseph? Matt. 1:20.
8. What should the child be called? What is the meaning of the word "Jesus"? What would he do for his people? Verse 21, margin.
9. What prophecy was fulfilled in the birth and naming of Jesus? Verses 22, 23.
10. What decree was sent out in those days? Where was each person to go to enroll? Luke 2:1-3. Note 1.
11. To what city did Joseph and Mary go? Why was this necessary? Verse 4. Note 2.
12. When they came to Bethlehem, why did they not lodge in the inn? Who was born that night? In what did his mother wrap him? Where did she lay him? Verse 7. Note 3.
13. In what other place may there be no room for Jesus? Note 4.
14. What must be taken into account in reckoning the date of the birth of Jesus? Note 5.

Interesting Prophecies

The Saviour's coming was foretold by Jacob. Gen. 49:10.

Who is Shiloh?

From what tribe was Christ to come?

Balaam, trying to curse Israel, foretold the coming One. Num. 24:17, 19.

Who is the Star?

Who is the Scepter?

Moses prophesied of Jesus. Deut. 18:15.

Who is the Prophet?

Isaiah foretold the work the Saviour would do. Isa. 11:1-5.

Who is the Branch?

From what stem did the Branch grow?

What is the work of the Branch?

Notes

1. The word "enrolled" (see margin) is better than "taxed." This was a registration preparatory to the taxing.

2. "The decree of imperial Rome for the enrolment of the peoples of her vast dominion, has extended to the dwellers among the hills of Galilee. As in old time Cyrus was called to the throne of the world's empire that he might set free the captives of the Lord, so Cæsar Augustus is made the agent for the fulfilment of God's purpose in bringing the mother of Jesus to Bethlehem. She is of the lineage of David, and the Son of David must be born in David's city. Out of Bethlehem, said the prophet, 'shall he come forth . . . that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity.'"—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 44.

3. "Angels attend Joseph and Mary as they journey from their home in Nazareth to the city of David. . . . But in the city of their royal line, Joseph and Mary are unrecognized and un-honored. Weary and homeless, they traverse the entire length of the narrow street, from the gate of the city to the eastern extremity of the town, vainly seeking a resting place for the night. There is no room for them at the crowded inn. In a rude building where the beasts are sheltered, they at last find refuge, and here the Redeemer of the world is born."—*Ibid.*

4. "I say to my friend, 'Be a Christian.' And he answers, 'I have no time to be a Christian. I have not room. If my life were not so full! What time is there, what room is there, for Christianity in such a life as mine?' But does it not seem strange that a man should say that? It is as if the engine should say it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said it had no room for the tide. Life is the thing we seek, and real life can be found only in Jesus Christ."—*Phillips Brooks.*

5. It is perplexing to many to find that Jesus was really born about four years before the time from which we count his birth. No one calculated dates from the birth of Jesus until centuries after he was born, and then Dionysius Exiguus, a monk, who published the calculations in A. D. 526, made a mistake of four years. Since it is impossible to correct the dates in books and records all over the world, the plan is followed of applying the true dates to the life of Christ. He was about four years old at the close of A. D. 1.

The day of the birth of Jesus is unknown. There is no evidence that December 25 is the anniversary of that event. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that his birth occurred at some other time. When Jesus was born, shepherds were watching their flocks in the open fields, which is not done in Palestine in December.

The Saviour was born about four thousand years after he was first promised to Adam, and about two thousand years after the promise was made to Abraham.

Intermediate Lesson**II — The Birth of Jesus**

(January 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 1:26-40; 2:1-7.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Matt. 1:18-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 43, 44.

PLACES: Nazareth; Bethlehem.

PERSONS: Mary; Joseph; Jesus; Cæsar Augustus, emperor of Rome; Cyrenius (Quirinus, Roman governor of Syria); the angel Gabriel.

Setting of the Lesson

John, the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, had been born, according to the word of the angel. The strange circumstances of his birth were known throughout the "hill country" of Judea. Joseph and Mary were living in Nazareth, a small city in the northern part of Palestine. The Jews were subject to the Romans and required to pay heavy taxes. Bethlehem, the old town, famous as the birthplace of David, was five miles southwest of Jerusalem on the road to Hebron. From Nazareth to Bethlehem was about seventy miles.

"Should Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.
If thou wilt give thy heart a manger for the birth,
Christ will again become a child upon the earth."

Questions

1. Unto whom was the angel Gabriel sent? Where did Mary live? Who was to be her husband? Luke 1:26, 27.
2. How did the angel greet Mary? What effect did his appearance and greeting have upon her? What did the angel say to remove her fear? Verses 28-30.
3. What did the angel say of the Son that should be born to Mary? of his throne? of his kingdom? Verses 31-33.

"BELIEVE what you have proved. They most deceive
Themselves who strive to prove what they believe."

God's Calendar

THE Lord's calendar is a complex one to finite man. For ages ahead it times the action of world events to the minute, as well as the efforts of the humblest Christians in their work of soul-saving. What we may regard as remarkable coincidences are but the accurate timing of events by an All-wise God. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son" into the world.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" It is not difficult to believe with Mordecai that a page of Heaven's calendar placed the Jewish queen on Persia's throne at the moment Haman's ambition reached its wicked climax.

Philip, traveling west, met the eunuch coming from the north, at the meeting of the roads. Had he been a moment late the eunuch would have passed on uninstructed in the way of God.

Thus are all related events and persons accurately timed on the calendar that directs your life and mine.

Had Philip tarried by the way, he would have lost a soul, and his act would not have been heralded down the ages, inspiring thousands to soul-winning work.

Had Esther been recreant to her trust, a race would have been exterminated.

Just as surely as Esther had her task assigned her by the Lord of heaven and earth, just as surely as Philip was bidden by the Spirit's voice to rise and go toward Gaza, so you and I have commissions and duties assigned us. They may be timed to meet another's plans, and recreant are we if we delay or refuse to answer the call.

Let us live during the coming year of 1920, with ear and heart attuned to the messages flashed to us from Heaven's calendar.

What a privilege to be asked to meet engagements ordered and timed by the Father above! Let us not delay or neglect the fulfilling of God's eternal plan for us and for others whom we are expected to serve.

F. D. C.

In the Driftway

HONOR multiplies the friends that stick.

Only the love of your lot makes it endurable.

Honesty points the only true road to take. Remember.

It is bad blood rather than real heroism that strikes back.

Some reputations, like some pearls, are nothing but paste.

The end of life is not learning; the end of learning is life.

The furnace brings out the gold. Tests bring out character.

Stop, brother, if you would rise. Be not great in thine own eyes.

When the heart is meek, the tongue will not sting even an enemy.

On thine every act let there be stamped the super-scription, "Christ."

We cannot bear the same kind of fruit except we be the same kind of tree.

What is life's crowning glory?—Fellowship with Jesus, our Guide, Companion, Friend.

Don't put alloy in the gold; don't dilute your influence; don't disfigure your profession as a Christian.

Ease and peace of mind are not the same. The martyrs had the latter. But what worldling, in all his ease, really has peace of mind?

Young man, are you starting out in life in the profession of law, of medicine, or of theology? Remember: Truth, reality, and candor are the only enduring qualities.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Helps for Saving

SAVING money is largely a matter of habit, and the sooner a boy acquires it, the better prepared he will be to meet the issues of the future. Unfortunately, there is often no special incentive for a boy to save, so the money which he earns is likely to be spent almost as soon as he gets it.

Like everything else, one must make a special effort to acquire the habit of saving.

There is, first of all, the bank, which one conceals in a convenient place and in which one puts all the odd coins that he can spare. The bank should be strong, and one out of which the owner cannot shake the coins when the temptation to spend comes over him. If the bank opens with a key, it would be well for the boy to give it into the keeping of a responsible adult, with the instruction to keep it until a certain date, or until the boy has a definite purpose for which to use the money.

And that brings us to the next step. It is much easier to save for a certain thing or reason than just merely to save. If the boy says in the beginning, "I want a camera, and it's going to cost five dollars," or, "I want to raise five dollars for our society mission work," he immediately has a definite goal in sight, toward which he can work. He can accurately measure his progress and tell just how near he is to the end. There are any number of suggestions as to how to earn money, of which a wide-awake boy can make use.

Or a boy might set a definite stint for himself, saying: "I am going to save a quarter this week, and this money is going to be the first I earn. All over that amount which I receive this week, I shall feel justified in spending in whatever sensible way I wish." To have any spending money at all, therefore, the boy would have to earn more than a quarter. A great many lads tackle the proposition the other way about. They save only when they have especially good luck.—*Selected.*

SOME roads are so bad that you have to detour. It's the same way with lots of troubles.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

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