

The YOUTH's INSTRUCTOR

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THANKSGIVING

WHILE books are mine to read, I thank my Lord,
For there the souls I love are one with me;
And through the magic of a little word
My tired heart revives, my blind eyes see.
While poems spill with rare Olympian wine,
And splendor flashes from the jeweled page
Where human thought lays hold on the divine —
While books are such as these, I give God praise.

While daisies open in waste plots of earth,
And lily buds forget their buried night;
While happy birds there are to sing their mirth;
Sunshine, and silver rain, and irised light;
While yet the salutation of the wind
Can wake the sleeping souls of kingly trees,
And drifting clouds show stars at peace behind,
So long I thank the One who thought of these.

And while the deep smile in a mother's eyes
Shall answer children laughing at their play;
While Youth is brave to dream of high emprise,
And gracious Age can counsel Wisdom's way;
While Faith endures, and Hope is strong to wait,
And Love is swift to ease a brother's care,
My soul shall walk rejoicing and elate,
Since Life hath held me worthy of my share.

— Stephanie Ormsby.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

EXAMPLES

"I HAVEN'T *any use* for religion, none at all!"

Just like that Louise said it—not as a mere statement of fact, but as a sort of declaration of independence.

The two of us were walking up and down the station platform at the Junction, waiting for one of those patience-trying local accommodation trains—the sort that stops at every telegraph pole, more or less, and never arrives at, nor departs from, anywhere on schedule.

"No use for religion? And might one venture to inquire why?"

"Yes, that's fair enough. It's this way: I've worked in the — Conference office now for almost two years. I was a Christian when I went there—at least I tried to be; but the inconsistencies I've seen in the lives of the men and women I've worked for have made me so absolutely and completely and entirely disgusted with religion that I just don't want anything more to do with it. Above all things, I do despise a hypocrite!"

"So does the Lord Himself, Louise. When He was here on earth He did some very plain speaking to men—and they were scribes and Pharisees, you'll find—who belonged in this class. But tell me, please, is it fair to judge Christianity itself by a few persons who aren't true to their profession, and who fail to live up to their privileges? Isn't that rather like judging an army by the awkward squad?"

"Well—but you see I *expected so much more* from people here than I found. In our little country church, where there were only a few of us, we always looked to this place as a little heaven on earth, and thought the people must all be angels. But it *isn't*! And they *aren't*! And I'm so disappointed!"

"Then I gather it's not a question of Jesus failing you, but of people failing to come up to expectations? Isn't that the trouble, Louise?"

There was silence for a minute or two, then:

"W-h-y-e-e, I guess that's about right. I never thought of it just *that way* before."

"You know Jesus has never disappointed anybody; but we humans have always been a sad disappointment to Him, as well as to each other. For instance, there were Adam and Eve. And then you remember about His own disciples? They weren't any of them perfect, were they, even though they were in close association day after day with Jesus? They *could* have been; they *might* have been, for He could have made them so; but the point is they *weren't*. James and John were jealous and selfishly ambitious—regular religious politicians, we might say; I've always had suspicions that Levi Matthew might have reverted to type now and then, where money matters were concerned; Thomas, the Doubtful, must have been a constant trial to his Master; Peter, poor impulsive Peter, who always spoke first and thought afterward—what a time he did have; and Judas—he was not only a thief and a liar, but despicable and unprincipled enough to betray his Lord! Really, they were a pretty bad lot, as our estimates go, and yet Jesus used them all—even Judas—to help Him for a while in His ministry here on earth.

"And He's still using humans as His helpers, Louise, doing the very best He can everywhere, with what is at hand, imperfect and full of faults as we all are. The

one great lesson He would have you and me learn is that we are not to look to any human being as a pattern for our lives, but to Himself, who, being made 'perfect through sufferings,' 'became the author of eternal salvation,' and is 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' the one 'altogether lovely.' What anybody else may do, Louise,—*anybody in any position*,—is no excuse for our sinning; neither can we afford to let it in any way affect our relationship to Jesus."

"But aren't ministers and workers *supposed* to set a good example for the rest of us to follow?"

"Yes, they're *supposed* to; but according to your own testimony, they don't do it. That's why it's not safe to look to them for guidance, nor to let their shortcomings influence us. There's only one Guide for you and for me, and that is the One who 'was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'"

"Well," and Louise sighed, "maybe we shouldn't look at the things folks around us do; but it's terribly-awfully hard not to!"

"Agreed! And the only way we can avoid it is to keep our eyes fixed on Jesus, and pray—pray earnestly and constantly—to Him for help. Nothing is too hard for Him, you know, but we can't do anything by ourselves."

"But does God overlook the things—well, the things such folks do that they shouldn't—just because they are leaders in His work?"

"Never! Not for a moment, Louise. In the last great judgment day every single, solitary one of us, whether we be of high or low degree, must give an account of our every deed, 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' But neither you nor I can read the hearts, nor are we competent to judge the motives of those with whom we are associated day by day. Perhaps things would look far different to us if we could. But He knows even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and in His gracious loving-kindness takes account oftentimes of the purposes men and women have to do right, rather than their failures.

"But when you and I stand before Him, He will not ask us what this one, or that one, or the other one did; He will not accept any excuse that we did thus and so because some one else did so and thus. Even the fact that we may have been supremely disgusted, and with good reason, will not clear us from guilt. It will be a very personal matter, this interview with the great Judge of earth and heaven. There *only our own individual acts* will pass in review and receive sentence."

"Well, religion in itself is all right, I guess, but I certainly don't admire some of the samples I've seen around here, and —"

"Just a minute, Louise. Don't confound religion with Christianity. There's a wide difference between the two, when it comes right down to realities. *Religion* is man's quest for God—and there are as many religions as there are creeds in this wide world of ours. *Christianity* is *finding* God through and in Jesus Christ His Son. It is a personal acquaintance with Jesus that counts, that makes it worth while to be a Christian."

"I'll think it over," she promised as the one-lunged engine puffed into view between the hills, and wheezed to a stop while we climbed aboard the dusty day coach.

Lora E. Clement

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The Changed Cross

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me —
My trial tests of faith and love to be —
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear.

For heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around —
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see —
One to whom all the others bowed the knee —
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow Me," He said, "I am the way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold —
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh! that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair.
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around:
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown!"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me —
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some sudden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way —
Listening to hear, and ready to obey —
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best —
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh! how different did it seem to be —
Now I had learned its preciousness to see;
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me!
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

— Anon.

I HAVE often thought of writing to the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and am glad to send you

words of greeting at this time from this distant field.

We are engaged in missionary work in the New Hebrides (South Pacific), one of the group of islands over which the Australasian Union Conference has supervision. We are stationed on the island of Malekula, along the western coast. This part is fairly well known on account of the fact that it is here the Big Nambus head-hunters are found.

We took up work here about four years ago. We were preceded in our work by Norman Wiles and his wife, who pioneered the way on this island about twelve years ago. He laid down his life, due to black-water fever, after being among the people only two or three years.

We have found many things to encourage us here, and are very hopeful that even these people, who are so wild and degraded in their heathen condition, and among whom cannibalism has been practiced through the years (and still obtains within a few miles of our home), will be won for Christ. It would doubtless be interesting for you personally to see these people. They are all that their pictures describe them to be. But we take courage at the signs of progress.

We find that each tribe is governed by two chiefs—the fighting chief and the sacred chief. These men have had great power and influence over their people, and this, together with the strong hold that heathenism has on them, has made it hard to reach them. Still, we have seen the Lord working even in this wild place, and to-day we have men on our mission who once killed and ate their fellows. It is a wonderful thing to listen as they tell in testimony meeting of their joy in forsaking the old life of killing men, for the new life in Jesus. It is a great inspiration to look into the faces of men who can say that. One gets a better idea of the meaning of Paul's statement that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

If you could see the places that these poor degraded souls call home, you would wonder how the Lord could effect the change that has come into the lives of many of them. As is usual in heathenism, the woman is the greater sufferer. From early childhood she is regarded as inferior to the man. Her value is estimated by pigs. She is sold by her father for so many pigs, to become the future wife of some one, without respect to age or inclination. So it is that the baby girl lives and works and dies without knowing what it is to love or be loved. Should her mother die after her birth, the chances are her little body will be thrown into the hole with her dead mother, and thus she be buried alive. Do you wonder, then, that the faces of these poor creatures do not express the inner feelings of sweet joy and peace?

Oh, the need of a loving Saviour! And what a change comes into the lives of these very women when Christ's love finds a place in their

God Changes Hearts

W. D. SMITH

hearts! How wonderful it is that the people who once lived in the house together with their pigs, renounce their debasing, slothful

habits, put them away, and now enjoy far better and cleaner surroundings! Instead of living and working to sacrifice their all to the worship of the devil, they are learning to pray to, and to sing of, the One who gave His life even for them.

Some people seem to think that heathen are happy in their condition, having never known anything better. It would be difficult even to imagine happiness among people who were murdering, lying, and stealing all their lives. Thus it is on wild heathen Malekula. To look into their faces is to see the very picture of misery. With musket on shoulder and pipe in mouth, both of which are supplied by the unscrupulous white trader, these poor benighted people seem satisfied.

Thank God, though, that there is no soul so deeply steeped in sin and misery that he cannot be reached and rescued by the Man Christ Jesus. Our confidence in this otherwise hopeless place is in Him, and our hearts are made glad at what we are seeing of the Master's power in the lives of degraded, savage natives. We desire no other field of labor. One of the two boys in our family is absent from us on account of educational advantages, but we have our three-year-old boy with us, and he is the only other white person my wife and I see sometimes for months. We have no neighbors except the dark-skinned people. But we love them and are happy in our association with them.

One of the young boys who came to our mission recently, had an impressive dream, which I would like to mention here. He had been brought to us by a planter, for whom he had been laboring, but his real home was some distance away. This boy listened to our native believers from day to day, telling of the Saviour and rejoicing that He is coming again, but in spite of the good news he heard, he still felt a great desire to get back to his own people, who were among the wild tribes of Malekula. In his dream the boy tells how an angel came into his house and talked with him thus: "Why are you thinking of your old home? It is a wild place. They still kill each other. This is a good place to be. You think of the river that flows near your home, but I have a better river than yours, a beautiful river. You are thinking of your coconuts too, but the coconuts I have to give you are far better than yours."

In speaking to this lad later, after he had told me about his dream, I asked, "Do you want to go home now?"

"Oh, no," he said, and he seems now to have decided to remain with us.

We ask you, dear friends who may read these words, to remember us in your prayers as you kneel before the throne of grace. Of ourselves we are helpless in the face of the darkness all about us; but "He can drive the clouds away," and we know that in His own good time He will "turn our darkness into day."

Truly, "the Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."



Typical Representatives of the Wild Tribes of Malekula

THROUGH nature and revelation, through His providence, and by the influence of His Spirit, God speaks to us. But these are not enough; we need also to pour out our hearts to Him. In order to have spiritual life and energy, we must have actual intercourse with our heavenly Father. Our minds may be drawn out toward Him; we may meditate upon His works, His mercies, His blessings; but this is not, in the fullest sense, communing with Him. In order to commune with God, we must have something to say to Him concerning our actual life.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer"

ELLEN G. WHITE

should the sons and daughters of God be reluctant to pray, when prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock

Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Not that it is necessary, in order to make known to God what we are, but in order to enable us to receive Him. Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to Him.

When Jesus was upon the earth, He taught His disciples how to pray. He directed them to present their daily needs before God, and to cast all their care upon Him. And the assurance He gave them that their petitions should be heard, is assurance also to us.

Jesus Himself, while He dwelt among men, was often in prayer. Our Saviour identified Himself with our needs and weakness, in that He became a suppliant, a petitioner, seeking from His Father fresh supplies of strength, that He might come forth braced for duty and trial. He is our example in all things. He is a brother in our infirmities, "in all points tempted like as we are;" but as the sinless One His nature recoiled from evil; He endured struggles and torture of soul in a world of sin. His humanity made prayer a necessity and privilege. He found comfort and joy in communion with His Father. And if the Saviour of men, the Son of God, felt the need of prayer, how much more should feeble, sinful mortals feel the necessity of fervent, constant prayer.

Our heavenly Father waits to bestow upon us the fullness of His blessing. It is our privilege to drink largely at the fountain of boundless love. What a wonder it is that we pray so little! God is ready and willing to hear the sincere prayer of the humblest of His children, and yet there is much manifest reluctance on our part to make known our wants to God. What can the angels of heaven think of poor helpless human beings, who are subject to temptation, when God's heart of infinite love yearns toward them, ready to give them more than they can ask or think, and yet they pray so little, and have so little faith? The angels love to bow before God; they love to be near Him. They regard communion with God as their highest joy; and yet the children of earth, who need so much the help that God only can give, seem satisfied to walk without the light of His Spirit, the companionship of His presence.

The darkness of the evil one incloses those who neglect to pray. The whispered temptations of the enemy entice them to sin; and it is all because they do not make use of the privileges that God has given them in the divine appointment of prayer. Why

heaven's storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence? Without unceasing prayer and diligent watching, we are in danger of growing careless and of deviating from the right path. The adversary seeks continually to obstruct the way to the mercy seat, that we may not by earnest supplication and faith obtain grace and power to resist temptation.

There are certain conditions upon which we may expect that God will hear and answer our prayers. One of the first of these is that we feel our need of help from Him. He has promised, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, who long after God, may be sure that they will be filled. The heart must be open to the Spirit's influence, or

God's blessing cannot be received.

Our great need is itself an argument, and pleads most eloquently in our behalf. But the Lord is to be sought unto to do these things for us. He says, "Ask, and it shall be given you." And "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"



Why?

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our spirits take!
What parched hearts refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outlines, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

— Archbishop Trench.

If we regard iniquity in our hearts, if we cling to any known sin, the Lord will not hear us; but the prayer of the penitent, contrite soul is always accepted. When all known wrongs are righted, we may believe that God will answer our petitions. Our own merit will never commend us to the favor of God; it is the worthiness of Jesus that will save us, His blood that will cleanse us; yet we have a work to do in complying with the conditions of acceptance.

Another element of prevailing prayer is faith. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Jesus said to His disciples, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Do we take Him at His word?

The assurance is broad and unlimited, and He is faithful who has promised. When we do not receive the very things we ask for, at the time we ask, we are still to believe that the Lord hears, and that He will answer our prayers. We are so erring and short-sighted that we sometimes ask for things that would not be a blessing to us, and our heavenly Father in love answers our prayers by giving us that which will be for our highest good,—that which we ourselves would desire if with vision divinely enlightened we could see all things as they really are. When our prayers seem not to be answered, we are to cling to the promise; for the time of answering will surely come, and we shall receive the blessing we need most. But to claim that prayer will always be answered in the very way and for the particular thing that we desire, is presumption. God is too wise to err, and too good to withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly. Then do not fear to trust Him, even though you do not see the immediate answer to your prayers.

"A noble failure is better than a disreputable success."

Rely upon His sure promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

If we take counsel with our doubts and fears, or try to solve everything that we cannot see clearly, before we have faith, perplexities will only increase and deepen. But if we come to God, feeling helpless and dependent, as we really are, and in humble, trusting faith make known our wants to Him whose knowledge is infinite, who sees everything in creation, and who governs everything by His will and word, He can and will attend to our cry, and will let light shine into our hearts.

When we come to ask mercy and blessing from God, we should have a spirit of love and forgiveness in our own hearts. How can we pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," and yet indulge an unforgiving spirit? If we expect our own prayers to be heard, we must forgive others in the same manner, and to the same extent, as we hope to be forgiven.

Perseverance in prayer has been made a condition of receiving. We must pray always, if we would grow in faith and experience. We are to be "instant in prayer," to "continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Peter exhorts believers to be "sober, and watch unto prayer." Paul directs, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." "But ye, beloved," says Jude, "praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God."

Unceasing prayer is the unbroken union of the soul with God, so that life from God flows into our life; and from our life, purity and holiness flow back to God.

There is necessity for diligence in prayer; let nothing hinder you. Make every effort to keep open the communion between Jesus and your own soul. Seek every opportunity to go where prayer is wont to be made. Those who are really seeking for communion with God, will be seen in the prayer meeting, faithful to do their duty, and earnest and anxious to reap all the benefits they can gain. They will improve every opportunity of placing themselves where they can receive the rays of light from heaven.

We should pray in the family circle; and above all we must not neglect secret prayer; for this is the life of the soul. It is impossible for the soul to flourish while prayer is neglected. Family or public prayer alone is not sufficient. In solitude let the soul be laid open to the inspecting eye of God. Secret prayer is to be heard only by the prayer-hearing God. No curious ear is to receive the burden of such petitions. In secret prayer the soul is free from surrounding influences, free from excitement. Calmly, yet fervently, will it reach out after God. Sweet and abiding will be the influence emanating from Him who seeth in secret, whose ear is open to hear the prayer arising from the heart. By calm, simple faith, the soul holds communion with God, and gathers to itself rays of divine light to strengthen and sustain it in the conflict with Satan. God is our tower of strength.

Pray in your closet; and as you go about your daily labor, let your heart be often uplifted to God. It was thus that Enoch walked with God. These silent prayers rise like precious incense before the throne of grace. Satan cannot overcome him whose heart is thus stayed upon God.—From "Steps to Christ."

HEAR the singing!
We can almost im-
agine we are back
in the States.

Surely that is an English hymn!" But it proves not to be. The words are Spanish and the singers are Inca Indians. How they do sing!

Entering, we find a Missionary Volunteer meeting in progress. Martin is in charge. How earnestly he speaks! He seems almost angry. That is only an attempt at added dignity because of our unexpected visit. If Martin were really as formidable as he now appears, he would never be the favorite he is among his own people.

Our presence is clearly disconcerting to the young people who are taking part in the program. Their voices tremble; the papers they hold flutter. Still they keep on steadily. That is an admirable thing about our Indian Volunteers. When they are put at a piece of work, they are not frightened away from it. They leave home to go and teach mission schools across blue Titicaca, up in the dreary cordilleras, perhaps among another tribe, or even in another country. They go where they are sent because they feel that the call is from God, and it is a rare thing for these young people to leave a work to which they go. Always threatened, often beaten, and sometimes thrown into prison, our Volunteers stay at their post.

"How well the Morning Watch verses are repeated! Even that long verse for Wednesday! The boys know the verses as well as the girls." That last sounds like a reflection on other masculine Volunteers. The truth is that our Indian girls get a great deal of encouragement in learning the verses, while the boys never need any. They are the natural leaders in every good work.

"What a carefully planned program! Who arranges the Missionary Volunteer meetings up here in the Andes?" The programs are carefully planned. Some adaptations are necessary, but on the whole our Indian Missionary Volunteers are following the plans that are

Indian Volunteers

GUSSIE FIELD COLBURN

sent out by the Department, the same as Volunteers all over the world.

The missionary report is being taken orally. Those

who have given away papers are holding up fingers to be counted. One has given three, one four, another seven. Martin himself has given twenty, and finds it hard to get the secretary's ear to tell him, because the enthusiastic members are holding their fingers higher and higher to be counted.

"But why so few missionary letters?" There are several reasons. One is that postage is higher than in the States, and money is infinitely scarcer, so the price of the stamp must be considered. Then most of our young people have not sufficient command of the Spanish to write acceptable missionary letters, and if they had, there are few of their own people who have education enough to read, and those few are usually young people trained in our own schools.

"Now look! See the fingers raised!" Many have not fingers enough on one hand, while some cannot report all their visits with both hands. No one will question their missionary activity now. Most of our converts come as a direct result of personal work. Whether our Indian converts belong to the organized society or not, they are all Volunteers. The love of Christ is a constraining power that makes him who has it a light to others near him. One new believer in a neighborhood soon has enough others interested to put in a request for a mission, and if that cannot be granted, a plea for a native teacher is earnestly pressed. The hardest thing in the life of the missionary among these people is refusing calls for help. Their appeals are heartfelt and insistent, and our inability to fill them is tragic.

The closing hymn is, "Here Am I, Send Me." Untrained but undeniably musical voices ring out the response. And God takes these young Indians at their word. When school closes, they will be sent to dozens of difficult places to be ambassadors for the heavenly King. God speed them on!

"Weak faith makes weak men."

IN THE JUNGLES of BRAZIL

NOTES FROM A MISSIONARY'S DIARY

A. N. ALLEN

MONDAY, July 25. This morning we started at seven-thirty. About nine o'clock we passed a bush fire on the Matto Grosso side, evidently made by the Chevantes. Last year they killed a man and a woman who went ashore on that side to gather wild honey. The Carajás are very careful not to go ashore on that side of the river from here down.

Eleven o'clock. We have just passed the dry mouth of a river, which is a branch of the Araguaya, forming the right boundary to the Ilha Bananal. We are camped on the Bananal to cook dinner. On the sand we found the track of a man, possibly a savage Canoeiro, also the tracks of a tiger and of turtles. An alligator slid into the water near where we landed.

At 1 P. M. we met a boat from Santa Maria for Registro. It had been on the way twenty-nine days. They expected to reach Registro in thirteen more days. With a mission situated near the center of this Indian district, and with a good motor boat, we would be within easy reach of five Indian tribes, the Carajás, Javahés, Tapirapés, Chevantes, and Canoeiros.

A trading post for the Indians, where they can sell their tiger skins and articles of manufacture at a just price, and buy at a proper price such things as they need, will go a long way toward gaining their confidence and friendship. And bringing within their reach articles of civilization will immediately raise their standard of living. I believe that soon scarcely a naked Indian would be found if they had the means to secure cloth. Those who have any clothes at all seem very proud of them. The Indian does appreciate articles of commerce, and does purchase them when he has the money. But before he can buy any considerable amount, a market must be created for such things as he can produce. This will require careful study. But if it could be done, it would help to win his confidence.

About noon a sudden wind struck us and partly filled our boat, but we were able to make shore before serious injury was caused by the water. These winds are common on the river at this time of the year. We lost about three hours here. This evening, as the sun was about to set, I suggested that we camp on a clean sand bank on the Matto Grosso side. I did so to see what our Indians would say. They immediately pointed to an island on ahead, saying there were Chevantes on the left bank. I would like to meet some of these big fellows, but am willing to wait until God opens the way to do so under favorable circumstances.

Wednesday, July 27.

To-day we made good time until about 10:30, when the wind compelled us to run for a sand bar. After dinner we started out again, but early in the afternoon the wind compelled us to take to the shore again, this time on the Chevantes' side. Just as we reached the shore the helm broke. We were able to repair, however, while waiting. Never again will I make a trip on the river with such a small boat and so much cargo. But repeatedly we have gone over what we have, to see how we might lessen the weight, and there seems to be nothing we can discard. It might have been better if we had paid more and come in a boat which offered more safety. But we have made it an earnest subject of prayer, and know God can protect us. However, it is a lesson we shall not soon forget.

One of our Indian canoe men wears clothes, the other has only his birthday garments, and last night he complained of pain in his shoulders from the cold nights, so I gave him a shirt. He seemed much pleased, and this morning he said he slept fine. To-day he is at least half civilized, that is, if clothes are the measure of civilization.

This afternoon a smoke was seen some distance in the *matto* on the Ilha da Bananal side. Our Indians said it was a camp of Javahés, the tribe which inhabits the island. Nothing but low, level land has been seen again to-day. This evening we are camped on the sand bar of an island.

Thursday, July 28. A tiger disturbed our rest last night, but did not molest our camp. There was much wind again to-day, but we crept along the bank for some distance until it became too strong for safety, then took refuge behind a little island while we cooked and ate dinner and waited for the blow to pass.

Friday, July 29. We are just entering the mouth of the Rio das Mortes. We spent four hours prospecting here, and took several pictures. We found a tract

of at least thirty acres fronting on the Rio das Mortes, all clear and ready for the plow. It is covered with grass hip-high. The ground is almost level. From the growth of grass, we judge it must be good soil. It is sandy loam with clay subsoil. Unless we find something better, this can serve well for a mission school. We found the remains of the Carajá *aldeia* which was once situated there. The Carajás say they moved down the river on account of the Chevantes. Another thing which impressed us very favorably was the good breeze between the two rivers, also the almost entire absence of flies, which, whenever we get near the shore, bite us without mercy. But on

(Continued on page 13)



A Caraja Mother and Her Two Girls, Painted According to Their Custom

TWO days before Thanksgiving the air was already filled with snowflakes, and I stood at the window and watched until the loneliness of my still house seemed like something pointing a mocking finger at me. When I could bear it no longer I went out in the snow, and through the soft drifts I fought my way up the Plank Road toward the village.

I had almost passed the little bundled figure before I recognized Calliope Marsh. She was walking in the middle of the road, as in Friendship we all walk in winter; and neither of us had an umbrella. I think that I distrust people who put up umbrellas on a country road in a fall of friendly flakes.

Instead of inquiring perfunctorily how I did, she greeted me with a fragment of what she had been thinking—which is always as if one were to open a door of his mind to you instead of signing you greeting from a closed window.

"I was just tellin' myself," she looked up to say without preface, "that if I could see one more good old-fashion' Thanksgivin', life'd sort o' smooth out. An' land knows, it needs some smoothin' out for me."

With this I remember that it was as if my own loneliness spoke for me. At my reply Calliope looked at me quickly—as if I, too, had opened a door.

"Sometimes Thanksgivin' is some like seein' the sun shine when you're feelin' rill rainy yourself," she said thoughtfully.

She held out her blue-mittened hand and let the flakes fall on it in stars and coronets.

"I wonder," she asked evenly, "if you'd help me get up a Thanksgivin' dinner for a few poor sick folks here in Friendship?"

In order to keep my self-respect, I recall that I was as ungracious as possible. I think I said that the day meant so little to me that I was willing to do anything to avoid spending it alone. A statement which seems to me now not to bristle with logic.

"That's nice of you," Calliope replied genially. Then she hesitated, looking down Daphne Street, which the Plank Road had become, toward certain white houses. There were the homes of Mis' Mayor Uppers, Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss, and the Liberty sisters,—all substantial, dignified houses, typical of the simple prosperity of the countryside.

"The only trouble," she added simply, "is that in Friendship I don't know of a soul rill sick, nor a soul what you might call poor."

At this I laughed, unwillingly enough. Dear Calliope! Here indeed was a drawback to her project.

"Honestly," she said reflectively, "Friendship can't seem to do anything like any other town. When the new minister come here, he give out he was goin' to do settlement work. An' his second week in the place he come to me with a reg'lar hang-dog look. 'What kind of a town is this?' he says to me, disgusted. 'They ain't nobody sick in it an' they ain't nobody poor!' I guess he could 'a' got along without the poor—most of us can. But we mostly like to hev a few sick to carry the flowers off our house plants to, an' now an' then a tumbler o' jell. An' yet I've known weeks at a time when they wasn't a soul rill flat down sick in Friendship. It's so now. An' that's hard, when you're young an' enthusiastic, like the minister."

"But where are you going to find your guests, then, Calliope?" I asked curiously.

"Well," she said brightly, "I was just plannin' as you come up with me. An' I says to myself: 'God give me to live in a little bit of a place where we've all got enough to get along on, an' Thanksgivin' finds us all in health. It looks like He'd afflicted us by lettin' us hev nobody to do for.' An' then it come to me that if we was to get up the dinner,—with all the misery an' hunger they is in the world,—God in His goodness would let some of it come our way to be fed. 'In the



Thanksgiving in

wilderness a cedar,' you know—as Liddy Ember an' I was ways tellin' each other when we kep' shop together. An' so day I said to myself I'd go to work an' get up the dinner trust there'd be eaters for it."

"Why, Calliope," I said, "Calliope!"

"I ain't got much to do with, myself," she added apologetically, "the most I've got in my sullar, I guess, is a gallon jar o' wa melon pickles. I could give that. You don't think it so irreverent—connectin' God with a big dinner, so?" she asked anxiously.

And, at my reply:

"Well, then," she said briskly, "let's step in an' see a few folks that might be able to tell us of somebody to do for. Let's ask Mis' Mayor Uppers an' Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss, an' the Liberty girls."

Because I was lonely and idle, and because I dreaded inexpressibly going back to my still house, I went with her.

We turned first toward the big shuttered house of Mis' Mayor Uppers, to whom, although her husband had been a year ago removed from office, discredited, and had not since been seen in Friendship, we yet gave her old proud title, as if she had been Former Lady Mayoress. For the present mayor, Authority Hubblethwaite, was, as Calliope said, "unconnect'."

I watched Mis' Uppers in some curiosity while Calliope plained that she was planning a dinner for the poor and sick—"the lame and the sick that's comfortable enough off to eat"—and could she suggest some poor and sick to ask? Mis' Uppers was like a vinegar cruet of mine, slim and tall, with a grotesquely puckered face for a stopper, as if the whole kn world were sour.

"I'm sure," she said humbly, "it's a nice i-dea. But I decl I'm put to it to suggest. We ain't got nobody sick nor nob poor in Friendship, you know."

"Don't you know of anybody kind o' hard up? or someb that, if they ain't down sick, feels sort o' spindlin'?" Calliope asked anxiously.

Mis' Uppers thought, rocking back and forth.

"No," she said at length, "I don't know a soul. I think church'd give a good deal if a real poor family'd come here do for. Since the Cadozas went, we ain't known which wa



God be thanked for mighty men
Hands to grip a nation's hel
Faith that sails a fearless course
God be thanked that we can
Lord, before the embers pale, I
Loyal hearts and striving hands

Simple hearts and hum
Dreamer souls that
Those who sow, but se
Send full store of g

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GOD be th
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Friendship Village



for poor. Mis' Ricker gettin' her fortune so puts her beyond wolf. An' Peleg Bemus, you can't get him to take anything. I don't know of anybody real decently poor."

"In' nobody sick?" Calliope pressed her wistfully.

"Well, there's Mis' Crawford," admitted Mis' Uppers; "she had ell o' lumbago two weeks ago, but I see her pass the house ay. Mis' Brady was laid up with toothache, too, but the y last night said she'd had it out. An' Mis' Doctor Helman

did have one o' her stomach attacks this week, an' Elzabella got out her dyin' dishes an' her dyin' linen from the still-room — you know how Mis' Doctor always brings out her nice things when she's sick, so't if she should die an' the neighbors come in, it'd all be shipshape. But she got better this time an' helped put 'em back. I declare it's hard to get up anything in the charity line here."

Calliope sat smiling a little, and I knew that it was because of her secret certainty that "some o' the hungry" would come her way, to be fed.

"I can't help thinkin'," she said quietly, "that we'll find somebody. An' I tell you what: if we do, can I count on you to help some?"

Mis' Mayor Uppers flushed with quick pleasure.

"Me, Calliope?" she said. And I remembered that they had told me how the Friendship Married

dies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality had been unable to tempt Uppers to a single meeting since the mayor ran away. "h, but I couldn't though," she said wistfully.

"No need to go to the table if you don't want," Calliope told. "Just bake up somethin' for us an' bring it over. Make a ple o' your cherry pies — did you get hold of any cherries to t up this year? Well, a couple o' your cherry pies an' a batch your nice drop sponge cakes," she directed. "Could you?"

Mis' Mayor Uppers looked up with a kind of light in her eyes. "Why, yes," she said, "I could, I guess. I'll bake 'em Thanks-in' mornin'. I—I was wonderin' how I'd put in the day."

When we stepped out in the snow again, Calliope's face was ning. Sometimes now, when my faith is weak in any good ng, I remember her look that November morning. But all at I thought then was how I was being entertained that ely day.

The dear Liberty sisters were next, Lucy and Viny and Libbie

Liberty. We went to the side door,—there were houses in Friendship whose front doors we tacitly understood that we were never expected to use,—and we found the sisters down cellar, with shawls over their heads, feeding their hens through the cellar window, opening on the glassed-in coop under the porch.

In Friendship it is a point of etiquette for a morning caller never to interrupt the employment of a hostess. So we obeyed the summons of the Liberty sisters to "come right down;" and we sat on a firkin and an inverted tub while Calliope told her plan and the hens fought for delectable morsels.

"My grief!" said Libbie Liberty, tartly, "where you goin' to get your sick an' poor?"

Mis' Viny, balancing on the window ledge to reach for eggs, looked back at us.

"Friendship's so comfortable that way," she said, "I don't see how you can get up much of anything."

And little Miss Lucy, kneeling on the floor of the cellar to measure more feed, said without looking up:

"You know, since mother died we ain't never done anything for holidays. No — we can't seem to want to think about Thanksgiving or Christmas or like that."

They all turned their grave-lined faces toward us.

"We want to let the holidays just slip by without noticin'," Miss Viny told us. "Seems like it hurts less that way."

Libbie Liberty smiled wanly.

"Don't you know," she said, "when you hold your hand still in hot water, you don't feel how hot the water really is? But when you move around in it some, it begins to burn you. Well, when we let Thanksgiving an' Christmas alone, it ain't so bad. But when we start to move around in 'em —"

Her voice faltered and stopped.

"We miss mother terrible," Miss Lucy said simply.

Calliope put her blue mitten to her mouth, but her eyes she might not hide, and they were soft with sympathy.

"I know — I know," she said, "I remember the first Christmas after my mother died — I ached like the toothache all over me, an' I couldn't bear to open my presents. Nor the next year I couldn't either — I couldn't open my presents with any heart. But —" Calliope hesitated, "that second year," she said, "I found somethin' I could do. I saw I could fix up little things for other folks an' take some comfort in it. Like mother would of."

She was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the three lonely figures in the dark cellar of their house.

"Your mother," she said abruptly, "made a wondrous good roast for a year ago the last harvest home."

"Yes," they said.

"Look here," said Calliope; "if I can get some poor folks together,—or even one poor folk, or hungry,—will you three come over to my house an' make the roast? The way—I can't help thinkin' the way your mother would of, if she'd been here. An' then," Calliope went on briskly, "could you bring some fresh eggs an' make a pan o' custard over to my house? An' mebbe one o' you'd stir up a sunshine cake. You must know how to make your mother's sunshine cake?"

There was another silence in the cellar when Calliope had done, and for a minute I wondered if, after all, she had not failed, and if the bleeding of the three hearts might be so stanchied. It was not self-reliant Libbie Liberty who spoke first; it was gentle Miss Lucy.

"I guess," she said, "I could, if we all do it. I know mother would of."

"Yes," Miss Viny nodded, "mother would of."

Libbie Liberty stood for a moment with compressed lips.

"It seems like not payin' respect to mother," she began; and then shook her head. "It ain't that," she said; "it's only missin' her when we begin to step

around about the kitchen, bakin' up for a holiday."

"I know—I know," Calliope said again. "That's why I said for you to come over in my kitchen. You come over there an' stir up the sunshine cake, too, an' bake it in my oven, so's we can hev it hot. Will you do that?"

And after a little time they consented. If Calliope found any sick or poor, they would do that.

"We ain't getting many i-dees for guests," Calliope said, as we reached the street, "but we're gettin' helpers, anyway. An' some dinner, too."

Then we went to the house of Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss—called so, of course, to distinguish her from the "Other" Holcombs.

"Don't you be shocked at her," Calliope warned me, as we closed Mis' Holcomb's gate behind us; "she's dreadful diff'rnt an' bitter since Abigail was married last month. She's got hold o' some kind of a Persian book, in a decorated cover, from the city; an' now she says your soul is like when you look in a lookin'-glass—that there ain't really nothin' there. An' that the world's some wind an' the rest water, an' they ain't no God only your own breath—oh, poor Mis' Holcomb!" said Calliope. "I guess she ain't rill balanced. But we ought to go to see her. We always consult Mis' Holcomb about everything."

Poor Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss! I can see her now in her comfortable dining room, where she sat cleaning her old silver, her thin, veined hands as fragile as her grandmother's spoons.

"Of course, you don't know," she said, when Calliope had unfolded her plans, "how useless it all seems to me. What's the use—I keep sayin' to myself now'days; what's the use? You put so much pains on somethin', an' then it goes off an' leaves you. Mebbe it dies, an' everything's all wasted. There ain't anything to tie to. It's like lookin' in a glass all the while. It's seemin', it ain't bein'. We ain't certain o' nothin' but our breath, an' when that goes, what hev you got? What's the use o' plannin' Thanksgiving for anybody?"

"Well, if you're hungry, it's kind o' nice to get fed up," said Calliope, crisply. "Don't you know a soul that's hungry, Mame Bliss?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I don't. Nor nobody sick in body."

"Nobody sick in body," Calliope repeated absently.

"Soul-sick an' soul-hungry you can't feed up," Mis' Holcomb added.

"I donno," said Calliope, thoughtfully, "I dunno but you can."

"No," Mis' Holcomb went on; "your soul's like your-self in the glass; they ain't anything there."

"I donno," Calliope said again, "some mornin's when I wake up with the sun shinin' in, I can feel my soul in me just as plain as plain."

Mis' Holcomb sighed.

"Life looks dreadful footless to me," she said.

"Well," said Calliope, "sometimes life is some like hearin' firecrackers go off when you don't feel up to shootin' 'em yourself. When I'm like that, I always think if I'd go out an' buy a bunch or two, an' get somebody to give me a match, I could see more sense to things. Look here, Mame Bliss; if I get hold o' any folks to give the dinner for, will you help me some?"

"Yes," Mis' Holcomb assented half-heartedly, "I'll help you. I ain't nobody much in family, now Abigail's done what she has. They's only Eppleby, an' he won't be home Thanksg'vin' this year. So I ain't nothin' else to do."

"That's the i-dee," said Calliope, heartily; "if every-thing's foolish, it's just as foolish doin' nothin' as doin' somethin'. Will you bring over a kettleful o' boiled potatoes to my house Thanksgiving noon? An' mash 'em an' whip 'em in my kitchen? I'll hev the milk to put in. You—you don't cook as much as some, do you, Mame?"

Did Calliope ask her that purposely? I am almost

sure that she did. Mis' Holcomb's neck stiffened a little.

"I guess I can cook a thing or two beside mash' potatoes," she said, and thought for a minute. "How'd you like a pan o' baked beans an' some scalloped macaroni?" she demanded.

"Sounds like it'd go down awful easy," admitted Calliope, smiling. "It's just what we need to carry the dinner off full sail," she added earnestly.

"Well, I ain't nothin' else to do, an' I'll make 'em," Mis' Holcomb promised. "Only it beats me who you can find to do for."

Calliope stood up, her little wrinkled face aglow; and I wondered at her confidence.

"That dinner's goin' to come off Thanksgivin' noon at twelve o'clock," she said, "an' you be there to help feed the hungry, Mame."

When we were on the street again, Calliope looked at me with her way of shy eagerness.

"Could you hev the dinner up to your house," she asked me, "if I do every bit o' the work?"

"Why, Calliope," I said, amazed at her persistence, "have it there, of course. But you haven't any guests yet."

She nodded at me through the falling flakes.

"You say you ain't got much to be thankful for," she said, "so I thought mebbe you'd put in the time that way. I'll tell Mis' Holcomb an' the others to come to your house—an' I'll get the food an' the folks. Don't you worry! An' I'll bring my watermelon pickles an' a bowl o' cream for Mis' Holcomb's potatoes, an' I'll furnish makin's of the roast—a big one. The rest of us'll get the dinner in your kitchen Thanksgiving mornin'. My!" she said, "seems though life's smoothin' out fer me a'ready. Good-by—it's 'most noon."

She hurried up Daphne Street in the snow, and I turned toward my lonely house. But I remember that I was planning how I would make my table pretty, and how I would add a delicacy or two from the city for this strange holiday feast. And I found myself hurrying to look over certain long-disused linen and silver, and to see whether my Cloth-o'-Gold rose might be counted on to bloom by Thursday noon.

"We'll set the table for seven folks," said Calliope, at my house on Thanksgiving morning.

"Seven!" I echoed. "But where in the world did you ever find seven, Calliope?"

"I found 'em," she answered. "I knew I could find hungry folks to do for if I tried, an' I found 'em. You'll see. I sha'n't say another word. They'll be here by twelve o'clock sharp. Did the things come?"

Yes, they had come, and almost as she spoke the dear Liberty sisters arrived to fix the roast, and to make ready the pan of custard, and to "stir up" the sunshine cake. I could guess how the pleasant bustle in my kitchen would hurt them by its holiday air, and I carried them off to see my Cloth-o'-Gold rose which had opened in the night, to the very crimson heart of it. And I told them of the seven guests whom, after all, Calliope had actually contrived to marshal to her dinner. And in the midst of our gay speculation on this, each of them went at her share of the task.

The three moved about their offices gravely at first, Libbie Liberty keeping her back to us as she worked, Miss Viny scrupulously intent on the delicate clatter of the egg beater, Miss Lucy with eyes downcast on the sage she rolled. I noted how Calliope made little excuses to pass near each of them, with now a touch of the hand and now a pat on the shoulder, and all the while she talked briskly of ways and means and recipes. Surely, one of us said, the seven guests could be preparing for their Thanksgiving dinner with no more zest than we were putting into that dinner for their sakes.

(Concluded on page 13)

"The highest form of spending is spending self for others."

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 obedient.
Walk softly in the sanctuary.
Keep a song in my heart.
Go on God's errands.

Thanksgiving

It was years and years ago,
Mid the winter's ice and snow,
That our sturdy old forefathers kept the first
Thanksgiving Day;
What though hearts were sorely tried!
What though half of them had died!
"Let us make a feast together, and give thanks to
God," said they.

How the wilderness stretched round,
Without limit, without bound,
Filled with beasts of prey, and savages who lurked
to do them harm!
How the gray waves, lashed with foam,
Tossed between them and their home!
Stout of heart, they never faltered, safe in God's
protecting arm.

And they labored and contested,
Till from forest gloom they wrested
Game and fowl in great abundance, fit to grace the
festive board.
And the snarling sea they plundered,
While its breakers roared and thundered,
For the fish to flank the wild fowl and the harvest's
gathered board.

Then they sang, with souls uplifted,
Till the gloomy skies seemed rifted,
And heaven's glory shone upon them, filling all their
hearts with cheer.
Let us read Time's yellow pages
For this story of the ages,
And like them, in grateful praises sing the harvest
of the year.

— *Zion's Herald.*

AT noon on a dreary November day a lonesome lit-

Bert's Thanksgiving

tle fellow stood at the door of a cheap eating house in Boston, and offered a solitary copy of a morning paper for sale to the people passing.

But there were really not many people passing, for it was Thanksgiving Day, and the shops were shut, and everybody who had a home to go to, and a dinner to eat, seemed to have gone home to eat that dinner, while Bert Hampton, the newsboy, stood trying in vain to sell the last "Extra" left on his hands by the dull business of the morning.

An old man, with a face that looked pinched, and who was dressed in a seedy black coat, stopped at the same doorway, and, with one hand on the latch, he appeared to hesitate between hunger and a sense of poverty, before going in.

It was possible, however, that he was considering whether he could afford himself the indulgence of a morning paper, seeing it was Thanksgiving Day; so at least Bert thought, and accosted him accordingly.

"Buy a paper, sir? All about the fire in East Boston, and arrest of safe burglars in Springfield. Only two cents."

The little old man looked at the boy with keen gray eyes which seemed to light up the pinched look of his face, and answered in a shrill voice:

"You ought to come down in your price this time of day. You can't expect to sell a morning paper at twelve o'clock for full price."

"Well, give me a cent then," said Bert. "That's less than cost; but never mind. I'm bound to sell out, anyhow."

"You look cold," said the old man.

"Cold," replied Bert, "I'm nearly froze. And I want my dinner. And I'm going to have a big dinner, too, seeing it's Thanksgiving Day."

"Ah! lucky for you, my boy!" said the old man. "You've a home to go to, and friends, too, I hope."

"No, sir; no home, and no friend—only my mother."

Bert hesitated and grew serious, then suddenly

changed his tone—"and Hop Houghton. I told him to meet me here, and we'd have a first-rate Thanksgiving dinner together—for it's no fun to be eating alone Thanksgiving Day! It sets a fellow thinking—if he ever had a home, and then hasn't got a home any more."

"It's more lonesome not to eat at all," said the old man, his gray eyes twinkling. "And what can a boy like you have to think of? Here, I guess I can find one cent for you—though there's nothing in the paper, I know."

The old man spoke with some feeling, his fingers trembled, and somehow he dropped two cents instead of one into Bert's hand.

"Here! you've made a mistake!" cried Bert. "A bargain's a bargain. You've given me a cent too much!"

"No, I didn't—I never give anybody a cent too much!"

"But—see here!" And Bert showed the two cents, offering to return one.

"No matter," said the old man. "It will be so much less for *my* dinner—that's all."

Bert had instinctively pocketed the pennies, when, on a moment's reflection, his sympathies were excited.

"Poor old man!" he thought; "he's seen better days, I guess. Perhaps he's no home. A boy like me can stand it, but it must be hard for him. He meant to give me the odd cent, all the while; and I don't believe he has had a decent dinner for many a day."

All this, which I have been obliged to write out slowly in words, went through Bert's mind like a flash. He was a generous fellow, and any kindness shown him, no matter how trifling, made his heart overflow.

"Look here," he cried; "where are *you* going to get your dinner to-day?"

"I can get a bite here as well as anywhere—it

doesn't matter very much to me," replied the old man.

"Dine with me," said Bert. "I'd like to have you."

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford to dine as you are going to," said the man, with a smile, his eyes twinkling again.

"I'll pay for your dinner!" Bert exclaimed. "Come! we have a Thanksgiving but once a year, and a fellow wants a good time then."

"But you are waiting for another boy."

"Oh! Hop Houghton. He won't come now, it's too late. He's gone to a place down on North Street, I suppose — a place I don't like, there's so much tobacco smoked and so much beer drunk there." Bert cast a final glance up the street.

"No, he won't come now. So much the worse for him! He likes the men down there; I don't."

"Ah!" said the man, taking off his hat and giving it a brush with his elbow as they entered the restaurant, as if trying to appear as respectable as he could in the eyes of a newsboy of such fastidious tastes.

To make him feel quite comfortable in his mind on that point, Bert hastened to say:

"I mean rowdies and such. Poor people, if they behave themselves, are just as respectable to me as rich folks. I ain't the least mite aristocratic!"

"Ah, indeed!" And the old man smiled again, and seemed to look relieved. "I'm very glad to hear it."

He placed his hat on the floor, and took a seat opposite Bert at a little table which they had all to themselves. Bert offered him the bill of fare.

"I must ask you to choose for me; nothing very extravagant, you know I am used to plain fare."

"So am I. But I'm going to have a dinner for once in my life — and so are you," cried Bert, generously. "What do you say to some soup to begin with — and then wind up with a big piece of squash pie? How's that for a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Sumptuous!" said the old man. "But won't it cost you too much?"

"Too much? No, sir!" said Bert. "Soup, fifteen cents; pie — they give tremendous big pieces here, thick, I tell you — ten cents. That's twenty-five cents; half a dollar for two. Of course, I don't do this way every day in the year! But mother's glad to have me, once in a while. Here! waiter!" And Bert gave his princely order as if it were no very great thing for a liberal young fellow like him, after all.

"Where is your mother? Why don't you dine with her?" the little man asked.

Bert's face grew sober in a moment.

"That's the question! Why don't I? I'll tell you why I don't. I have the best mother in the world! What I'm trying to do is to make a home for her, so we can live together, and eat our Thanksgiving dinners together, sometime. Some boys want one thing, some another — there's one goes in for good times, another's in such a hurry to get rich, he doesn't care much how he does it; but what I want most of anything is to be with my mother and my two sisters again, and I am not ashamed to say so.

"I haven't been with her now for two years — hardly at all since father died. When his business was settled up, it was found he hadn't left us anything. Then mother had to do something, and her friends got her places to go out nursing — and she's a nurse now. We couldn't be with her, of course. She got us boarded at a good place, but I saw how hard it was going to be for her to support us, so I said, 'I'm a boy; I can do something for myself; you just pay the girls' board and keep them to school, and I'll go to work, and maybe help you a little, besides taking care of myself.'"

"What could you do?" said the little old man.

"That's it; I was only eleven years old; and what could I do? What I should have liked would have been some nice place where I could do light work, and stand a chance of learning a good business. But beggars

mustn't be choosers. I couldn't find such a place; and I wasn't going to be loafing about the streets, so I went to selling newspapers. I've sold newspapers ever since, and I shall be twelve years old next month."

"You like it?" said the old man.

"I like to get my own living," replied Bert, proudly. "But what I want is, to learn some trade, or regular business, and settle down and make a home for my mother. But there's no use talking about that."

"I've told you about myself," added Bert; "now suppose you tell me something."

"About myself?"

"Yes. I think that would go pretty well with the pie."

But the man shook his head. "I could go back and tell you about my plans and hopes when I was a lad of your age; but it would be too much like your own story over again. Life isn't what we think it will be, when we are young. You'll find that out soon enough. I am all alone in the world now; and I am nearly seventy years old."

"It must be so lonely, at your age! What do you do for a living?"

"I have a little place in Devonshire Street. My name is Crooker. You'll find me up two flights of stairs, back room at the right. Come and see me, and I'll tell you about my business and perhaps help you to such a place as you want, for I know several business men. Now don't fall."

And Mr. Crooker wrote his address, with a little stub of a pencil, on a corner of the newspaper which had led to their acquaintance, tore it off carefully, and gave it to Bert.

Thereupon the latter took a card from his pocket and handed it across the table to his new friend.

"Herbert Hampton, Dealer in Newspapers," the old man read with his sharp gray eyes, which glowed up funnily at Bert, seeming to say, "Isn't this rather aristocratic for a twelve-year-old newsboy?"

Bert blushed and explained. "Got up for me by a printer's boy I know. I had done some favors for him, and so he made me a few cards. Handy to have sometimes, you know."

"Well, Herbert," said the old man, "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, and I hope you'll come to see me. You'll find me in very humble quarters; but you are not aristocratic, you say. Now won't you let me pay for my dinner? I believe I have money enough. Let me see."

Bert would not hear of such a thing; but walked up to the desk, and settled the bill with the air of a person who did not regard a trifling expense.

When he looked around again, the little old man was gone.

"Now mind; I'll go and see him the first chance I have," said Bert, as he looked at the penciled strip of newspaper margin again before putting it into his pocket.

On the following Monday, Bert, having a leisure hour, went to call on his new acquaintance.

Having climbed the two flights, he found the door of the back room at the right ajar, and looking in, saw Mr. Crooker at a desk, in the act of receiving a roll of money from a well-dressed visitor.

Bert entered unnoticed, and waited till the money was counted and a receipt signed. Then, as the visitor departed, old Mr. Crooker looked round and saw Bert. He offered him a chair; then turned to place the money in the safe.

"So this is your place of business?" said Bert, glancing about the plain office room. "What do you do here?"

"I buy real estate, sometimes — sell — rent — and so forth."

"Who for?"

"For myself."

"I — I thought — you were a poor man!"

"How pure are those who have not patience?"

"I am a poor man," said Mr. Crooker, locking his safe. "Money doesn't make a man rich. I have money enough. I own houses in the city. They give me something to think of, and so keep me alive. I had truer riches once, but I lost them long ago."

"To think of me inviting you to dinner!" Bert said, abashed and ashamed.

"It was odd. But it may turn out to have been a lucky circumstance for both of us. I like you. I believe in you, and I've an offer to make you. I want a trusty, bright boy in this office, somebody I can bring up in my business, and leave it with, as I get too old to attend to it myself. What do you say?"

What could Bert say?

Interviews between his mother and his employer followed. The lonely, childless old man, who owned so many houses, wanted a home; and one of these houses he offered to Mrs. Hampton, with ample support for herself and children, if she would also make it a home for him.

Of course this proposition was accepted; and Bert soon had the satisfaction of seeing the great ambition of his life accomplished. He had employment, which promised to become a profitable business, as indeed it did in a few years. He and the old man proved useful to each other; and, more than that, he was united once more with his mother and sisters in a happy home, where he has since had a good many Thanksgiving dinners.—*Selected.*

Thanksgiving in Friendship Village

(Concluded from page 10)

"Seven guests!" we said over and again. "Calliope, how did you do it, when everybody says there's nobody in Friendship that's either sick or poor?"

"Nobody sick, nobody poor!" Calliope exclaimed, piling a dish with watermelon pickles. "Land, you might think that was the town motto. Well, the town don't know everything. Don't you ask me so many questions."

Before eleven o'clock Mis' Mayor Uppers tapped at my back door, with two deep-dish cherry pies in a basket, and a row of her delicate, feathery sponge cakes and a jar of pineapple and pieplant preserves "to chink in." She drew a deep breath and stood looking about the kitchen.

"Throw off your things an' help, Mis' Uppers," Calliope admonished her, one hand on the cellar door. "I'm just goin' down for some sweet potatoes Mis' Holcomb sent over this morning, an' you might get 'em ready, if you will. We ain't goin' to let you off now, spite of what you've done for us."

So Mis' Mayor Uppers hung up her shawl and washed the sweet potatoes. And my kitchen was fragrant with spices and flavorings and an odorous oven, and there was no end of savory business to be at. I found myself glad of the interest of these others in the day and glad of the stirring in my lonely house. Even if their bustle could not lessen my own loneliness, it was pleasant, I said to myself, to see them quicken with interest; and the whole affair entertained my infinite leisure. After all, I was not required to be thankful. I merely lent my house, cozy in its glittering drifts of snow, and the day was no more and no less to me than before, though I own that I did feel more than an amused interest in Calliope's guests. Whom, in Friendship, had she found "to do for," I detected myself speculating with real interest as in the dining room, with one and another to help me, I made ready my table. My prettiest dishes and silver, the Cloth-o'-Gold rose, and my yellow-shaded candles made little auxiliary welcomes. Whoever Calliope's guests were, we would do them honor and give them the best we had. And then from the city came the box with my gift of hothouse fruit and a rosebud for every plate.

"Calliope!" I cried, as I went back to the kitchen, "Calliope, it's nearly twelve now. Tell us who the guests are, or we won't finish dinner!"

Calliope laughed and shook her head and opened the door for Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss, who entered, followed by her little maid, both laden with good things.

"I prepared for seven," Mis' Holcomb said. "That was the word you sent me—but where you got your seven sick an' poor in Friendship beats me. I'll stay an' help for a while—but to me it all seems like so much foolishness."

We worked with a will that last half hour, and the spirit of the kitchen came upon them all, in the hurry to finish every task.

Just before twelve Calliope caught off her apron and pulled down her sleeves.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to welcome the guests. I can—can't I?" she begged me. "Everything's all ready but putting on. I won't need to come out here again; when I ring the bell on the sideboard, dish it up an' bring it in, all together—roast ahead an' vegetables followin'. Mis' Holcomb, you help 'em, won't you? An' then you can leave if you want. Talk about an old-fashion' Thanksgivin'. My!"

"Who has she got?" Libbie Liberty burst out, looking at the roast in the oven. "I declare, I'm nervous as a witch, I'm so curious!"

And then the clock struck twelve, and a minute after we heard Calliope tinkle a silvery summons on the call bell. And we filed into the dining room to serve whomever Calliope had found "to do for." I wonder that I had not guessed before. There stood Calliope at the foot of the table, with its lighted candles and its Cloth-o'-Gold rose, and the other six chairs were quite vacant.

"Sit down!" Calliope cried to us, with tears and laughter in her voice. "Sit down, all six of you. Don't you see? Didn't you know? Ain't we soul-sick an' soul-hungry, all of us? An' I tell you, this is goin' to do our souls good—an' our stomachs too!"

Nobody dropped anything, even in the flood of our amazement. We managed to get our savory burden on the table, and some way we found ourselves in the chairs—I at the head of my table where Calliope led me. And we all talked at once, exclaiming and questioning, with sudden thanksgiving in our hearts that in the world such things may be.

"I was hungry an' sick," Calliope was telling, "for an old-fashion' Thanksgivin'—or anything that'd smooth life out some. But I says to myself, 'It looks like God had afflicted us by not givin' us anybody to do for.' An' then I started out to find some poor an' some sick—an' each one o' you knows what I found. An' I ask' myself before I got home that day, 'Why not them an' me?' There's lots o' kinds o' things to do on Thanksgivin' Day. Are you ever goin' to forgive me?"

I think that we all answered at once. But what we all meant was what Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss said, as she sat flushed and smiling:

"I declare, I feel something like I ain't felt since I don't know when!"

And Calliope nodded at her.

"I guess that's your soul, Mame Bliss," she said. "You can always feel it if you go to work an' act as if you got one."—*Zona Gale (adapted).*



In the Jungles of Brazil

(Continued from page 7)

the strip between the two rivers one could sit under the trees in comfort.

About 3:30 p. m. we saw a group of Carajás on a sand bar ahead, and so pulled to that side. Several canoes soon came out to meet us. Our Carajá canoemen told

them who we were, and as we came near the shore, they waded out and surrounded the boat and pulled it up on land. There were twenty-two of them, some of whom were painted in the most savage style, and all were entirely naked.

Then I explained our mission to the chief, and they discussed it among themselves. Turning to me, the chief said, "Está muito bom" (It is very well). He then explained that they had started on a hunting trip, but said he would return and spend the Sabbath with us in Santa Isabel, their *aldeia*. But I see four canoes following us. These are "sure enough Indians"!

Sabbath, July 30. The whole day has been spent with the Indians. Early this morning I read the history of creation, the blessings of the Sabbath, and the ten commandments to them. How much they understood is hard to say, but I believe some of them comprehended quite a bit.

We have decided to leave in the morning on foot to visit the Javahé Indians. Several Carajás are going with us. They say we can go and return in three or four days, so I do not want to miss the opportunity to visit them.

Sunday, July 31. This morning Anderson and I, with five Indian carriers, started for the Javahés' country. We crossed the river, walked a little way, then crossed a lagoon in a canoe, and took a trail for the interior of the island. The chief went some distance with us, then turned off to work in his *roca*.

The Indians set fire to the grass so as to make walking easier when we return. Too, they said the Javahés would see the smoke and know some one was coming.

Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column each week by those who have had long and successful experience. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your perplexities. Each inquiry will receive careful attention. Those writing are requested to sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

What is meant by the expression "the Lord of Sabaoth," spoken of in Romans 9:29?

As any good Bible dictionary will tell you, "Sabaoth" is the Hebrew word for "hosts" or "armies." Instead of being translated in Romans 9:29 and James 5:4 the word is simply transliterated into English. M. E. KERN.

Should Seventh-day Adventists indulge in games of chance, such as the fishpond grab, where some of the articles are worth much more than the price charged for the grab and others, of course, are worth less?

Games of chance are never operated at a loss. Taking the game as a whole, participants do not get value received for their money. The one who loses is throwing away money which could be used to better advantage, while the winner is taking something that some one else has paid for. At best, these games of chance are a form of gambling, and Seventh-day Adventists should not indulge in them. W. E. BEMENT.

What is the meaning of the 1290 days spoken of in Daniel 12:11? Where do they apply? What events do they cover?

What is the meaning of the 1335 days spoken of in the twelfth verse of the same chapter? Where do they apply? What events do they cover?

What is the meaning of, "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the 1335 days"?

For the 1290-day period, see "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," the reading on "The Vicar of Christ," p. 229, ques. 22; also the reading on "The Kingdom and Work of Antichrist," pp. 222, 223, ques. 8. The 1335-day period is explained in "Bible Readings," in the reading on "A Great Prophetic Period," p. 237, ques. 18. M. E. K.

"A man may be a blot or a blessing, but he cannot be a blank."

A girl, oftentimes with high ideals (not one of the sentimental, love-sick kind), who would scorn to fling herself at any man, perhaps meets some one who measures up so well to the standard that she finds herself placing strong affection upon him. He is, of course, utterly unconscious of this, and she must just fight things out herself, and have the courage not to show it. Do you think that a girl who does this has lowered her ideals at all?

It is right for a young person of proper age to pray that God will guide in this most important matter of marriage. We read in Genesis 2:22, that when the woman was created the Lord brought her to the man. The Lord is still willing to bring together those who are suited to each other, if they are willing to wait and let Him direct. Naturally one who is praying for guidance will be looking for the answer. If, as stated in your question, a young woman sees one whom she thinks is her ideal, it is not wrong, surely, for her to think the matter through carefully and prayerfully. It would not be best, however, for her to allow her affections to center on him too strongly, for one of the indications of the Lord's leading would be that he, too, would come to feel the same. Of course, it is recognized generally that it is the place of the young man to make the first advances, but it is not undignified nor unladylike for a girl who appreciates the qualities of a young man to show that appreciation in her contact with him, without, of course, making undue advances. Sometimes a young man has a drawing toward a young woman, but hesitates to make advances, lest such attentions might be resented. Some young women, in their efforts not to show their feelings, almost turn themselves into an iceberg. Careful thought, prayer, and observation will enable conscientious young people to avoid both extremes. M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VIII — The Servant; Hope for the Discouraged

(November 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Isa. 49:1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: Isa. 49:15, 16.

Questions

Christ Sent to the Gentiles

1. Whose attention is desired in the beginning of this chapter? To what is the mouth likened? What did God say of His people? Isa. 49:1-3. Note 1.
2. Why was "the Servant" discouraged? How did He leave the matter with God? Verse 4. Note 2.
3. Whom was "the Servant" to bring back to God? How did He appear in the eyes of the Lord? Verse 5. Note 3.
4. To whom besides Jacob and Israel was the light to be sent? For what purpose? Verse 6. Note 4.
5. What names are given to Jesus? What is prophesied concerning Him? Verse 7.
6. When did the Lord hear, and give help? Why was Christ given to the people? What would He do to the earth? Verse 8.
7. What will Christ say to the prisoners, and to those in darkness? What will they do? Verse 9. Note 5.
8. What will not be their experience? Where will they be guided? How will the way be prepared? From where will these prisoners be brought together? Verses 10-12.

God's Love to His People

9. Why are the heavens and earth called to break forth into singing? What does Zion, or God's people, say? Verses 13, 14.
10. How is God's remembrance of His people illustrated? What promise is made? Where are we graven? Who will go forth, or separate from God's people? Verses 15-17. Note 6.
11. Who will take the place, in the church, when the destroyers leave? Verse 18.
12. What shall be too narrow? What shall these new children say? Verses 19, 20.
13. What shall God's people ask? How does God answer them? What is said of kings and queens? Who will not be ashamed? Verses 21-23. Note 7.

Notes

1. "Isles" mean literally countries. The description of the "servant" is that of Christ. As to the "sharp sword," see Hebrews 4:12. "Our mouth must be surrendered to God, that He may implant there the sharp two-edged sword

that proceeds from His own lips. We must see to it that we do not speak our own words, nor think our own thoughts; but open our mouths wide, that He may fill them with the word of God."—*F. B. Meyer*.

2. "When Jesus died, failure seemed written across His life work. A timid handful of disciples was all that remained of the crowds that had thronged His pathway, and they seemed disposed to go back to their fishing boats. Man despised Him; the nation abhorred Him; and the rulers set Him at naught. But that very cross which man deemed His supreme disgrace and dethronement has become the stepping-stone of universal dominion. Israel shall yet be gathered, and the Gentile church become as the sand of the sea."—*Christ in Isaiah*, pp. 112, 113.

3. Christ was called to bring "Jacob" back to God, and also, as the American Revised Version has it, "that Israel be gathered unto Him." Christ was glorious or honorable in the sight of God, yet He did not take glory to Himself.

4. This prophecy, while generally understood as referring to the coming of the Messiah, also has an application to the people of God. A paraphrase of verse 6 would be: "It is too small a work for you to labor only among those who already know the truth. I will send you for a light to the heathen, that you may bring salvation to the ends of the earth."

5. Moffatt translates the latter part of verse 9 thus: "On the road home food shall never fail them, they shall find pasture even upon bare hills." Compare this verse with Isaiah 61:1.

"When we beseech the Lord to pity us in our distress, and to guide us by His Holy Spirit, He will never turn away our prayer. It is possible even for a parent to turn away from his hungry child, but God can never reject the cry of the needy and longing heart. With what wonderful tenderness He has described His love!"—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 189, 190.

6. "Thy destroyers and they that made thee waste shall go forth of thee." While God's people are to go out of Babylon, when it comes to the church, it is not the church that leaves and goes out, but the destroyers, the wasters. It is not those that "go forth" that constitute the church. The church remains.

7. These latter verses without doubt found their first fulfillment in the coming in of the Gentiles in the Christian era. May we not believe they will find another and even more complete fulfillment, and that they that wait for the Lord shall not be ashamed?

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. The Lord does not forget us; He leads with a shepherd's care.
2. If we search, we shall always find the way when mountains of difficulties arise.
3. It is not a light thing to be connected with the work of God.

Junior Lesson

VIII — The Sin of Moses

(November 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 20; Deut. 3:21-29.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 413-432 (new edition, pp. 423-441).

Memory Gem

"The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they —
We need, like them, the guides of God."

Questions

1. When the time of the wanderings of the children of Israel was nearly ended, to what place were they led? Who was buried there? Num. 20:1. Note 1.
2. What necessity failed at this place? What rash and sinful wish did the people make? On whom did they place all the blame for their distress? Verses 2-5. Note 2.
3. To whom did Moses and Aaron turn in their trouble? What was Moses told to do? Verses 6-8.
4. How did he proceed to obey? With what impatient words did Moses speak to the people? In what did he disobey God? Verses 9-11. Note 3.
5. What sentence did the Lord pronounce upon Moses and Aaron? Verse 12. Note 4.
6. In telling the people of this, what did Moses say he had done at that time? Deut. 3:23-25.
7. How did the Lord answer the prayer of Moses? Verses 26, 27.

"Some folks are like the wind. They blow too much for our comfort."

8. What message did Moses send from Kadesh to the king in Edom? Num. 20:14-17.

9. What reply did the king make? Verses 18-21.

10. To what place did the children of Israel then journey? What did the Lord say concerning Aaron? Verses 22-24.

11. Who went up to the top of Mt. Hor? What was put upon Eleazar? Who came down from the mount? Verses 25-28. Note 5.

12. How was respect shown for Aaron? Verse 29.

Something to Do

Read these texts: Ex. 2:1-10; 15:20, 21; Numbers 12; Micah 6:4; Num. 20:1, and write the story of Miriam's life.

Find a reason why Moses should speak of the people as "thy brother Israel" when he sent word to the king of Edom.

Notes

1. Near the end of the forty years' wanderings, we find the Israelites again near the Promised Land, in the Wilderness of Zin. Almost forty years have passed since the Israelites were made to turn back into the wilderness. Nearly all those who rebelled and doubted God at Kadesh-barnea have died, as God foretold. Num. 14:28-32. Their children are now grown, and are waiting to enter into the land of Canaan, as the Lord promised. Num. 14:31. Moses, Aaron, Caleb, and Joshua are still with them.

2. "Just before the Hebrew host reached Kadesh, the living stream ceased that for so many years had gushed out beside their encampment. It was the Lord's purpose again to test His people. He would prove whether they would trust His providence or imitate the unbelief of their fathers."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 413.

3. In 1881 Dr. Trumbull visited Ain Kidish, the place where the event of this lesson is thought to have taken place. He writes: "Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills was to be seen the large single mass, or a small hill, of solid rock, the cliff smitten by Moses. From underneath this ragged spur issues the now abundant stream. The water is remarkably pure and sweet, unequaled by any we had found after leaving the Nile."

4. "By his rash act, Moses took away the force of the lesson that God purposed to teach. The rock, being a symbol of Christ, had been once smitten, as Christ was to be once offered. The second time, it was needful only to speak to the rock, as we have only to ask for blessings in the name of Jesus. By the second smiting of the rock, the significance of this beautiful figure of Christ was destroyed."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 418.

5. "Together these two aged men and the younger one toiled up the mountain height. The heads of Moses and Aaron were white with the snows of sixscore winters. . . . Many years, Moses and Aaron had stood side by side in their cares and labors. . . . They moved on very slowly, for every moment in each other's society was precious. The ascent was steep and toilsome; and as they often paused to rest, they communed together of the past and the future. Before them, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out the scene of their desert wanderings. In the plain below were encamped the vast hosts of Israel, for whom these chosen men had spent the best portion of their lives. . . . Aaron's work for Israel was done. . . . All felt a foreboding of evil as they remembered the sentence pronounced against Moses and Aaron. . . . The forms of Moses and Eleazar were at last discerned, slowly descending the mountain side; but Aaron was not with them. . . . As the people with heavy hearts gathered about their leader, Moses told them that Aaron had died in his arms upon Mt. Hor, and that they there buried him. The congregation broke forth in mourning and lamentation, for they all loved Aaron, though they had so often caused him sorrow."—*Id.*, pp. 425-427.



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WHAT'S THE NEWS?

A MAN speaking in an ordinary tone can to-day be heard by a million persons in a single crowd, and the extremes of the crowd may be a mile from the speaker. All the million can hear the speaker perfectly. This is rendered possible by the use of the new loud-speaker of the Bell Telephone Company. The apparatus will be a boon to great conventions. Radio enables vast crowds of scores of millions situated over a distance of many thousand miles to hear a speaker as if he were in the same room; but there is a wonderful gain in having the actual person of the speaker visibly present, though at the distance of a mile.



THE sale not long ago of the corner of Broadway and Wall Street in New York City, as part of the site of the American Exchange-Irving Trust Company's new home, set the curious to figuring. If, as reputed, the price was \$720 a square foot, then that means \$5 a square inch. And this brought to mind the record price of \$112,500 paid recently for a Persian carpet made 300 years ago for an Austrian emperor. The rug, being 10½ by 25 feet, the purchaser gave \$425 per square foot for this treasure. And still greater by contrast is a Raphael Madonna, painted in 1508, and just sold to Joseph Duveen for \$875,000. Its size is 30½ by 22 inches, making the sale price \$1,305 a square inch. It is of added interest to note that whether it be historic rugs, Wall Street corners, or Raphael Madonnas, there always seems to be a buyer anxious to part with his hard-earned cash.



GERMANY'S comical journal, *Die Fliegende Blaetter*, the humorous pen-and-ink sketches of which have been famed throughout the world for the last eighty-four years, is about to pass out of existence. The weekly paper has become another victim of the altered postwar times. For its characteristic German trend, its subtle caricaturing of nationalistic traits and popular Teutonic customs, there is no place in the cosmopolitan Germany of to-day. As, moreover, the material financial losses the paper incurred during and since the war through the cessation of its foreign subscriptions could never be retrieved, the owners have reluctantly decided on a fusion of the *Fliegende Blaetter* with the *Mergendorfer Blaetter*, a comic journal with a less distinctive German make-up, on Jan. 1, 1929. Thereby Germany loses one of its most typical periodicals of the halcyon days of imperialism.



SOME one has said: "The next best thing to knowing something is to know where you can find out about it." Do you know about the package loan libraries that are offered by a number of our State universities? Many a village library is too small and too handicapped by lack of money to enable its managing board to buy all the books that seem desirable; but the various local libraries are on such cordial footing with the libraries at the State universities that whatever the public wants can be secured. The Universities of Wisconsin and Oregon were pioneers in the movement, but now the University of Texas has the largest package library circulation of any such organization in the country. A total of 6,902 package libraries were sent out last year into 655 Wisconsin communities. Books are not the sole contents of these packages. Clippings, bulletins, pamphlets—any printed matter, in short, which will be of service to the person seeking information—are put into these packages. Should a school boy or girl have an essay to prepare on Flag Day, for example, and should information be scarce in local sources, the home librarian would be able to offer the child the wealth of the State university's library resources. If an adult study club on civic questions needs help and information, an ample supply can be readily obtained. The books are sent out for a period of two weeks, and may be renewed for another two weeks if desired. If the borrower lives in a community that has a public library or a good college or high school library, application for books may be made through these librarians. If, however, there is no library in the community, the borrower makes personal application. No charge is made for this service, except that the borrower must pay the transportation charges on the books. A year ago there were about two thousand subjects in the Texas package loan library, and new packages are being constantly made up to meet the demands of the public. The greatest requests in Texas are in the subjects of literature and history. Readers here seem especially interested in material pertaining to their own State.

A TREASURE ship crept down the English Channel in a pea-soup fog. It was the 8,000-ton fast Indian mail boat "Egypt" of the P. & O. line en route to Bombay. Down in the ship's strong room, locked behind massive bulkheads, lay a fortune consigned to an English bank in India: Gold bars, to 4,000 (sterling); silver bars, £215,000 (sterling); gold coin, £165,000 (sterling); a total of £1,054,000, or \$5,125,000. The "Egypt" was thirty miles off Brest, running at very low speed. The fog was thick enough to cut with a knife, and darkness was falling. Captain Collier, a veteran mariner, stood on the bridge, with his eyes straining into the gloom and his hands playing nervously over the reverse signal. He could see only 100 yards ahead, less than a ship's length. Every half minute he sounded the siren. He would have liked to lay to, but that was as dangerous as moving. The bell had just sounded for dinner, and the forty-four passengers—the men in dinner jackets and the women wearing evening gowns and jewels—were taking their seats in the dining room, when there was a terrible crash, which sent the dishes and silverware rattling to the floor. "We are sinking," a woman with a baby screamed. The cry echoed all through the ship. A small French cargo boat called the "Seine" had suddenly loomed out of the fog, struck the Indian mail boat directly amidships, and given it a death blow. As the Frenchman went careening out of sight in the darkness, pandemonium broke out on the "Egypt." The English officers and passengers remained perfectly cool, but a crew of more than 250 Lascars became insane with fear, and pouring up from the lower decks, with knives and iron bars in their hands, they fought their way past the officers and rushed to the lifeboats. "Allah, preserve us!" they screamed in their heathen tongues. In the panic they knocked over the passengers and upset most of the boats, causing one of the worst scenes in the history of the British merchant marine. The "Egypt" sank almost immediately, and when the French boat groped to the scene, twenty minutes later, the crack Indian mail liner, with its \$5,000,000 in gold and silver, was a black, broken wreck, under 390 feet of water, and the survivors were clinging to wreckage and life belts. And so, on the night of May 20, 1922, 15 passengers and 87 of the crew of the ill-fated ship were dragged down to their doom in the twinkling of an eye. It was one of the biggest treasures lost at sea since the days of the Spanish Armada. A few days later Lloyds paid the full insurance on the cargo—and marked it a dead loss. But now Harry L. Bowdoin, of Queens, New York, who has been a diver, hydraulic engineer, and contractor at various times, has invented a new 1,400-pound diving suit, and hopes to salvage the \$5,000,000 out of the liner "Egypt." Lloyds willingly offer any one who recovers the treasure half of it. If the wreck could be broken up, the treasure would be easy enough to take out. It is packed away in 1,100 stout oaken chests, and lies under only 390 feet of water.



THE Phœnicians have long been accorded credit for being the originators of the alphabet in use to-day. They were, however, traders rather than a people of literary accomplishment, and had definite reasons for reducing communication to written form with a fixed alphabet at the base of their writing. Now, there has been discovered a rude alphabet that differs from the Phœnician type of letters and that cannot be identified with the mysterious runes whose deciphering is a moot question among archeologists. Prof. W. Gordon Childe, of Edinburgh University, during his excavation of the prehistoric village of Skara Brae in the Orkney Islands, has found an inscription in this unknown alphabet. Together with other finds in the excavations this is regarded as one of the most important archeological developments in Western Europe in recent years.



You who have groaned over the expense of meals you were compelled to eat in the diner, while making a long railroad journey, just listen. One road shows figures to prove that it loses 52 cents for each meal served. Not counting the cost of the food itself, there is a cost, for each meal, of 5½ cents for laundry and linen; 7½ cents for fuel; 1½ cents for car cleaning; 7½ cents for menu cards and other printed matter. Moreover, a dining car must be carried 4½ miles for every meal served, and the cost of hauling it is 12 cents per mile. Yet railroad companies dare not increase the price of meals for fear that long distance travelers will refuse their patronage.

"Share the burdens of others, and you will lighten your own."