

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Issued every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

Vol. 68

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., December 7, 1920

No. 49

Entered as second-class matter, Aug. 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

Yearly subscription, \$1.75; six months, \$1.00; five or more copies, one year (each), \$1.50; five or more copies, six months (each), 80 cents.



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SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

From Here and There

In the town of Yoncalla, Oregon, all municipal offices were filled by women at the time of the November election.

Boy Scouts of St. Louis have built 2,308 practical and substantial bird houses for use in the parks of their city.

The enrolment at Columbia University for the academic year 1920-21 is estimated at 20,000. Columbia maintains its rank as the largest educational institution in the world.

Elder J. N. Loughborough has read the Old Testament through sixty times and the New Testament sixty-nine times. Elder F. D. Starr has read the Bible through fifty times; twenty of these times have been in some language other than English.

Between fifteen thousand and eighteen thousand articles and packages which have been left on trains or in stations are turned in at the Lost-Property room of the Grand Central Station in New York every year. In addition, about thirty thousand people a year inquire there about lost articles that never do turn up.

Miss Alice M. Robertson, a Republican, was elected to the House of Representatives from the second district of Oklahoma. This new member of Congress is sixty-five years of age. Miss Robertson was an earnest opponent of woman suffrage; but when women were given the ballot, she declared: "You men have brought suffrage upon us women, now I am going to find out whether you meant it."

School Week will be observed throughout the nation the week of December 5-11, as the Commissioner of Education is designating the first full week in December as School Week, and is requesting the governors and the chief school officers of the several States and Territories to take such action as may be necessary to cause the people to use this week in such way as will most effectively disseminate among the people accurate information in regard to the conditions and needs of the schools, enhance appreciation of the value of education, and create such interest as will result in better opportunities for education, and larger appropriations for schools of all kinds and grades.

Echoes from the Missionary Volunteer Council

AS many of our readers know, there was held in Indianapolis, Indiana, Oct. 14-19, a Missionary Volunteer Secretaries' Council, immediately preceding the Fall Council of the General Conference. Every union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary in the United States and Canada was present.

We believe many will be interested to know the names of those who are occupying this responsible position in our young people's work. Here they are by unions:

Atlantic, P. L. Thompson; Central, D. D. Rees; Columbia, Celia Andross; Lake, H. T. Elliott; Northern, A. F. Schmidt; North Pacific, W. L. Adams; Pacific, W. W. Ruble; Southeastern, J. A. Tucker; Southern, John C. Thompson; Southwestern, A. W. Peterson; Eastern Canadian, N. H. Saunders; Western Canadian, L. W. Cobb.

Since the calling together of these twelve secretaries also brought all but three of the union educational secretaries, and this department also is confronted with many problems, it was decided almost at the last moment to divide time at the council with this twin department, and so a call was extended to the three union secretaries having only the

educational work; namely, W. C. Flaiz, of the North Pacific Union; G. R. Fattie, of the Lake Union; and M. E. Cady, of the Columbia Union.

M. E. Kern, J. F. Simon, Mrs. Harriet Holt, and the writer, of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, and W. E. Howell, Otto John, and Sarah E. Peck, of the General Educational Department, were present. Several local Missionary Volunteer secretaries and educational superintendents also were in attendance. Prof. L. L. Caviness, who with his family has recently sailed for Europe to take general oversight of these departments in the Latin Union, Guy Dail, recently from Europe, and Mrs. Chase, our editor, attended practically every session.

Each day opened with a devotional hour, at which time the deep spiritual significance of our work in the conservation and training of our army of youth was emphasized. Leaders must be what they wish their followers to become. "Leaders may not do as other men."

Much of the detail work of the council was referred to committees, several of which were named by each department. Careful attention was given to the consideration of details connected with each of the three general divisions of our Missionary Volunteer work; namely, devotional features, educational features, and missionary activities.

Under the first were discussed plans for promoting the Morning Watch and for the make-up and circulation of the Morning Watch Calendar. It was voted to ask the Department to prepare a certificate to be issued to those completing the Bible Year.

After considering the Australasian Standard of Attainment plan, it was voted to continue the present plan for Standard of Attainment. An advanced Standard of Attainment, the same to embody the element of mission study, was asked for.

Several most interesting manuscripts prepared by our missionaries and others, were examined by the committee on educational features. It looks as if our next Reading Courses may be made up, as are the present ones, largely from books of our own production.

The importance of laying definite plans for active missionary endeavor before our army of young people was discussed at length, and the following resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, The one great object of our Missionary Volunteer work aside from the salvation of our young people is their development as Christian workers; and,

"WHEREAS, The great need is that 'different branches of the missionary work' should be 'laid out systematically' and instruction and help given to the young people in doing missionary work; therefore,

"Resolved, That we make more earnest efforts to develop the missionary activities of our young people by vigorously promoting various lines of work adapted to the children and young people.

"We recommend, That the missionary committees in the General, union, and local conferences give special attention to plans and campaigns for missionary work for the youth."

One very important consideration which came before this council was the problem of the school society. Out of this discussion came the following series of recommendations:

"WHEREAS, Our higher schools have been founded for the purpose of training young people for the various lines of activity in God's work; and,

"WHEREAS, The local church with its various auxiliary organizations is the natural laboratory for the training school, thus linking these institutions in a fundamental way, there is need for well-defined plans of co-operation; and,

"WHEREAS, The Missionary Volunteer Society is the Christian laboratory in which the school is training workers, it is

(Concluded on page five)

The Broken Pinion

I WALKED through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

Taking Inventory

AS we journey down the western slope of 1920, a question arises on my mental horizon. This is by no means its first appearance, but somehow it is clamoring for special attention this time. The question is this: Are you and I getting out of the Missionary Volunteer Society all that it holds for us? Some of us have been members for years. Have we been really progressive Christians, or have we been going backward and forward like a door on its hinges, standing where we stood when we first joined? It is perfectly proper for a door to move backward and forward. In so doing it fulfils its purpose. But there is no such plan for the Missionary Volunteer. His guiding star in living and serving should ever be: Onward and Upward.

When a man becomes a member of a business firm, he finds time occasionally to take inventory. He investigates! He studies his investment to see whether it is as profitable as it should be. He makes sure that his membership in the firm is worth while. Have there been losses? He studies carefully the causes. Possibly he finds them due to his own mismanagement, and sees how these losses in another year may be made to count on the right side of the ledger. Why should not we as members of a great soul-winning corporation take time for similar meditations? Surely we should. Then let us. Let us ask ourselves candidly: What am I getting out of the Missionary Volunteer Society? Why am I not getting more? Where is the leak?

Some one has said that if Williams College had produced only General Armstrong, and Hampton Institute had sent forth from its doors no one save Booker T. Washington, these two institutions would have been worth while. However, doubtless some of the youth who went out from the classrooms together with these two distinguished leaders, had received but little benefit from the schools and were no credit to them in later years. Why? They sat in the same classes; studied the same books; had the privilege of associating with the same teachers. Why the difference? Simply this: Some failed to get all that the schools had for them — failed to make the most of their opportunities.

Some time ago I read a very interesting article in the *Epworth Herald*. It pointed to the leaders in the great centenary movement in the Methodist Church, and explained that these men and women who were bearing such heavy responsibilities received much of their training in the Epworth League. But not all who were in the Epworth League together with these leaders received the same benefit from the league. Why? Look at our own organization for the youth. Some go forth, perhaps from a small obscure society, ready for service at the front, while some in the same and larger societies after being members for years know very little more about leading out in missionary endeavor than when they first

joined. Why? Simply this: Some get all the society offers them, while others fail to make the most of their opportunities.

The other morning I read once again the message David received from the Jebusites when he and his men came up to Jerusalem: "Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither." And somehow that message went straight to my own heart as I thought of our aims and our ideals. What keeps us from reaching them? Then while thinking quietly, this answer came back: Because you are blind and lame, you do not make the progress you should.

Sad, but true, we have some Missionary Volunteers who are both blind and lame. Some are blind to the dangers in the world, and blind to the joys and opportunities in Christian service. "Oh, it doesn't hurt me to go to the movies," says one. "I can't see any harm in dressing like that," proclaims another, trying to justify her worldly attire. "No, I don't see as the society has been any help to me," says one of these unfortunate youth who walk through rich fields of service blindfolded. And usually if a Missionary Volunteer is blind, he is also lame, and often his lameness is more serious than his blindness. "Yes, I am sure our society ought to be doing more. We surely have a rare opportunity for doing that kind of work, but I just can't call on the people with *Present Truth*. I wasn't adapted to that kind of work. Ask some one else to do it."

And now let you and me face the original question quietly, candidly, and without self-pity. Are we getting out of the Missionary Volunteer Society all that it holds for us? If not, shall we not take inventory today? Shall we not find the cause of loss in our investment, and begin at once to remove it? Are we blind? Let us ask the Lord to anoint our eyes that we may see! Are we lame? The Master says: "Arise, and walk," and by His grace we may run without weariness wherever He calls us to serve. By His grace every Missionary Volunteer may get all the blessings the society holds for him.

M. E. A.

The Mutiny

NO one in whose veins flows the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, visits Lucknow without seeing the residency. There are many places of interest, but to the Britisher, it is sacred ground. From the old gray tower flies the Union Jack every hour of the twenty-four,—the only place in the empire where this privilege is granted.

I shall not enter into details concerning the mutiny of 1857, but merely give a brief description of some of the persons who were shut up in the residency during those fearful weeks. Sir Henry Lawrence, of North of Ireland stock, was commander of

the small Lucknow garrison. "Courteous, unselfish, a lover of justice, a friend of the oppressed," is the record of the man by those who knew him best. His keen sense detected the coming storm. He had to prepare for the peril without letting those who watched him closely, discover that he was conscious of its existence. Behind a cheerful smile he hid an anxious brain. So thoroughly did he prepare that when the storm broke, the residency was found to be provisioned, organized, and armed for an obstinate and successful defense.

An example of Sir Henry's coolness amid danger is shown, when on the day the mutiny started, he with his staff went out to the residency steps to wait for the horses to be brought on which they would ride around the grounds. While waiting, they saw the flames break from an English bungalow close to the residency grounds. The mutineers were near. At that moment the tramp of disciplined feet was heard, and a body of sepoy came out of the darkness, and swung into line, facing the residency steps. The native officer in charge saluted and asked if the men should load. The men were known to be disloyal. Shall they be permitted to load with the entire British staff at the muzzles of their muskets? "Yes," said Lawrence, "let them load." A thrilling moment. Those brave men standing there knew that the least sign of fear would bring a volley from those guns, but the cool, steadfast bearing of that group of men put a strange spell on the sepoys. A sharp command from the native officer; the men swung around and marched away. The fate of Lucknow, and perhaps the entire country, hung on those few tense moments.

During the siege, Lawrence was fatally wounded, yet during the thirty-six hours between his wound and his death, his mind dwelt on plans for carrying on the defense. His successor, care for the sick and wounded, and economy of provisions were all planned for with dying lips. Partaking of the Lord's Supper amid the crash of bursting shells, he calmly resigned the keeping of his soul to his Maker. His dying request was that he be buried without any great ceremony, and with any of the men of the garrison who might die that day. The epitaph he requested to be placed on his tomb, was the simple inscription seen today,— "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him." To the chaplain he said, "I should like this verse added to my epitaph,

for," he added with touching memory, "it was on my dear wife's tomb, 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.'" Every day at six o'clock in the morning a wreath of white flowers is laid on the tomb.

THOMAS D. ROWE.

Mussoorie, India.

The Brazilian Metropolis

RIO DE JANEIRO, the capital city of Brazil, is described by Harriet Chalmers Adams in the *National Geographic Magazine* as a veritable "fair-land." "In splendor of hue and setting, this great city of the south is unrivaled the world over. Here granite peak and turquoise sea, tropic forest and rainbow-tinted town, meet and harmonize. This city of lure terraces up from a glorious bay—the bay of Guanabara, mountain encircled, isle bejeweled."

"Place your hands on the table, fingers spread, wrists upraised. Each finger represents one of Rio's hills; each space between, a cañon up which the city climbs."

One of the most famous of these mountains is Pão d'Assucar, or Sugar Loaf. Its summit is reached by an aerial ropeway, the passengers riding in a car suspended on a cable.

Rio has a "marvelously beautiful landlocked haven"—"nature's masterpiece in harbors," it is called.



An Avenue of Palms, Rio de Janeiro

The city was founded in 1565. Ten years before this, however, a band of Huguenots landed on an island at the entrance of the bay, and there "was held the first Protestant service in the New World, sixty-five years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock."

While Rio is rich in reminders of early Brazilian history, today it is an up-to-date, modern city.



Parliament of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro

Avenida Rio Branco, the finest thoroughfare in the city, is more than a mile in length, and so wide that it is divided into two distinct boulevards by a row of shade trees, and is thronged by motorists. The sidewalks are very wide, paved with black-and-white stones brought from Portugal.

The Academy of Bellas Artes contains the old Portugal royal library of 60,000 volumes and the old masters. "The library has a modern book carrier, with which few institutions of the kind are equipped."

Rio's botanical garden is "the finest in the New World, and equaled only by that of Buitenzorg, Java. Its century-old imported bamboos are as tall as forest trees."

The buildings in the business section are fine and large and compare favorably with anything we have in North America.

The trolley cars are large and well lighted. No crowding is allowed, every passenger being seated. The fare is three cents for each section. "I have twice visited this Brazilian fairyland," says the writer of this article. "I long to return. . . . So long as glory of form and color gladden the eye, Rio will stand pre-eminent in beauty among the habitations of man." L. E. C.



Portion of Residential Section of Rio de Janeiro

Echoes from the Missionary Volunteer Council

(Concluded from page two)

necessary that teachers should unite with their students in the society; therefore,

"We recommend: 1. That all teachers should become members of the society, even though they are not young people.

"2. That officers for the society be elected three times each year; i. e., at the beginning of each semester and at the beginning of the summer vacation.

"3. That the nomination committee be composed of representatives of the church, faculty, and Missionary Volunteer Society, and that the church elect these officers.

"4. That the faculty, in counsel with the church board, unite in appointing a member of the faculty as adviser to the society, who shall be a member of the Missionary Volunteer executive committee, and that the faculty appoint an adviser for each band in the society.

"5. That band leaders and other officers not elected by the church be nominated by the executive committee and elected by the society, such to become members of the executive committee.

"6. That all missionary bands be considered a part of the Missionary Volunteer organization, and report to the society."

No topic occupied a larger share of the time of the council than did the work for our boys and girls. It was felt that more attention must be devoted to the interest of our juniors. In the language of Theodore Roosevelt, "If you want to do something to help the average man, you must do it for him before he is a man." What is put into the first of life is put into all of life. The sentiment of the council was crystallized into the following series of recommendations:

"Realizing the need of the boys and girls of junior and primary age for reading matter which will help them to acquire the proper taste for literature,

"We recommend, 1. That a committee be appointed, having as chairman the secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department, and composed of two members of the Missionary Volunteer Department and two members of the Educational Department; that said committee be authorized to arrange for the preparation and publication of a series of small books so written and printed that material provided will appeal to the tastes and abilities of children in elemen-

GAIUS was a man noted for his piety. The apostle John wrote to him in his third epistle: "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren, and to strangers." Let us so live the coming year that the Lord may be able to say the same thing of us. Faithfulness is the trait of character that seems most pleasing to Heaven. Let us attain it through Him who is altogether faithful.

tary grades; that said books should be offered at small cost; that the material used should be drawn from the Bible, biography, history, nature, and science.

"2. That this manuscript be submitted to the Educational Department, looking toward the placing of these books in our church schools as supplementary readers.

"WHEREAS, There is a great need of thorough, intelligent leadership for the juniors of this denomination; therefore,

"We recommend, 1. That the Missionary Volunteer De-

partment be requested to develop a Junior Leaders' Correspondence Course, suitable also for use by parents.

"2. That in the Harvest Ingathering work with our Juniors, the consent and co-operation of parents be first secured, that in all cases the children be put in charge of a trusty chaperon, that the companies should consist of from one to four children, according to the ability of the leader, disposition of children, and the character of the territory to be covered.

"We recommend, That at least three months before the time of the camp-meeting, a Junior leader be appointed to take charge of the Junior work.

"We reaffirm a previous action of the Department as published on pages 40 and 41 of 'Missionary Volunteers and Their Work,' relative to planning for and promoting Junior work in our elementary schools, especially urging the importance of hearty co-operation between the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary and the educational superintendent in initiating and executing these plans. In reporting, the teacher reports to the educational superintendent by periods upon the blank provided for this purpose, and the Junior Society through its secretary to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary at the close of each quarter."

A phase of our work for the Juniors was presented to the council in the following recommendations:

"Believing that recognition and training of the physical as well as the mental impulses of childhood and youth are vital to our missionary program, and sensing a deficiency in this regard in our present plans,

"We recommend, 1. That there be a development, in connection with our Junior work, of physical and technical training which, with our present social and missionary activities, will more completely comprehend the nature of the adolescent.

"2. That a committee of five be appointed to study this matter and present to the Department plans for organization and operation; and that one of the General Conference field secretaries give special attention to Junior work."

A very important series of recommendations bearing directly upon the task of saving our own young people, will appeal to all who recognize the fact that the conservation of our army of young people, their training and mobilization, lies at the very heart of this movement and is the measure of its success.

"WHEREAS, The great objective of our Missionary Volunteer work is the salvation of our young people; therefore,

"Resolved, That as leaders, we give first attention to direct soul-winning efforts for our youth, by means of public meetings and personal heart-to-heart work. In carrying forward this soul-winning effort, we make the following suggestions:

"1. That union and local conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries carefully study the field, and together with other workers interested in the salvation of young people, plan with conference officers for thorough revival efforts in churches and institutional centers where there are large groups of young people.

"2. That most earnest efforts be put forth at camp-meetings for the salvation of every boy and girl, young man and young woman, who come on the grounds.

"3. That some direct evangelistic efforts be made in connection with all Missionary Volunteer conventions.

"4. That ministers who are best adapted to evangelistic work for young people be asked to unite with Department workers in these efforts, when help is necessary.

"5. That each union conference arrange for a Missionary Volunteer Week during the year, during which time all workers shall give special attention to the salvation of our young people. We suggest that it be at the same time as our Spring Week of Prayer in the schools.

"6. That very careful study be given to presenting the gospel in its simplicity, that the young people may have a thorough understanding of what it means to make a full surrender to God, to exercise faith, and to live the victorious life.

"7. That ordinarily, in a series of meetings, a few meetings be devoted to a clear presentation of these great truths before making a call for full surrender, recognizing the fact, however, that it is often helpful to call for definite decisions on special lines, day by day, such as Bible study and pledging against novels.

"8. That when calls for surrender are made, they be very definite and clear cut.

"9. That when individuals give evidence that such definite decisions have been made, the workers should heartily recognize that fact.

"10. That the organization of prayer and personal workers' bands should always precede a revival effort, to the end of doing thorough work for the unconverted and training Christian young people in soul-winning.

"11. That very careful plans be made for holding the results of our revival efforts, by having local church workers unite with us in the efforts, so that they can intelligently continue the work, by continuing the prayer and personal workers' bands, by enlisting the co-operation of parents and interested friends of individuals who have surrendered, and by personal correspondence with special cases.

"12. That when young people have been brought to a decision for Christ, the work be followed up by preparing these young people for baptism, and encouraging them to go forward in this sacred ordinance and unite with the church.

"13. That while mature women workers can do good work for boys and young men, and likewise men for girls and young women, the greatest care should be exercised to observe strictly a proper degree of reserve toward those of the opposite sex."

The question of modesty and simplicity in dress has occupied the attention of the leaders in this young people's movement, as well as other leaders in this cause. After the most careful consideration of this subject by the three departments, Missionary Volunteer, Educational, and Medical, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, The principles of healthful, appropriate, and modest dress are plainly laid down for us in the Bible and the spirit of prophecy; and,

"WHEREAS, There is a growing tendency to the lowering of our standards in these matters; therefore,

"We recommend, 1. That careful study be given by our ministers to these principles, and that they may be presented to our people in such a serious and dignified way as to clearly show their relation to the Christian life.

"2. That the Missionary Volunteer Department make an earnest effort to teach these principles to our young people in the field.

"3. That our sanitariums, schools, and other institutions make a special effort to hold up proper standards of dress, by their regulations and by teaching young men and young women to dress tastefully, healthfully, modestly, and economically.

"4. That the General Conference Committee provide for the publication of suitable literature which will embody the application in our time of the principles of healthful, appropriate, and modest dress."

It is impossible within the scope of one article to present anything like a full report of this important and history-making council. Only a few of the high points, so to speak, have been touched. But we believe a new impetus has been given to the movement, and a new inspiration to those of its leaders who were privileged to attend.

C. A. RUSSELL.

Ho! Volunteers for Service

(Tune, No. 622, "Christ in Song")

Ho! Volunteers for service,
Why spend your God-lent time
In ways that are no profit?
Why not "arise and shine"?
You've said, "I promise Jesus
To take an active part
In missionary service;"
Today then let us start.

"The love of Christ constraineth."
This means I give my heart,
In Volunteer endeavor,
To work my honest part.
Our aim, The advent message
To all this world below.
Before this generation
Shall pass; O don't say No.

Come, Volunteers for service,
In morning's ruddy glow;
The Morning Watch awaits you,
And minutes swiftly go.
Be faithful in your reading,
Be fervent in your prayer;
Then God's own hand will keep you
From sin and anxious care.

Mount up the heights of wisdom
And fill your mind with good.
The Reading Course is offered,
Its books the test have stood.

(Concluded on page fourteen)



FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, NOV. 10, 1920.

MY DEAR DORIS: I am almost as much pleased as you are at your invitation to the Carletons for Thanksgiving. It is a delightful place to visit, as I shall always remember, since I spent the holidays there when Sylvia was in school. I am glad to know that you and Alice are becoming warm friends. I became somewhat acquainted with Alice when she visited Sylvia at school, but I fell in love with her when I visited at her home. She was the one who did all the odd jobs for that large family. From the time she helped dress the little folks in the morning till the last one was tucked in and "storied" and kissed at night, she looked after their hurt fingers and hurt feelings like a little mother. Mrs. Carleton was not at all well at that time, so I suppose Alice had more responsibility about the home than usual; but she wasn't too busy with the little folks to pick up the laundry, put out the milk bottles, feed the pets, and look up anything that anybody else wanted and couldn't find. I told them then that they wouldn't know what to do if Alice was ever away to school.

Can't you and Alice plan to visit me sometime next summer? Someway I can't imagine my having to follow around after her and wait on her as I have sometimes done for my girl visitors. Last summer one of our girls found it convenient to spend two or three days with me on her way to visit relatives in another State. She happened in all unexpectedly Friday afternoon and stayed till Monday. It couldn't help making the Friday's work a bit congested to plan a few changes in our Sabbath menus and to make up a fresh bed for her. Besides, she had a little pressing to do the last thing. Your grandmother was having another attack of asthma, and I was to leave Monday on the same train as my young guest, so I couldn't give my whole Sunday to entertaining her, as I doubtless should if I had not needed to get ready then. She was perfectly sweet about it, but showed plainly that she was disappointed not to be taken around to see the places of interest here. I know she was no more disappointed about that than I was to leave my dear half-sick mother without doing all the little things I had planned to make the work lighter while I was away. Of the dozen girls who came here last summer to spend any time, from a few minutes to a few days, I was most ashamed of her. She positively did not do a helpful thing while she was here. Your grandmother doesn't know to this day that I carried that girl a tray with her breakfast when she complained

of a headache Sunday morning and wanted to spend a few more hours in bed.

One other girl came in unexpectedly at a busy time. She had written that she was coming, but for some reason the letter was slower to reach us than she. We were getting ready to keep a half dozen extra people at our house during a Sabbath school and Missionary Volunteer convention the Friday that Emma came. We should not have had so many, but Mrs. Lane was called away from home unexpectedly the last thing, so we took her delegates too. At such a time a visit might have been a catastrophe, but not a visit from Emma! She took in the whole situation almost before her hat was off, and was out in the kitchen in one of your grandmother's big aprons the whole afternoon. Mother says she never saw any one else who knew quite so well what needed to be done without being told. We had the nicest kind of visit while working together. We couldn't have talked much at all, if she hadn't been in the kitchen with me, brewing and baking, for the house was full of convention guests before sundown and she left Sunday morning. I shouldn't like to have my girl friends always work as Emma did when they visit me, but that was an emergency, and she met it in a way that made me genuinely proud of her.

I know just how you felt about your prospective visit when Alice told the girls she was to have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Yes, they do eat meat sometimes, and I'm not attempting to discuss the right and wrong of that in this letter. I only want to assure you that they will not make you uncomfortable because you feel that you cannot consistently help them in disposing of their Thanksgiving treat. They will show sincere respect for your standing by your principles. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit there. I have found that people who knowingly violate any of our principles of health reform are inclined to be more intolerant of quite careful people than are worldly people to whom our ideas are new. The Carletons are so conscientious that I know they will be ready to follow a more wholesome diet when they are better informed.

I was sorry to have you speak in your letter of "Carleton" whenever you referred to your friend Alice. Calling girls by their surnames hints at coarseness, and shows a tendency to be too free and easy, and our girls need all the protection that womanly reserve and dignity afford them.

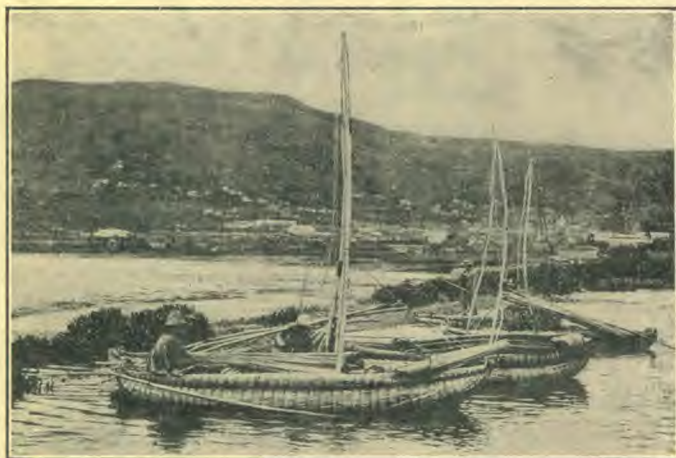
Good-by. Write soon.

Lovingly,

AUNT GUSSIE.

The Bay of Puno, Peru

THE bay of Puno is separated from the main part of Lake Titicaca by the straits formed by the peninsulas of Capachica and Chuenito. It is about twenty miles from the port of Puno to the straits. Near the port side of the bay the water is shallow and the lake reeds, *tortora*, grow very thickly. These reeds are used by the Indians to feed cattle, to roof



Balsas on Lake Titicaca, Peru, South America

houses, and to make mats, and reed boats, called balsas. The tender white rootstock is also eaten by the Indians, and is found for sale in the local market.

Balsas, with sails of *tortora*, cross the bay to the peninsulas and the outlying islands. The balsas can sail only before the wind, so that when a contrary wind blows, the Indians lower the sails and patiently wait for the wind to change. The wind is very accommodating, blowing quite constantly from the peninsulas toward Puno in the morning, and in the opposite direction at night.

The balsa is the safest boat in the world. The air spaces in the reeds make it very buoyant, and if it should capsize, it would float as before. The reeds in the boats begin to rot after about six months' use, so a new balsa must be made. The reeds are bound about in bundles with grass ropes. A large balsa will carry twenty or thirty persons, and is valued at about four dollars, American money. These boats are sometimes used to ferry horses across the larger rivers. Passage from the straits to Puno is eight cents in American money. However, the schedule is not guaranteed.

REID S. SHEPARD.

New York's Successive Changes of Names

AMERICANS like to think of New York City as the largest city in the world, barring none. True, it has been for some generations the gateway of commerce from Europe, besides to all the North American States, and largely to the principalities of Mexico and Central and South America. Indeed, its commercial influence is actively felt in all parts of the civilized world. But it was not always so; for the time was when it was considered of so little account that the Iroquois Indians sold the entire Manhattan Island, the territory now occupied by New York City, to Peter Minuit for a collection of trinkets said to have been worth about twenty-four dollars.

Up to the time of this purchase the island, with much surrounding country, was called New Netherland, in honor of the nation whose explorer first

sailed up the river past that point. But when the before-mentioned bargain was concluded, the name of the place was changed to New Amsterdam.

The discovery of what is now New York City territory came about through the theory once prevalent in Europe that a polar passage to India was a possible achievement. Henry Hudson was one who held this belief, but as none of his English countrymen seemed disposed to advance means with which to demonstrate his theory, he applied to the Dutch East India Company, one of the most wealthy corporations of that time, for needed help to prove his assumption correct. He was by that company furnished a small vessel of ninety tons, called the "Half Moon." In this he sailed from the port of Texel in April of 1608, with a good crew of men, and steered directly for Nova Zembla, but was forced by numerous icebergs to turn back. He then tried to find a northwest passage, but met the same difficulty, and so turned the head of his craft southward, entering the harbor of New York in September, 1609.

The Dutch West India Company, organized in 1621, had an enormous fleet of ships, which were sent for traffic into all parts of the world. Early in 1623 this company fitted out a small vessel and named it "New Netherland," designing it for trade in the country for which it was named. To that port it carried over a hundred colonists, plentifully provided with domestic animals and agricultural implements. These settlers were known as "Walloons," from having been driven from Holland on account of their religious beliefs.

Governor Minuit, before referred to, was suspected of having independent views of government, calculated to diminish regard for home rule, so was recalled in 1632, and succeeded by Wouter Van Twiller, who, it was said, lacked ordinary good sense. Irving describes him as a good-natured dolt, being larger in



Andros a Prisoner in Disgrace

circumference than in height, and having a head so large that it settled upon the top of his backbone, directly between his shoulders. He had, besides, full-fed cheeks, which seemed to take toll of everything entering his mouth, and were curiously mottled and streaked with dusty red, like a spitzenburgh apple. His habits are described as being very regular with four daily meals, each occupying an hour. He smoked and doubted eight hours, and filled up the remaining twelve hours in bed.

History avers that the country prospered for five years even under the burden of such a nonessential, after which he was succeeded by a peppery, quarrelsome fellow named William Kieft. For nine years Kieft kept everybody in hot water through jealous resentment of supposed insults to his dignity, so all were glad when he was superseded by Peter Stuyvesant in 1647. Stuyvesant had lost one leg in war service, and limped around on a wooden leg ornamented with silver bands. From this fact he was privately called "Old Silver Leg."

Stuyvesant was very arbitrary in all his rulings as governor. This chafed the stolid Hollanders, who in resentment declared that they would be quite willing to try an English governor by way of change. The old Dutchman became impatient under this apparently growing republicanism, but the time came when two deputies from each village of the colony came together in New Amsterdam, and demanded that no new law be passed, and no person appointed to office, without the consent of the people. When this demand came to Stuyvesant, he flew into a passion, and told his callers that any set of men who thought they knew enough to govern themselves, were so many fools.

Of course an argument followed, when the governor declared his authority came from God and the West India Company, after which he dismissed the delegation. His contentions were upheld by the company, but changes were bound to come. In a generous mood Charles II of England made over to his brother James, Duke of York, all of New Netherland, which included not only Long Island, but a large portion of Connecticut. The king of England certainly had no right to the country so long ruled by the Dutch, but English might prevailed by the demands of the four hundred fifty soldiers sent over there under the command of Col. Richard Nicolls, in August, 1664.

At first Stuyvesant declared that he would rather die than surrender, but being helpless, he saw that resistance would be only madness. The town was therefore surrendered to the English troops, and its name changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York. Fort Orange, up the Hudson River, was called Albany, to commemorate the duke's Scottish title.

In 1672 a Dutch fleet of twenty-three ships anchored in the outer bay of New York. The Dutch people had become weary of English rule by this time, and so gladly welcomed their countrymen. Six hundred soldiers landed from the anchored ships, at a place near where Trinity Church, Broadway, now stands. These were joined by four hundred citizens in arms, and the place was very soon surrendered.

So on Aug. 9, 1673, the Dutch flag once more floated over Ft. Amsterdam. The name was again changed, this time to New Orange, in compliment to William, Prince of Orange. But this form of government was not destined long to continue. Sometime in May of the following year it was announced that a treaty of peace had been signed between England and Holland, by the terms of which the province of the original New Netherland had been ceded to

England. Sir Edmund Andros was appointed governor of the newly acquired territory, and received the formal surrender of the province in the month of October following.

Andros brought with him a new commission, which constituted him "captain general and governor in chief" of all New England. This vested him and his council with all legislative, judicial, and executive power. The colonists were at first thrilled with alarm at possible consequences from this extended authority, but this was somewhat allayed by the fair professions of Andros. It was not long, however, before he threw off all disguise and began to rule with an iron hand. He arbitrarily levied a heavy tax on the people for the expense of his administration, and when some protested against the imposition, they were thrown into jail and heavily fined.

Indeed, fines and imprisonment were visited on all who dared to question his authority for such tyrannical proceedings. Then he went farther, and abolished the general court, saying to a committee that interviewed him, "There is no such thing as a town in the whole country." This abolition of town administration was in order to provide that no public assembly of citizens should take place anywhere, except they be counted as rioters, and so reap punishment as disturbers of the peace. When a landowner showed a deed for his holding from the Indians, he was told that it was worth no more than a scratch of a bear's paw.

Andros' reputation finally became so bad that he was cordially hated throughout the country, and was made to feel it. It was customary in those times to have only psalm singing in the church services, and the record goes that when Governor Andros visited New Haven on one occasion and attended church, the fearless minister gave out the fifty-second psalm, the first verse of which ran thus:

"Why dost thou tyrant boast thyself
Thy wicked deeds to praise;
Dost thou not know there is a God
Whose mercies last always?"

The angry governor took this as a direct insult, but had to listen to the lining and singing of the offending words; for boastful as he was, the doughty governor's sun had begun to be clouded. He and his political associates were soon sent to England in disgrace. The Earl of Bellamont then reigned in New York for seven years, when he was superseded by Governor Hyde, an uncle of Queen Anne. History gives him a low place in the line of mental acumen. So base and irresponsible was he that time after time he appeared on the street in feminine apparel. These acts, he asserted, were perfectly proper for him, since the ruler of all England was a woman. He came to be so generally despised that the queen recalled him in 1708. Arriving there, he was imprisoned for debt, where he would have died had not the death of his father made him a lord of the realm.

Such are some of the mutations experienced in the growth of America's now most important city and world mart. Darkening shadows have flitted now and then over its later history, but it seems to have well outgrown most of its earlier mischievous tendencies.

J. O. CORLISS.

DRUDGERY, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom.—Emerson.

"BLESSED are ye that sow beside all waters."

Changing the Temperature

THERE was once a man who went to church somewhat irregularly. And when he did go, he dropped into a seat very near the door. Then, as soon as the service was over, he took his hat, hurried out of church, and scarcely shook hands with anybody. After a while this man began to complain of that church for its coldness. He met another man on the street one day, and began telling him about it.

"Why," said he, "it is the coldest church I ever knew. [He didn't say how few churches he really knew anything about.] Nobody shakes hands with a man. There is the minister, he never shakes hands with me; nor the deacons, nor any of the leading men. They'll talk about it, but I'd like to see them do it. I believe in practising what you preach. No, sir; I tell you it's the coldest church in this town."

And he really believed he was telling the truth. And his manner was so earnest that the other man was quite convinced, though he had never been to this church. So he went and reported this fact to a third man, with some pretty severe criticisms upon church members' not living up to their profession. Of course he told it to the fourth, and the ball went on rolling. Pretty soon quite a strong feeling was developed in various parts of the town, especially among those who did not attend church, that this church was very cold, "high toned," and "stuck up."

But one day the man who started all this talk got to thinking about it. Now, the fact was, he didn't often get to thinking very hard over religious matters. But this time he did. And the more he thought, the more surprised he became at himself; for this was the line his thoughts took: "Here, I've been telling how cold the minister and the deacons and the leading men of the church were; but how do I know it is so? Have I ever given them a chance at me? No! I've just hurried out of the church and never let the minister get within fifty feet of me, nor the deacons within thirty or forty feet, nor any of them very near. Is it fair to say they didn't want to shake hands? No, it isn't! Suppose they wanted to shake hands, could they do it if my hand wasn't there to shake? Of course they could not. Now, I believe I will just try them once. Yes, I will."

The next Sunday morning he just stood in his pew and faced the stream of people coming down the aisle. (He wanted to run, but he had just grit enough not to.) And, really, how pleasant they looked at him. First, one man shook hands; and then a second gave him a grip and a "Glad to see you, John." (Why, it was the very man he worked for!) And then a lady wished him "Good morning." (Bless her!) After her, two men tried to shake his hand at the same time. And the rich Mr. B—— stepped up and gave him a cordial grip. How the blood tingled in his ears as he thought of the hard things he had said about Mr. B——'s stiffness and selfishness!

Soon the deacon and the minister came along, and shook hands in good, hearty man-fashion, and were really glad to see him. And how ashamed he felt when the minister said, "I've noticed your face frequently in the audience, and wanted to shake hands with you and learn your name; but I never succeeded in reaching you, till now, before you got out of church." So, of course, he had to tell the minister his name, and where he lived, and the latter said he would call on his family very soon. But perhaps the best of all was to have an old lady with such a kindly face put out her hand and say, "I don't know your name, sir, but I'm real glad to see you at church today. And wasn't it a good sermon?"

That man went home with his heart in his mouth. He told his wife all about it, and fairly cried when he acknowledged how he had misjudged those good people. And he wound up by saying, "Fact is, wife, it's mighty easy work to misjudge people."

Then he went out and met some of his former friends, and told them what an experience he had just had. "Why, to think," he said, "that I should go around telling you that those church people were all cold and selfish, when I didn't know anything about them. Don't any of you tell anybody after this that I said such things about any of them. I was just a fool, that's what I was. But I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to hire two seats in that church, and be there every Sunday morning with my wife; see if I don't. And the minister's coming to call on us, and I'm going to get acquainted with him and the rest of them. For I tell you, boys, I've just learned one thing: You can't get acquainted with folks, and you can't shake hands with them, if your hand isn't there to shake." — *H. Kasson, in Advance.*

No, Tempter

No, devil, I'll not be shaking hands
With a sinner the like of you;
Your guileful manner displeases me,
And I've something better to do.

I haven't forgotten the vicious thrust
You gave when you laid me low,
Nor the inner triumph your laugh betrayed
As you struck the coward blow.

Yea, tempter, I know your lying game,
Your twist and lure of a snake;
I'll never give you a chance to win,
With my soul as the prize at stake.

Professions you make are shifting sands,
And names you assume don't fit;
The truest title that you can wear
Is the label, "Hypocrite!"

Your praises are worse than God's rebuke,
Your promptings than deadly fire;
You mask your lies with gracious garb,
And tempt with accursed desire.

But never again you'll flatter me
With your charlatanical smirk;
Go, flatter the angels you lured from God,
They'll probably do your work.

E. F. COLLIER.

The Author of "Beautiful Isle"

BESSIE BROWN POUNDS, queen of living hymn writers, resides in the little college town of Hiram, Ohio. Here it was that Garfield received his education, later becoming president of his Alma Mater. Here it was, too, that Harold Bell Wright received the rudiments of a classical education, and here his first writing was done.

Mrs. Pounds is perhaps most widely known by her beautiful hymn-poem, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." This was one of the hymns sung at the funeral of President McKinley, the beloved martyr President.

The hymn was written near the first of 1897. Mrs. Pounds had hesitated to write hymns of heaven, as the modern conception of heaven, with its selfish love of ease and grandeur, had seemed to her unworthy of the theme. She felt that our hope of a future life could not be in vain, and that it is not when or where heaven is, but rather leaving that, as we must the present, to God's love and care.

One morning she was unable to accompany her husband to church, and this theme came back to her. When her husband returned, she said, "I have written my hymn."

"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" is a universal favorite, and will be sung as long as Christian people sing gospel hymns.

Mrs. Pounds has written more than six hundred hymns, among the most widely known being "Anywhere with Jesus," "The Way of the Cross Leads Home," "The Touch of His Hand on Mine," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and "Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds."

"Usually a phrase comes to me," said Mrs. Pounds, "such as 'anywhere with Jesus.' The phrase may stay in my mind for months before it is written out in hymn form."

Mrs. Pounds has written more poems than hymns, the poems having been published in church and secular magazines, and never having been collected into a single volume.

One poem, "The Perils of Peace," was published in the *New York Times* first, and later was extensively used as Liberty Loan propaganda during the days of the World War.

Mrs. Pounds has written nine books for young people, and has held various editorial positions on church papers. At present she is a contributing editor of the *Christian Standard*.

Mrs. Pounds will live not only as hymn writer, poet, and author. Her husband is pastor of the student church at Hiram, and her personality will live on in the lives of the many young people who come under the influence of her womanly Christian character.—*May Hoover Mumaw*.

A Rosebush That Talks

HERE is the photograph of a wonderful rosebush — a rosebush that talks. "A rosebush cannot talk," you say. Wait until I tell you about this one.

It was in the month of September, as near as I can remember, that I went down to the florist's and ordered a Cecil Brunner rosebush. I asked him to be sure to send me a climber; for I wanted one that would climb up over the porch. The Cecil Brunners, which I had seen, grew very rapidly, and in a few months, clambered all over the porch or the side of the house, covering it with festoons of the dearest, most perfect baby rosebuds that you ever saw. These rosebuds were rosy pink with salmon-colored center. In imagination I saw how beautiful the little porch would look covered with these dainty blossoms. I could hardly wait to get the bush and get it set out.

At last it came. I ran for my spade, dug a nice deep hole, put a little manure in the bottom, covered it with good soil, poured in plenty of water, and then carefully planted my precious rosebush, making sure to pack the earth around it well and give it plenty of water. It looked like a good strong bush; and the man had assured me that it would soon begin to grow and climb.

But it did not grow, and it did not climb. I kept it well watered and cultivated, and did everything I could think of to make it grow; but part of the leaves turned yellow and dropped off, and the remainder shriveled up. Even the branches began to dry up and look dead. I waited one month, two months, three months, and there was no change for the better. After seven long months had rolled round, and not even one new branch had put forth, I thought there was no use waiting any longer. Surely the florist must have made a mistake and given me a "bush" rose instead of a climber.

Once more I went for my spade. I had decided to dig up the rosebush and throw it away. What was the use of having a rosebush that would neither grow nor bring forth roses? What a disappointment it was! Here I had been waiting seven months, and the porch was just as bare and unsightly as it was before.

After considerable hard digging, I succeeded in getting the bush out, and when I held it up and looked at it, what do you suppose I found? Tightly matted in among the roots, and almost hidden from sight, was an old rusty piece of tin about a foot square! There the roots were all twining around it—wasting their strength in hugging a piece of an old tin can! No wonder the bush could not grow, for it got started wrong.

I carefully untwined the roots, and, little by little,



The Rosebush That Talks

succeeded in tearing out the piece of tin, but not until some of the roots were entirely broken off. Poor rosebush, it was a hard experience. It had so completely taken the rusty tin into its heart, and had laid hold of it so tenaciously, that it could not let it go without almost being torn to pieces.

But at last the deed was done. I dug a new hole for it, planted it again as carefully as I had done at first, and watched and waited.

One day I saw a new leaf appearing. After that another leaf appeared, and then a tiny sprig. Little leaf buds began to swell and burst open up and down the branches. The rosebush was really growing at last! You should have seen it. It stuck out one foot, and then the other, as if to make sure that it was free; and then away it went up that trellis as fast as it could climb! Really, you could almost

see it grow. I measured it, and for a while it grew a foot a week.

And now look at it—now it has reached the top of the trellis, and is racing along over the roof, and sending down little feelers along the edge to find some good places where it can hang its festoons of roses next spring.

Wonderful rosebush, how it talks! It talks to the neighbors who have been watching its experiences; it talks to the boys and girls who come and gaze upon it with awe; it talks to the young people's class that visits it now and then; it talks to you in your far-away home; it is telling from the housetop what it took so long to learn down in the dark and secret place beneath the soil; and this is what it says:

"Get started right! Get started right! Human rosebushes cannot climb any more than I could, so long as they spend their strength in hugging some old worthless tin can. Let it go! Let it go! even though it almost wrenches you to pieces. Look at the months and months I have wasted! Think how much farther I might have climbed, and how my whole corner might now have been filled with fragrance and beauty, if only I had got started right! Are you climbing? Are you filling your corner with the fragrance and beauty of the Lord? If not, why not? There must be some reason. About what worthless and harmful thing are your roots twining? Let it go! Let it go! and then you, too, will be able to climb, and blossom, and glorify God."

MRS. J. F. MOSER.

Lord Macaulay's Riddle

COME, let us look at it closely;
'Tis a very ugly word,
And one that makes you shudder
Whenever it is heard.
It mayn't be always wicked,
It always must be bad,
And speaks of sin and misery
Enough to make one mad.
They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true,
And then they de-compose it,
Which of course they're free to do.
If of the dozen letters
You take off the first three,
We leave the nine remaining
As sad as they can be.
For though it seems to make it less,
In fact it makes it more,
For it takes the brute creation in,
Which was left out before.
Let's see if we can mend it;
It's possible we may,
If only we divide it
In some new-fashioned way.
Instead of three and nine,
Let's make it four and eight.
You say that makes no difference,
At least not very great;
But only see the consequence—
That's all that need be done
To change this mass of sadness
To unmitigated fun.
It clears off swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie knives,
And all the horrid weapons
By which we lose our lives;
It wakens holier voices,
And how joyfully is heard
The native sounds of gladness
Compressed into one word!
Yes, four and eight, my friend,
Let that be yours and mine,
Though all the host of demons
Rejoice in three and nine.

These letters, rightly placed, will form the answer:

R U N S T L
E M G A A H

"Omar McDonald"

COL. S. G. EVANS lives at the national capital. He has a Kentucky thoroughbred to whom he is deeply attached. The colonel says he is ready to vouch for all the wonderful things he tells of Omar McDonald, some of which follow:

"I am not writing about an ordinary horse, but one of the most royally bred saddle horses that ever came out of Kentucky. His sire and dame were bred in the purple themselves. I got him at three years old and no one ever has saddled him or taken the saddle off but myself. I talk to him as a chum and have claimed from the start that he knows about everything I say to him, and, in fact, I have proved it often. I tell him to singlefoot, trot (high or low), lope, and run, and he will go from one to the other without any movement on my part, and people riding with me in the park are surprised. Now for my story.

"Within the past month, after three days of a warm rain, the bridle paths in Rock Creek Park were deep with mud and well worked up with the riders who had already got out. I was on Omar at the upper end of the park alone, and did not fall in with any one while out that morning. He is very high strung (nervous), always ready for a fight or foot race. We were coming along slowly in the mud on the bridle path when a gray squirrel dropped from a tree in front of us, and Omar, quick as a flash, whirled about. I was off my guard, my foot struck a tree, and I was knocked out of the stirrup, and off I went head first into the mud. Omar bounded off say twenty-five feet, and while I was getting up I was calling to him, 'Omar! don't leave me, don't leave me!' He watched me get up and when I started toward him, with head and tail way up, he bounded away another twenty-five feet, stopped and faced me again, and I was sore afraid he was about to start off on a wild run through the park, and that I would not have happen for the price of the horse, as that would ruin him forever. We were some five miles from the park entrance at the time. All the time I was trying to get near to him and talking to him, and, I am sorry to say, I was getting angry and said things I should not have said. I had promised Omar that if I ever got my hands on him again I would teach him a lesson or two. He took it all in and at that put a full 100 feet between us. We kept this up for half a mile, I still threatening him. The bridle path is so crooked you cannot look 200 feet ahead.

"About this time I saw the footpath, which runs about the same as the bridle path, but higher up on the side hill, was not cut up, and in it I could keep out of so much mud. I crawled up to it and when walking there I came around a bend and, looking down, saw Omar faced about, looking back down the bridle path for me, not knowing why I did not come along. Now I realized that he did not intend to leave me. We tramped on for another half mile, and I got back onto the bridle path behind him. I got winded, so sat down on a big rock and Omar stood still some 100 feet away pawing the mud, and looking at me. Now I remembered that I had claimed that he could understand what I said, and, if so, here I had promised him a good licking and what a fool he would be to come back and get it; why, I would not do it myself. I began to talk to him the other way and told him he had really done nothing to me and I would not hit him at all,

and was all over being angry, and let's make up. I got up and started toward him; he about faced and started off again, walking and looking back at me. Let me say at this place that I still wear the same big Texas spurs I have had for many years. I may not use them, but they are there for business, and a good horse knows if you have them on as soon as he sees you. I stopped, called to Omar, and he faced around and saw me take them off, shake off the mud and hold them up to him and say, 'Nothing doing.' He came halfway back and I went to him and did not grab him at all, put my hand on his neck, went clear around him, looking to see if all my traps were still there, and then went over to a lot of chips and went to cleaning my boots. Omar followed me like a big dog, and while I was at it he rubbed the mud that was on my shoulders all up and down my back with his head. He backed away and went to pawing impatiently, almost saying, 'Come, get on my back and we will go home.' I got up and we finished our ride, and nothing more happened again or has come to us since.

"One day in the park, on top of a hill, I was in the saddle with him alone when a flying machine overhead made a great noise, and he looked all around, trying to locate it. At last he did, and watched it with his big eyes for a time, turned his head to me (I had got down and was standing near him, looking down at the creek), and gave me a mighty shove with his head and looked back at the flying machine overhead. But he did not say a word. So I don't know what he wanted.

"Again I think this is done by him for play. I cannot go into his box stall without his trying to get something away from me. As quick as a flash he will have my handkerchief, necktie, or chain. One day he was very loving, I thought, as he put his head very low down for me to put the bridle on. When he whirled around away from me, I saw he had my fine mineral-case watch hanging out of his mouth—had it—and was holding it by the leather fob. I got my hand under it before he dropped it."

An Elevator Dispatcher Who Never Forgets

OBSERVATION-CAR passengers, please secure your tickets at the first entrance to the left." A bystander in the lobby of the forty-two-story L. C. Smith Building of Seattle looked at Julius Langseth, elevator dispatcher, with surprise registered plainly on his face.

"How—how did you know those people wanted to go up in the observation car?"

"Very simple, when you get accustomed to this work," replied Langseth. "The man who runs an office in the building walks in with a confident step, while the stranger who wants to see the city from the observation tower hangs back diffidently."

"Where am I to find Vickers and Company?" the dispatcher was asked.

"On the twenty-first floor, in room 2116."

Mr. Langseth is considered by the occupants of the L. C. Smith Building to have a memory that entitles him to be considered one of the seven wonders of the world, for he knows every one in it, including the heads of companies, stenographers, and office boys, in Seattle's tallest building, with its 600 offices and 2,500 occupants. He can also tell where people who have moved out years before have gone.

Mr. Robert K. Dykes, the manager of the building,

takes delight in having visitors in the building meet Langseth, so that he can give them a little exhibition of his amazing powers of memory.

"Where can I find D. E. Skinner?" was a question asked him.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Skinner is out of the city. He planned to go first to Washington, D. C., from where, after transacting some business, he will leave for Cuba, for a visit of a few weeks. It will probably be two months before he returns."

"I'm looking for the office of the L. R. Fifer Lumber Company," said another visitor. "What floor is it on?"

"The company moved its office three years ago," replied the memory marvel. "If you are looking for L. R. Fifer, you will find him in the Stuart Building. If you wish to see his son, you'll have to go to the Henry Building."

"Where can I find Attorney John Dore?" he was asked.

"Mr. Dore went to court this morning. You'll find him either in Judge King Dykeman's courtroom, or in the office of the county attorney."

"Little Jimmy Collins' mother is sick. He works as an office boy somewhere in this building. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Is he a little fellow, wearing his first long trousers, with red hair, and a tooth out in front?"

"That's Jimmy."

"Well, Jimmy comes down the elevator just about this time on his way out with the mail. There he comes now."

"How are you able to do it?" he was asked.

"Observation and a close study of my work," Mr. Langseth replied. "Last fall I made up a directory of my own of every person in the building, in my own handwriting. When a man writes things down, he is not so likely to forget them."

"I study every person who comes in, and I find that each one is different. No two persons are exactly alike. I can tell one man by the way he takes off his coat, and another by the way he walks."

"I concentrate my mind on my work, and keep a careful watch on everything that happens. I know the approximate time that each man will enter this lobby, and I can tell when he is likely to leave it at night."

"Success in this business is all a matter of study. People call me a ouija board, but my knowledge of these people is a result of careful observation of their habits."

Mr. Langseth recognizes the peculiarities of nearly every tenant in the building. He knows that one man is good-natured, and likes to be greeted in the morning, while another is inclined to be surly, and desires to be left entirely alone.

Mr. Langseth has spent his life in operating and dispatching elevators. He ran his first cars in the Superior and Broadway hotels in Superior, Wisconsin. After doing this, he served either as an operator or a dispatcher in the Andrus Building, the Security Building, and the West Hotel in Minneapolis.

A little more than four years ago he was called to the West to take entire charge of the eight elevators of the forty-two-story L. C. Smith Building in Seattle. People in the city claim that no other building has such efficient service.

"If Mr. Langseth makes mistakes, I have never heard of them," said Mr. Dykes, manager of the building.—*Warren Eugene Crane.*

Good Rules for Churchgoers

ON the door of the old Priory Church in Dunstable, England, a church which dates back for hundreds of years, are the following suggestions for modern churchgoers:

On Your Way

On your way to the Lord's house, be thoughtful. Say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults. Think of your own, for you are going to ask forgiveness.

When You Reach the Church

Never stay outside; go in at once. Time spent within is precious.

In Church

Kneel down humbly, and pray. Spend the time that remains in holy thought. In prayer remember the awful presence into which you have come. Never look about you to see who are coming in, or for any cause whatever. It matters nothing to you what others may be doing. Attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly on the holy service. The blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere.

When Service Is Over

Remain kneeling, and pray. Be silent. Speak to no one until you are outside. Do not cover your head until you have left the porch. The church is God's house, even when prayer is over.

On Your Way Home

Be careful of your talk. The world will soon slip back into your mind. Love prayer and praise best. Preaching is but a help to the holy work.

The Only Way

THE richest man in the world gave the following counsel as the most important step to success: "First earn a credit, a character, a reputation."

The young man who accepted this counsel and acted upon it became sufficiently successful to be sought by other young men for advice; and in commenting upon the advice of the rich man, said:

"The only way I know of to earn a reputation is to fill your job better than it has been filled before, to tell the truth, and to save money. Be courteous; be gentlemanly; be obliging; do everything you can for others; kowtow to no one. Fear no one. Every real man, whether he be a multimillionaire employer or a day laborer, admires a man who neither swaggers nor cringes, who respects himself too much to show disrespect to others worthy of respect."

True Loyalty

THE loyalty of our brethren in the European fields during the time of the war is illustrated by the following incident: One man said his family had nothing but a small piece of fish once a day for ten days, and that they had bread only twice during a six months' period. When asked why he did not leave that place and go elsewhere, he replied that it was dangerous to travel; and if it had not been he could not have gone, for there was fanaticism in the church and it was necessary for him to remain and help hold the church together. Surely this is loyalty of the type that is greatly pleasing to Heaven.

Ho! Volunteers for Service

(Concluded from page six)

"The Ministry of the Spirit,"
"In the Land of the Incas," too,
"Our Day," the third in the series;
We wish you'd read them through.

"With Our Missionaries in China"

We see a world's great need.
O, then, to greater service
Let Volunteers give heed.
Our schools are set to fit us
For work in fields beyond:
God help us see the harvest,
And every heart respond.

Missionary Volunteer Topics for December

- DECEMBER 4. Senior and Junior: "The Bible Year and the Morning Watch."
December 11. Senior and Junior: "Giving Others Their Due."
December 18. Senior: "The Strength of a Clean Life."
Junior: "Soul-Winners for Jesus."
December 25. Senior and Junior: "Look for the Waymarks."

Our Counsel Corner

What is the plan for the 1920 Morning Watch Calendar? Some one said that the price would probably be higher this year; will it?

G. P.

On the front cover of the Morning Watch Calendar for 1921 is a beautiful picture, "Rock of Ages," in greenish black. On the inside front cover is the comforting poem, "Not a Disappointment." This is a poem that is especially precious to the Christian who knows from experience that Jesus never disappoints the heart that trusts Him. Near the last of the calendar is another poem that Christians love. This one, "In Time of Need," must have been written by one who had learned to trust the Father under trying circumstances. And all through the calendar are scattered rare gems for us to treasure, or to use in time of need.

As to the verses for each day, we feel sure that you will enjoy them. The first two months of each quarter are devoted to helpful verses drawn from the first part of the Bible,—from Genesis to Job,—while the closing month of each quarter is given over entirely to choice promises from other parts of the Bible.

What is the price? Although the price of paper has soared, the Morning Watch Calendar for 1921 is only five cents.

M. E. A.

I started the Testimonies Reading Course in the summer of 1918, and am just now completing the last volume. Will it be possible for me to receive one of the gift books offered?

F. C.

Yes, you are entitled to your choice of the following books: "Gospel Workers," "Early Writings," "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," "Christ's Object Lessons," "Life Sketches," and "Education."

The offer was first made for those finishing the reading of the Testimonies by Dec. 31, 1919, but it has been extended over 1920, so that although one began the reading in 1918 and does not finish it till December, 1920, he is still entitled to a gift book.

M. E. A.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — The Truth of Creation a Part of the Last-Day Gospel Message

(December 18)

True Knowledge of Creation Restored

1. WHAT did the angel tell Daniel would take place in the time of the end? Dan. 12:4.
2. What kind of knowledge especially was to be increased? Ans.—Knowledge of God's word and of His works. Note 1.
3. What was one of the objects for this increase of knowledge? Matt. 24:14.
4. What is the central thought in the first angel's message? Rev. 14:7, last part.
5. How does Isaiah describe the Creator's power in the message to be proclaimed by Zion? Isa. 40:9. Note 2.

Sabbath Truth Revived

6. God always speaks because there is need, His messages are always timed to meet a real situation, a real emergency. Isaiah's message implies that practically all the world will in the last days be forgetful of the Creator, and of His claims upon them.

7. What is included in this call to worship the Creator? Ans.—The revival of the truth about the Sabbath of the commandment, the memorial of a literal creation, and this includes a timely protest against all the false ideas about the origin of the world. Rev. 14:12.

8. What have we been told will be the results of teaching false views of science in the last days? Note 3.

9. What besides idols of wood and stone may people worship?

10. What picture does Isaiah give of the world in the last days? Isa. 2: 7.

11. How does God say He will deal with idolaters of the last days? Eze. 8: 15, 16; 9: 4-6, 11.

Notes

1. "There is a reason for it all. The end of the ages was drawing on. Sin would finally go to seed; the last great world apostasy was to be allowed to develop, to show to the universe what the race would do if left to itself. Looking down the dark, tear-misted vista of the ages, God saw how human ingenuity would seek to pervert into a burlesque of creation the vastly increased knowledge of nature, and relegate to shelves of dust and cobwebs as mere antiquarian literature the Book which He had given us to be the guide of life. And so He timed a special reform for His faithful people to give to the world just before the end, calling upon this age of evolutionists to 'worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.' Rev. 14: 7. And then He placed in the hands of men these instruments of hurried travel and instantaneous communication, to speed on the church's long-delayed work, so as to complete it in 'this generation.'"—*"Back to the Bible,"* p. 152.

2. The message is for the last days as is seen from verse 10. Such a message as this recorded in Isaiah 40, about the Creator and His power and wisdom, is therefore especially appropriate for the last days, just before the Lord is to come with rewards for the faithful.

3. "A day of great intellectual darkness has been shown to be favorable to the success of the Papacy. It will yet be demonstrated that a day of great intellectual light is equally favorable for its success. In past ages, when men were without God's word, and without the knowledge of the truth, their eyes were blindfolded, and thousands were ensnared, not seeing the net spread for their feet. In this generation there are many whose eyes become dazzled by the glare of human speculations, 'science falsely so called;' they discern not the net, and walk into it as readily as if blindfolded. . . . The false science of the present day, which undermines faith in the Bible, will prove as successful in preparing the way for the acceptance of the Papacy, with its pleasing forms, as did the withholding of knowledge in opening the way for its aggrandizement in the Dark Ages."—*"The Great Controversy,"* pp. 572, 573.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — Jesus Teaching the People

(December 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 13: 22-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Matt. 23: 37.

LESSON HELPS: "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pp. 184-194; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 587, 588, 825-828.

PLACE: On the way to Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; Pharisees and the people.

The Setting of the Lesson

Jesus and His disciples are journeying toward Jerusalem, traveling slowly, and lingering in the villages and cities as the interest of the people demands. Some of the instruction given at this time is a repetition of that which was given to His disciples earlier in His ministry.

"The way is narrow? Aye, but think how wide
The fields it leads to. Wide as hope are they.
Into a larger life the path will guide;
What matter, then, if narrow be the way?"

Questions

1. Toward what place were Jesus and His disciples journeying? What did Jesus do on the way? Luke 13: 22.

2. What question did one of His hearers ask? In answer, what did Jesus say about the gateway to the path that leads to the kingdom? What will many not be able to do? Verses 23, 24. Note 1.

3. In what way did Jesus illustrate the future experience of a certain class of persons? What will the Lord say to them? Verse 25. Note 2.

4. What will those who had not truly loved the Lord then say? Verse 26.

5. What final answer will be given them? Verse 27.

6. To what patriarchs whom the Jews professed to follow did Jesus refer? How were the Jews reminded that to be a descendant of these patriarchs would not gain for them an entrance into heaven? Verse 28.

7. From what directions will those come who are saved? Verses 29, 30. Note 3.

8. Of what was Jesus warned? Verse 31. Note 4.

9. What was His reply? What event was brought to His mind? Of what city did He think? Verses 32, 33. Note 5.

10. How did Jesus speak of Jerusalem? Verse 34. Note 6.

11. When Jesus departed from the temple to enter it no more, in what condition would this "house" be left? When would they next see Him? Verse 35. Note 7.

Why

The gate and the pathway are narrow which lead to heaven?
Some will "not be able" to enter?
Some who ask entrance will be denied?
Jesus could not protect and save Jerusalem from destruction?

Notes

1. "The way to life is narrow and the entrance strait. If you cling to any besetting sin, you will find the way too narrow for you to enter. Your own ways, your own will, your evil habits and practices, must be given up if you would keep the way of the Lord. He who would serve Christ cannot follow the world's opinions or meet the world's standard. Heaven's path is too narrow for rank and riches to ride in state, too narrow for the play of self-centered ambition, too steep and rugged for lovers of ease to climb. Toil, patience, self-sacrifice, reproach, poverty, the contradiction of sinners against Himself, was the portion of Christ, and it must be our portion, if we ever enter the paradise of God."—*"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing,"* p. 198.

"Faith and obedience to God are like the oath of allegiance to our country. A man may be the wisest and best man in the world, he may be rich and learned and skilled in a thousand directions, but he can become a citizen only through the narrow gate of the oath of allegiance."—*Peloubet.*

2. The class of persons referred to here are those who pretend to love God and to do good works (as many of the Jews did), yet would not repent of their sins and obey the word of the Lord.

3. "The Jews had been first called into the Lord's vineyard; and because of this they were proud and self-righteous. Their long years of service they regarded as entitling them to receive a larger reward than others. Nothing was more exasperating to them than an intimation that the Gentiles were to be admitted to equal privileges with themselves in the things of God. Christ warned the disciples who had been first called to follow Him, lest the same evil should be cherished among them."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 400.

4. "Jesus had now been for some time in Peraa, in the territory of Antipas, the murderer of John. The intense unpopularity of the crime had, doubtless, been a protection to Him; but, besides the fact that Antipas personally feared the great Miracle Worker, thinking perhaps He was the murdered Baptist, risen from the dead, there were many other reasons why he should wish Him fairly out of his dominions. Unwilling to appear in the matter, he used the Pharisees, counting on their readiness to further his end. Some of their number, therefore, came to Christ, with the air of friends anxious for His safety, and warned Him that it would be well for Him to leave Peraa as quickly as possible, as Herod desired to kill Him."—*Geikie.*

5. "Jesus at once saw through the whole design, as a crafty plan of Herod for His expulsion. But He was on His way to Jerusalem, and contented Himself with showing that He gave no ground for political suspicion, and that He quite well understood how little friendship there was in the advice the Pharisees had given Him."—*Ibid.*

6. Jesus wept over Jerusalem, the capital city of the Jewish people. He thought of the beautiful temple in which sacrifices were offered daily to show the faith of the people in a Saviour for whom they were mistakenly still looking. While they were still doing these things, He, the Lamb of God, the Saviour of the world, was among them, healing their sick, forgiving their sins, and pointing out to them the way to heaven. But the saddest part of it all was that they would not believe in Him, would not believe His words, and were even then planning to put Him to death. As Jesus thought of these things His heart was overcome with sorrow, and He cried out in anguish the words of Scripture used as the memory verse for this lesson.

7. The words, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," were spoken at the time of His triumphal entry into the city of Jerusalem.

Another time, yet future, when the wicked of earth will repeat those words, is mentioned in "Early Writings," page 292: "All are seeking to hide in the rocks, to shield themselves from the terrible glory of Him whom they once despised. And, overwhelmed and pained with His majesty and exceeding glory, they with one accord raise their voices, and with terrible distinctiveness exclaim, 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,

Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumphs and defeat.

—Longfellow.



EDITORIAL



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Adrift

UPON a waste of waves, a distant speck,
I see a wreck
Drifting along; no hand her speed could check.
By scornful waves upon the water tossed,
With anchor lost,
She drifts to doom, at what a fearful cost.

Adrift upon a dreary, unknown sea,
I too might be,
But for the angel hands upholding me.
But sure my anchor as the waves are swift,
I cannot drift;
I only wait, until the storm clouds lift.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

National Thrift Week

NATIONAL Thrift Week, observed annually January 17-23, is a program of economic education to help the people of our country think straight about their money matters. It is a conservative estimate that it will be observed next January in more than 1,000 communities, instead of the 633 of the last Thrift Week. Each day of this week is set aside to emphasize a special phase of thrift, as follows:

Monday, January 17, Benjamin Franklin's birthday, National Thrift Day or Bank Day.
Tuesday, January 18, Budget Day.
Wednesday, January 19, National Life Insurance Day.
Thursday, January 20, Own Your Own Home Day.
Friday, January 21, Make a Will Day.
Saturday, January 22, Pay Your Bills Promptly Day.
Sunday, January 23, Share with Others Day.

"It Is Coming"

OUT in the Pacific Ocean, to the southeast of the Hawaiian Islands, lie the beautiful Marquesas Islands, unknown to the world until discovered in 1595 by the commander of a Spanish fleet. To these early visitors the islands seemed an earthly paradise. The Marquesans themselves, because of their attractive physique, called forth no less attention from their discoverers than did their island home, because of its natural beauty and resources. Later these natives were exploited by the white-slave trader, who made raids into the islands and sold the natives as slaves in far-off lands. Through these raids all kinds of contagious and infectious diseases were introduced among the natives. So fast have they succumbed to these, they are now regarded as a vanishing people. Ten years has been set as the time limit for the completion of this work of extermination.

About two years ago, one of our workers and his wife located in Tai-o-hae, Nukahiva. One of their first converts is an old Tahitian woman, born on the island of Maupiti. The early Protestant missionaries among the Pacific Islands, through an error in reckoning, taught the natives to observe the seventh day as the Sabbath. Later when they discovered their mistake, the European Sunday was substituted for the real Sabbath. This first convert in Tai-o-hae remembers the change, and she recalls distinctly the opposition manifested on the part of the natives to having their Sabbath changed. One Maupiti woman exclaimed prophetically: "It is coming; it is coming; the true Sabbath is yet to come back to us."

F. D. C.

Hungry Austria

THE Associated Press is authority for the following glimpse of conditions in Austria as they are today:

"The first touch of winter has reawakened Vienna and other Austrian cities to the food and fuel situation, which President Seitz described to the Associated Press as 'most unfavorable.' Seitz said that the situation 'is generally worse than last year.'

"While various charities are doing much to relieve conditions, the American child feeding fund, with its perfected organization and two years' experience, now is feeding daily 300,000 children under sixteen years of age and also is supplying 100,000 children with overcoats, shoes, stockings, and flannel underwear.

"The Austrian government is co-operating with the fund. Only four Americans are on the executive staff, while there are 12,000 Austrians in the personnel of the fund, half of them volunteers. Inasmuch as Austria takes over all the expenditures for freight and warehouses when American relief supplies reach European ports, it is said that virtually 100 per cent of the money contributed in the United States goes into actual relief.

"Full grown people," said President Seitz, "can recover from the effects of several years of underfeeding, but underfed growing children mean a generation of weaklings. The assistance given us by the American relief fund will always be remembered by every Austrian."

"Some idea of the extent of the work of the relief association may be gained by the fact that 68,000,000 free meals have been distributed to undernourished Austrian children in sixteen months. Those who have been fed daily include every needy class of the population, from the children of the laboring class to those of the intellectuals. The extension of the American Relief Association's charities to include clothing was due to the fact that thousands of families had insufficient garments to permit even one child at a time to go to the kitchens of the fund for food."

The board of Sunday schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church is sending out an appeal to its 4,500,000 Sunday school members to devote their Christmas offerings this year to sending food, clothing, medicine, and other relief to the suffering children of Europe.

Nikolai Lenine, the Russian Bolshevik premier, says:

"Soviet Russia never before has experienced such a food crisis. Moscow and other cities are paralyzed by famine, and the army is becoming famished. It is necessary for us to use all means in our power to enforce delivery of food-stuffs by the peasantry."

Surely none can waste money on useless or needless gifts at this serious time.

"A SLIP of the pen is often more costly than a slip of the foot; and a slip of the tongue is more costly than both, because it happens more often."

"He that commandeth winds and waters could have forced men to the same kind of obedience, but the King seeks willing subjects."

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Echoes from the Missionary Volunteer Council	2
Taking Inventory	3
The Mutiny	3
The Brazilian Metropolis	4
Letters to a Schoolgirl	7
The Bay of Puno, Peru	8
New York's Successive Changes of Names	8
No, Tempter (poetry)	10
A Rosebush That Talks	11
Hungry Austria	16
SELECTIONS	
Changing the Temperature	10
The Author of "Beautiful Isle"	10
Omar McDonald	12