

The sixth clock we will call "Mr. Never." He keeps going, but he is always too fast or too slow. He deceives no one, for his character is known, and for this reason he does less harm than the clocks that sometimes tell the truth.

Which would you rather be, "Mr. Always-tells-the-truth," "Mr. Almost-always," "Mr. Once-in-a-while," "Mr. Out-of-order," "Mr. Hardly-ever," or "Mr. Never-tells-the-truth?"—*Epworth Herald*.

NOV. 16.—HUMILITY.—Matt. 20: 28.

How can we attain humility in spite of our successes? How will humility show itself in our relation toward others? What gain comes from humility? The poet Whittier has said: "The dear Lord's best interpreters are humble human souls." Explain this. To receive the Kingdom of God as a little child is to be teachable, meek and conscious of need. Tell the story of Jesus and the disciples as the children were one day brought to Him for His blessing. Illustrate the topic by the use of the following passages of Scripture:

The one example. 2 Cor. 8: 9
Promise to the humble. Jas. 4: 6-10.
A Pattern. Matt. 11: 25-30.
Humility's reward. 1 Pet. 5: 1-11.
Humility's hesitancy. Jer. 1: 4-10.
The fruit of experience. Luke 15: 18-21.

The story of Christ washing the feet of the disciples could also be used to emphasize the truth as contained in our topic.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL.

From the *Epworth Herald* we have adapted the following "Motto Evening." Every one present should wear some motto or parable in symbol. The work of studying out these mottos and proverbs will amuse and instruct.

GOLDEN MOTTOES.

A vain man's motto: Win gold and wear it.

A generous man's motto: Win gold and share it.

A miser's motto: Win gold and spare it.

A profligate's motto: Win gold and spend it.

A broker's motto: Win gold and lend it.

A fool's motto: Win gold and end it.

A gambler's motto: Win gold and lose it.

A wise man's motto: Win gold and use it.

White and gold may be used in decorating with gold and white flowers. The Scripture lesson might be on "Bible gold," read by the members:

Pharaoh's gift of gold. (Gen. 41: 42.)
The ark of gold. (Ex. 25: 11.)
Achan's theft of gold. (Josh. 7: 21.)
Solomon's temple of gold. (1 Kings 6: 21, 22.)

The idols of gold. (1 Kings 12: 28.)
Tirshatha's gift of gold. (Neh. 7: 70.)
Hiram's gift of gold. (1 Kings 9: 11.)
Queen of Sheba's gold offering. (1 Kings 10: 1, 2.)

Special prayer may be made for more consecrated workers, "All for Christ," and a talk might be given on the motto, "Look Up, Lift Up." Help for this talk may be obtained in a free leaflet published by and obtainable at the Central Office. Write for it.

It is true that I cannot prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the misery and vice of my people.—*Late Emperor of China*.

A Scout Troop Entertains a Guest

F. H. SWEET.

T RAMP, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

It sounded along the lower level of the big road, swung round the turn, died away for a time behind the line of high rocks, recommenced louder as the road opened to view again, and then came on steadily, tramp, tramp, tramp, up the long, steep road, nearer and nearer.

An old woman sitting on her cabin step watched breathlessly. Not many people passed along this road. It was too remote, in too wild a country, too poor and rocky in itself to be used except in case of necessity. A few drovers went by occasionally with cattle purchased from back-country farmers, now and then a peddler riding on his red wagon, a few small game trappers or hunters after the no inconsiderable profits from muskrat and similar skins, and possibly a tramp or two who had sufficient reason for seeking the woods temporarily—that was about all.

So the old woman leaned forward, peering eagerly through the straggling, decaying clump of lilac bushes as old as herself, her faded eyes full of interest and her fingers twining and interlacing in her eagerness. Tramp, tramp they came again, and she could hear their voices and see their faces. Then there was a quick call of command, a halt, a few minutes of consultation between several who seemed to be officers, and then the patrol of forty or fifty wheeled to the right under some trees just below the lilacs and disbanded.

The old woman's face beamed. They were scarcely twenty yards away, near enough to recognize them if they had been acquaintances, and probably more persons than she had seen in all the last two years.

"An they're only jest boys," she murmured softly: "little bits of ones, too much of 'em. What in the wide world are they doin' up here, I wonder? I really thought they were some kind of soldiers at first, the way they tramped, tramped up the hill. An' now what are they up to?" bending forward a little. "Gatherin' firewood, I do believe, and fixin' a place for cookin'." The idea of boys like them cookin' vittles! My Sammy couldn't have cooked so much as a baked 'tater, an' he was eighteen when the big tree fell an' killed him an' his pa. Dear me! I wish I could be doin' somethin' for the boys. Seems as if I ought, bein' a woman an' they bein' on my place."

She rose painfully to her feet and hobbled inquiringly into the house. But it was a pitifully scant store that her anxious eyes were able to search out. Even the little heap of fuel was of small knots and broken sticks she had gathered up under the trees, for her rheumatic limbs were too stiff to use an axe in chopping and splitting. Into one paper bag or bag after another she looked and shook her head. "Won't do," or "Not enough," she mumbled disappointedly into each.

Over in a corner under a shelf was a good-sized bag which seemed about full. Several times her gaze had gone toward it inquiringly. Now she stepped resolutely forward. The bag contained nearly two bushels of white meal which she had paid for with huckle-berry money and sent down by a friendly drover to bring up. It would be enough to keep her, with other things, through most of the fall and winter. But she did not think of that. It had been a long time since she had been able to offer hospitality to any one, and her withered hands trembled with eagerness as she dipped out a painful and began to mix it up for cakes.

"Boys have good appetites," she said aloud with a little quiver of anticipation in her voice, "an' I guess six or eight cakes apiece won't be any too much. An' there must be nigh on to fifty boys. But the bag holds enough for 'em all, I guess. I'm pretty apt at makin' cakes, too; an', if I do say it, I can make good ones. I'd better hurry, I think. I'm glad I didn't let the fire go out."

Down below the lilacs most of the boys had dropped into lounging groups upon the grass and rocks, leaving half a dozen or so of their number to gather fuel and prepare the evening meal. It was an ideal place for camping, with a gushing spring of pure water and with big, spreading trees under which were thick layers of dry pine needles and leaves.

It still lacked an hour of their usual time for going into camp; but the place looked so cool and inviting after the long, hot march that the boys, who had succumbed to its attractions, ordered a halt. There was nothing but knapsacks to throw aside and provisions to open for the day's cooks, and then all but the detailed fuel gatherers could rest until the meal should be ready. No tents were carried by them, nor even bedding, except the light waterproof blankets strapped to their knapsacks. When it came time to turn in they would throw themselves upon the leaves as bedfellow boys training themselves for a hardy, vigorous manhood.

Being so early, the cooks and fuel gatherers did not hurry about their tasks, and there was much laughter and jest among the boys. As they became a little rested many of them began to indulge in athletic stunts of running and jumping and tree-climbing and other things.

But at length the odors of cooking bacon and the sizzling of fat in the air; and one by one the boys, with appetites sharpened by the afternoon walk, left the various sports and commenced to remove tin cups and plates from their knapsacks.

Then the talk shifted round to various dishes that appealed to the appetite, to delicious meals that had gone before and delicious meals to come. Glasses lingered longer on the cooks before the two fires, and tin plates and cups began to rattle suggestively. One of the cooks was seen to remove a skillet from the fire and another a coffeepot, and at that moment there came an eager, quavering call from the hill behind. Half the boys turned. The face of an old woman was peering down at them with one bony arm beckoning.

"Somebody in trouble likely and needing help," exclaimed the Scout Master quickly. Smith, Barke, and Thompson will go with me to investigate. Hold supper a few minutes.

Before they reached the lilacs the old face had disappeared. The rest of the boys kept their gaze anxiously upon that point. They did not have to wait long. In less than five minutes the four reappeared, two of them bearing in the pans and the other two a pall and a big, old-fashioned blue plate. From above all the dishes the boys could see steam rising.

Hurrying carefully down the slope, the boys placed the dishes beside each other on a grassy spot and turned back. But as they did so the Scout Master called out: "Corn cakes, boys, and made by a past master. Also the past master, Mrs. Selter, says that she has two gallons of blackberry syrup made with her own hands. I've never tasted blackberry syrup myself, but being made by the maker of these cakes, I know it's the