

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.

THE LOST BOY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

[Concluded from last week.]

This day he would not spend in playing
and wandering. He would go straight to
the Temple, to find some of the learned
teachers who gave instructions there, and
learn from them the wisdom that he needed
in order to do his work for his Father.

As he went he thought about the things
that had befallen him yesterday. Why
had the man dressed in white despised him?
Why had the city children mocked
him and chased him away with stones?
Why was the strange woman who had
been so kind to him afterward so un-
happy and so hopeless?

There must be something in the world
that he did not understand, something
evil and hateful and miserable that he
had never felt in himself. But he felt
it in the others, and it made him so
sorry, so distressed for them, that it
seemed like a heavy weight, a burden on
his own heart.

In the tent of his friends the Boy found
welcome and a supper, but no news of
his parents. He told his experiences in
the Temple, and the friends heard him,
wondering at his discernment. They
were in doubt whether to let him go
away the next day; but he begged so
earnestly, arguing that they could tell his
parents where he was if they should
come to the camp seeking him, that
finally he won consent.

He was in Solomon's Porch long before
the schools had begun to assemble. He
paced up and down under the triple
archway, thinking what questions he
should ask the master.

The company that gathered around
Hillel that day was smaller, but there
were more scribes and doctors of the law
among them, and they were speaking of
the kingdom of the Messiah—the thing
that lay nearest to the Boy's heart. He
took his place in the midst of them, and
they made room for him, for they liked
young disciples and encouraged them to
ask after knowledge.

It was the prophecy of Daniel that they
were discussing, and the question was
whether these things were written of the
First Messiah, or of the Second Messiah;
for many of the doctors held that there
must be two, and that the first would die
in battle, but the second would put down
all his enemies and rule over the world.

"Rabbi," asked the Boy, "if the first
was really the Messiah, could not God
raise him up again and send him back to
rule?"

"You ask wisely, son," answered Hillel.
"And I think the prophets tell us that
there must be only one Messiah. This
book of Daniel is full of heavenly words,
but it is not counted among the prophets
whose writings are gathered in the Scrip-
tures. Which of them have you read,
and which do you love most, my son?"

"Isaiah," said the Boy, "because he
says God will have mercy with everlast-
ing kindness. But I love Daniel, too, be-
cause he says they that turn many to
righteousness shall shine as the stars for
ever and ever. But I do not understand
what he says about the times and a half-
time and the days and the seasons before
the coming of Messiah."

came into the quietest part of Solomon's
Porch, where two large companies were
seated around their respective teachers,
separated from each other by a distance
of four or five columns.

As he stood on the edge of the first
company, whose rabbi was a lean, dark-
bearded, stern little man, the Boy was
spoken to by a stranger at his side, who
asked him what he sought in the Temple.

"Wisdom," answered the Boy. "I am
looking for some one to give a light to
my path."

"That is what I am seeking, too," said
the stranger, smiling. "I am a Greek, and
I desire wisdom. Let us see if we
can get it from this teacher. Listen."

He made his way to the center of the
circle and stood before the stern little
man.

"Master," said the Greek, "I am will-
ing to become thy disciple if thou wilt
teach me the whole law while I stand
before thee thus—on one foot."

The rabbi looked at him angrily, and,
lifting up his stick, smote him sharply
across the leg. "That is the whole law
for mockers," he cried. The stranger
limped away amid the laughter of the
crowd.

"But the little man was too angry; he
did not see that I was in earnest," said
he as he came back to the Boy. "Now
let us go to the next school, and see if
the master is any better."

So they went to the second company,
which was seated around a very old man,
with long, snowy beard and a gentle face.
The stranger took his place as before,
standing on one foot, and made the same
request. The rabbi's eyes twinkled and
his lips were smiling as he answered
promptly:

"Do nothing to thy neighbor that thou
wouldest not he should do to thee, this
is the whole law; all the rest follows from
this."

"Well," said the stranger, returning,
"what think you of this teacher and his
wisdom? Is it better?"

"It is far better," replied the Boy,
sagerly; "it is the best of all I have heard
today. I am coming back to hear him
tomorrow. Do you know his name?"

"I think it is Hillel," answered the
Greek, "and he is a learned man, the
master of the Sanhedrim. You will do
well, young Jew, to listen to such a man.
Socrates could not have answered me
better. But now the sun is near setting.
We must go our ways. Farewell."

In the tent of his friends the Boy found
welcome and a supper, but no news of
his parents. He told his experiences in
the Temple, and the friends heard him,
wondering at his discernment. They
were in doubt whether to let him go
away the next day; but he begged so
earnestly, arguing that they could tell his
parents where he was if they should
come to the camp seeking him, that
finally he won consent.

He was in Solomon's Porch long before
the schools had begun to assemble. He
paced up and down under the triple
archway, thinking what questions he
should ask the master.

The company that gathered around
Hillel that day was smaller, but there
were more scribes and doctors of the law
among them, and they were speaking of
the kingdom of the Messiah—the thing
that lay nearest to the Boy's heart. He
took his place in the midst of them, and
they made room for him, for they liked
young disciples and encouraged them to
ask after knowledge.

done this to us? See how sorrowful thou
hast made me and thy father, looking
everywhere for thee."

"Mother," he answered, "why did you
look everywhere for me with sorrow?
Did you not know that I would be in my
Father's house? Must I not begin to think
of the things my Father wants me to
do?"

Thus the lost Boy was found again,
and went home with his parents to Naza-
reth. The old rabbi blessed him as he
left the Temple.

But had he really been lost, or was he
finding his way?—Harper's Monthly
Magazine.

(The End.)

Bryce Pleads for Religion in School.

London.—Viscount Bryce, former Brit-
ish Ambassador at Washington opening
the National Educational Conference at
the University of London, delivered a
strong plea for the inclusion of the
school curriculum of moral training based
on religious principles.

"Biblical and religious instruction," he
declared, "must not be left out of the
schools. I have learned how strongly
Americans feel the need of strengthening
school work in this direction among such
populations as fill England and America.
Parents and Sunday school teachers can
not be relied on to do all that is neces-
sary, although it is the first duty of a
parent to give his child moral and religious
instruction."

The teacher ought to be permitted to
do this work. Not one out of a thousand
of them would misuse his opportunity.
I have been impressed, both in the United
States and England, with the fact that
knowledge of the Bible is declining among
all classes, with an incalculable loss to
the life of the country."

Lord Bryce admitted, however, that
simplification of spelling was likely to be
accomplished before the difficulty in re-
gard to religious teaching in the schools
is solved.

Viscount Bryce, in concluding his ad-
dress, which was entitled "Salient Educa-
tional Issues," said he approved of the
American contention that women made
better teachers than men for the younger
pupils.

Christmas by Greeks Observed Wednes-
day.

Greeks in Philadelphia celebrated
Wednesday as their Christmas day.
Though acknowledging the jurisdiction
of the Pope, the Greek Catholic church,
which has nearly 10,000 members in that
city, still uses the old Julian calendar and
the difference of two weeks between the
Julian and Gregorian calendars accounts
for the difference in the time of Christ-
mas celebration.

It is important to the Greek
Catholics who has imported many Ruthen-
ian customs, is Holy eve. After putting
hay in every room of his house as a
reminder that Christ was born in a stable,
the devout Greek Catholic prepares
12 meals. After prayers by the father,
the family goes to church for service,
which begins at midnight, and continues
until nine o'clock Christmas morning.

Later on Christmas day, it is the cus-
tom to visit friends and neighbors. In
the evening, singers serenade their
friends.

There are four Greek Catholic churches
in this vicinity, at Franklin street above
Brown, Bainbridge street and Passyunk
avenue, Seventh and Eighth streets, and
Clifton Heights. All are under the juris-
diction of Bishop Ortinsky, who will con-
duct mass at Franklin and Brown streets
Christmas morning.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern
Country. Rain in November, Hindu Marriage
a Curious Custom. Fresh Vegetables on
Thanksgiving. Prices High There as Here.
Native Music, Etc.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1912.

Dear Home Folk:

Such a nice surprise in the weather;
the dust and brownness had become
rather more than one's good temper could
stand. Last Thursday some dark clouds
came up and it threatened to rain all day,
but as no rain is really due until Christ-
mas time, everybody looked and wonder-
ed what was coming. Friday a nice rain
started and it lasted for twenty-four
hours; of course it was cold and dismal
but one could even enjoy being dismal
to have some rain. I caught all the jugs,
basins, and even my bath tub full of the
delightful stuff, for I know the worth of
rain water as never before and gloat over
it as a miser over his gold.

Last week I was taking care of a sick
woman whose niece was to be married
and fortunately for me I was there the
first two days of the ceremony, for it
takes three days to marry a Hindu maid-
en, and none of the events come off be-
fore one o'clock in the morning; the cer-
emony itself did not take place until four
o'clock in the morning. Of course I did
not see it but had it described to me.
The contracting parties were both dressed
in red. I saw the groom and I must
say he looked like a Christmas tree, so
full of glittering tinsel; his shawl was of
brilliant scarlet. The bride was also
dressed in a red "sauri" but of very com-
mon, coarse material, and wore no jew-
elry. The Hindu priest reads from the
"veda" (Hindu bible) and they, holding
a bamboo arrangement shaped like a
wheel and well decorated, march round
and round and do all sorts of things, one
of which is to feed each other rice; she
puts it into his mouth but she is so shy
that what he gives to her all runs down
her drapery. Neither has seen the other,
although all the members of their
families have inspected both. One of the
curious customs is that she wears a
bracelet on her left arm; it is made of
some kind of string, strung with shells
and other "good luck" things. This
string is tied into very hard knots, and
even dampened to make the knots harder
to open; he must undo these with one
hand. Then, although they wear very
ordinary clothes all during the festivities,
on the third day, when she is to leave
her home for that of her husband, she
will put on all the jewelry she has and
be decorated in beautiful clothes and go
away with this man whom she has never
seen. They told me that the wedding
festivities cost \$3,000 (\$1,000). Of course
the clothing and jewelry would be extra,
but these Indian people would buy jew-
elry if they had to starve.

This much I know, that the noise and
fuss made during both the days that I
was there was so bad that it nearly drove
me frantic. There were three drums and
two pipes, making one continuous din for
the entire hour I was at work, and just
outside the doorway, in the court yard,
were at least two dozen women, paid to
help in the festivities, chattering but re-
ally waiting to sing after we would leave,
and the "nautche" or dancing girls were
there too. This racket went on all night.
Is it any wonder my patient did not get
better. That was my first Hindustani
wedding and I suppose it is as near as I
shall get to one while here, for they are
very jealous about one seeing any of the
intimate ceremonies.

To go back to the weather. Of course
we are all sleeping outside and I laughed
last night when I got into bed. I had
two gray blankets and a cotton comfort
over me and felt like an eskimo; and
over my flannel night-dress a jacket of
outing-flannel. What do you think of
that in the "hottest place in India," ex-
cept one. Today I am all in wool and
am very comfortable. It seems so
strange to me to be dressed heavier here
than at home, and you know it can't be
so very cold as the violets and chrysan-
themums are blooming within a few feet
of my bed. It is a curious cold; just pen-
etrates everything you can put on.

One of the nurses is writing you a
note which I will enclose for your perusal.
She says she is working here as a nurse
and her name is Sunda. She is a
pretty, vivacious youngster, more inclined
to like athletics than to care for nursing,
and absolutely lazy, or at least will shirk
every duty put upon her unless closely
watched, yet is a lovable personality and
one cannot understand just why she has
so many good qualities and so many
more very bad ones. I thought she was
writing to you in English but find she
wishes me to tell you that "I am very
good to her and that she would like to
see you." Not a very brilliant note.

Another day and this began at the early
hour of four o'clock and although I
have had an hour's sleep am still a bit
"groggy." But when Hindu mothers and
fathers will marry their children at three
and four years of age and girls become
mothers at twelve and fourteen years,
what will one do but work hard and fu-
rious to keep their scant hold on life
from entirely slipping away. Of course
these are the lower caste. I am told that
in one case, which I happen to know
fairly well, the baby girl of one and one-
half years of age, is engaged to a boy
child of three, and the various to be-
in-law relatives come to see the small
lady as though she were grown up. They
will be married when she is four and he
seven. It seems strange to us, does it

not? But the horror only comes when,
this morning, in order to save life one
has to use fairly drastic measures. That
reminds me, I have in another ward a
little girl of ten years with pneumonia,
and I am urged to cure her speedily, as
she is to be married as soon as she is
well enough. She is a tiny, frail, pretty
child with the look of one that needs
much fresh air and stimulating food.
Her nose is already pierced, ready for
the marriage ring and her ears are full
of holes, plugged with wood, ready for
the wedding jewelry. I know I shall not
heed their entreaties, and they may kiss
my feet (a mark of extreme gratitude)
but that kiddie will stay until she is well.

One finds all kinds of lung cases these
days and from the way they dress the
wonder is that there are not more and
more worse ones. Of course to me, the
weather is just perfect, but these folks
are still dressed in their "make-be-
lieve" clothes (really they are only dra-
peries) and this is scarcely suitable tem-
perature to go about in one's "birthday
gown" plus a thin veil.

Thursday is Thanksgiving day and as
two of the missionary folks who have
been very kind to the girls, are to be sent
to another station very soon, they think
that they would like to invite them for
dinner, so that we will have all the good
"logue" and celebrate one of the Ameri-
can holidays, although of the twelve
there will be but four Americans at the
dinner.

We are now having nice fresh toma-
toes, radishes, onions and beets from our
gardens and the beans and peas are look-
ing very smart; the carrots and cabbage
are a bit slow but that is not unusual.
The other things seem to rather like this
cool weather, but as I have said, it ought
to be May or June instead of November.
I sure am all twisted up; with great
bunches of roses on the table and sweet
peas just coming through the ground,
somehow they don't correspond the way
things do at home.

I see your food stuffs are still on the
increase. Truly I think the going up
idea has taken firm hold upon this old
world and India seems to be as badly
touched with the disease as America.
This morning our cook informed us that
our charcoal bill would be double the
price it was this month, and milk will
be one-third more; chickens cannot be
got at any price. Seems to me the in-
ventors of the aeroplane should be
caught and locked up for every least
thing has a desire to be in fashion and
so goes soaring among the stars.

Two of the girls are in the adjoining
room singing hymns, the piano is the
very worst I ever in my worst nightmare
dreamed of, and I almost always run
when they begin; the music don't appeal
to them one single bit, a Jangle will do
just as well as the most beautiful har-
mony, only so it be set to the proper words.
Dr. MacMillan, who is a very great lover
of music, refused absolutely to touch it,
and generally escaped early from the
meetings in order to avoid having her
ear-drums hurt. How I will revel in op-
era when I get back to America; I will
sit in the upper gallery and never come
down until I am satisfied or "Lub-a-Lub"
as the natives say.

There was a man here with embroi-
dery from Delhi, done on white satin in
silver, and I declare it is just horrid to
be poor, I want to ship you people some-
thing of everything I see. I know much
of it would be "white elephants" on your
hands, but they are so beautiful and so
unusual I would like you to share with
me in their beauty.

The Farmer's Institute at Pine Grove
Mills.

Institute was called to order by chair-
man Wm. H. Fry, Monday evening, Dec.
29, 1913, in the I. O. O. F. hall. The in-
stitute was called for Monday afternoon,
but on account of the lateness of the
train and sickness the lecturers did not
arrive until late in the afternoon, so the
first session was called at 7.30 P. M.,
when a crowded house greeted the speak-
ers.

The first on the program was a selec-
tion by a choir of selected voices, with
Mrs. L. Story Spangler presiding at the
organ.

Invocation by Rev. J. C. Chambers of
the M. E. church.

Address of welcome was made by Rev.
L. Story Spangler of the Lutheran church,
who in his usual manner greeted the
farmers and their families and their
friends, with the speakers of the institute,
responded to by Prof. Franklin Menges
who spoke of "where are we going to get
enough to eat?" He said the United States,
Canada, Australia and Argentina are the
only countries that produce enough so as
to be able to export any food stuffs, and
it was a question if the United States had
any to export as the other countries were
exporting their products into the
United States. He also said that food
stuffs were higher in Pittsburg than any
other part of the world and the farmers
of Pennsylvania are realizing this fact.

The following officers were appointed:
Pres. Wm. H. Fry vice president, Dr. R. M.
Krebs; secretary, Harry M. Walker. After
the appointment of the officers, the choir
rendered another selection of music.

The next speaker of the evening was Mr.
H. M. Gooderham, of Patton, who spoke
on "agriculture and on rural schools." He
emphasized the fact that agriculture
cannot be taught successfully in our un-
graded schools, he showed the necessity
of teaching agriculture in our schools.
He pointed out "how our schools could
be consolidated and graded," so that agri-
culture could be taught. He stated it
up, greatly to the teacher, how agriculture
could be successfully taught in our schools.
This topic was responded to by Prof.
Menges, who spoke on the proper educa-
tion of our children.

Next was a selection by the choir. The
last speaker of the evening was Mr. C.
M. Barnitz who spoke on "The chick
from shell to maturity." He gave the
different breeds and to what purpose
they are best suited. Institute adjourned
until Tuesday morning.

Tuesday morning.—Institute was called
to order by chairman Wm. H. Fry, the
first speaker of the morning was Mr.
H. M. Gooderham who spoke on "farm
manures, their waste and treatment."
He spoke on how the farmer loses the
best part of his manure, he told how if
this is prevented he might declare a
greater dividend larger than any great cor-
poration. The next speaker was Prof.
Menges who spoke on "Benefits of corn
breeding."

He spoke of the two purposes of rais-
ing corn, first of raising corn for silage
for rough feed, second for the most corn
per acre.

Institute adjourned until 1.30 p. m.

Tuesday, p. m.—Institute called to or-
der by chairman Fry at 1.30. Music by
the choir. The first speaker of the after-
noon was Prof. Menges, who continued
his talk on the best kind of corn suited
to our climatic conditions.

The question box was opened and
some of the questions were read and an-
swered by the speakers. Mr. Barnitz
who spoke on the diseases of poultry.

Institute adjourned to meet at 7.30.

Tuesday evening.—Institute was called
to order by chairman Fry, when a crowd-
ed house greeted the speakers. The first
speaker was Mr. Gooderham, who spoke
to the boys and girls on politeness and
culture, he also spoke to the parents on
why the boys and girls leave the farm.
Mr. Gooderham is a very fluent speaker
and is himself a farmer and father and
knows whereof he speaks. Music by
the choir. The next speaker was Prof.
Menges, who spoke on the modern im-
provements on the farm. Music by the
choir.

The next speaker was Mr. Barnitz
who showed "The evolution of the rooster,"
by a stereopticon view which was
very instructive and entertaining.

The institute was a decided success with
a good corps of instructors and the music
furnished by a choir of voices trained by
Mrs. L. Story Spangler.

The local committee deserves a great
deal of praise for their successful insti-
tute, as each and every person was well
repaid for their attendance.

HARRY M. WALKER, Secretary.

To the Customs People.

"What are an American's first words
on returning from Europe?"

"Well, I declare"—Life.

Worse Still.

Comute—What's the matter? Has
the cook left? Mrs. C.—No. She re-
fuses to leave.—Judge.

Dangerous Joking.

Take with a small boy two or three
times and he will begin to be sassy.—
Athlison Globe.

Japan Censors Books.

In Japan the censorship of novels is
not exercised by the libraries, but by
a government official who is empower-
ed to prosecute offending authors as
well as forbid the sale of their books.

Not long ago the author of a Japanese
novel called "The Great City" was
brought before the courts for giving
too realistic a description of life in To-
kyo. His counsel used the old argu-
ments about the indefensible rights of
literature and the ennobling of every-
thing by art. But the case was given
against the author. Even some of
Mollere's works have been forbidden
to circulate in Japan. The ground of
offense being the lack of respect shown
by wives toward their husbands and
by sons toward their fathers.

Have your Job Work done here.