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AND
YOUNG AMERICA

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OLD CHINA AND YOUNG AMERICA

TRUE STORIES
WITH THEIR
SUNSHINE OF LOVE



THE TINY "SHERZA"
*as she came from Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress
Dowager of China* [PAGE 50]

**OLD CHINA AND
YOUNG AMERICA**

BY
SARAH PIKE CONGER

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM CHINA" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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*Lovingly dedicated
to
Helen Conger Moulton*



*The good we do is an ever-burning light. It
never goes out nor grows dim. It is of God*

*If I touch the fountain of love in the heart
of but one child and quicken it into action
I shall have walked with God*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

You gather about me asking for stories. It is a request to which I gladly respond. Life is made up of stories. Each of us weaves into a book of experience an influence which affects not only humanity but every living thing. Each story has its lights and shadows, its majors and minors.

The stories here compiled are founded upon facts. They are scattered pages torn from a life full of events. They have come into my life as open windows, enabling me to look out into the world of love. Come and share them with me.

SARAH PIKE CONGER

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

January 1, 1913

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PART I
OLD CHINA

OLD CHINA AND YOUNG AMERICA

A STORY OF THE FLAG

I AM going to tell you a story which to me is full of beauty. It was planted in love, and grew watered by the flowing heart fountain.

Old China and Young America. These represent the extremes of history. Between them the other nations of the world fill in, each with its own manners and customs. Each country has its patriotic colors, its national song, its flag, and these countries differ from each other in no one thing so much as in the use of their flag. An Englishman once said to me: "We use our flag only when necessary. You use yours upon the slightest provocation." Let this be forever true.

In China—that oldest of countries and newest of republics — the flag

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is used only upon state occasions. Until the fall of the empire, subjects were not permitted to use it, and even today a Chinese flag cannot be bought.

It was in the year 1900 that the representatives of eleven different nations were besieged in Peking. As the wife of the American Minister to China I was one of the little band hemmed in behind those walls and barricades. Almost every hour of the twenty-four we were fired upon from without. Bravely we watched and prayed and worked and fought during those trying days. We knew that the heart of the whole world throbbed in sympathy. The prayers of the nations for their own and the people of their sister-countries were borne to us on the wings of love. Suffering and sacrifices cast their gloom over our little band, yet there was in our hearts always a ray of sunshine which gave us buoyancy and strength. God smiled upon the besieged in that awful experience and we recognized His smiles in blessings.

The day of deliverance came, and



ONE OF CHINA'S GREAT MEN

His Excellency, Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, Pioneer worker for a Chinese Republic

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the glory of that day no pen or brush can depict. The American Minister and his family remained in Peking for many months after the siege was raised. The representatives of the eleven nations and China worked diligently but cautiously together upon the *Joint Note* which was to settle the intricate questions into which the siege had plunged them. It was a long waiting, but after the settlement the hour for the start homeward arrived. When the steamer landed on the home coast the wildest enthusiasm greeted it. Every act thrilled and throbbed with welcome. The ovations were winged fairy stories, increasing as the rescued party neared the home State. The pent-up horrors of the siege and the fear for the safety of the Minister and his family vanished in a sunburst and friendship's diamonds sparkled in splendor. The tear's bow of promise told far more than the spoken word.

One happy, bright day after the home coming, in Des Moines, Iowa, an official from the State Capitol, with

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a package in his hand, called upon the Minister's wife. He presented her with the package and said:

"During those horrible weeks in Peking, our fears for your safety were great. When we learned that the siege was raised, we joyfully hoisted our nation's flag over our State Capitol building. It waved there through the summer heat, the autumn rains and wind, the winter freezings and the spring bloom. It was never lowered until you had returned in safety to the soil of Iowa, and *here it is*. I present it to you."

The Minister's wife unwrapped it and bowed to it in tears. It was tattered and worn and almost black. It, too, had been in a siege and had done its best. The stripes were almost gone, but the stars on their blue field were all there! This woman, who dearly loved her country's flag, felt keenly and heard understandingly what it said to her but it was a sacred secret and could never be put into words. She continues to treasure it as one of her choicest jewels.

THE TIE THAT BINDS — A WONDERFUL PICTURE

FOR two years before the siege there had been increasing unrest in China. The foreigner had become so aggressive that the Chinese had decided that without doubt it was to their best interests to get rid of the troublesome visitor and all of his belongings. But not until 1900 did they decide just how it could be done.

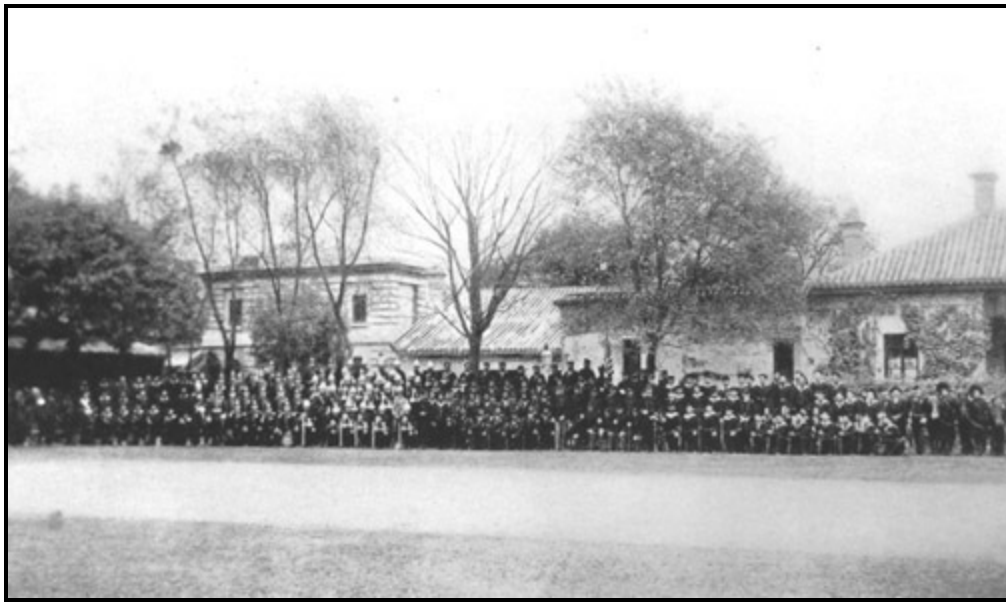
As China's attitude became more and more threatening toward foreigners, eight foreign governments sent marine guards to their respective legations in Peking. These guards watched the legations night and day with vigilance. It was conceived to have a group picture of the eight nationalities taken in the large grounds of the British Legation. The United States guards marched from their legation home with their nation's colors waving over them.

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At the British Legation each guard drew lots for its position in the picture. The United States guards drew the center, and there they stand, with the flag. Not one of the others carried their nation's emblem. The United States officer said later: "No one objected to the flag, and it would have broken the boys' hearts if I had asked them to lay it aside."

Is there in all the world another picture like this? Look at it, — listen to it! Warriors of eight nations standing peacefully together in a foreign land: Does it not tell a wonderful story in a language familiar to all mankind? Is it not prophetic of that glorious day when there shall be peace among all nations?

But I must tell you the rest of the story. Troubles faded and the guards withdrew; but in 1900 clouds darkly hovered over North China, and the eight nations again landed their Marine Guards to protect the foreigners against the revengeful wrath of the Chinese. For eight weeks these foreigners in Peking



MARINE GUARDS OF EIGHT NATIONS
Peking, China

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were besieged and under almost constant fire. By day and by night, our nation's emblem watched over us and waved its promise of protection. That beautiful flag! On June 18, 1900, its colors were bright. There was not upon its folds one stain or blemish or scar. It stood for the United States of America, and greater loyalty was never known than it proclaimed and gave. It was a target for the Chinese guns, but it seemed that through its stalwart armor they could not riddle nor destroy it.

One memorable day we stood in the American Legation, almost under shelter of this flag, and watched the shells as they came whizzing one after another, bursting at right and left, above and below, but not touching our stars and stripes. We clasped our hands in praise. But at last a cruel shell burst at the base of its standard. It shattered the roof of the gate house and the flag fell, clinging unharmed to its standard, — no sooner falling than the brave United States Marines caught

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it ere it reached the ground, and up it went in a tree near by, and there it waved in triumph until August 14, the day the allied forces lifted the siege.

But this dear flag had served its day and a bright new one rose over the gate house. I saw it, and sought out the old flag, — it was my love. I found it cast aside. It is one of my treasures and I caress it.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

1900

WHILE the allied forces of the eight foreign nations were still in Peking, General Chaffee invited the American Minister, his family, his staff members and their families, with others, to witness the raising of our flag at the American camp headquarters in the Temple of Agriculture.

In an open field of this Temple was a very large, elevated, open, white marble altar platform, with a marble balustrade encircling it. The guests occupied this beautiful place with nothing obstructing their view. The infantry stood in review at the east of this marble platform; the mounted cavalry on the south; the artillery on the west; and the band on the north, with the officers who were conducting the ceremonies. At twelve o'clock the band began to

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play "The Star-spangled Banner." Every one was on his feet, heads were uncovered, and the flag began to rise. Up it steadily went — up — up, and when the last note sounded it was at the top of that high pole. Thrilling cheers greeted it in its triumphant waving. At home we dearly love our flag, but in foreign lands we almost worship at its shrine.

In those dark days of resentment after the siege, the foreigner showed little respect or consideration for the Chinese or their effects. One day, two Russian soldiers entered the home of a well-to-do Chinaman, searching through everything, looting, and insulting the women and children. The husband and father protested, but to no effect. Finally, he began to play the Russian national air upon a piccolo. The two men at once dropped their loot, stopped their bad behavior, and became men of honor. They stood erect and silent before the musician and listened to his sweet music. At its finish they saluted and passed out into the street empty-handed.



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Every nation and every individual has a note in the rhythm of life which, if struck, peals forth its sweet melody, and the brotherhood of man is heard and felt. I asked a Russian grand duke the meaning of this great respect to their national air. He replied, "It is a prayer." You may question how this Chinese knew Russian music.

In Peking there was an English gentleman, Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs. He was a lover of music and believed in its efficacy. He formed a band of forty pieces, hired these men (Chinese), paid their instructor, bought their fine foreign instruments, foreign music, Chinese uniforms, and in fact everything pertaining to a good band; then invited foreigners to his lawn parties, outdoor concerts, dances in his ballroom, dinners, and Wednesday "at home." It was the only band in Peking. When the siege came upon us, Sir Robert, with the other foreigners, was compelled to flee for his life from his beautiful home, gardens, and all

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of his belongings, to the British Legation. His bandmen fled far and near. This Chinese with his piccolo was one of these men. Surely, no good thought or act is ever lost. If there had been no other harvest from the wealth Sir Robert put into that band, the saving of that Chinese family was harvest rich enough. It is well to have the silent melody of sincere prayer echoing and re-echoing in our national airs and emblems. It is Love's peaceful, tender voice without word or sound.

A SERVICE IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

1904

EARLY one morning while out upon our horses in a refreshing ride, we perceived piles of yellow soil by the roadside. We knew that the soil pertained to the Imperial Court, as it was yellow, and that it would be scattered over the line of march to the Forbidden City. On inquiry we learned that the Empress and her court princesses were coming in from the summer palace for a special service at a special shrine in the Forbidden City. The Empress and her princesses bow before this shrine in behalf of the silkworm. Here they offer sacrifices and prayers for the protection, sustenance, and success of these little worms. A princess explained that there are different shrines and temples in China for the worship of different gods.

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The Emperor has a care for the people in general and makes pilgrimages to these sacred places, with prayers and sacrifices for the good of the whole Empire, while the Empress has a special care for the domestic and personal needs of her subjects. This princess was one of Her Majesty's assistants in the ceremony to the god of the silkworm. After the wonderful work of the little worm was finished — after each had wrapped itself carefully, thread by thread, in its almost perfect cocoon — we were out again riding and saw the yellow soil scattered upon the street and the court in imperial procession coming into the city, to worship again at the shrine of the god of this industrious worm. This time the Empress and her princesses were bringing their offerings of gratitude and thanks. No Chinese shrine for centuries has received more devotion than this one, and greater and still greater successes have followed and blessed this marvelous industry.

China is conceded to be the home

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in which the silkworm was discovered some three or four thousand years ago. There are vague ancient stories of the utility of this industrious worm and the silk making. For centuries China jealously protected from foreign invaders the secrets of the silk industry, which grew to such vastness and value that many parts of the civilized world were aroused with a desire and determination to partake of it. But China always has held and still holds the highest honors in the making of superior and almost numberless varieties of silk fabrics. Many of these older preserved silk textiles are exquisite in design, workmanship, quality, coloring, and value. No word or brush can portray with accuracy the richness and beauty of these productions. The little worm and the stalwart man work

together to produce them.

NOTHING COMMON

TO the Chinese their simplest things are not "common." Each and all have their underlying meaning, and it is so well known by the Chinese that they detect and listen to the voices of these silently speaking things. The Chinese have many feast days and celebrate them according to ceremonies awarded them. For birthdays and weddings every gift must bear in some pronounced way two love characters standing side by side, with a bar uniting them, — "two loves united." Every tree, shrub, plant, and flower, every reptile, insect, bird, and animal is symbolical of a certain idea and in some, representation carries its greeting to the different celebrations.

I often took embroideries, fabrics, porcelains, brasses, bronzes, cloisonne, lacquer, and wood carvings to a scholar and had them read to me. As we broaden our views, the

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barriers which hedge us in break away, and the golden rule makes mellow our thoughts with broader recognition and more generous activities.

The educated Chinese and those of recognized standing in the social and official world have an acknowledged place of their own and that place is respected, and this is just as true with every caste of the Chinese, from the throne to the beggar. They never elbow each other nor step upon one another's toes, because each knows his own rights and claims nothing else. They have their court and common etiquette, to which they adhere. Even if their customs differ from those of the other nations, they may be just as proper in the sight of the Great Judicial Court of all as the etiquette more generally accepted by other people. The innate grace, cordial politeness, and untiring watchfulness of the higher classes make them most attractive hosts and hostesses. When we get near them in their palaces and homes, under different circumstances, there is a depth

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of feeling that wells up through their surface cement that floods one and awakens a desire to be more worthy within oneself, — to be better able to meet this flood in like strength.

With small beginning, little by little, ways opened for me to enter forbidden places, sacred places, places of sorrow and of rejoicing. The Empress Dowager, the Empress, the princesses, and Chinese ladies, have taken me by the hand and gently led me through every part of their palaces (even their ancestral halls) and friendly talked all the while. Our conversation was always through an interpreter, but a press of the hand, expression of eye and face, told even more than the uttered words. We became friends, and heart spoke to heart in a common language. I grew very fond of these ladies

and felt at home with them. In our many meetings and talks a quality of character was detected which I had never felt before. I have never named this quality, because I find no word that describes it. Some

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thoughts and affections are deeper than the most powerful words; they are the expressions of the Great Infinite Mind and Heart, uniting humanity.

*Every good thought, expressed or un-
expressed, is echoing and re-
echoing in the vast forever.*

A CHINESE SANTA CLAUS

CHILDREN are teachable and they are lovable. They appeal to older people in their little individualities.

A letter came to the Peking Post-office addressed as follows:

SANTA CLAUS,
Peking, CHINA.

It bore the United States postage, therefore it was sent to the United States Minister. Within was a letter written by a little girl in America to "Dear Santa." Evidently she had been told that Santa was in China, and she wrote telling her Christmas needs. The Minister's wife answered the letter as follows:

"PEKING, CHINA.
Jan. 25, 1903.

"DEAR MARTHA:

"I am 'Santa' and your letter came across the seas to me in China. I was very near to you in your own home, and did you not know it?

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"I am 'Love' and I am known everywhere, for I live in the hearts of father, mother, sister, brother, grandparents, uncle, aunt, cousin, and friend, and through them I am known to the dear children. What made my little Martha write to far-off China to find Love Santa Claus?

"Perhaps your child heart detects Love's far-reaching life more readily than older persons'.

"You are quite right, Santa Claus is here in Peking and his warm, generous love is manifested through these Chinese people.

"Christmas Day has passed long ago, but Love Santa Claus lives right on and always has many gifts for the little ones. I, Santa Claus, am with you in your dear home, and your letter makes me reach out to you from China.

"I send a little box of simple Chinese toys to my little Martha. Love and good wishes will surely bear them safely to you.

"Be a good little girl, kind to everybody, so that you will know

that Love is always with you, making you very happy.

"Love, Love always,
"SANTA."

This lady strove to cover all of her steps, so that no one could imagine the identity of the writer. The next Christmas another letter, addressed the same, came to the United States Legation from an older child. It was nicely written and told of Martha's receiving Santa's letter and little gifts. It stated that no gifts were desired, but instead Santa's autograph on the enclosed blank card. As the lady could not give her name, no reply was sent.

THE FOLLY OF IGNORANCE

WHEN Baby Sarah came into the home of her father and mother, a cablegram darted across the Pacific and into the American Legation at Peking. It was received with rejoicings. The Chinese rejoiced with the grandparents, from throne down through many callings of life to the humblest of their servants, recognizing that a wonderful event was theirs as child-bearing is considered the greatest honor and blessing that can come to a home. Many gifts, both beautiful and simple, were brought or sent to be forwarded to the little granddaughter. Among these, were suits of Chinese clothing. These were complete, even to the hats, shoes, and stockings. Many were beautifully made of embroidered silk or satin with fancy hats and embroidered shoes.

The little one's parents were delighted and wrote that when Sarah

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grew into the smallest suit they would have her picture taken and send it to China. After a time it came. The mother wrote that the hat was too small, also the shoes, but she had taken from larger suits those that fitted the child. The mother had never seen little Chinese girls dressed, hence did not know that all the garments hang gracefully from their shoulders to their feet, the sleeves covering the hands, and undergarments not visible at all. Little Sarah had not only outgrown the hat and shoes, which she could not get on, but the whole suit, which was a very plain one and for a much younger child.

The Chinese are very particular about the style and completeness of their dress. The grandparents did not show them the picture of little Sarah because it would have grieved them. But they sent the mother a picture of a little princess, showing the contrast and how the Chinese babies wear their clothes.

This story is not without a lesson. It illustrates the effect of ignorantly



A REAL CHINESE BABY



AN AMERICAN BABY IN CHINESE CLOTHES

portraying people, their manners, or fashions. Often, in doing so, we come no nearer the truth than the ape does to the true man. Sometimes offense is taken although none is intended. The wife of the Japanese Minister and Sarah's grand-mother were visiting a foreign lady in Peking. With seeming great pleasure this lady brought to them a large photograph of herself, standing, representing a Chinese lady. Now, the costumes of the Manchu and the Chinese lady, the style of wearing the hair and dressing the feet, bear a marked difference. On the head of the lady in this picture was a Manchu

head decoration perched upon the light-colored, puffed hair of the foreigner. The picture showed the pleated skirt and coat of the Chinese lady, but on the feet were Manchu shoes. The mixture of foreign hair, Manchu head-dress and shoes, with the Chinese skirt and coat was an absurdity. It represented absolutely nothing.

When opportunity presented, the Japanese baroness pathetically said:

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"The Chinese are just as exacting among their well-bred people about their rules of propriety as my people are. Every color, shade of color, and fold has its awarded place, and it is almost exasperating to see foreigners ignore every one of them in striving, ignorantly, to represent us."

*It is dangerous to imitate in ignorance.
We only caricature ourselves.*

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

THERE is a custom in China to observe certain ceremonies during the passage of the shadow which eclipses the sun's direct rays from our earth. This custom bears the date of ages long past.

A party of Americans in Peking was permitted to witness the ceremonies of the Chinese officials during a total eclipse of the sun. These ceremonies were observed in the open court of one of their Imperial Boards. Extending in front of a large building facing the south was an immense platform. In their proper places were musicians playing their wailing music upon various instruments, from the shrill little tones to the heavy bass. These in chorus sounded their doleful voices to frighten away the "evil spirit" that was striving to "devour the sun." Many imperially robed officials, in

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special groups and at stated periods, quietly and solemnly emerged from the building and knelt on yellow cushions upon this platform. After their strange incantations and ceremonies they departed and others appeared. This continued until the sun was rescued and smiled again in glory.

Through all time the heavens have awakened an unsatisfied desire in man to know of them. First, in ignorance, superstition held a terrifying fear that some destruction might come to mankind through the starlit heavens. Ignorance always fears destruction because there is no life to sustain it. As scientific reasoning brings forth a bright light, ignorance with its fears disappears, and science asserts itself.

While China has discarded many of her more marked superstitions, she steadfastly clings to many ancient customs. Although her more progressive people adhere to these superstitions in ceremony, they do not in conviction. Superstition is a phase of this mortal living and

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in degree taints the whole human family. We can, if willing, trace it in some form through our own characters; and then, if willing, we can eradicate it.

TOWER, LAO HU, AND MOI YU

THE first imperial Chinese pug we brought home from China was named Tower, and the little fellow had a history. After the siege of Peking was raised, a Russian officer took from his pocket and gave to my daughter a mite of a dog, saying: "I found this small fellow in the Empress Dowager's private room, almost starved. The court had left him when it fled. He was, however, very active and literally refused to be captured. I will present him to you with my compliments." The Chinese boys cleaned him up, petted him, and assured him that he was in a good home. His fear was destroyed, and he soon became very fond of his new mistress and ruled the household. He was bright and became an educated dog in foreign ways, learned to have many wants, and never hesitated to let us know them. He did not like to be alone.



TOWER, LAO HU, AND MOI HU

When he was sleepy and wished to go to bed, he would sit up and with a pleading low voice ask for his basket. If not brought at once, with his teeth he would get it himself, jump into it, and go to sleep. We brought him home to America and the first day on the train he was almost wild with fear. I took the little trembling baby in my arms, and with his eyes looking into mine I talked gently and kindly to him. He was all right until night; then he jumped out of the basket and onto my bed. I said, "Yes, Tower, come, you may stay with me." He cuddled close to me; I covered him all over, and in peace and quiet he slept all night and was afraid no more during our journey.

These imperial dogs are quick to learn. They look right at you when you are talking to them and catch your meaning. I have had six of these Chinese imperial pugs and brought three of them to America. I find they manifest many good qualities of the Chinese character. The Chinese will watch you and

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listen and catch your meaning, although they do not know a word of your language. The character of an animal is modified, strengthened, or weakened by the character-atmosphere it breathes.

These small pugs are house dogs and they become companions. I must tell you about Lao Hu. Everybody loves him, for he makes himself lovable. He marches up to people, wagging his plummy tail as much as to say, "How do you do?" and people gladly respond to him.

These pets are privileged characters and are allowed to occupy upholstered chairs and sofas. Lao Hu had a companion who often wanted the chair that he was in. She would go to him and sit up, and he would at once get down and take another chair. I generally bathed my three dogs the same night and Lao Hu always first. One night I decided to bathe the two blacks and not him. When I started to get ready for the task, Lao Hu came jumping and dancing about me. I did not think to tell him my plans



FEEDING THE PETS

and picked up Shea and took him away. Lao Hu, disappointed, went into a room which he does not frequent. When I returned, he came again dancing about me, with his big white tail waving in the air. Then I said: "No, Lao Hu, I am not going to bathe you tonight. Come, jump into your bed and go to sleep." He did this and was satisfied. Why did I not think to tell him my plans at first?

I have four bells, --- front door, maid's, telephone, and table bell. These are all in the back hall and kitchen. When the door bell rings, the dogs will give a bark and come to me as if to tell me about it. When the maid's bell rings, they will rush for the kitchen; when the telephone and table bells ring, they never notice them. They follow me upstairs and down until I put on my hat, then they do not

notice me but shut their eyes in sleep. I never take them driving, as I do not wish to lessen their home joys.

Lao Hu will come and gaze intently at me until he gains my atten-

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tion, then he wags his tail and I say: "What is it, Lao Hu? Do you want to go outdoors? want water? want my dress to lie upon? Do you want to get in my lap?" When I ask the right thing, he will grunt a little "Yes," and his want will be granted.

My three pet dogs love affection and attention, and they come many times a day for a little love manifested. If I am obliged to reprimand one, the others will stand back until I forgive and make up with the one reprimanded; then they will all dance about me in great glee. They have appreciative natures and are intensely loyal to their friends, and with a Chinese memory they never forget them. Moi Yu's master had not seen her for two years. He entered the home where she was staying, and while he was waiting to be received, two little dogs came barking down the stairs and placing their little black heads against the bannister, peeped through. Moi Yu's master recognized one little face and said: "Why, *Moi Yu!*"

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That was enough. Down she went and leaped upon him with cries of joy that were pitiful, and would not leave him for a moment during his stay. Three years passed and she came to her mistress. At the meeting she was almost wild and it seemed that her little heart would burst with joy.

SHERZA AND LAO HU

ONE bright day in Peking, a yellow card was brought to me. I knew at once that it was from the Imperial Palace. Two court eunuchs and a mounted escort followed this card. One eunuch was carrying a pretty flat basket, and lying in this basket, upon a red satin pad, was a small black puppy from the palace kennels. She was like a little puffball. Her imperial trappings of harness and ornaments were wonderful. Around this little one's neck was a yellow silk collar with gold bells and upright tassels; about her body was a harness of heavy yellow silk braid fastened with gold buckles; at the back of this harness was a gold ornament and to this ornament was attached a very heavy yellow cord with a gold hook at its end to fasten to my belt when taking the little one walking.



"SHERZA'S" RIVAL --- BABY "LAO HU"

delight, what could I say? The little one looked right into my face with her big, round, black eyes, without one thought of fear. I said "Sherza" and stroked her, and we were friends. She was a gift from Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Dowager of China, and came in royal style.

I had long wanted one of these Peking pugs but had not been able to find one in all the city. They are strictly for the palace kennels, and only gifts or stray or stolen ones get outside. These pets are bright and can be taught all sorts of tricks. They mind readily and are sensitive to tone of voice or manner toward them. They love to be loved.

This little one became a real member of our family and in mute language conversed with us. She knew what we said and responded to it.

Months after her coming, the

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Empress Dowager sent another baby dog to me. He was auburn and white. He brought his name, Lao Hu, with him from Her Majesty. I sat upon the floor with baby Lao Hu in my lap and called Sherza. She came, examined the little fellow, then stepped back, sat down, and looked at me. I talked with Sherza and told her that I wanted her to help me care for this newcomer into our home. Without remaining longer, she turned her back on us and went direct to her master, jumped into his lap, and cuddled close to him. I put the little Lao Hu aside and went to her. She climbed upon her master's shoulder with back to me. I faced her again, but at once she turned her back. She resisted my touch. I reasoned with her, but she would not listen. For three days she would receive no attention of mine nor a morsel of food from my hand. She clung closely to her master. It was pathetic, but I held my ground that it was Lao Hu's home, too, and that she must help take care of him. The

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third day jealousy was conquered, and from that time on she was a careful protector and happy companion of our Lao Hu.

These little dogs sat up, jumped through hoops, and did many bright things. I am going to tell you a sad story about our Sherza with a ray of light shining through it.

One morning I saw my dear little pet lying upon the floor struggling. I rang the bell, then quietly took her in my lap, and without another struggle she breathed her last. She seemed to have been poisoned.

When Wang answered the bell I burst out crying and said, "Sherza has left us." This big man stood at the door in silence looking at me and finally, in tones of sympathy, asked, "Shall I call a doctor?" The absurdity of the situation brought me to my senses and I said: "No, Wang, that would do no good. You get me a nice box and we will line it and place her in it." When he returned, he brought a box, wadded and lined with blue silk. We placed Sherza in the beautiful

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bed that my faithful servant had made for her. Wang screwed the cover on, wrapped the box in brown paper; and tied it securely. We chose a place in the garden to bury her. Wang placed another box over the wrapped one, and the coolie filled in the soil. We left a little mound in the garden. Later, I passed that way and saw flowers upon the mound. I stood and looked upon those flowers. I knelt down and petted them, for I knew what kind thought for me had placed them there. On returning to my room, I called Wang and asked: "Who placed those beautiful flowers upon Sherza's mound?" He said: " I did, Madam. I thought Madam would like them there."

In about six months we moved from this legation to our temple legation. After the last of our belongings had been moved, Wang came to me and said, " I now go get Sherza." I had not thought of moving her, but I said, "Thank you, Wang, bring her here and we will find a good place for her." Again the gentle hand of the Chinaman laid her away.

Do you not detect the ray of sun-shine through this sad event? The many kind, thoughtful deeds of that big Chinese man have given an increasing helpful influence along my pathway even to this day. The Infinite Good and Good's reflection is all that is enduring, and this Good reflected in our thoughts and deeds is all that we can really give our fellow-men. This Good, reflected through us, multiplies and multiplies its good influence along the shores of time.

*The quality of heart and mind
is portrayed in ideas and
actions.*

THINGS TALK

THINGS are akin to people. If we like them and show them recognition, they with an individuality will work with us. This is why the Oriental things are attractive. They have a character of their own which seems intelligent, and when we suggest that such or such a thing goes in a certain place, it often objects and tells us so. If we listen and keep trying until it is pleased with its place and surroundings, it smiles in gladness and reflects that gladness. All things are thoughts manifested, and some thoughts are in line, and complement one another in harmony, while others reject even a recognition of casual acquaintance.

My beautiful collection of intricate work from China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Brazil, and other parts of North and South America and Europe, is not loved and enjoyed because of its money or material

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value. I keep in mind the thought value, — the richness of thought that was able to manifest them. As I comprehend the patient, persevering, accurate, loving heart work through and through these productions, I love and appreciate them more and still more. Every little detail speaks of greatness. They are like the little grace notes in music, which add character to the heavier notes; or like the dainty touches of color in painting, which add life and action to the picture; or, again, like the smallest fraction which adds perfection to the mathematical problem. Yes, I love these speaking things, in detail and as a whole, that tell me the thoughts of days long gone by. And, too, each one has a little heart story, telling how it came to me. I have indulged and rather courted the idea from my early childhood, not to have anything in my keeping which did not bear good-will, or that would remind me of any unhappy thought connected with it. The intrinsic value of my treasures is little in comparison

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to the bright, loving joy song which they sing in a harmonious chorus. My home, filled with sweet memories, is a living joy that points heaven-ward.

CHINA'S RELIGION

THE religion of China is composed of and modified by Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, and other teachings. Individuals and nations portray or reflect in action the God they truly and secretly worship in their inmost hearts. Honesty is not a traitor, but in its might uncovers and reveals the naked truth.

China's great period of literature was between 1122 B.C. and 249 B.C. Confucius was born 550 B.C. He was a philosopher and scholar; his writings have molded the lives of more people than any other writings in recorded history. He is a saint to the Chinese, — embodiment of wisdom. He founded no religion, but the spirit of the ever-living Christ can be traced through his teachings. In every home, school, and college Confucius' classics are taught, and the children and older people must commit and repeat

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them. For centuries the "Nine Classics " formed the foundation for Chinese education, religion, philosophy, and etiquette. They are so positive and uplifting that they forged an empire stronger than steel. These classical teachings, learned and practised, have upheld China through the roaring earthquakes and tumultuous billows.

There is a large temple in Peking builded in memory of this great sage. It is composed of many buildings and courts. The whole temple is wonderfully impressive in its solemn grandeur. In the finest building is a large tablet to Confucius, before which the Emperor worships. There are also tablets to his closest followers. The many memorials placed in walls or standing alone and in open courts indicate what reverence China holds for its great benefactor. Many temples are built throughout China in revered memory of Confucius, but none was builded in his memory by imperial edict until the first century of the Christian era. This great man unselfishly and

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devotedly worked out and gave to China a code for living. Through-out the Empire his word is quoted as law, settling controversies for all classes.

The respect and love the Chinese have for parents, the aged, for children, for all life, animal and vegetable, have been planted and fostered through the lofty teachings of Confucius. This judicious man emphasized an unfailing loyalty to every vow. A missionary illustrated this point: A man of many years was seen measuring his length in the road. He would lie down, arise, take a few steps, and lie down again. This he repeated time after time. The missionary inquired, " Why this penance?" and asked the aged, weary, and soil-stained man to ride on his cart. The man earnestly replied: "I cannot. My son was very ill and I prayed the good spirit to spare him to me. He was all I had. I made a solemn, sacred vow if he remained with me and his health restored, I would measure my length over

every foot of the

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fifty miles between my home and my ancestral tombs. He did get well and I now am faithful to that vow.

Again: I have seen large trees in temple and palace grounds tied and propped up in many ways, for "they must not fall." When at the Western Hills, in our summer temple home, a large, five-foot snake fell from the rolled awning above our door into the court. I rang the bell furiously and servants came flocking from different directions. When they saw the snake, they halted and stood silent. The first Mafoo (stableman) stepped quietly forward, gently took it by the tail with his hand, then lifted and carried it out of the compound, and with a slight toss dropped it in the ravine below. Once before, when in the garden, I called the gardener to come and kill a snake. Instead of inflicting a blow, he carefully, with his broom, directed it to a hole in the wall. I did not understand this consideration given to reptiles and asked my boy Wang why they were

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not killed. He replied: "Chinaman no kill snake, Chinaman good to snake, snake good to Chinaman. Chinaman kill snake; snake kill Chinaman."

*It is a conceded fact that there is an
influence going out with every
thought and act and on its
return brings blessings or
cursings.*

A WONDERFUL WOMAN

THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

THE father of the late Empress Dowager of China was a Manchu military official of third rank. His post was not a lucrative one, and at his death his family was very poor. He left a wife and three children, — two daughters and a son. The eldest was the late Empress Dowager, the wife of Emperor Hsien Feng. The second daughter married Prince Ch'ung, the father of the late Emperor Kwang Hsu.

As customary and mandatory with the Chinese and Manchus the remains of this deceased official were taken to his place of birth for burial. The bereaved mother hired a boat to take her husband's remains, herself, and children down the Yangtze. The boat anchored at Hankow; and as the family was so destitute, it seemed impossible for them ever to



HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

reach Peking. There were many boats in the harbor at Hankow; and after this boat had been detained several days, a mistake was made which proved to be a blessing to this family in their sorrow and troubles.

Wu-tang, the magistrate who held jurisdiction over Hankow, wishing to show honor to an official on his way to Peking, sent a feast and two hundred taels as a gift. The servants in charge of these gifts carried them to the wrong boat, which was also on its way to Peking, and delivered them to the widow. The magistrate's card and the offerings were overwhelming in the hour of utmost need; but supposing that Wu-tang was a friend of her deceased husband, the sorrowing woman in gratitude stepped forward in sight to thank the servants, saying that she, a woman, could not go ashore to thank the magistrate who had so greatly honored and bountifully blessed her; and requested that His Honor come on board her boat, that she might thank him. When

the servants in charge of the gifts returned to the Yamen and told Wu-tang what they had done, he was furious. He did not know this man nor had he ever heard of him, and lamented over "good money wasted."

The servants in dismay went to the Chinese legal adviser, whose opinion is always respected at the Yamen, and begged him to intercede with their master to desist from inflicting punishment, for it was purely a mistake. The adviser did intercede in the servants' behalf. He went to see the magistrate and suggested to him, as the gifts had already been presented, it seemed best for him to make a personal call and pay his respects to the dead. In this way he would get out of the dilemma gracefully. The next day Wu-tang in his official dress and black outer garment visited the boat, sent in his card, and made his obeisance to the remains. The widow prostrated herself before him in gratitude. He gave her to understand that he knew her husband

and this was a slight offering given in his memory. She kowtowed and said, "I never can repay you, but I will give to you my oldest daughter Chao as your god-daughter." This is an honor Chinese bestow upon benefactors. The eldest daughter was presented and kowtowed to Wu-tang and called him her god-father. He returned the salutation and called her his god-daughter. He perceived this was the only way to comfort the sorrowing woman in her great desire to pay him for the respect he showed her dead husband and the help he had given her in time of need.

Years passed and the instance was forgotten by Wu-tang.

This official was never noted for his diligent, industrious, whole-hearted work; and yet he was promoted to the office of Sub-Prefect of Kansu Province. The Viceroy, who was an able, up-and-doing man, memorialized the Throne, to denounce him as unfit for the post and praying that he be removed from service. When read, Wu-tang

was a familiar name, and a decree was issued that Wu-tang be promoted to the post of Prefect. Thinking there must be a misunderstanding as to his former memorial, the Viceroy reiterated the charges to the Throne. In reply a second decree came, making Wu-tang Taotai, — a step still higher. This was a severe blow to the Viceroy. He sent for the offensive man and asked if he had "ever known the Empress Dowager personally." He replied that he had "never had the honor." He again questioned, "Have you any secret influence at Peking to work in your behalf." The reply was full and earnest: "No, I have no friend in Peking and no official acquaintance." In a third memorial the Viceroy requested the Throne to order Wu-tang to Peking for an audience, that they might see for themselves what an insignificant, worthless fellow they had promoted to these high, responsible posts. The highly appointed official proceeded to Peking ; and with bowed head humbly knelt before the throne. The Empress Dowager inquired into

his past record, then told him to raise his head and look at her.

Wu-tang obeyed her command and beheld, sitting on the throne, the identical young girl who knelt before him and called him god-father thirty years before.

In his overwhelming surprise, language had no words, and in devout reverence he bowed low before her. And this woman was the great Empress Dowager of China, whose name history will steadfastly preserve through time. What Her Majesty said from the fulness of her mind and heart is a secret from the world. But her words had power in them, for Wu-tang returned to his post and with an awakened latent vigor diligently worked for the good he could do; and in honor laid down this world's toils with the insignia *Viceroy* upon his name.

This story of Her Imperial Majesty the late Empress Dowager of China, portrays a depth of character that he who looks can perceive, who listens can hear its melody, who feels can know its warmth.

After reaching Peking, little Chao was taken a concubine into the palace. She had been educated only in the lower or simple classics for girls and the "Filial Piety Classic," teaching obedience to those above them in authority. The Emperor Hsien Feng's eye was upon her and detected her great desire to learn. The educated eunuch teachers of the imperial harem were more than pleased with this attractive, bright girl, who was ambitious for the education they could give her. Her comprehension was acute, and she learned from observation of all about her. Devotion to her studies and what they were doing for her attracted the attention of the young Empress and, later, the affection of the Emperor. She was chosen his first secondary wife. These two women became heart friends and remained thus as long as they both lived. This secondary wife bore to the Emperor his only son who died in youth. Ere long she was raised to the honors of wife and given the title of "Western Empress," as the

first wife was "Eastern Empress." From that date, the two women were equal in rank and in power before the world. No envy, jealousy, or enmity tarnished their lives with one another. One desired ease and comfort, while the other courted the events that aroused to action the ability to cope with the questions of state. China was under a cloud of war at the death of Emperor Hsien Feng, and Prince Kung, his brother, became adviser to the Eastern and Western Empress Dowagers who, notwithstanding their bereavement, took the reign of the Empire. Darkest clouds that ever threatened any nation have gathered during the forty-two years' reign of the late Empress Dowager. Trials at home have been appalling, but the aggressive foreigner has gathered the darkest clouds over China and provoked her to atrocities unworthy of her better judgment.

It became evident that Her Majesty realized more than any of her predecessors that China must arouse herself to the demands of

other nations if she would stand abreast with them, and not be devoured. One of Her Majesty's chief characteristics as a ruler has been her marked ability to choose strong statesmen, the wisest advisers and safest leaders from among her most efficient officers, both conservative and progressive.

This woman, — this ruler of the great Chinese Empire for forty-two years I have met many times and felt the touch of her gentle hand and listened to the mellow tones of her voice and gained her friendship. Many treasures in my memory and my keeping tell me that she was my friend.

*Values are in thoughts. We feel
thoughts, — some are mellow, some
are hard. Everything reflects its
own character. It cannot be
otherwise. Love is the Mighty
Power and all creation feels
its gentle touch and
peacefully yields to
its influence.*

CHINA'S STRENGTH

SINCE the troubles of 1900 China's pulse has increased in vigor, without fever heat, to a healthy action that forces her on into fields unknown before. The Last private audience given me by Her Imperial Majesty, the late Empress Dowager, revealed more than at any other time Her Majesty's eager thought for a broader activity in her people. Our conversation was long and earnest, — mostly of China and America. Other nations have their individualities, but by a constant contact with sister-nations these individualities are tuned into comparative harmony. If China wishes to be in accord with this universal chorus, she will have to think it out in her own way. May China's rulers and her subjects stand as a unit and all work together for the establishment and preservation of their new republic. Their innate positive-

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ness and tireless activity will arouse slumbering strength, unknown to other nations and unknown to themselves.

The downfall of the empire and the rise of the republic will bring their changes, but China has not fallen. The quality of her heart and mind sustains her. Her situation is appalling, but her sturdy, quiet activity will bring her out of her dilemma. As new necessities present themselves to the progressive Chinese, steps are taken to meet the demands of these necessities. Commissioners are equipped with plans and sent out to gather information needed to vitalize their republic. They work quietly, but with a steadfastness that keeps them moving.

There are thirteen legations in Peking, and each is within a walled compound. These thirteen legations, representing the foreign countries, are at peace with China. The uprising of 1911-1912 was not against the foreigner, but an internal revolution to overthrow the Manchu dynasty.



CHING CHUN WANG
An Untiring Worker for his Country

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The indemnity fund that China awarded the United States in 1901, the United States gave back to China, and she is using this fund for the education of her boys and girls abroad. A large per cent of those sent to America to be educated are those who have attended American mission schools and colleges in China. These are mostly Chinese and not Manchus. This mission education gives the Chinese students a knowledge, although limited, of the English language, and of foreign schools and customs.

Since 1900, great changes have taken place in Peking, and in many ways the city is becoming foreignized. Railroads are making their way inland. A trip to the Great Wall of China is no longer a toilsome one, but its picturesque features are gone, never to return.

The new China, with the qualities of the old China, invigorated by good qualities of the younger nations, is marching steadily forward at a rapid pace. The Empire was builded upon stability and it has proven her

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to be almost impregnable. She stood upon her own ground and worked out her knotty problems. Her whole system, political, social, and financial, was a wheel within a wheel, with such accurately adjusted cogs that the whole country kept going with clock-like precision. China has received ruthless

piercings from the constant peckings of the foreigner with his so-called progressive ideas. It may be that this pecking was the only thing that could arouse her and make her show her mettle.

China's coming generations will have mighty battles to fight and intricate problems to solve. But they can do it all. This people has a stored power, born of patience and nurtured by steadfastness, endurance, and love for native land; and this power will show itself and conquer.

May China so adjust herself as to walk with equal honors in the great sisterhood of nations. Step by step this old empire — new republic — is marching forward. Not only do men join hands, but

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men and women unite in equal suffrage to battle in the progressive struggle for their new republic.

May China's new flag with its five stripes unfurl its folds and wave protection and progress to its five dependencies and its millions of peoples! May men and women hand in hand step together in formulating and building a new, a true republic.

YUAN-SH IH-K'AI

YUAN-SH IH-K'AI did not enter official life in the usual Chinese manner, by the narrow door of the examination halls. His honorable father opened a wider door for himself and son through their ability and favor at court. The old adage, "Blood will tell," proves true in this case, for the son has shown far more conspicuous ability than the father. He rose in the sight and confidence of the court, of Chinese officials, and the people, through manifested wisdom, judgment, and untiring activity. A growing forceful character was continually revealing itself in a stronger light. He was born in the Province of Honan, in the heart of China, and was a protégé of Jung-Iu, who held great favor at court, and through his influence Yuan-Shih-K'ai advanced in his high official career. He was appointed to posts of great re-



GENERAL YUAN-SH IH-K'AI
First President of China

sponsibilities, to settle difficulties, and brought to the throne victory's laurels.

In September, 1898, he was summoned to a midnight audience to arrange a plan of placing the

Empress Dowager under guard and removing Jung-lu to the spirit world. He appeared to acquiesce in the plans of His Imperial Majesty. Evidently he did not have confidence in the visionary advisers whom the Emperor had chosen. Yuan hastened back to Tientsin and to his camp without waiting for the death warrant. It followed next morning by T'ang, who was ordered to see it executed and on no account lose sight of Yuan-Shih-K'ai. If Yuan hesitated to carry out his orders, T'ang was to do it himself. But Yuan-Shih-K'ai took the green arrow and the death warrant on the yellow satin and went with T'ang to Jung-lu's Yamen; stationed T'ang at the front gate with orders to prevent at any cost Jung-lu's escape; and he himself went inside and disclosed the whole plan to

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Jung-lu who fled through a rear gate, secured an engine, and hastened to Peking, where he warned the Empress Dowager and brought about the coup d'état which resulted in the confinement of the Emperor on the island in the Forbidden City and the sending of his ill-timed advisers into exile or to the execution grounds.

T'ang became anxious because Yuan-Shih-K'ai tarried so long and was about to enter when the gate opened and Yuan faced him, saying, "I have searched everywhere but am unable to find Jung-lu." T'ang hastened to inform the conspirators. K'ang Yu-wei and Liang Chih-Chiao escaped, while T'ang met his death. An edict was issued by the imprisoned Emperor calling the Empress Dowager back to his aid. Her Majesty resuming reign, the government moved on without apparent serious difficulties, and Yuan-Shih-K'ai was promoted from time to time to posts of greater importance. Yu-hsien, the "Boxer" advocate, was a notorious trouble-maker.

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He was the inaugurator of the "Boxer" uprising against the foreigners in Shantung and Shansi which finally culminated in the awful siege of Peking in 1900. Yuan-Shih-K'ai literally refused to take any part in this movement and maintained peace throughout his province during this blood-thirsty period. All missionaries and foreigners were safely escorted to the coast from his province. After the siege was raised, this brave, judicious man was recognized as one of China's strongest supports in time of need, and higher honors were bestowed upon him. His mother died in 1901, and according to Chinese custom he should have retired from all public service for twenty-seven months. At this critical period the government so needed his services that he remained on duty. After the death of the great Li Hung-Chang, in 1901, he was appointed Viceroy of the important post in Chili. In December of the same year he was honored with the title of "Junior Guardian" of the heir apparent, and in January,

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1902, was decorated with the Yellow Jacket. This imperial jacket stands for marked honors, and this honored man wore this badge as the court returned to Peking. At the date of the court's returning, there were still eight armies of eight different nations stationed in and about China's capital. But peace and friendship had been declared between the nations and China, and the court, in perfect safety, marched in its imperial array through the streets and on into the Forbidden City. Wonderful doings! A wonderful age permitting them!

China was in distress. Active and efficient workers must come to her rescue. Where were they? Among the foremost was Yuan-Shih-K'ai. On January 20, 1902, this official was placed in charge of the Northern Railway and during the same month was made a consulting member of the newly established commission of "Administrative Reform." The following year he was appointed a member of the commission for the "Reorganization of

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the Army." He took a most active part in preparing the new army regulations and was the first to organize an army on the new method. He has also been foremost in promoting the new educational system. As Viceroy of Chili he was the Superintendent of Trade for all northern China.

Although this great practical man of affairs did not win his official rank through the halls of learning, he appears to great advantage when contrasted with scholarly officials who strive to rise on the frail honors of scholarship alone. True honors, with living strength, come from experience, polished bright and kept so through the constant, active power within a man. Scholarship should open the door wide for rich experiences to enter. Then together they should build a ladder, stanch and strong, round by round, for coming generations to safely climb. Socially, Yuan-Shih-K'ai is gentlemanly and entertaining with foreigners and portrays that innate politeness common to the Chinese people.

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In 1912 China was proclaimed a republic. While the government was only provisional, one of China's strong men, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, acted as President. But Yuan-Shih-K'ai was made the country's first President. With his able associates of strong, conscientious thinkers and doers President Yuan-Shih-K'ai will breast the storms of a new republic and show to the world the inner, better qualities of China and the Chinese character.

PART II

YOUNG AMERICA

PART II

It is Love that paints the life scenes in the colorings of a harmonious, living glow, — and it is the Christ-hand that reveals this glow. All nations, all creeds, all peoples, know the word "Love" and bow to it. Each individual in the fulness of his own heart bows to it, — bows to Love.

LOVE'S ALTAR

I WAS told of a little girl who was always quietly doing those things which made her lovable, hence she had many warm friends who loved her. She wore a bright face, was polite, kind, thoughtful, and patient. She kept tuning her young heart more and more to the key-note of love and good-will. As she grew older, kindnesses would suggest themselves, persuading her that such and such an act would lift some one's burden or brighten a darkened pathway. She never tried to do big things for people, as that might make the one whom she would favor feel under obligations, thus burying the joy she would give in the humiliation of debt. It is not the intrinsic value of a gift or an act that blesses most; it is the quality of thought back of it.

This girl lived in Vermont where flowers were rare in the winter.

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In early autumn she would buy many flower bulbs and many little flower pots. She carefully planted the bulbs, and after giving them a long rest in the dark, placed them in the sunshine. She cared for these little growing things, watering and turning them each day that they might grow and stand upright. A full stalk of beautiful blossoms proudly stood from among the long green leaves. She wrapped the pots with colored paper and tied them with ribbon. With happy thoughts she took these little treasures to the aged, sick, sorrowing, and unfortunate ones and also to those more favorably situated. Love was in her heart, from her first conception of this gift to its climax.

This is only one of the many loving manifestations showing the quality of her heart. She grew into womanhood, and her whole life was filled with love and good-will, and through her they were reflected to other lives in choice blessings.

I almost worshiped this charming, rich woman. *She was my mother.*

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She earnestly and prayerfully urged upon her children the great necessity for keeping the holy lamps of love, and gratitude for the good they could do, ever burning on the altar of their hearts, that each year they might increase in splendor.

When my revered mother was a child in the twenties of eighteen hundred, the education for children, and especially for girls, was far from that of today. In connection with their book-learning, and above it, needlework held the highest place of honor. The younger girls, first upon linen cloth, learned to make "samplers" of the alphabet and figures. My mother's sampler at fifty-three years was in good preservation. As her four daughters could not each own this treasure, our mother worked upon cardboard a facsimile of the sampler with a little heart poem and other additions. This treasured work and expressed love of our dear mother hangs in my room, a constant reminder of her tender words and

did she keep the lamp burning upon love's altar for her own children, but for others. The young people would gather joyfully in our home, and Mother was one with us always. The warmth flowing from her full heart never returned to her void, but with an overflowing response.

*If man had the microscopic eye of the
bird and the acute ear of the deer, he
might be able to catch more of the
dainty colorings and the sweet-
est melodies of Nature; but
after all, the richest capac-
ity to see and hear is in
the heart and mind,
and the capacity of
perception covers
it all.*

*There are those who live more through
this perception than the micro-
scopic eye or the acute ear
could give.*

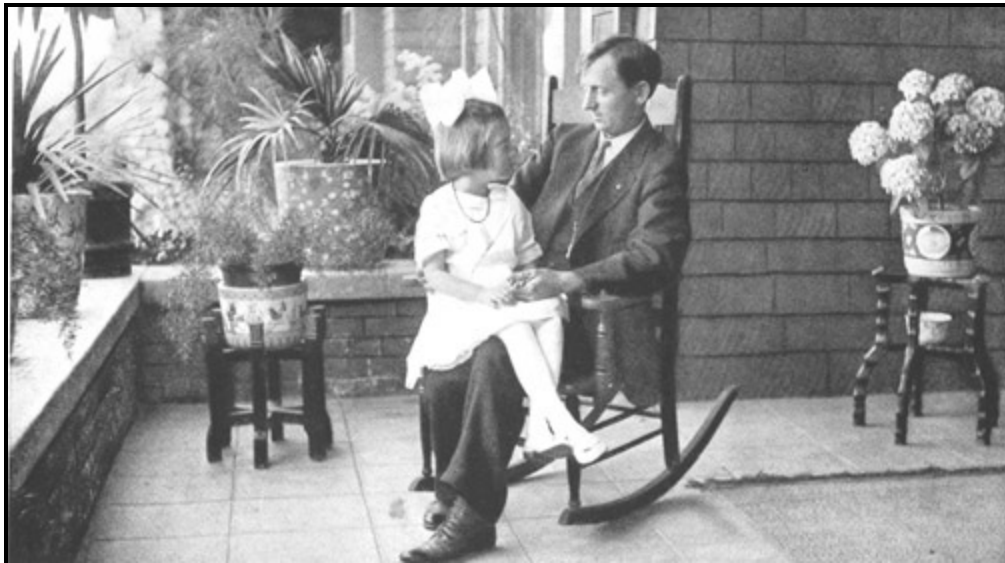
THE HOME

ENLIGHTENMENT of women lifts the standard of the home.

Education for home making is being agitated in a tender, sober, logical enthusiasm. The vitality of the home originates in the heart's affections and its propulsion is augmented by the light-giving, warm flames burning upon the heart's altar. The home should be the center of the affections, but not the boundary. The purer and more unselfish the love is which blazes upon this home altar, the better is the glow reflected upon all within its radius, and this radius, great or small, has a lasting influence. It affects the atmosphere of the community, and not only this, but its light is reflected beyond to the State, from the State to the nation, and from the nation to the whole world. Every home is a unit, and its influence, whether it stands

for light or darkness, helps to modify the whole.

*Bow at the shrine of Love. It tills
and nourishes the soil of good-will
toward our fellow-man.*



TALKING IT OVER

THE KINDERGARTEN

AS I entered the home of my niece I saw my little five-year-old grandniece sitting upon a stool with a little work basket by her side. She had a stocking in her hand, and I asked, "What is my Lillian doing?" She replied, "I am darning my stockings." "Darning your stockings! Who taught you?" She answered, "I learned at kindergarten." I took her work, and sure enough, she had woven a mat with darning cotton in the hole of her stocking. She was making practical use of her kindergarten mat weaving.

Again, as I walked along the street I noticed in a vacant lot a little girl alone, diligently seeking something. I paused and asked, "Has my little one lost anything? Can I help you?" She happily replied, "Oh, no, thank you. I am looking for parallel vein leaves to take to kindergarten." In aston-

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ishment I asked to see her leaves. Sure enough, there they were. Then I said, "Why do you call them parallel veins?" She showed me how they ran side by side. I asked if there were any other kind of leaves. With an earnest "Oh, yes," away she went and brought me a leaf, saying, "This is a net vein leaf. Don't you see, these veins make a net?" That little child had no playmate with her, but there was a dignified joy in her heart and mind that she portrayed through her kindergarten studies. The young children are being guided more and more into the paths of knowledge and usefulness. Stern duty is turned into a joyous seeking for something better and greater.

A TALK WITH FATHER

WE cannot afford to let unjust rebukes or criticism disturb us or rob us of that quality of thought that holds us at our best. All along the later years of my life my dear father's words of years ago have come to me with increased force. When a child, if I would come home with my troubles — oh, so big then — my father would call me to him, take me on his knee, wipe away the tears, and quietly say: "Let us talk it all over. Remember, my dear child, if you are in the wrong, you will have to suffer for it, and you should. If in the right, you should not suffer." He would listen to my song of wo; then followed the finding out whether I was in the right or wrong. If I was wrong, in his persuasive way he would make me see it and cause me to feel not only willing but desirous to acknowledge that I was

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in the wrong. If he thought me to be in the right, he would say: "Do you think that your playmate wished to hurt your feelings?" If I would say, "Yes, I do," then his quiet question would come back to me, "Are you going to let him accomplish his designs?" A positive "No" would invariably be the answer to that question. But if, when he would ask, "Did your playmate intend to hurt your feelings?" I would reply, "No, I do not think he did intend to, but he did anyway," in the same forceful manner my father would say: "Is my little daughter going to be so unjust as to be hurt when it was not intended?"

Do you see the lesson? Under no circumstances are we to be hurt except when in the wrong and then only long enough to repent and repair the wrong.

OUR SCHOOL—TEACHERS

MY little daughter said: "Mother, may I take some of these beautiful roses to my teacher, Miss Happy-line?" We picked some of the choice ones, the child making the selection. Then she said: "I must find a bright, pretty bud, not in full blossom, with stem and green leaves, for that is the kind she pins on her waist and wears. I love to look at her sweet smile and her pretty dress, and the rose bud makes me so happy that I can study better."

Bless the dear instructor who inspired my little daughter with such beautiful, unselfish thoughts and love for her teacher! If the teachers only knew what an impression they make upon the young heart — a lasting influence through their personal appearance — they would always wear smiles, give gentle tones to their language, arrange their hair

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becomingly, and wear neat and attractive clothing. Children love to be proud of their instructors and carry in their hearts a love picture. I heard a little boy say: "My teacher hasn't as pretty a face as yours, but she looks all right, and she is always kind to us boys and says in a happy way, 'How do you do, Jack?' 'Good morning, Tom.' We just like to do to please her." Another said: "You know Miss Jones, — she has eyes in the back of her head, — she says she has. We often try to test those eyes in the back of her head. They don't see everything, and when her real eyes catch us in our testing they flash at us and we are afraid of their lightning." Fear's power never finds willing obedience. Love's power finds loving, cheerful obedience without one struggle.

BEAUTY AND CULTURE

A GENTLEMAN once said to me, in sad earnestness, " I have made a great mistake in my life and reflected its influence upon other lives. There were two sisters. One was plain but had a brilliant mind, with culture, and heart full of tenderness and unselfishness. I loved her. Her sister was sparkling with beauty of form and feature, and I lovingly watched the dear little humming-bird as she happily sipped honey from the flowers placed about her. I spent much time with these sisters. One had beauty for the heart and mind to feast upon, the other beauty for the heart and eye. I talked the situation over with the elder sister, and she said: 'There is no question in my mind which your heart chooses. My sister is your choice. Take her and continue her life in happiness. I could under no circumstances

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accept you. I shall choose a lifework, and wedded to it, I shall be loyal to my sacred vow.' She was always a devoted sister through our lives. But in loyalty to her vows she rose higher and still higher on the roll of honor and went deeper and still deeper into the heart of humanity.

"While I strove to be loyal to my vow taken at the altar, I tired of that beauty which my heart and eyes feasted upon, and I longed for more in my dear wife. She detected my disappointment and her beauty began to fade. One day she threw her arms about my neck and said: 'Why did you flatter my beauty and encourage my self-pride? If you will help me I will be a better woman, a better companion.' The struggle was a long and hard one, but sincere and earnest. The victory was partially won. Her personal beauty came back and through it shone beauty of heart and mind, blessing herself, her children, husband, friends, and all who came under her influence."

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Cultured people, even though plain, are often like a rich garment without trimming or ornaments. There is a quality in them that is self-sustaining, and their stability is a helpful joy. Beauty as trimming added to this quality makes them a greater joy.

Again: I once knew two sisters who were very unlike. One day I said to the plain sister: "I notice that you are exceedingly studious. You study deeply into whatever duty or task is yours. You enter sparingly into the joyous pleasures of the day. Your older sister is a leader of the social world about her. Why do you not join her?"

Her reply was earnest and thoughtful. "My sister is beautiful in feature. She sparkles with humor. I am even ugly in my plain looks and appearance. If I am to win friends and hold a place in the social world or a commendable place *anywhere*, it must come from my storehouse of usefulness and congenial acquaintance. It takes steadfast, earnest application to gain these."

She did gain them. The jewels in the storehouse of her heart and mind sparkled through the windows of expression in eyes, features, and manners. She was not only a joy, but a living example of worth and culture, imparting an influence that encouraged and helped others to better desires and better deeds. Her greatest pleasure was the good that she could do. She smoothed pathways in the journey of life, helped to carry heavy burdens, and in the sunshine of a loving heart cheered the weary toilers.

All that is enduring, all that we can leave behind us that has life in it, is the good that we do. This good is of God, and through the Christ-spirit we manifest it. Beauty in feature and sparkling humor should be the trimming and not the garment of character.

*Life's activity, Truth's stability, and
Love's protection are the vitality,
the freedom, and the safe
guard of existence.*

THE SACRIFICE

A GENTLEMAN who had gained many of this world's honors, but with a big heart full of kindness, ever ready to lend a helping hand, served, without pay, a poor woman in trouble. Two years later this woman appeared at the door of the gentleman's home and asked to see him. He stepped to the door and invited her to enter. She refused, but said, with a happy countenance: "You did me a great favor some time ago and I am very grateful for it. I have no money, but I have a few chickens. One was my pet, and I have brought it to you," and taking it from under her shawl she stroked it tenderly and said, "It is a beauty and my best, and I want you to have it."

The gentleman looked at her, then looked at the chicken, and kindly said, "I cannot take your pet chicken; you have paid the debt, if

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debt you call it, by bringing that gift to me. Your chicken *is* a beauty; see how it looks to you for protection when I touch it. Take your dear pet home with you, I cannot accept it. You have brought your treasure to the sacrificial altar and you do not have to sacrifice it."

With tears in her eyes she turned away, tenderly embracing her pet.

This man unselfishly helped the needy without one thought of reward; but an enduring phase of good must have vitalized this act. The quality of mind and heart is portrayed in expressed ideas and affections. A response to this expression may not be seen today nor tomorrow, and perhaps never, but it is faithfully continuing on its good mission.

The appearing of Good-will in our hearts is the appearing of our Saviour — the Christ — it is the activity of Love.



THE SACRIFICE

THE LESSON

ONE day, long ago, when the country was full of tramps (people going from door to door and street to street begging), an able-bodied man came to my home and asked for food.

I promptly prepared him a good lunch and gave it to him. He gave nothing in return.

Later in the day a woman with needles, pins, thread, etc., to sell came to the side door. I refused to even look at her goods and bought none. As she walked away with her little bundle, I looked after her and then sat down and meditated: An able-bodied man came and asked for food. I gave it to him. A middle-aged, slender woman came to my door with something to give me in return for money or help, and I turned her away. My heart, ashamed of

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itself, sank within me, and I would have called the woman back, but she was gone. A lesson for years to come: Help those who would help themselves.

EVERY GOOD DEED IS REFLECTED IN GOOD

MR. A., a man of position and influence, was always helping to lift burdens; to encourage the heart-sick and weary; to help them stand and to start them refreshed on their journey.

Years after a certain favor given, the gentleman's wife was exceedingly anxious to have a house gown made to send to her mother. It was just before Christmas and every seamstress was busy and every shop full of work. The wife went in vain from place to place, and at last, almost in despair, went to a distant dressmaker. After urgently stating her business, the dressmaker replied in just as earnest a manner that it was impossible to do anything for her. The lady urged if she would only cut the garment she would not ask more. "Impossible," was the reply.

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As the lady took her departure, the dressmaker said, "Come back, I cannot let you go, come back." She cut the gown and took great pains in basting and explaining all about it. In joyous delight the lady asked her charge. The dress-maker said: "Not one cent. Your husband, without pay, helped my husband to many dollars. This is just a little 'thank you' for the kindness of years ago. I could not take your money. Gratitude found the way for me to do a little favor for you, and I will not disappoint any one else by doing it. I will work a little later tonight."

This same gentleman years ago closed up a business transaction, but with some petty annoyances. There were many changes of circumstances during the following years. As thousands of miles separated the persons, they never met after their business relations closed. In 1912, a letter with a draft enclosed was received by this gentleman's wife, with these words: "Some years ago, in settlement with your

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husband, a mistake was made in my favor. At this late hour I wish to correct it. I sought to find him, then his family. Please accept this draft; it is yours."

Justice manacles injustice sooner or later. Justice is the positive and cancels injustice, which is negative. Injustice represents no real thing, hence has no place and must go out from consciousness, generally through suffering. It finally leads to its

own destruction.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

A DEAR baby boy came to a fond father and mother, and this little fellow was given everything to make him happy that parents, relatives, and friends could give. The devoted mother laid down this life's labors and left her little three-year-old boy and her happy home to the care of others. When this little son was five years old, the father brought him another loving mother.

Years passed on and three sisters and a brother came into the home. The father's health failed, business had to be given up, fortunes were spent, and another mound rose by the side of the mother's.

The question of support faced this family, and this young lad was the breadwinner. He was a bright, capable, trustworthy boy of fourteen years. His uncle procured for him a Government Appointment with a surveying party, and he filled it so

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ably that a position in Washington, D.C., was given him. Only necessities for himself claimed part of his wages. The greater part was lovingly and gratefully sent to his mother for the support of the family.

This boy was ambitious for an education. He was naturally a mathematician and he became an expert in this capacity. He filled every position that came to him so manfully that his work was his strongest recommendation.

His mother became a helpless invalid. Kind relatives and friends lent a helping hand, but the mother looked to this son for her greatest support and strength. Though a mere child in years, he was a man in experience. A third mound rose in the cemetery lot and this boy was left with four children; his father and mother gone; his father's fortune gone; the estate left him by his own mother gone. What could he do? Relatives and friends cared for the three sisters, and this boy kept the brother; and with tenderness, watchfulness, and forbearance he

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cared for this brother until, at twenty-four, he too rested from earth's trials and sorrows.

It was not hard for this boy, now grown into manhood, to find positions of good recompense for labor well done. He had developed into a good business man and his accuracy, his honest uprightness, his affability, and good judgment caused the bankers' world to call him. This man, with a wife, a home of their own, many friends and proud relatives, is at the head of a large, thrifty bank. Stability, activity, uprightness, love to God and man, build a character stanch and strong that blesses humanity.

"There is power in patience. It saves us from despair. When victory is postponed, it makes it impossible for disappointment to crush us. It makes us endure and persevere, and endurance and perseverance lead to triumph."

POLISH YOUR SHOES

IT is necessary to be polite, genteel, gracious, and attractive in general manners and dealings with men. To delve into the science world and learn the intricacies of its teachings is imperative; but the beauty and harmony there discovered should polish and beautify the one who discovers and learns them. The business man, the man of letters and culture, as well as the man of the social world, require it. A rounded character is in demand, a character with every part at its active best. To illustrate:

A professor in a college took great pride and deep interest in his students during their college days, and afterwards a friend of this professor, a man of wealth and far-reaching enterprises, wished a scientific, practical, judicious, energetic man for a foreign mission and asked Professor _____ if he knew of such

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an one. Without hesitation, in highest terms, he recommended one of his former students who had proved himself to be most able in this very work. The young man was sent to the friend. Months passed and he heard nothing of the result of the visit. On inquiry the friend said : "I interviewed the man you sent me and was greatly pleased. I invited him to dine with me. His table manners were crude. I could not send him on the mission, for the grace of his character had been forgotten in his education."

The day is fast passing away in which uncouthness of manners is sanctioned or forgiven in the business world, the scientific, political, or professional. Each man must be a gentleman in every act. This day is dawning, and ere it sheds its midday splendor, it will reflect its light upon the nations, upon a world of harmony in thought and action!

HE LESSON OF THE CHURCH ORGAN

I WAS invited with others to visit a new church and hear and see the large organ. The builder of this fine instrument was to explain its intricate mechanism. The visiting party was small in number and gathered about the console.

There were keyboards above keyboards; there were multiplied numbers of stops on either side. They could be used individually or collectively or in sections. Then there was a mechanism below for the feet to play upon. While the organ was there, ready to do its part, it seemed to take the whole of man to perform his part. Even electricity was brought in to help man in making this instrument do its best.

We listened to the music in its modulated tones, from the softest notes to the loud thunderings, then its master said, "Now we will hear

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the echo," and on these same keys this master played an organ in the farthest part of that large church. It was another organ, and little electric wires told it what to do, and it sweetly and clearly responded to their bidding. It was wonderful and my thought was awakened. I could see much, but I could hear more than I could see. Oh, that music!

We were asked if we would like to see the organ and its pipes. Of course we would. We first came to the immense foundation, with its heavy construction, then we commenced to climb. We stopped at each landing to hear more of this wonderful instrument, then on we went up narrower and steeper stairs until we were among the living, speaking pipes themselves. Wonderful! Wonderful! How could man conceive and execute such a thing! The master at the keys below made those little pipes sound their sweetest and the larger ones sound in heavier tones; then again all would play together, increasing in volume

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until the whole structure seemed to reel under its mighty sound.'

The builder would take up this pipe and that pipe and explain what relation it held to the whole and how necessary it was. There were hundreds and thousands of these pipes, each holding its proper place and in its true tone acting its necessary part in making up the whole.

We descended and occupied seats in the body of the church and from there listened to the wonderful music played upon that gigantic instrument by its master. The words *master*, *music*, and *organ* had a keener meaning to me than ever before.

Silence was with the guests and they listened to catch the voices of those wee little pipes as they sounded with the larger and greater ones. It was touchingly pathetic to hear them all working together, doing their best.

I did not tarry but came right home and up to my room to ponder the lessons of the organ. If man can conceive and work out such

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harmony in the many tones of music, he can conceive and work out harmony in the many tones of living. If each of us would be sure of our own note and sound it and not trespass on one another's notes, the multitude would sing together, work together in harmony and rejoicing.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

ASTRONOMY was a joy to me in my school days, and in later years I took up this delightful study anew. I became familiar with the northern and mid-heaven constellations and learned in theory of the southern constellations. In 1890 I traveled south of the equator, and my book knowledge was put to a test. What I had learned in theory was now brought into practise. Everything was new to me, people, climate, vegetation; and not only these, but above me were new heavens. The mid-heaven constellations were all there, but upside down. They were all standing on their heads. The great and little Dippers and their associates were gone, and the Southern Cross and its associates appeared. The sun rose in the east and circled to the north, shining in our north windows on its way westward. The seasons were also changed about.

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December, January, and February were the summer months, March, April, and May the autumn, June, July, and August the winter, September, October, and November the spring.

While at night the heavens were brilliant, they were devoid of the northern glow. There were fewer stars of the first and second magnitude. I realized more fully than ever before how much depends upon our outlook. The heavens had not changed, but my position with regard to them had changed, and I had much more to learn about them.

Those who steadfastly stand in one place and become familiar with that view often think they see all there is to see. Such an one is hedged about by opaque ignorance or is in a chrysalis state. It is wiser to view from all sides; then this chrysalis state of thought will vitalize into a broadness not known before.

LOVING WORDS

A LITTLE five-year-old girl was permitted for the first time to dine with company. When the mother put the little one to bed, the darling said, "Mother, Father made me very happy when he bid me good night. He kissed me and said, 'Bill, I was proud of you tonight, you were a good girl.' The father was a man of few words, but these few were enough to make the child happy. The joys we put into a child's life are bright stars in the heavens above them, broadening the radius of their vision, and in this vision they see how to reflect joys.

THE WEDDING

A GENTLEMAN, a lady, and young lady daughter have been visiting us. The young lady is a step-daughter to the gentleman. When she was six years of age her mother brought to her a new father. I remarked to the mother that I never saw greater devotion between father and daughter than between these two. Then she related the wedding ceremony that united the lives of this man and the little one.

When the wedding preparations were being made, the little girl partook of the spirit of the occasion. As the event drew near, the darling said to her mother: "Where am I to be? What am I going to do?" The mother replied, "We will see, my daughter."

The little one's clothes were prepared and were of the daintiest of white fabrics. As the day approached, the child asked again:

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"What am I to do? What part am I going to take?"

The mother explained the situation to the minister. The good man understood and said, "She shall have a part." When the mother walked to the altar upon the groom's arm, the little daughter went hand in hand with him upon the other side. After the vows of husband and wife were solemnized, the minister turned to the child and said: "Grace, do you take this man as your lawful father? Will you love him and be dutiful to him so long as you both live?" The sweet voice in childish trust said, "I do." Then he turned to the groom: "Will you take this child as your lawful daughter, love and care for her so long as you both live?" The vows were taken, the three were wedded, and from that day they have been devoted to one another.

SHADOW AND REFLECTION

MY five-year-old granddaughter had heard much about shadow and reflection in her Sunday-school. One day, after returning from Sunday-school, she came to me and said, "Shadow isn't anything, is it? It can't hurt us." Then she ran away and brought me a picture and her little voice rang with laughter. It represented a man fleeing from his shadow in terror. His arms, in the shadow, were outstretched, his legs flying almost in air, and the whole picture was one of horror personified.

Then her inquiring face looked up to me, and she asked, "What makes him afraid?" We talked it all over and learned that shadow was a manifestation of things in blackness without the glow of life, and we called it a specter, an imaginary evil. We always named everything and called it by that name, so that



REFLECTION

we could place things where they belonged, — the good in God's Kingdom and the bad in no kingdom, because God's Kingdom is all the kingdom there is. Everything else claiming a kingdom goes to nothing because it comes from no power, for Good is all Power, — is God. It is a joy to see how the child mind will thrive and grow strong with such refreshing food.

One evening traveling in a street car, sitting in my lap, she asked, "What is reflection, Grandmother?" I looked at the window, and there I saw reflected in all the glow of life and freshness that lovely, beautiful child sitting with me. No time was lost. I said: "Sarah, dear, what do you see in that window?" "I see Grandmother, I see Sarah, I see lots of people." "Do you see what they are doing and what they are wearing and the colors of those things, so that you know what they are individually?" I asked. "You can there see your image and likeness. It does what you do — reflects your action. It is in no way

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independent of you." We talked with much interest about these people and things that we saw, then I said to her, "That is reflection, the image and likeness of what is here in the car." Later, after we had gotten a positive idea of reflection, I told her of God's reflection — image and likeness — which is Good, Life, Truth, Love. It was a happy time for us both. She often asked questions about reflection, image, and likeness. She fast learned how to reflect Love, Truth, Life, Good, and with a little reminder, "Ask Good to help you to be good," many clouds were scattered with the sunshine of smiles.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day." Thus it is with people, the first years of their lives generally steer them through later years.

THE HOLY BIBLE

THE Bible is read in four hundred and forty languages. In co-operation different nations are making it possible for the Bible, in familiar language, to be introduced into countries that have not heard of the Christ nor the sacred books that proclaim Him.

The "American Bible Society" is now at work translating this book into the languages of different tribes of the Philippine Islands. The increased interest of Scripture reading in our own country is shown by the greatly multiplied sales of the Bible each year. Does not this reading of the living truth raise the standard of thought and affection? He who listens to hear, watches to see, and reads the trend of this restless age can detect the Bible banner waving above the din of discord, urging humanity to come up higher. This listening, this watching, this reading,

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is doing a mighty work, it is urging a recognition of our Redeemer. In this age more than in any record age there is organized, stirring activity manifested to help the children, the young and older people, and to bring out the best in them — a striving to make their burdens light with the joys of love which have heretofore slumbered in stern duty. The Bible lights the pathway, broadens the vision, and quickens activity in thought and affection. And this is for all alike.

PATRIOTISM

EVERY child of every land should be taught the meaning of loyalty to his country. In no land is the national flag so universally used, in the home, for decoration, and placed in the hands of children, or worn upon the person, as in the United States of America. Each nation's flag plays its part in its nation's individual way.

It is the almost universal custom of every nation, through devotion and loyalty, for its subjects to rise to their feet at the first sounded note of their national air and to salute their flag. There are no people who should pay their nation's air and flag greater respect than the American people. Would it not be well to teach every boy and girl throughout our domain to give outward expression to the loyalty they bear their nation's emblem and song? Would it not bring to their minds and hearts

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more keenly the great principles for which our country so steadfastly stands, and thus build for her a bulwark of defense?

One of the most beautiful and impressive scenes that ever crossed my pathway was a State Sunday-school convention of many different religious denominations.

Trains arrived early from different parts of the State and continued to arrive. At ten o'clock the street thronged with animated people to greet the dear children from far and near. The streets were decorated with our country's flag and her colors in different designs. Mottoes telling of love to God and man, good-will, good cheer, and patriotism arched the streets; and the stores and public buildings proclaimed their love welcome to the children visitors in wonderful beauty.

The bands began to play their spirited yet sweet music; the marshals cleared the way and in the distance we saw winged fairies coming, coming, coming, waving their wings and keeping time with the

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music. Above, and leading them, seemed to be a large eagle. As they drew nearer we saw that this procession of winged fairies was composed of hundreds and thousands of Sunday-school children dressed in white, wearing upon their heads and around their necks, or carrying in their hands, wreaths of beautiful flowers. Each child was waving above his or her head the nation's flag, which in the distance seemed to be the wings of fairies. The large eagle leading them was a large flag upon a high standard. They kept coming and going. What a sight !! For over one hour we watched this moving panorama of superintendents, teachers, and pupils. It was a wonderful quaff of inspiration, quickening thought and feeling. Beauty in activity proclaimed love in every part of that wonderful procession.

Our flag never waved more proudly nor in greater joy than in the hands of those dear children. It seemed to say: "They love me! God will protect and uphold me through this love!" They marched

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on amid the cheers and plaudits of the appreciative multitude and entered a beautiful park prepared to receive them. On a terraced hillside they were seated. Love to God and love for our country, joining hands, made our country's colors glow with great resplendency, quickening to a blaze love's unity on love's altar. Short speeches were given by noted men and women. Religious hymns and patriotic songs familiar to all were sung and the exercises closed with

*"Onward, Christian Soldier,
Marching as to war,
.....
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in Charity."*

And all standing, and amid the waving of a sea of flags, the large choir of voices sounded and resounded:

*"Our Country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee we sing."*

Thus ended the day's united action. The many bringing their

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mite and placing it upon the altar of love's sacrifice departed with love's cup full to overflowing.

Another beautiful picture was a United States flag composed of school children at Iowa's State Fair. A very large flag was woven and unfurled, with its stripes and stars in the living glow of life. A chorus of strong voices sang "The Star-spangled Banner." With enthusiasm the voices rose higher and still higher, as if to reach high heaven. These children seemed to realize that they were really a part of the country they were representing in this emblem. These little acts plant thought-seeds that grow and vitalize a nation.

*Every good thought expressed is echoing
and re-echoing in the vast forever.*

NATIONS LOVE WEALTH

SOME time ago in China, in talking with an educated, far-thinking American upon different topics, he made this remark: "Situating as you are, you can see the attitude of many nations and their modes of working, and in my travels I have not been sleeping. I find as soon as a nation becomes wealthy, the other powers combine, not intentionally perhaps, but for selfish gain, to sap that nation, girdle it, kill it, and appropriate its wealth. Our country is increasing in wealth and strength, and jealousies are coming to the front. She must watch. She is now at peace with all the world, and if one, two, or three countries should combine against her, she could stand; but if all in their greed should turn upon her, her fate would be that of other nations."

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Why must this be? Will not the same love for the Christ-spirit, for freedom, that guided the *Mayflower* to its safe harbor still protect her? Will not the same love that unlocked the nursery door and baffled the whip of the mother country; that held cemented the Union entire; that abolished slavery; that opened freely its heart and purse to suffering people at home and abroad; that rescued Cuba and gave her back to herself; that bought the Philippine Islands already as good as conquered; that stood as one of the strongest protectors of China in her direful need; — will not all this stand as a strong breastwork for her protection? In China our country would accept nothing as the spoils of war; gave back the silver captured at Tientsin; and protected and turned back to China her millions of taels and valuable jewels which were concealed in the Forbidden City; and later canceled the indemnity fund. Yes, will not such a spirit, conceived and adhered to, allay temptation

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and greed and protect her from the invasions of other nations? Will not this spirit enable her to do still more magnanimous acts? We are a child nation and are thus called.

Not until this war with Spain and our relief army went to China, did the nations know us, nor did we know ourselves. Respect or disgrace comes with the knowing, and respect has been our country's portion. Mighty work was done at the helm and elsewhere. Our Presidents, McKinley and Roosevelt, our incomparable Secretary Hay, our stalwart army, with other efficient helpers, were strong to will and to do. May the United States continue to be a child in the temple with the fathers! May she continue to nourish the principles of right and justice that she may be sustained and protected in the future. The intensity of youth is ours, and as long as our activity is for justice, success will crown our efforts. The Bible points out positive right and negative wrong.

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May the right make us strong to fight mightily!

The sharp consequences of evil thinking and doing wound the life of the individual or the nation and make it inharmonious and scar-worn.

SALUTING THE FLAG

OUR country, like all countries, has her national holidays. Among them are two very prominent ones, Washington's birthday and Lincoln's birthday. These are patriotic days observed in memory of the "Father of our Country," George Washington, and the "Savior of our Country," Abraham Lincoln. Children are taught at school a growing meaning to these words.

In the morning of one of these birthdays I heard a man whistling in clear tones "The Star-spangled Banner." I listened and as I stepped out upon my porch I observed in the yard of a cottage near by, father, mother, and two little daughters, Ruth and Thelma, standing before our nation's unfurled flag. With intense interest I continued to listen. When the whistling ceased, the little seven-year-old daughter, Ruth, stepped forward, saluted the flag,



SALUTING THE FLAG

and uttered words which I could not hear. I asked, "Will the little darlings come to me and salute my flag?" They came, hand in hand, and standing together upon the porch, Ruth saluted the flag and said:

"I pledge allegiance to our flag and the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Then, in childish but sweet tones, still looking at the flag, they sang "The Three Little Sisters":

"I know three little sisters,
I think you know them, too,
For one is red and one is white,
And the other one is blue.

"Hurrah for the three little sisters,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue,

"I know three little lessons,
These little sisters tell,
The first is love, then purity,
Then truth we love so well.

"Hurrah for the three little sisters,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue."

This beautiful tribute to our flag is taught the little ones in our public schools.

Words have not the power to emphasize enough the height, depth, and breadth of this lesson. But do we not perceive that now, in this age, the everlasting song of love sounds sweeter, clearer, and louder than ever before, through our flag and its children lovers? The multitudes catch the strains. This ever-sounding melody of love is taught and heard more and more in the home, in the school, in college and university, in sermon and lecture, in the community, yes, over our whole country and other countries. It is the inspiring melody of the great Christ-heart, played by the positive hand of love. In the hearts of children, love's melodies sound with new, living vigor, strewing the flowers of joy along their pathway.

*Truth guards Love's gateway, passing
in the proper guests.*

THE STAR EAGLE'S PROMISE 1864

DURING our Civil War in the sixties of eighteen hundred, there were awful battles of brother against brother, on the soil of their home country. Many sacrifices were made and much blood was shed. Heart sorrows entered every fireside. An universal prayer, earnest and devout, flowed from the heart's fountain for a settlement of differences, — for peace. A night dream brought to my girl-thought a promise of an answer to this prayer. Seemingly, I was standing in the blackness of a dark night, with eyes turned upward. Not a star was to be seen. I clasped my hands as in prayer, still looking upward. I saw rising from the south the head of an eagle with something in its beak that seemed like clusters of stars. This vision kept rising higher and higher, revealing more and more of an eagle,

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with wings extended, reaching the horizon at east and west. Its tail was spread and it kept rising until that beautiful, star-lit bird covered the whole heavens. A peace offering was in its beak, and the whole bird sparkled with the twinkling diamonds in the heavens above us. In wild, silent joy I stood motionless, with clasped hands, and gazed upon that wonderful, wonderful promise of peace in union, — the joining of hands in heart pledges under the outstretched wings of our American eagle.

THE SALVATION ARMY

EVERY person has a note in his or her nature which, if touched, helps to swell the great chorus of love's harmony. It does not matter who they are nor what circumstances seem to rule them. Love melts the stubborn iron, the almost irresistible steel, or the frozen iceberg that imprisons the human heart. This love manifested touches the note common to all, and the Christ-spirit catches the melody and carries it heavenward. The efforts to help others differ in quality. The freer these efforts are from selfish thoughts — thoughts that desire popularity or recompense — the more effectual the effort.

Many years ago, through ignorance of their efforts, I failed to recognize the good work done by the Salvation Army. The first season that I spent in the beautiful capital of our nation I visited and

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revisited the different departments of government and really studied in them. It seemed that everything we met had in it a lesson for us to learn. The twenty-four hours were not hours enough. What a wonderful, beautiful city is Washington, with its higher grades of activity reaching a higher perfection! This activity awakens a desire to know something as a whole of this thronging humanity. It is not always the most attractive, promising, or grand presentation that has in it the largest value. To illustrate: One cloudless day we halted in the street for a passing procession. It was a procession of Salvation Army soldiers. The fifes and drums were sounding and the soldiers were singing in chorus. I thoughtfully said to my coachman, " Follow this procession." The soldiers entered a hall, and we entered it also. The people were orderly, --- respectfully obedient. The course of exercises was their very own. I attentively listened and became more and more interested as I caught the spirit of the experi-

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ences given by those soldiers. The testimony of one will illustrate the character of all. A man arose and in a clear voice said: "The Salvation Army is my home. It is the Good Samaritan. It found me forsaken; it washed my wounds; took me to its home and cared for me. I had been for many years in a penitentiary, — I was a convict. My years of isolation had come to an end and I went into the outer world, a stranger. When I applied for work, the invariable question was asked: 'Have you recommendations?' What recommendation has a penitentiary convict? I was an outcast. No one wanted me. I could find no work. I sat down, weary, hungry, and in despair, upon the curbstone of the street. While I sat there in horror and desolation, pondering what there could be for me in this world of sorrow, I heard the fife and drum. I looked up and saw men and women following in procession and singing:

"Rouse ye! Rouse ye!
Come, ye disconsolate."

I arose. They looked to be of my class and were calling to me. I followed them, the last one in their procession, to their home. They took me by the hand and raised me up, and I in turn help other sick and sorrowing ones by the wayside."

Since that day I, too, in sympathy, call the Salvation Army a Good Samaritan. We each and all have a place for doing good work if we seek it unselfishly in the Great Good.

Our beautiful, large churches have no place prepared for such as this released convict. If he had sought a place there, would he have found a welcome? The Salvation Army had a home prepared for him and he heard the united voices calling the brother to it. It does a work for humanity that the Church cannot do, and the Church a work that the Salvation Army cannot do. God bless them both!

And now, in 1912, the founder and leader of this vast army of Christ's soldiers lays aside the shackles of this mortal living to wear the mighty crown — "Well Done" — in love's

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freedom. History records few men and women who have discovered, founded, and broadened a world-wide heart and mind enterprise with life and love in and through it for all time and eternity. Let us memorialize the great General William Booth by deeds of love, that the jeweled crown God has placed upon this Christ-follower may be seen more clearly by suffering and sorrowing humanity.

OUR FLAG HONORED

IN 1889 and 1890, there arose serious controversies in Brazil, South America. Emperor Don Pedro and his family were captured at night and banished from their country. The empire fell and a republic was declared. This was done without bloodshed, but complications arose that brought the army and navy in bitter conflict over the question, which should rule the new Republic. The navy cleared the bay of all but its own forces and at times bombarded the Rio forts. Circumstances arose making it important for the United States Minister to visit a ship, on its way to New York, which was lying far out in the bay. This United States Minister started out in his steam launch upon the broad waters amid those warships, with the United States flag his only mortal protection. It never waved more proudly. That flag proclaimed

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to those powerful gunboat destroyers the trustworthiness of the nation for which it stood. As the Minister neared and passed by the Admiral's ship, flag etiquette expressed mutual good wishes of the two friendly nations.

Our dear beautiful flag! May no act of our country stain your honorable waving!

OUR SCHOOL BANNER — 1858

THIS is a true narrative of the year 1858. This was a year of great political rivalry. The Democrats and Republicans were so near abreast that men, women, and children were awake to the contest.

Two strong men, Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, were rival candidates in Illinois for the United States Senate. They in joint discussion advocated their principles. Throngs of enthusiastic people gathered to see these distinguished men and listen to them. One of their appointments was at Galesburg, Illinois, to speak upon the campus of Knox College. For weeks excitement ran high in anticipation of this day. There was another college in Galesburg embracing coeducation, — Lombard College. The Democrats of this institution conceived the idea of making a banner for Douglas, and the Republicans

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of making one for Lincoln. This banner making was a profound secret, but a little voice whispered, "Something is going on." Wonderful thought and wonderful work were put into those banners. The design and the working out of the design were almost inspiration.

The great day arrived and each political party of college youth formed its procession of boys and girls and marched to the station with their beautiful satin, embroidered, gold-fringed banner, vying in style, richness, and beauty. Each squad of Lombard students joined its enthusiastic party at the station and marched to Knox College campus. On the way Mr. Lincoln stopped at the home of a friend. Before entering this home he turned and faced the throng of people and with words that only a great man could have uttered, he expressed his appreciation of their presence, which he accepted as a compliment to the principles of the Republican party. When he had finished, two of the Lombard girls stepped forward with

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their beautiful banner and with a few words placed it in Mr. Lincoln's hands. Equal to the occasion, Mr. Lincoln planted living joys in the hearts of the many givers. Miss Lida Carr and Miss Mary Pike were the girls who presented this banner. Mary Pike had the great honor of speaking in behalf of the givers.

The day was a glorious one. Both parties respected and admired each of the speakers. In those days the question of slavery and its increase of territory was spirited and became bitterly angry. Compromises were driving the country into a dark night. At this time there was a great fight over the admission of Kansas as a state. She was called "Bleeding Kansas." On the Lombard Republican banner, in the field of silver stars, was a gray star representing "Bleeding Kansas."

A few years later when Mr. Lincoln was leaving Springfield to fill the presidential chair at

Washington, a friend from Kansas, who was visiting him at his home, saw that

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banner and the lone gray star. Mr. Lincoln, in keen perception, recognized the situation and presented the banner to his friend.

Many years later when these students were in homes of their own and their children were attending Lombard College, letters began to come into those homes asking for the history of a banner presented to Abraham Lincoln by Lombard students in 1858. These old students of years ago learned that their work — the design, the execution of that design, every stitch of the silver stars and the one gray star, the colorings of the flowers, the eagle, the motto, the gold fringe, the streamers, the standard, all complete— was hermetically sealed and in the State Historical Museum in Topeka, Kansas. This historical banner takes its little trips to hold a prominent place in the exhibits at world's fairs. We students little realized that we were making history that would outlive us. It is the rich quality of a thought put into our doings that makes these doings permanent.

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In years past and in the following tragical years of our Civil War, Abraham Lincoln uttered no uncertain sounds in voicing his principles. He was not fanatical in any of his opinions, but without one slight cloud of fear he bravely advocated what he thought to be right and just. No self-righteousness, no self-justification, tarnished the golden thread that he wove into all his sayings and doings. His utterances and acts were upon that broad scale which includes all humanity. Mr. Lincoln's love for God — reflected in love for humanity — made him great. Such poise — equilibrium of thought and purpose — as this great man possessed, written history almost fails to record an equal. Study this great character and partake of its spirit and strive to leave one page in enduring history like unto it.

In 1908, Galesburg notably celebrated, on the campus of Knox College, the fiftieth anniversary of the wonderful, historical debate of Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham

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Lincoln. These two men, Lincoln and Douglas, live in the hearts of our nation. Although they held steadfastly to their own views and in the strength of honest conviction aggressively proclaimed those convictions, they were staunch friends. After the inauguration which made Mr. Lincoln President of the United States, Mr. Douglas, the defeated candidate, was the first of all Mr. Lincoln's friends to step forward and clasp his hand in congratulation.

*Come what will, I will keep my faith
with friend and foe. I shall do
nothing in malice. What I
deal with is too vast for
malicious dealing.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES

DURING the five years' Civil War in the sixties of 1800, many lives were sacrificed, many homes made desolate. The South was the battle-field, and the ravages of war fell most heavily upon the Southern States.

Where some of the great battles were fought, and where many Union soldiers fell, our Government bought large tracts of ground and dedicated them as national cemeteries, and her sacrificed soldiers were buried there. These cemeteries are uniformly beautiful. They were laid out as large parks, with semi-tropical ornamental trees, shrubs, and plants. There are lakes, running streams, attractive driveways, and beautiful green lawns in them. There are no mounds, but long lines of white marble markers bearing names or the word "Unknown." There are many large, fine monuments, pavilions,

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pagodas, and other attractive buildings in these cemeteries. Enclosing the grounds is a low granite wall covered with English ivy.

The Southern States, in their straightened circumstances, could do little in memory of their fallen dear ones, but they did what they could.

Our Government appointed May 30 as the annual Decoration Day in memory of the Union soldiers who fell in her defense. The South appointed May 31 as the annual Decoration Day for the Confederate soldiers.

In 1880, May 30, I visited the beautiful National Cemetery at Nashville, Tennessee, and listened to thrilling, laudatory words of Schuyler Colfax, uttered in memory of the heroic deeds, battles, and blood shed upon these grounds. It was an occasion for deep thought and heart reflections. Events of twenty years ago came thick and fast in review. It was a solemn occasion. I walked over that once blood-stained field, now so wonderfully beautiful.

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Nothing, no, *nothing* bore the sign of death except the white markers and monuments. Life in its luxuriant activity was singing a song of joy and beauty.

I visited Lookout Mountain, saw the running water at her feet, her formidable sides reaching far up, which the Union heroes scaled. In peace and quiet I thoughtfully wended my way up — up — where time had obliterated all marks of those horrible battle days. No, not all were gone, for here and there were barricades. Works of protection were the last to go.

The same year I visited Richmond, Virginia. My (Confederate) friends took me to see the beautiful National Cemetery — a real joy in its completeness. I asked these friends, as we drove away, if they would take me to the Confederate Cemetery. They said, "Yes, we will take you to the resting fields of our dear ones, who bravely fought and died for a lost cause." We drove to another part of the city and out into the country and entered

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an unkept, unworked field. In the distance we saw a very large monument of irregular, piled granite blocks in the shape of a cone. Creeping ivy was concealing the crevices. There was one large, polished stone bearing its love story. We walked around this large monument, admiring it and talking of the love and sacrifice for which it stood. We looked through the grounds; the wooden markers were falling; there were no individual monuments. Nature-planted trees and flowers were seen here and there, — no lawns and no laid-out driveways. My friend in tears said: "We did all we could for our dead brothers; we had to care for the living." As we walked slowly away, my friend's hand in mine, the sacrifices of the Civil War days flooded me and my heart sank within me. Human sympathy gave its best to soothe and to allay the anguish in my dear friend's heart, for I loved her.

More than twenty years have passed since that day. Common

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interests, common loves for a common country, have joined the North and the South in one strong bond of union, and the National Decoration Day is for all her children.

Under the protection of one and the same flag our country's sons are brothers.