

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Thanksgiving

For the days when nothing happens,
For the cares that leave no trace,
For the love of little children,
For each sunny dwelling-place,
For the altars of our fathers,
And the closets where we pray,
Take, O gracious God and Father,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For our harvest safe ingathered,
For our golden store of wheat,
For the cornlands and the vineland,
For the flowers upspringing sweet,
For our coasts from want protected,
For each inlet, river, bay,
By Thy bounty full and flowing,
Take our praise this joyful day.

For the hours when Heaven is nearest
And the earth mood does not cling,
For the very gloom oft broken
By our looking for the King,
By our thought that He is coming,
For our courage on the way,
Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

— Margaret E. Sangster.



Keeping the Morning Watch at College

A few years ago I heard a Missionary Volunteer worker say that three fourths of all the young people who had backslidden in his conference were those who did not take time for daily morning communion with the Master. He said: "They perhaps offer a hurried prayer before retiring at night, but they confess to me that they do not take time for prayer in the morning."

That remark startled me! Where was I drifting? I was surely no stronger than many of those three fourths who, simply because they did not keep a close connection between themselves and the only true source of strength, had strayed away from the right path. Then and there I determined to observe the Morning Watch faithfully at any cost, and I have kept my resolution.

Oh, yes, there have been plenty of times when it seemed I just could not observe the morning devotion. But upon looking back, invariably I see that those were the times when I most needed that help. The real reason for my feeling that I could not, was just because I did not really want to. But I have learned that "there is one way to connect a man with heaven in spite of himself, and that way is through prayer."

The biggest problem came when I went to college. It seemed I never was so busy before, and there were many temptations to yield to excuses. We were rushed in the mornings; would not the regular morning worship suffice? In the evening we could take a little extra time for Bible study and prayer. But I found that this did not satisfy. Nothing could take the place of even a few moments in the morning.

It was during this first year in college that I also learned the reason why our Saviour always chose a secluded spot. I had always preferred to be alone for this morning tryst with my Master — alone, and yet not alone. My roommate and I frequently had precious seasons together, but nevertheless there was the longing to be more often alone with just the Master. So I searched out an old vacant room where I thought no one would notice me come or go. The year wore on, and many were the precious moments spent in that room, unknown to any except myself and my Friend — so I thought.

Shortly before the close of the year, one of the younger girls slipped an arm into mine, and said timidly: "I wish you'd let me go sometimes with you to pray." It was the most blessed experience of my life to lead that dear girl to my secret chamber and kneel with her in prayer. I then explained to her my plan for daily communion, and she, too, decided to form the Morning Watch habit. I can heartily recommend the plan, for it has indeed been a blessing to me!

"Except Ye Become —"

NANCY BURROUGHS sat in her pastor's study, facing him with earnest eyes, as the story is told in one of our exchanges.

"You preached a wonderful sermon last Sunday, Dr. Parsons," she burst out, "and you set a very wonderful ideal before us: to live here and now as if it were in the kingdom of heaven. But it is simply impossible — for me, at least. Some girls, leading a sheltered life at home, may be able to do it, but not a business girl like me.

"All day long there's nothing but the hurry and bustle and hard work of the office. At home it's worry about the cost of the children's shoes and the rise in food prices. And there's more work at home, for I help with the housework and the sewing in my spare time. Sounds like the kingdom of heaven, doesn't it?" Nancy's tone was almost bitter.

"I know some poor girls to whom it would sound like heaven," said Dr. Parsons gently. "Regular work in an excellent office, a good home to live in, with a

loving mother and father and little brothers and sisters to love — even to worry over sometimes. But I want to tell you a story, Nancy, one that a friend of mine told me recently.

"My friend is a nose and throat specialist, and one day a little girl was brought to his clinic for a small operation on her nose. For some reason he could not give the little thing any anesthetic; so he took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and put it into her hand.

"'That's for you to spend exactly as you like as soon as this is over,' he said cheerily. 'I'm going to hurt you a little, I'm afraid, but if you'll take a very good look at the fifty cents before I begin, and then hold it tight in your hand and keep thinking of what you saw all the time while I'm at work, it won't hurt nearly so much.'

"The child went through the operation unusually well, and the doctor congratulated himself on his bright idea.

"'You're a very brave little girl,' he said, patting her on the head, 'and pretty soon you can go out and spend your money. Tell me all the things you thought of while I was at work.'

"'I thought of the words,' said the little girl.

"'The words?' repeated the doctor. 'The date, you mean?' It was so long since he'd really noticed a coin that he hardly remembered that coins had any words on them.

"'Why, no! Those are numbers. I mean the words at the top, "In God We Trust,"' said the little girl quite simply. 'It was the first half dollar I ever had, so I never saw them before, but it's lovely to have them there. So the folks that have half dollars can always think about that.'

Dr. Parsons paused, and for a moment or two there was silence. Then Nancy spoke abruptly.

"And I," she said, "have had half dollars all my life, and never thought about it once! The kingdom of heaven must be like beauty, 'in the eye of the beholder.' Is that what you mean?"

"Exactly — only I was thinking of some older words still:

"'Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"The kingdom of heaven really means your Father's kingdom, doesn't it, Nancy? But to see it as your Father's kingdom, your Father's world, you must have the loving, trustful eyes of your Father's child."

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An Honest Report

CORA C. GARBER

PROFESSOR GRAHAM'S class in science came to the recitation room just as any class would on examination day. There was much talking; many were taking a last look at their notes; some were reciting a list of rules that they were sure he would ask, while others were thinking quietly.

Gong! Everything was quiet. All waited in breathless suspense till the questions were passed out. One more minute and they began in earnest on the task.

Alfred Stein started to write, but soon his confident face became the very picture of trouble. In fact, there were other disturbed minds in that room than his own. Alfred knew that if he failed to answer that certain question, he would certainly have no hope of passing. There were only eight questions, and this one counted as two.

He began to wonder what his seat mate would do. They had spent considerable time together in preparation for the examination, and he knew they had overlooked reviewing that very important point. Ah yes! Harry had yielded, would he? He knew just the chapter where it could be found. A glance would be so easy. Should he disobey his mother's teachings? Could he dishonor his Saviour? No! Come what may, he would not.

He began again to write, but not on the third question. That he answered by the simple statement, "I do not know."

When he had finished, he handed the paper to Professor Graham, with a look of triumph in his eyes, although he knew well that his grade would be far below the required average. As he walked from the room he murmured, "But it's an honest report anyway."

Professor Graham had high hopes for Alfred, but he was greatly disappointed. Some way he could not understand why Harry should do so much better than the other boy. Alfred had always done well before, but this time his grade was very poor.

It was hard for the boy to send his grade home to

the parents who were sacrificing so much for his education. They were counting on him, hoping that some day he would make a consecrated, efficient worker. As he sealed the envelope he sighed, "Well, it's an honest report at least."

It was during study period that evening that Alfred heard a gentle knock at his door. It was Harry. The examination and grades soon became the subject of the conversation.

"Well, I got a good grade, but it wasn't worth it. I'm perfectly miserable. I've never felt so mean in a long time, and, to be honest with you, that's why I came down here. I can't stand it any longer. I don't see why I was such a coward. I know I will lose my grade, Alfred, but I'm going to tell Professor Graham. Remember me, with a little prayer, will you?" and he slipped quietly out of the room.

An hour later two earnest eyes looked into those of his teacher.

"I'm ashamed of it, Professor Graham. It was so weak and cowardly. Alfred deserves a far better mark than I."

"Well, my boy, God will honor you for making a clean breast of it. I hope that when you find your place of labor in God's vineyard, you will remember that it always pays to give an honest report."

As Alfred was crossing the campus the next morning, he felt a friendly pat on his shoulder, and a voice said, "There is more than one kind of bravery, my boy. I am proud of you." It was Professor Graham.

In after-years, when the boys were filling places of responsibility, they never forgot this lesson.

Friend, has your report always been honest? Honesty is beautiful because it is so easy to be dishonest. By just one little look or move, we may tell an untruth. We, as Missionary Volunteers, should pray each day that God will plant the seeds of sincerity and truth down deep in our hearts; that He will make us brave and strong to stand for right, wherever we may be and whatever the cost.

Serving and Seeing

IT were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see;
If He would stand with that gaze intense
Burning into our bodily sense;
If we might look on that face most tender,
The brow where the scars are burned to splendor,
Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
And view the marks in His hands and feet,
How loyal we should be!
It were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see!

It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve;
"He that doeth the will of heaven,
To him shall knowledge and sight be given!"
While for His presence we sit repining,
Never we see His countenance shining;
They who toil where His reapers be,
The glow of His smile may always see,
And their faith can never swerve.
It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve.

— Margaret R. Seebach.

The Power of the Gospel

As I Saw It in the Solomons

J. E. FULTON

I RECENTLY spent two months in the Solomon Islands, and I wish every Missionary Volunteer could see what I have seen. Were there ever any doubts in your minds about what God can do with human hearts, they certainly must all have been dispelled by beholding what miracles have been wrought. Ten years ago the people were in a wild heathen state and the gospel work was very difficult and even dangerous. The contrast today is really marvelous.

In the old days, the only sign of civilization that had come to many was tobacco. Their homes were low, squalid huts, with mud floors, dark and cheerless and comfortless. They were the victims of diseases which were sweeping them off at a terrific rate. The bodies of many were covered with malignant ulcers, even the children were afflicted with yaws and other skin complaints. The natives were engaged in tribal wars; for there are many tribes and languages here.

But the scene has changed. In these few short years, hundreds and hundreds have turned away from their idols and demon worship, have given up their vile practices and unclean vices, and have found hope in God and salvation in Jesus. Their bodies have been washed, and in many cases miracles of healing have been wrought. Many have such simple faith in God that it puts our own to shame. They are truly a changed people.

Christian schools have been started for them, attended by the youth and even married people for a few hours each week. Thus their ignorance is passing away, and the light of the Lord is shining where all was a night of terrible darkness only a little while ago.

One of the most wonderful things about it all is the way the Bible is conveyed to the people. There are so many tribes with their separate languages that it was altogether a hopeless task to print Bibles for them in their own language, and teach them to read. So the best that could be done was to use the English Bible, and teach young people a little English. Now we have about forty young men with a limited knowledge of English who minister to about the same number of congregations, translating from the Bible into the several languages of the people. It is marvelous what they can do. Their language is meager, it is true, and in talking with them as I have done, it would appear they know far too little to translate from the Bible. But some of these same boys have stood by

my side and interpreted my words and the words I read from the Bible to the people. Those who know tell me that these boys rarely ever make a mistake. How can we account for this? While there does not seem to be a miracle of tongues, there is an equally wonderful gift of understanding.

"Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear," said the Saviour; and this seems to apply here with fullest force, for these lads and men used as missionaries today can see the English text when they have had but little education to enable them to understand; and they can hear the foreigners' words in sermons and translate them to their people, when really they could not be expected to comprehend the strange words spoken in another tongue. Is this not a wonder? The miracle of Pentecost is repeated, and the miracle of Babel reversed.

How Came This About?

When I went ashore at the island of Ranonga, there were nearly three hundred people waiting on the beach to shake hands with me. There is not a heathen nor an unbeliever in the village. The old heathen temple with its idols and carvings has fallen into disrepair. The children were running about playing with idols. Everybody attends church twice daily. There is not a man or a woman practising any heathen rite, no tobacco, no betel nut used, and the people—how happy and joyous they are! I wish you could have heard them sing.

How came this all about? Some devoted white man preached there, you say? No; God has done it all through one of the young natives, Pana by name. Less than four years ago all were heathen, and this boy preached the gospel from an English Bible, translating it into the language of the people. First he had to learn their language, for he was from another tribe. In that town are the most wonderfully transformed people I have ever seen. A new village has risen out of the ruins of the old. New houses, built on raised foundations, well-lighted, airy, and comfortable; a new school; a new church instead of a heathen temple. All this was brought about under the ministrations of one native boy!

We verily believe that Jesus is soon coming. This great hope cheers our hearts and spurs us on to greater endeavor, because "the love of Christ constraineth us."



© J. W. Southwick



Story of a Schoolmaster Who Teaches in Overalls

As Told by W. O. Saunders in "Collier's"

IT was in the feverish days of the World War. Down in Mississippi a report got abroad that the Germans were inciting the Negroes of the South to insurrection. There, where the blacks then outnumbered the whites, this was cause for genuine alarm.

A troop of white boys happened one night to ride by a Negro church where a meeting was going on. They stopped and listened. A black man, Laurence Jones, was talking to his people. He was saying: "Life is a battle in which every Negro must gird on his armor and fight to survive and succeed." The eavesdroppers heard the words "fight" and "armor." Enough. They rode off, reported what they had heard, added to it, and a mob gathered at the church.

Jones was called out; the boys identified him. The leaders stepped forward and put a noose around his neck. They dragged him a mile or more up the road, the mob recruiting strength as it went. Under a tree fagots were piled. The end of the rope was tossed over a limb, and Jones flung upon the pile of fagots. The noose tightened around his neck, but some one, thinking the fun still too tame, loosened the rope and ordered Jones to stand on the pyre and make a speech.

"I never made such a speech in my life," says Jones. "I told them the story of my life and my ambition. I told them of the work I was doing and hoped to do. I told them anecdotes, some to make them laugh, others to make them weep. Finally I told them of white men who knew me and would vouch for me. Then an old Confederate veteran stepped up and said: 'I believe this boy is telling the truth; I know every one of the men whose names he has mentioned.'"

The noose was removed from his neck; a man with

tears in his eyes passed a hat around and took up a collection of \$50 for Piney Woods Country Life School.

Who is Jones?

Laurence E. Jones was born at St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1884. He was educated in the public schools of Iowa, and was the only Negro in his class in the high school at Marshalltown. He went to a white man's college and was graduated with honors. He had abounding health, a passion for work, a smile that instantly won friends, and the ability to speak and write entertainingly. He might have been a preacher, a lawyer, a writer, or a business man. But he turned his back on all these things. A book was his inspiration. He had read the life of Booker T. Washington, and was fired with zeal to do something for the uplift of his backward people. With this in mind, Laurence Jones put the best of civilization behind him, and headed for the Black Belt of Mississippi.

He arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, fifteen years ago, without a penny in his pockets. Pawning his watch for \$2.50, he bought a ticket for Braxton, a station in the wilderness twenty-three miles below Jackson, and there he worked and labored among the most ignorant, poverty-stricken, squalid, and superstitious of his race for two years, talking to them about the good of education and trying to interest them in the beginning of a school. There were 14,294 Negroes in Rankin County where he settled, and across the line in Simpson County were 5,969 more. A blacker, smellier, more burr-headed and more densely ignorant group of Negroes existed nowhere in America.

For two years Laurence Jones labored with these humble black folks without success. Then one day on a hillside he opened school.

He had seen that getting a building to start in was out of the question, so there on a hillside, under the low-spreading branches of a venerable cedar, he opened his school. Gradually the Negroes developed interest in edu-



© Detroit Pub. Co.
A Native Sugar Mill

cation and faith in their new leader. The cedar tree stood on land belonging to Ed Taylor, an ex-slave. Near by was a tumble-down log cabin inhabited by owls and bats. Old Ed had been up No'th, and he had seen what education could do. He not only presently gave Jones forty acres of his woodland, but \$50 in cash besides. With this \$50 Jones put a roof on the cabin, and the first building unit of Piney Woods Country Life School was dedicated in 1910.

The rest was comparatively easy. Today Jones counts as his friends the best white families in that part of Mississippi.

"The best Southern white men are the Negro's best friends," says Jones, "and the only reason they haven't expressed their friendship for the Negro by giving him education is that the Negro himself hasn't wanted education, and the white people just naturally fell into the opinion that he didn't need it and couldn't make use of it."

Piney Woods School never closes; to make every moment count the summer students arise at four o'clock in the morning and are in class at five. After 7 A. M. Jones releases them from classes and puts them to work in shop and field. At noon they rest and take a nap, going back to shop and field later in the afternoon and working until sundown.

I visited Piney Woods Country Life School at Braxton on commencement day. The student band played a lively air, while 200-odd students in double file marched into the auditorium. The students were paired off male and female. First came the graduating class. The girls were dressed in new, dainty, hand-embroidered muslin dresses. The boys wore overalls and denim shirts that had been immaculately laundered.

I followed the crowd into the auditorium, and beheld something new in commencement exercises. The stage and a platform in front of the stage represented a hive of industry. There were a sewing machine, a typewriter, an adding machine, a miniature store with scales and cash register; a cream separator and churn, a hand loom, laundry devices, a forge, bricks and mortar, lumber and carpenter's tools, a pile of corn shucks, a bottomless chair, a model kitchen, and a homemade electric light and water plant.

The graduating class went to work. One girl prepared and cooked a meal, another made a dress, an-

other took the pile of corn shucks and wove them into a seat for the bottomless chair. Other girls busied themselves in the making of a rag rug. Others washed and ironed, wrought wonderful baskets out of pine needles, or with clays and colored wax converted fruit jars and old bottles into colorful decorative objects to brighten humble homes.

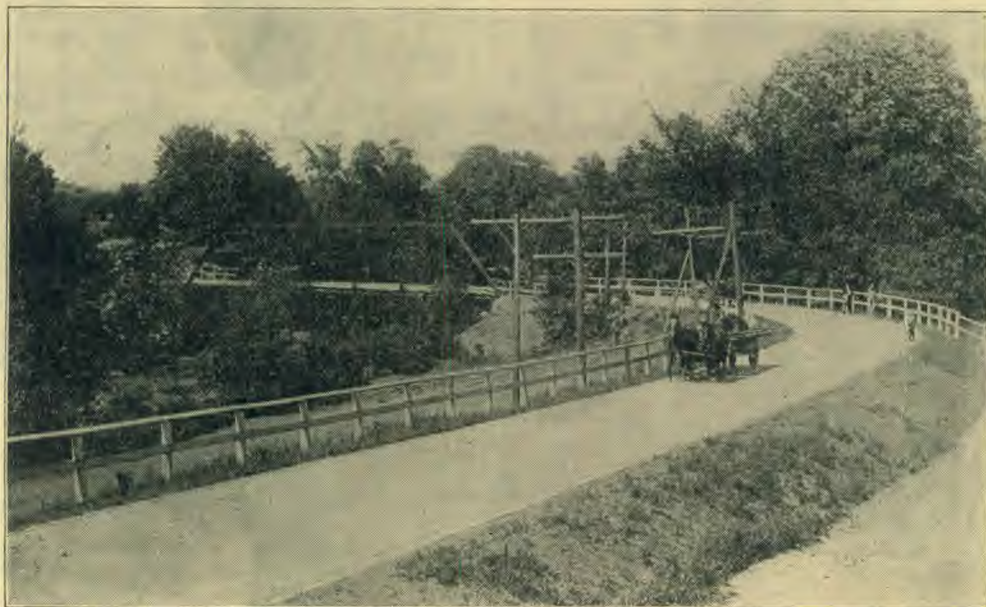
The boys in overalls took the bricks and mortar and made them into an ornamental fireplace, and with sand and cement made more bricks. Another fashioned a horseshoe at the roaring forge and shod a mule. Another milked a cow, others separated the cream from the milk and churned it into butter.

A black, woolly-headed boy started up his home-made electric light and water plant. Water poured from the pumps, and forty 50-watt bulbs in the auditorium glowed with unflickering light. The boy's name was Jasper McAfee. He had built his plant from a scrapped automobile engine, an old concrete mixer, and a discarded generator.

A small, compact, straight-limbed, sinewy Negro in overalls addressed the audience. He told how from humble beginnings Piney Woods Country Life School had grown to an institution with buildings valued at more than \$100,000 and with 1,500 acres of land of its own. The brick in five of the buildings was made and the buildings were erected by student labor. The speaker was Laurence E. Jones, principal of the school. He spoke briefly, modestly; nothing in his speech indicated the real story of his career.

Through this Piney Woods Country Life School, Laurence E. Jones is carrying 300-odd boys and girls, sending them out as teachers and home builders, equipped to do for themselves and show their less fortunate kind how to do. With the help of his wife, he has carried extension work into every county in the Black Belt, and Mrs. Jones has organized thousands of Negro women in club work for better schools, better homes, better living and race progress for every Negro in Mississippi.

There have been troublous days, yes, and Jones has endured many injustices with a patience as sublime as that he revealed when he came so near being lynched. But he wins in every crisis. With his boyish smile he tells you: "I have no time to quarrel, no time for regrets; and no man can make me stoop so low as to hate him."



U. & U., N. Y.

A BRICK ROAD NEAR VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

Personal Experience of an Armenian Missionary Volunteer

SERPOUHI TAVOUKDJIAN

AS I was small when the following occurrences began, I cannot tell the exact time. The Turkish police came to our house one day and said that we must go. We took whatever things we needed most, leaving the other belongings behind, and went. We went by train from place to place until our money was finished, and afterward we had to walk. We walked in the night and morning, and we had hardly any bread and water. In one place we came to, the whole family was taken down sick, with the exception of me. There my big brother, eighteen years old, died, and the next day they took him away. My two sisters were very sick from hunger, but my younger brother and I were small and we could eat whatever we found along the way. Consequently, we did not suffer so much from hunger as my older sisters. Afterward the Turkish gendarmes provided a carriage for the sick people, and we put my two sisters in the carriage, and they went on ahead without our knowing whither they were being taken.

My mother, smaller brother, and I continued the journey by foot. One night, happening to be alone, we found in the way two people who had a tent. They kindly shared their tent with us. However, as it chanced to rain that night, our clothes got all soaked. In the morning, after drying our clothes in the sun, we continued the march.

Seeing some people eating bread, I said to them, "Please give me some bread," but they refused, saying, "When this bread is finished, we will have no more." I burst out crying, because I was very hungry, and my mother cried to see me so hungry without being able to give me anything to eat.

Soon afterward these people left, and we were alone again. About this time we found my two older sisters, but one died two hours afterward, from lack of bread. There was no place to bury her, and so my mother left her in a near-by field. My other sister could not walk because of her starved condition, and so we had to leave her beside the road. As we were going, she feebly waved her hand to us, imploring us not to leave her alone. We tried to comfort her by saying that we should soon die also.

Coming to a little village, we made a tent of the two blankets we had in our possession. My mother had some pretty buttons and a ring which she sold for some corn. We thought that perhaps we should

be permitted to stay here, but the village people came and drove us away. Having nothing to eat, my mother sold her two blankets for two small loaves of bread.

We finally reached Haman. There, as in other places, my brother and I went into the fields to pick grass to eat. After my mother had cooked it, it was so bitter that we could not eat it. We were so hungry that we were glad to pick the grain from the dung of cattle. This my mother cooked for us. We went begging in the town, and some rich people who had compassion on us, gave us some flour. My mother made this into bread, which we ate with grass. This was repeated several days until a policeman came and ordered us to leave that place.

My mother did not know what to do. Finally she decided to sell me to some Arabs, rightly thinking that by so doing she could save me from starvation. Some passing Arabs were notified of the desire of my mother by a boy from my village. The Arabs did not wish to take me because I was very thin from lack of food. But the boy persisted in begging an Arab to take me, arguing that if I could get a little food to eat, I should be all right. Finally the Arab consented.

The next morning my mother took me to the Arab, who asked me, "Do you want to come with

me?" My mother had prepared me for this interview, assuring me that if I went with the Arab, I should at least have something to eat. And so to the Arab's question I answered, "Yes." The following day the transaction was completed, the Arab giving to my mother one Turkish pound (about \$4.50) for me. My mother was glad on my account, because this meant that my life would be spared. After a tearful good-by, my mother left me with the Arabs. This was the last I saw of her.

With the Arab, my master, in company with other Arabs, I journeyed for two days, when the Turkish police, happening to see me, knocked me down and asked me, "You are an Armenian, aren't you? Where are you going?" They took me with them and put me in prison. I was in prison only a few hours. I had access to a low window out of which I escaped to freedom. Seeing the Arab, my master, walking along the road, I ran to him. He hid me from the Turkish police, covering me up in the tent where he had been waiting for me. After night had come, we set out

(Continued on page 18)

A Voice

I HEARD a voice,

Sweet as the breathing of the soul of love,
And in it lay all tender, gentle sounds,
The sweetness of childhood, and the peace
Re-echoed in a mother's lullaby.
And there were flute notes like the song of birds,
The laughter of the raindrops on the grass,
The murmuring of soft winds in the pines,
The rippling of the river toward the sea.

But, mingling with these soft and gentle sounds,
Were tones of deep, prophetic majesty —
Full, clarion tones, and muttered thunderpeal.
Reverberating wave and waterfall,
Far diapasons, and the roaring winds
Through mountain valleys set with vibrant pines,
And, through them all, the strength and dignity
Of human speech, as true men speak to men.

Yet 'twas a voice, a blending of all these;
One voice, not many, merging into one
All partial cadences, all lovely tones,
All dignity, joy, pathos, in one breath
Of mighty meaning. 'Twas no finite speech;
It was the voice of God.

— Nyle Whitcomb.

GILLESPIE STEWART'S Thanksgivings were more fun, usually, than most fellows' Christmases. For he was relieved of school and also united in adventure with his bosom pals, Reds and Drew, on his Uncle Lee's huge country farm in Vermont, where they were quickly absorbed into the ideal boy life—Indian life—for a week. That was something to give thanks for; indeed, that, with the usual snowstorm, the regular ten-dollar "remembrancer" from his grandmother, the talks and tussels with the boys,—there was no week in the year like it. In return, Gilly would throw a "thank you" to providence over his shoulder and then proceed to enjoy himself. I'm not saying he was spoiled; he had just never considered anything else possible but this smooth-running series of delights. Then came the blows of fate.

The worst of it was that these blows of fate didn't seem to be Gilly's fault at all. Certainly it wasn't his fault that last year's winter in Vermont was very late, so that the day before Thanksgiving, when the boy arrived at "Skyline," the weather was as warm as September. No snow, no ski running, no fox and hound tracking, no fun. Nor was it his fault that Reds and Drew had been detained at home by some inconsiderate germ, ten thousand of which could sit on the eye of a needle (Uncle Lee explained) and make faces at you. Still less was it Gilly's fault that Laurence Lane, more familiarly called "Sissy" at school, was a cousin, and by all the unfortunate slips of the fates, invited to Skyline. And again, Gilly could scarcely be blamed for being thirteen instead of twenty; yet, this mere matter of age rendered him ineligible (in the opinion of others) for a great bear hunt that the older fellows were planning for Thanksgiving Day. For you must know that the great fête day was not celebrated at Uncle Lee's merely by a climax of overeating. Rather, all the twenty-odd members of the house party vied with each other in making up outdoor parties to last the day, then gathered at seven o'clock in the great dining-room to talk over the fun and assuage honest appetites.

This fall Gilly and Reds and Drew had planned to have a wigwam, to live the life of a brave, using the big house only as a commissary center. They had intended to ski by moonlight and do other equally thrilling things, and now look at it! Poor, disconsolate Gilly sat dangling his legs over the veranda railing. He had just seen Ned Stewart and four older cousins leave on their bear expedition. They might even see a bear. And he? He, without Reds and Drew, was restricted to his own company, or even worse, to that of Sissy Lane. Sissy had been hanging around all morning, obviously desiring an invitation. But to what? What could Sissy do? He couldn't shoot, he'd never been in the woods, he was slow, and got tired easily,—the kind of fellow who would actually take care not to get his feet wet! Gilly whittled savagely to think of him, to think of his own ill luck. The knife slipped, and Gilly cut his finger. Just then Sissy, with a camera in his hand and accompanied by Uncle Lee, came out of the door.

"Hello, boy, what're we going to do?" Uncle Lee spoke.

"I don't know," said Gilly disconsolately, trying to conceal the blood of his awkwardness.

"Cousin Larry votes for a picnic."

"Cousin Larry!" sniffed Gilly to himself. Why not call him Sissy, as he deserved, standing there looking rather beseechingly with his camera.

"What do you say, Gilly?"



A Thanksg

"I don't care," was all Gilly said, even more disconsolately. Uncle Lee looked at the boy closely with his penetrating eyes, and then in a matter-of-fact tone: "That sort of leave it to us, Larry. I vote picnic too. I'll have lunch for three put up, and you two can talk over where you want to go. Want some help with that finger, old man?"

Gilly blushed. "No," he said, adding in a very sotto voice "thanks."

"Where'll we go?" asked the lank Larry, rather timidly. "You know all the places around here, Gilly; where do you say we go?"

"Go off!" snapped Gilly: the blood was not stopping, and he was ashamed of such awkwardness before Sissy.

"Well, Uncle Lee said for us to decide," replied Larry "and I can't."

"And I won't!" thundered Gilly, with all his woes toppling upon him at once.

"Are you mad at me?" asked the cousin, rather unversed in the ways of the world, but really good at heart.

Gilly did not reply; but his silence was eloquent enough. Larry sensed this, and sat down at the far side of the veranda, with his camera. Gilly looked out across the hills at the sunny grays and browns of the November morning.

And thus their uncle found them.

He was a man of the world, and decided to consider Gilly's grouch as nonexistent, to treat Gilly with the most distant politeness. Two hours later they stood on Mosscliff Ledge, several hundred feet above Sky Lake. He and Larry had just had a long talk on Steward Edward White's book, "The Forest," which Larry had been reading. Gilly, still nursing his dark feelings, had trailed behind, listening, making comments on Sissy in his mind, such as, "Why doesn't he carry a revolver instead of a camera?" and, "He doesn't do anything but read; no wonder he knows so much." For even Gilly had been interested in the conversation, particularly as Uncle Lee always talked from his own book of experience. He was saying now, "When I was living with the Indians I learned



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ing Grouch



few of their philosophical thoughts that have always helped me."

"What are philosophical thoughts?" asked Sissy.

"As if he wanted to know!" sniffed Gilly in an aside.

"Like our proverbs, 'A stitch in time saves nine,' or, 'Words are but empty thanks.' The Indians have much wisdom."

"Who cares!" commented Gilly to himself somewhat bitterly.

"For instance, an Indian," continued Uncle Lee looking at Gilly, "knowing that that box contained all the lunch for five miles, would never carry it by the string."

Gilly pretended not to hear. He even swung the box a little. It swung so very little that it seemed rather unjust that the string had to break just then. It seemed unjust, but so in line with all the other unfair disappointments and blows of fate which were belaboring poor Gilly's head. The boy watched the pie and the cake bound from rock to rock and reach the water in a tie race. He saw the oranges make dashes in the cool grave below, and when he stooped to recover the one sandwich visible, the ten-dollar gold piece, his grandmother's annual Thanksgiving gift, slipped from his shirt pocket (from whence he'd meant to transfer it to a safer place) and darted in golden leaps to follow them. This was

the last straw. Tears of anger, of frustrated hopes, swam to his eyes; but as he turned, Gilly saw his uncle's eyes, sternly sympathetic, on him, and clenching his hands till the cut finger almost shrieked with the pain of it, he drove them back.

"I'm sor — sorry," he said, bravely. His grouch was gone.

"Nothing matters in the woods," said his uncle kindly, "except one's state of mind. I congratulate you on controlling yours."

"It doesn't matter," added Sissy, "because we'll be all the hungrier for tonight."

"It matters to me," said Gilly, but without anger, "for I wanted lunch, and I wanted to buy skates with that tenner, and —"

"As I was telling Larry, when a woods Indian is flustered by an unexpected event, or surrounded by adverse circumstances, he has just one rule

and he obeys it. He sits down for a few minutes, no matter where he is, and gives thanks for things as they are. It sounds foolish, but it pays."

"It sounds foolish, all right," assented Gilly with a wry smile.

"I say we try it," said Sissy. "I want to put in a new film, anyway."

"I don't see why you lug that around," was Gilly's comment.

"In case we see a bear," laughed Larry.

"If you saw a bear, you'd run like mad," began Gilly, and then remembering, added, "at least, I would, I suppose."

"Well, now," said Uncle Lee, "let's see what we have to give thanks for."

"I see two things," said Gilly, "one dusty marmalade sandwich, and the fact that I didn't follow the oranges over the cliff."

"And I see two things," said Larry, "the fact that I'm really at last at Skyline, and that this is a good place for you to tell us a story."

"And I see two things," said Uncle Lee, "one of which I won't mention now, and the other is that things are as they are. Oh, I am truly thankful for that; and do you know, fellows, the reason why we're out in this glorious place this minute, why we have a big fat dinner to go back to, why I have been able to face a hundred disappointments, is because I listened to old Smoky Nose's law once; just as I wish you'd listen to me once. Give thanks, and evermore give thanks, that's the law."

"Smoky Nose and I were storm bound on a lake in Canada on the way home from a disastrous trip. I was pretty sick. I'd had what Gilly would call the hardest luck for months on end. Whichever way I turned, fate seemed to oppose me with obstacles. In my late twenties, I'd started to Europe and had been taken off a burning ship and landed at Halifax. I heard of minerals to the north, had borrowed all I could without my father's knowing it, for he'd never have allowed it, and sunk it in a silver mine. I'd turned to furs to recoup my fortunes, and broken a leg. I'd tried other things and broken my health. And now I was going down this lake, hoping to get home before I was too sick to move, when a very early autumn set in, with high gales, and Smoky Nose and I sat there, day after day, foraging as we could for food, and almost despairing of our lives."

"Old Smoky Nose was a wise old philosopher, and one night he uttered his law about giving thanks for things as they are. I laughed at him. Everything looked pretty dark."

"You do not right to laugh," he said, "we might not have boat, we might not have rifle. What have we?" And then and there we counted all our resources. Among mine was a compass. To make my story short, even that compass needle was acting wrong, but by it we found an outcropping of iron on the island; and beside the iron, silver. Whatever fortune I have today was made for me that night by the old Indian's wisdom. But of far more value was this lesson: that what may be wrong from your standpoint may be right from that of providence. And I say yet, in fact, I promise you, that this will be the most interesting Thanksgiving Day in Gilly's memory. And that's because I have learned to look around and to give thanks for the things at hand. Have either of you guessed why I'm so positive?"

Both boys, detecting the unusual tone of their usually placid uncle, looked sharply at him. He



seemed merely to be staring at the marmalade sandwich lying in the dust. "Look around and give thanks. We'll have lunch yet."

"On that?" asked Gilly incredulously.

"On them," laughed his uncle. "See? Bees, boy, wild bees! And bees spell honey to my ear. Honey, child, dark honey in stiff comb. Oh, boy! Sshh!"

"Was their uncle out of his mind?" thought Gilly, who could see a few bees languidly crawling around on the marmalade.

"Old Smoky was right. He's always right. Now careful, Larry. Take my hat, and put the sandwich in it. Gilly, you've got the hunter's eye, you help me watch where they fly."

Larry slid up, transferred the sandwich, moving so deftly as not to arouse the wrath of the bees. Two, evidently satisfied, climbed to the edge of the hat, launched themselves into the air, circled and darted back from the cliff toward a clump of mixed birch and spruce.

"Squeeze the top together, Larry. Don't let any out, and we'll begin to stalk their home. Come on."

The man was now as excited as the boys. They moved on fifty yards, put down the hat and sandwich, thus spreading the refreshment table. They had to wait a while, after the remaining bees had fed and disappeared, in order for them to come back and so establish the position for the others.

"Man was born impatient," said Uncle Lee. "Patience is the first, the great lesson that I learned from old Smoky Nose. He said that if you looked at a mountain long enough, a door would open in it."

"I wish a dining-room door would," said Gilly, now in good spirits. "I'm hungry."

"Well, he didn't mean exactly a dining-room door with a butler coming out; he meant that if you looked at an obstacle long enough, you'd find some way through it. Ha! There they are."

More bees had come. They sailed off in the same direction, and the chase was on. Later the bee hunters tried from another quarter and got a good angle on the supposed bee tree. "This is almost as good as hunting bears!" exclaimed Gilly.

(Continued on page 13)

One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

THE scene is Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. It is night. Candles flicker in wooden and brass holders as a sharp rap calls the first Continental Congress to order. Payton Randall is agreed upon as president. He takes the chair. A motion is made that the session open with prayer. There ensues a spirited debate, ended by Patrick Henry's exclaiming that he will pray with any man of any denomination who is a patriot. The motion is carried, and President Randall announces: "The Rev. Jacob Duche, rector of Christ Church, will ask the blessing of God." The delegates kneel in the soft light of the flaming dips as this is done.

Then Patrick Henry's sonorous voice rings through the hall, urging steps to protect the honor of the colonists. Other delegates plead caution. Thomas Galloway, of Pennsylvania, proposes a form of union under a minister to be appointed by the king. The roll is called. The proposal is defeated by one vote. "I move we adjourn," cries a voice. The delegates, including Washington, Lee, Paine, Adams, Dickinson, Hopkins, Livingston, and others prominent in American history, file from the room. The tapers are extinguished, and with the fading light goes a picture of one hundred fifty years ago.

This scene was re-enacted at a celebration recently in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the anniversary of the famous

session of the Continental Congress. The actors in the pageant were members of the Ancient Order of Scottish Rites (Masons) of Philadelphia. They closely followed each and every action as recorded in old records. What was said corresponded to the proceedings of the first Congress as taken down by its secretaries. A street parade was featured with the appearance of some old military organizations. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts marched in Revolutionary uniforms of blue trimmed with buff, and black boots with tan cuff tops. The Worcester (Massachusetts) Continentals wore uniforms identical with those worn by Washington's officers. The Washington Light Infantry, of Charlestown (Massachusetts), also wore uniforms of the Continentals. Members of the First Infantry of Boston wore tall black bearskin hats and red coats trimmed with gold buttons. The Amoskeeg Veterans, of Manchester, New Hampshire, wore high-plumed hats and buff uniforms trimmed with white and gold. The Pennsylvania State Fencibles marched in blue uniforms and "tar-pot" hats, the same uniform worn by that company in the War of 1812.

President Coolidge was guest of honor, and made a speech in which he reviewed the early history of our country and praised the Constitution for giving the United States the kind of government it has today.—*The Pathfinder*.



E. J. Hall

The first Continental Congress, made up of twenty-four delegates representing eleven colonies, assembled in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 5, 1774.

OUR PLEDGE

By the grace of God,—
I will be pure and kind
and true,
I will keep the Junior
Law;
I will be a servant of
God and a friend to
man.

JUNIORS



OUR LAW

Keep the Morning Watch.
Do my honest part.
Care for my body.
Keep a level eye.
Be courteous and obedi-
ent.
Walk softly in the sanc-
tuary.
Keep a song in my heart.
Go on God's errands.

How Tim Paid the Rent

A True Incident told by Olive Philpott in the "Christian Herald"

AIN'T he a beauty now?" Phebe Gulliver wiped her floury hands on her apron and beamed complacently as she handed me a photograph of a small, sturdy youngster four or five years old, with bright eyes and a shock of curly dark hair.

"He's a grandson to be proud of, now, ain't he? Pretty as a picture, and that sharp! And seein' as 'ow all the older ones is girls, you can just guess how proud Tim and Betsy are of him; and they don't spoil him, either; I'll say that for them. He's as good a little chap as you can find anywhere, just the very image of Tim when he were four; a lovin', thoughtful little soul as ever was, and the best of all my children, though that ain't to say the others ain't good. There's never a better set of children livin', though I do say it as shouldn't; none of them can do enough for Abel and me. Still as I said before, Tim were always the best of them all, and sensible beyond his years.

"Did I ever tell you how he helped us, when he was just a little dear as his boy is now? No! Well, I will, then, as soon as ever I've put these here pies in the oven," and Phebe bustled round zealously, while I sat by her kitchen fire, nursing a lapful of kittens, well content to watch her. Phebe was well worth watching, with her rosy, wrinkled old face always smiling, her kind dark eyes still bright and youthful; her soft hair, smoothly parted beneath her neat cap, bleached by the snows of seventy-odd years.

Her cozy little kitchen was a picture, too, and clean as hands could make it; from the gay rag rugs on the spotless floor, to the shining brass candlesticks adorning the mantelpiece, and the cheery red geraniums peeping through the snowy curtains.

"Well, miss, 'twas like this," she began, shutting the last of her tempting pies into the oven. "As I was a-sayin', 'twas back along when Tim was goin' five, that it all happened. Things wasn't easy in them days. What with livin' up in price somethin' awful, and wages down to nine shillin's a week, with three children younger than Tim to clothe and feed, we'd a goodish struggle to make ends meet. Barley bannock, taties, an' swedes was what we lived on mostly, with a drop of skim milk for the children; folks do

grumble nowadays, but 'twas hard times then, you can guess.

"We met with a bit of misfortune just then, too.

"Abel hurt his foot out harvestin', and not a stroke of work could he do for three weeks. There wasn't no clubs in them days to help sick folk, and I was forced to use the money we'd put by for rent to keep us all from starvin'. I hoped and trusted I'd get a bit of washin' or cleanin', or field work to do; but I could get nothin', and three days before the rent was due, hadn't got a penny of it. I was 'most frightened

to death about it, fearin' we should be turned out of the house, and that evenin' Abel and me got talking about it.

"The little ones was in bed, all but Tim. He was curled up on the settle fast asleep, as I thought. We'd been out gleanin' all day, and he were that tired when he come in, poor little fellow, for he'd been workin' real hard all day, that he just laid down there and went to sleep, and I hadn't the heart to disturb him. 'I'll let him have his sleep out,' I thought. So there he was layin' while me and Abel was talkin'.

"'I don't know whatever we be goin' to do about the rent,' I said; 'I'm frightened for fear they'll turn us out; and where to lay hands on a penny, I don't know.' Abel sighed. 'Tis a sore

trial, lass,' he said, 'and there don't seem no way out of it; but God will help us through, don't you fear. He knows it ain't no fault of ours that the money ain't lyin' ready, and He knows we've tried all ways we can to earn it,' and he went down on his knees straight away, and told the dear Lord all about it.

"His face was shinin' like the sun when he finished. 'Don't you worry no more, lass,' he said, 'the Lord will provide,' and I went to bed feelin' strangely helped and comforted.

"Next mornin', when I woke, I still thought about that rent money. 'But the Lord will provide,' I kept sayin', and I felt sure it would all come right somehow. As soon as we finished breakfast I missed Tim. I searched all round for him; but I couldn't see a trace of him anywhere. I thought he'd slipped off to play, though it wasn't a bit like him not to come and ask; so I went on with my cleanin'.



Bonfire Days

*Ho! for the leaves that eddy down,
Crumpled yellow and withered brown,
Hither and yonder and up the street
And trampled under the passing feet;
Swirling, billowing, drifting by,
With a whisper soft and a rustling sigh,
Starting aloft to windy ways,
Telling the coming of bonfire days.*

*Ho! for the rakes that young hands wield,
Gathering leaves from far afield,
Heaping them high and wide and long,
For the scurrying of feet, the snatch of song,
And the flurrying gust that all the while
Swishes the edge of the big, brown pile,
Ready to leap to a crackling blaze—
Ho! for the joys of bonfire days.*

*Ho! for the blue-gray smoke that curls
Suddenly skyward, then unfurls
A wide, dim mantle above the flare
Of the red flame's flash and the white flame's glare—
A blue-gray mantle that floats afar
Through the half-bare trees where the last leaves are,
And bears in its folds of gossamer haze
The pungent tang of the bonfire days.*

— Grace Strickler Dawson.

"Just about supper-time he came runnin' in, just as hot and excited as he could be. 'Mother!' he shouted, 'Mother, here's the rent money; you needn't worry any more. I earned it all myself!' and he held up a shining new penny!"

"Where did you get it?" I asked him.

"Farmer Lane give it to me. I've been picking up apples for him all day. Ain't it a nice penny, mother?"

"I felt like cryin', to think that the dear mite had brought his penny to me. He must have been awake and heard me tell Abel I was worried, and then had set off to earn the money all by himself. I hadn't the heart to tell him that a penny wasn't any use. He was that tired that I gave him his supper and put him straight to bed; and he went off to sleep quite happy, thinkin' the rent was paid.

"I was just waitin' for Abel to come in to his supper,—he was gone off to try and get work,—when a knock came at the door, and in walked Farmer Lane.

"I've a word to say to you, Mrs. Gulliver," he said as I asked him to sit down, wonderin' what was comin'. 'I want to tell you about that boy of yours,' said he. 'He came marchin' up to me early this mornin', and said, 'Please, sir, can you give me some work?'"

"Work!" I said, 'what does a child like you want with work?'"

"Father and mother can't get any," he said, "and they're dreadful frightened because they haven't got the rent money, so I want to earn some."

"I thought I'd test him, so I set him pickin' up apples; and, would you believe it, he worked there all day in the burnin' sun,—hot, and, I dare say, thirsty, and he never attempted to touch an apple. He's a bright, honest lad, and a credit to you both. By what he let out, I can guess it's been low water with you lately, hasn't it?"

"It has, sir, indeed," I said.

"Look here," he said, turning round to Abel, who had just slipped in quiet, "there's a place you can have on my farm at fifteen shillings a week, with

house rent free.' This very place, miss," added Phebe.

"Then he slipped a whole golden sovereign into my hand. 'There's the child's wages,' he said, 'his honest bravery is worth more than any money,' and he went out before we'd time to even say, 'Thank you.'

"That's how it ended, miss," smiled Phebe. "We've had better times ever since. True enough, the Lord does provide."

Personal Experience of an Armenian Missionary Volunteer

(Continued from page 7)

again by donkey, and the next afternoon we arrived at his village. They washed me, and sewed a new dress for me.

For a week or two I ate very much, because I had not had enough to eat for such a long time before. I was well for some time, but afterward I became very sick from eating too much. My master had five wives. When I became sick, they put me out into a field with only one cover, to die from sickness and exposure. For about six months I lay in the field with very little to eat, and two or three times a day they came and struck me with stones and sticks, in order that I might die quickly, and one day they came with swords to kill me, because they considered that I should never get well, but I cried so much that they left me. Afterward I tried to drown myself, but I could not.

Finally the Arab, my master, who had been away, came to me and said, "Who did this to you?" I replied, "Your little wife." He then took a stick and beat her. He liked me very much, and treated me like his own daughter, which made his wives jealous of me. When the Arab left, the wife whom he had beaten came and beat me more than ever because I had told on her.

About three or four weeks later, my master said: "We must make clothes for this little girl, because she does not die." Then they washed me and made clothes for me. They took me into the tent, and little by little I became well. After I had fully recovered, the Arab became very fond of me. He gave me an Arabic name, and tattooed my face as the Arabs do with those they like very much or as a special favor. They looked after me very well, just like a daughter.

One day about two years later, as I went to fetch some water, an Armenian soldier from Ismidt chanced to see me, and said, "Are you Armenian?" I answered, "No. Go away from me." I did not want to have people see me speaking to an Armenian. I told him to go to a certain house where some Armenians lived, and I would speak with him there. When I saw him later at the appointed place, he told me that the English had come to Aleppo and he would take me there. Previously I had once prayed that if God would take me away from here, I would keep the Sabbath. But now I did not want to go, and so my master took me to another house.

Returning from a business trip shortly afterward, my master died. His one burden was for me and what would become of me now that he was dying. His older brother then took me to his house and promised me that if I would stay with him, he would give me half of all he had. This meant a great deal, because he was quite rich.

One day an Arab policeman came for me, saying that a certain man had come to take me with him. I did not want to go, but I was told that I must, and

so I kissed my new master's hand and said, "Good-by." He cried when I left, because he liked me very much and did not want me to leave him. I came with the Armenian to Aleppo, and there I was placed in an orphanage.

Some English people gave me money, so that I could go to my father. I went to our village near Ovdjik, where my father lived. For several years I had not seen him, and because of his great sorrow, he had grown so old that I did not recognize him. When I saw him I said, "Are you my father?" He could not answer, but broke down and cried. When he had somewhat recovered himself, he asked, "Where are all our people?" I said, "They have all died; only I came back."

Now I am at school in Saloniki. I am keeping the Sabbath, and am always happy. God gave me rest.



Eden in a Lion's Cage

MRS. J. F. MOSER

WHO would ever expect to find Eden, or the least little bit of Eden, in the cage of a big, fierce lion? Imagine my surprise, then, when I entered the Lincoln Park Zoo (Los Angeles), to see a great African lioness and a yellow dog playing together like two kittens! When I learned that they had lived happily together for *five years*, my wonder grew. And when I turned and saw another yellow dog in another lion's cage, dancing about and playing good naturedly with two big baby lions, I almost felt like rubbing my eyes to see if I were not dreaming that I was back in Eden before sin entered!

You should have seen that dog and those baby lions play together. The dog was so much smaller than the lions that he could jump over them and run clear around them while they were turning around once. They would growl and open their mouths very wide, and would cuff his ears lightly with their big soft paws, when they got a chance, and would roll over and over in a heap together in a way that would have delighted your heart. When they got tired, they would curl up together and go to sleep.

By this time, I heard the other dog barking very loudly, and ran back to see what it was all about. The keeper had taken him out of the lion's cage, and he was running about the grounds barking. But the old lion was unhappily walking back and forth, back and forth, trying to get out with him, until the keeper finally took pity on her and opened the door a crack, and let the dog rush back in; and, oh, what a happy reunion! Then there was quietness and peace again.

The lion touched him lightly with her big paws, and licked him, as a mother cat licks her kittens, and tried in every way possible to show how much she loved him. Once, when he got too rough in his play, she gave one graceful leap up onto a high shelf, and rested awhile. But not long after, I found them curled up together in one corner of the cage, and sound asleep.

Then I looked up, and for the first time, saw these words:

"The lioness 'Martha' and dog 'Yellow' have been cage mates over five years.

"When the lioness was a cub, she lost her mate, and was lonesome. The dog, then a mongrel pup, followed a zoo employee into the grounds, and the two babies seemed attracted. When placed in the lioness' cage, they played together, and their only miserable time is when they are separated."

When Autumn Days Grow Short and Cold

ELSA GORHAM BAKER

*When autumn days grow short and cold
And frost is in the air,
'Tis then Grandfather Squirrel will bid
The little squirrels prepare*

*To gather nuts, enough, at least,
To last the winter through.
And these, Grandfather Squirrel will say,
Are things they all should do:*

*"Sharpen your teeth and limber your jaws;
Strengthen your legs and stretch out your paws;
Search for the hidey-holes, high and low;
Learn all the trees where the best nuts grow."*

*When autumn days grow short and cold,
Young squirrels will stand a-row
While old Grandfather Squirrel will tell
The things they ought to know.*

Can you guess what I was thinking about, as I stood there and watched those happy playfellows? If not, get your Bible and read Isaiah 11:6-9 and 65:17, 25.

I want to be there, don't you? Then let us follow the example of lioness "Martha" and the little dog "Yellow," and live together in Eden-like love *now*. Read 1 John 4:7.

A Thanksgiving Grouch

(Continued from page 10)

"Three more sets and we'll have 'em. If you'd had your snow, as you hoped for, you'd never have had your honey, Gilly."

The last set left them as excited as a salmon fisherman in sight of his fish. "It's in there. It's probably one of those birches, the dead one!" whispered Uncle Lee. "Yes, it is! That big dead one, see?"

They pushed along now through a network of balsams and slim birch, each eager to be the first to desecrate the hive hole and the stained bark beneath, as described by Uncle Lee. They broke through into the little clearing about the giant dead birch with the man a trifle ahead. Their necks were craned, their feet finding their way unaided, when all at once their uncle shouted, "Look, look! Never in my life before!"

"It's not up there, it's there! Quick, let's get out! Don't you see? It's a bear! Never in my life!"

The bear never had in his, either; and he really didn't know what to do. He slid, with much scraping and tearing of bark, down the short distance to the ground; and saw, or thought he saw, an avenue of escape. He dived at it, found that it was full of boy; then turned and ran; found he was catching up to something that didn't smell safe; turned again; stood on his hind legs in doubt; saw something on its hind legs walking up to him, walking up, closer and closer, pointing a black thing at him. Something else had to be done; better go back up the tree. And just as he decided that, the black thing clicked.

"Larry!" shrieked Gilly, "don't!"

"Come back!" cried Uncle Lee, advancing with a stick.

"All right," said Larry, looking up rather dazedly

from the camera. "I got three. Wasn't it great?"

The bear didn't think so. He began to climb again, although he was now forty feet up the birch.

"Say! You're brave!" said Gilly excitedly. "I never saw anything like the way you kept walking up and up!"

"Well, I wanted to get his expression!" said Larry.

"Never in my life," Uncle Lee was saying, "have I seen a black bear stealing honey, and now we have. And we've captured him, too. And that's all due to you, my courageous nephew. Let me congratulate you."

"I don't see what I did," said Larry.

"You don't? Why, you stood your ground, man, when Gilly and I were making for taller timber. Both Gilly and I know better than you, that a poor old flustered bear is harmless, harmless as a dehorned cow; but we each had our tree picked out, didn't we, Gilly?"

Gilly nodded, admiration of Sissy's deed still in his eyes. "I'm going to tell every one at school," he said. "How'd you have the nerve?"

"It wasn't nerve," said Larry, blushing. "It only seemed the best thing to do at the time."

They looked up at the bulky bear high up in the birch.

"I guess this is sort of turning into a pretty good Thanksgiving," said Gilly to his uncle. "Thanks to you."

"Thanks to Smoky Nose, you mean," said Uncle Lee; "and to things-as-they-are."

As was the immemorial custom of Skyline, after dinner that evening each sport group had to narrate its exploits and adventures of the day, and the man or group who, in Uncle Lee's estimation, had behaved in the traditional manner of the Stewarts, received some sort of gift, sometimes a funny, sometimes a valuable present. Now, all parties except Gilly's had talked, and Uncle Lee arose and said, "Dear family, you have heard from all the rest. Allow me to tell of our adventures." And he included Gilly and Larry in his mock-heroic gesture. "We, armed with one marmalade sandwich, have secured a winter's supply of wild honey, and have trapped a large black bear. It is customary to supply proofs of sporting records. I will present one to each guest."

He gave the signal, and the waiters carried in a table on which stood a mound of glistening, luscious-looking wild honey, larger than a wedding cake; and at the same time, souvenir snapshots of the bear in three poses, which Larry had hastily developed and printed, were distributed to the cousins, the uncles, and the aunts. Amazement changed to admiration, stunned wonder to noisy congratulation. Larry was, for the first time in his life, a hero, and Gilly was sincerely glad for him. When the tumult calmed a little, Uncle Lee went on:

"The Stewart in Larry Lane came out today. He stood his ground before that bear at twenty feet, calmly going about his business, which was to get these excellent pictures. I wish to present to Larry a companion of equal fortitude." Another signal, and a servant came in leading a beautiful Airedale terrier. There was wild applause. Gilly wished that he had taken to photography; but his uncle was about to continue, and the guests eagerly quieted down:

"But something more remarkable happened, something that required greater courage, occurred today: Gillespie Stewart, before my own eyes, conquered his temper, that possession of all the Stewarts, and learned a lesson in real thanksgiving, that is, thanksgiving in

the face of a string of disappointments — a lesson he'll never forget. Incidentally, Gillespie volunteered to keep the bear up the tree while I came home for men to help in securing both bear and honey. Therefore, I wish to present to him a comrade of equal courage." And the servant led in another Airedale, a brother to Larry's. Again applause, even louder; for Gilly was a universal favorite at Skyline. In the uproar Gilly grasped his uncle's hand, his eyes shining with something new, shining with the light of a new truth learned, and he was, perhaps unconsciously, thinking of that as he said quietly, "Thank you, thank you really, uncle."

"Don't thank me, thank Smoky Nose and things-as-they-are," said his uncle, softly, returning his grip of the hand; and nobody else in that vociferous crowd guessed the meaning of a certain glad determined look in Gilly's eyes.—*T. Morris Longstreeth.*

Our Counsel Corner

Would it be wrong to carry fruit or vegetables home that a friend or relative might give you on the Sabbath day? Would Jeremiah 17: 20-22 mean only that we should not buy or sell? Will you please explain this passage?

These verses doubtless condemn all secular work on the Sabbath. On this sacred day we are to lay aside all ordinary business and work which constitute our activities in earning a livelihood, and devote ourselves to the study of God's Word and works, to meditation, worship, and communion with each other on the higher things of life. In seedtime and harvest, however pressing our work, we are to recognize the claims of God on the Sabbath.

The Pharisees made minute rules about Sabbath observance, specifying just how much of a burden could be carried, just how far one could walk, etc. It was wrong, for instance, for one to carry a loaf of bread, but if two persons did so, it was lawful. Their whole system was an attempt to earn their way to heaven by their works. But Jesus condemned their ideas of Sabbath keeping, and taught a better way. Going through the fields on the Sabbath, His disciples plucked some grain and ate it, and Jesus justified them in thus satisfying their hunger. He said it was lawful to do well on the Sabbath.

It would surely be right to carry burdens on the Sabbath if it were necessary to alleviate suffering, and would be wrong if done for our own pleasure or gain. It would seem to be perfectly proper, if I were passing the home of a friend and he offered me an eating apple as an act of friendliness, to take it along. If he invited me to take a basket of apples home with me, I would feel, under ordinary circumstances, that it would be better to get them at another time. But no one can make minute rules for another. If we keep close to the Master, we shall have the true Sabbath spirit, and will know what we should or should not do.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

X — Patience

(December 6)

Questions

1. WHAT exhortation to run the race of life, is given to Christians? Heb. 12: 1, 2.
2. Who are mentioned as examples of patience? James 5: 10.
3. Who are said to be happy? Verse 11.
4. What will tribulation do for us? Rom. 5: 3.
5. If we exercise patience, what will be the result? James 1: 4. Note 1.
6. How should Christians conduct themselves in tribulation? Rom. 12: 12. Note 2.
7. What precedes patience? What follows? 2 Peter 1: 6.

8. For what event are we to wait patiently? 2 Thess. 3: 5; James 5: 7, 8.
9. What experience brings patience? James 1: 3; Rom. 5: 3.
10. What is to be the outstanding characteristic of the remnant church? Rev. 14: 12.
11. Therefore what must we expect? 2 Tim. 3: 12.
12. What should we do when tempted? Why? James 1: 2, 3.
13. What do those who wait for the Lord need? Heb. 10: 36, 37. Note 3.
14. How are Christians to possess their souls? Luke 21: 19.

Notes

1. "He brings forth fruit 'with patience.' None who receive God's word are exempt from difficulty and trial; but when affliction comes, the true Christian does not become restless, distrustful, or despondent. Though we cannot see the definite outcome of affairs, or discern the purpose of God's providences, we are not to cast away our confidence. Remembering the tender mercies of the Lord, we should cast our care upon Him, and with patience wait for His salvation. Through conflict the spiritual life is strengthened. Trials well borne will develop steadfastness of character, and precious spiritual graces. The perfect fruit of faith, meekness, and love often matures best amid storm clouds and darkness."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 60, 61.

2. "Patience as well as courage has its victories. By meekness under trial, no less than by boldness in enterprise, souls may be won to Christ. The Christian who manifests patience and cheerfulness under bereavement and suffering, who meets even death itself with the peace and calmness of an unwavering faith, may accomplish for the gospel more than he could have effected by a long life of faithful labor."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 465.

3. "We have need of patience, after we have done the will of God, before we reach the results. . . . Give me, now, a bit of wax, and see how soon I will take it in my hand and mold it into any form that I want. Give me a bit of alabaster, and I cannot work that as I can the wax, because it is harder. Give me a bit of marble, and that must be cut more slowly. But give me a diamond, rough and rude, and tell me to cut the faces on that by which it shall reflect all the rays of light and show its hidden powers of beauty, and it is a long task. Yet though it is a long task to cut a diamond, when it is once cut it is worth all the labor that it has cost. Wax is quickly done, but it is of very little use after it is done. A diamond, on the other hand, is long in doing, but once done it lasts forever. We are not, therefore, to suppose that God is angry with us because we have blow upon blow, and grinding upon grinding, and stroke upon stroke, day after day. . . . He is a true worker who, after he has done the will of God, has patience until he receives the promised reward."—*Beecher*.

Junior Lesson

X — The Children of the Captivity; Return to Jerusalem

(December 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 1; 3; 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will be found of you, saith the Lord: and I will turn away your captivity." Jer. 29: 14.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 557-566.

Questions

1. How long was the captivity of God's people in Babylon to last? What word was to be fulfilled at the close of the seventy years? Jer. 25: 11; 29: 10. Note 1.
2. Following Darius, who became king of the Medes and Persians? Dan. 6: 28. Note 2.
3. What did the Lord stir up Cyrus to do in the very first year of his reign? What did Cyrus feel that the Lord had charged him to do? Ezra 1: 1, 2. Note 3.
4. What permission did this written proclamation give? How were those who returned to Canaan to be helped by those who did not go? Verses 3, 4.
5. Who responded to this proclamation? What was given them with which to rebuild the temple? What did Cyrus restore to the Jews? How many vessels were there in all? Verses 5-11.

6. How many people returned to Jerusalem? How many servants had they? What was the number of the animals they took with them? Ezra 2: 64-67.

7. When they arrived at Jerusalem, what freewill offering was made? Where did the returned captives live? Verses 68-70. Note 4.

8. In what month did all the people assemble at Jerusalem? What was built? When did they begin to offer sacrifices unto the Lord? Ezra 3: 1, 2, 6.

9. How were the cedar trees obtained for building the temple? When did they begin work? Verses 7, 8.

10. What praise service was held when the foundation of the temple was laid? What words did they sing? What sounds were mingled together? Verses 10-13.

11. Who wished to help the Jews in rebuilding the temple? How was their offer received? How did these people then hinder the work? Ezra 4: 1-6. Note 5.

12. When Darius was king, what search was made by his order? What was found? Ezra 6: 1-5.

13. What command was given to the enemies of the Jews? How were they ordered to help the elders of the Jews? Verses 6-10.

14. What was the penalty for disobedience? How did King Darius close his decree? Verses 11, 12.

15. How did the work then proceed? Verses 13, 14.

16. When was the temple finished? How was it dedicated? Verses 16-19.

Notes

1. "*The First Captivity* (B. C. 606 or 605) by Nebuchadnezzar in the last year of his father's reign. It was at this time that Daniel and his friends were carried captive to Babylon (Dan. 1: 1-6), and from this date is to be counted the seventy years of captivity foretold by Jeremiah (25: 9-12; 29: 10).

"*Second Captivity* (B. C. 598). Nebuchadnezzar again captured the city [Jerusalem], sent a great amount of treasures from the palace and the temple of Babylon, with 10,000 of the more important of the people (2 Kings 24: 10-16). Among these were the prophet Ezekiel (Eze. 1: 1, 2), and the great-grandfather of Mordecai, Queen Esther's cousin (Esther 2: 5, 6).

"*The Third Captivity* was also by Nebuchadnezzar, who, after a siege of a year and a half, in July, 586 [B. C.], completely destroyed the city and the temple."—*Peloubet*.

2. Cyrus "was probably not a worshiper of one God, for his inscriptions show that he was apparently only a political religionist, and 'ready, apparently, to honor any god that had a priesthood and a following powerful enough to make it worth while.'"—*Idem*.

3. By some means, possibly through Daniel, Cyrus became acquainted with that marvelous prophecy foretelling a hundred years before his birth his name and the part he should act in the destruction of Babylon (Isa. 45: 1-3), and the work he should yet do (Isa. 43: 13), and his heart was touched and he determined to fulfil his mission.

4. "The little band of 50,000 who returned under the leadership of Zerubbabel, a grandson of Jehoiachin, seem very few and weak, compared to the mighty host that crossed the Jordan under Joshua. We wonder why so few embraced the opportunity to return. Many, probably, had lost their love for their native land, and had adopted the land of their exile as their home. Always having had a love for the religion and customs of the heathen, it was easy for them to forget the Land of Promise and the God of their fathers. Those who remained behind were called 'The Dispersion,' and appear in the book of Esther. They were scattered through all the provinces of Medo-Persia. Esther 3: 8."—*Bible Lessons*, McKibbin, Book Two, p. 246.

5. "Close by the Israelites who had set themselves to the task of rebuilding the temple, dwelt the Samaritans, a mixed race that had sprung up through the intermarriage of heathen colonists from the provinces of Assyria with the remnant of the ten tribes which had been left in Samaria and Galilee. In later years the Samaritans claimed to worship the true God; but in heart and practice they were idolaters. . . . During the period of the restoration, these Samaritans came to be known as 'the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin.'"—*Prophets and Kings*, page 567.

The Lord would have been displeased if His people had permitted the Samaritans to help build the temple. The Samaritans then became the bitter enemies of the Jews, and hindered their work in every possible way. Letters of complaint were written against the builders, who, instead of pushing on heartily with the work of the Lord, became discouraged, ceased to work on the temple, and turned to building houses for themselves.

What the World Is Doing

ARTHUR GOTTSMAN is a full-fledged freshman at Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, at the age of ten. Psychological tests showed him to have a nineteen-year-old mentality, and he passed those tests with the grade of 184—one of the best made.

THE champion speller of New York State, a little girl from New Rochelle, misspelled only one word in the five hundred that were put to her at the annual spelling bee held last month at the State fair. The word she missed was "emanate," a catchy little word with an elusive vowel in it.

THE latest arrival in the national park family is the Benning National Forest, near Columbus, Georgia, its official birth being proclaimed by the President several weeks ago. It contains 78,500 acres, and was provided for by an act of Congress passed last June. Georgia has two other national parks—the Cherokee and the Nantahala.

It was recently figured out by the National Industrial Conference Board at New York that the total cost of government in the United States for 1923, national, State, and local, was \$10,045,000,000. This was said to represent 15 per cent of the total national income for the year, and amounts to \$91 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

MUCH interest was created at Stockholm when it was learned, a short time ago, that the Bofors Company, manufacturers of guns, munitions, and military supplies, had received several large orders from foreign governments. The company reports orders for millions of dollars' worth of war material, while at the same time the demand for agricultural implements is small.

THREE hundred Japanese women, hairdressers by trade, are imploring the many gods of Japan to intercede and prevent women from bobbing their hair in the American fashion. Taking advantage of a recent national holiday, the women went to a famous shrine near Tokio and solemnly asked the gods to blast the American bobbing custom, which would "cause deterioration of the national spirit"—and, incidentally, ruin their business.

WHILE the League of Nations is seriously proposing a "reduction of armaments" and laying plans for a conference on that subject next June, one little country of Europe is discussing actual and literal disarmament. Denmark is at present governed by a ministry that is supported by the votes of the Socialist and Labor parties. That ministry has prepared a bill to abolish both the army and the navy, and to maintain in their place merely a frontier guard and a few gunboats that are to be attached to the police forces of the country.

HENRY FORD, it is announced, has withdrawn his long-standing offer to the Government to lease Muscle Shoals. He has bought coal mines, and will be able to produce power more cheaply than he could have done at Muscle Shoals. He says he is still interested in this project as "a national asset," and he thinks the Government could operate it advantageously, provided the political obstructers were not allowed to interfere with all plans. He is disgusted with the whole situation as revealed. "Productive business can't wait on politics," he warns.

OFFICIALS at the United States naval observatory at Washington announce that there will be a total eclipse of the sun in the eastern part of the country on January 24, 1925. The eclipse will start at sunrise just beyond Lake Superior, and its path will continue on into New York and lower New England. The best positions for observation will be in southern New England and eastern New York. Vessels in the Atlantic north of Scotland will be able to see the eclipse at sunset. About a year later, January 14, 1926, another total eclipse of the sun will be seen in the Orient. It will start in Africa and cross the Indian Ocean, Sumatra, the Dutch East Indies, and the lower Philippines.

THE fundamental object of the Dawes report, as explained by the *Washington Star*, is the expedition of Germany's payments to the Allies. This object includes also the prospect of a rehabilitated Germany, which, in the judgment of the experts, should be a normal self-supporting economic unit after the present financial crisis has been surmounted. The Dawes report stipulates the organization of a new bank (or the reorganization of the Reichsbank) to issue notes, to establish the rate of exchange discount, to act as the government bank, and to hold reparations payments on deposit. The capital of the new bank is to be set at 400,000,000 gold marks, and the new organization is to be directed by a German president and managing board. Under the plan, Germany would be granted a partial moratorium during which the Berlin government will attempt a balancing of the internal budget. Treaty charges will then be made from three sources, taxes, railways, and industrial debentures. Guaranties of German payments, in addition to railway and industrial bonds, will be the pledged revenues received from alcohol, tobacco, beer, sugar, and customs. A foreign loan of 800,000,000 gold marks is advised by the Dawes plan for the purpose of meeting the requirements of the new bank's gold reserve and making internal payments for essential treaty purposes during 1924-25.

GIRLS of the Hackensack (New Jersey) High School recently voluntarily forsook flapperism and all its works. A set of resolutions adopted by the girls' social council, and presented to the faculty advisers, reads:

"We resolve to dress moderately and appropriately, and agree not to wear extremely short or loose sleeves, dresses of extreme length, tightness, or of too elaborate design.

"We agree to abolish dress shoes for school wear, meaning velvet, satin slippers, or French heels.

"We agree to dress our hair simply, to comb it only in places provided for that purpose.

"We pledge ourselves to the mild and sensible use of cosmetics, and to ban use of paint, lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, and powder.

"We agree to abolish all gum chewing.

"We will conduct ourselves properly and in a ladylike manner on the dance floor.

"We will abolish smoking, boisterousness, and swearing in public places.

"We agree to follow the dictates of politeness, and to treat those with whom we come in contact politely and thoughtfully."

AMERICAN ships in the foreign trade do not pay. Our coast-wise commerce is by law restricted to American ships, and some of them pay well; but in competition with other mercantile marines,—especially the British,—American ships do not usually pay. Even the government, which is relieved from some of the expenses that the private shipowner must meet, runs the great fleet of the Shipping Board at a deficit of almost \$50,000,000 a year. Something like 37 per cent of our foreign trade is now carried in American bottoms. We have or could easily supply enough ships to double that percentage. We do not do it simply because, generally speaking, American ship property is not remunerative.

It is reported by a Russian newspaper that 330 pounds of diamonds seized by the Soviet government are now being sold over the world. The gems are held in the Kremlin at Moscow, and are released in small lots only on the signature of five members of the political bureau of the communist party. It is stated that a number had been smuggled into the United States by women employees.

GERMANY has inaugurated a night air mail service between Berlin and Stockholm. Berlin papers are received in the Swedish city before breakfast on the morning issued, and vice versa. A signal system similar to that of the United States air mail service is in use between the two cities. The trip takes seven hours as compared to twenty-eight hours by train. Pilots and planes are German.

ACCORDING to figures just compiled, prohibition enforcement in the United States will cost \$50,000,000 for the next two years.