HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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CONTENTS

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Precious Stones

LAMONT THOMPSON

I LOOKED across the table at the Boy. Less than six years old he was, with flaxen hair, and eyes as blue as they make them. My own Boy!

"Did you put them there, Laddie?" I said, referring to three pure white stones I had just found when I lifted my plate.

"Yes," he said, "I found them in the road. Aren't they beautiful? I washed them good. I thought you'd like to have them, and you'd be surprised. They are the kind of stones they make diamonds out of. If you would polish them they'd shine, and be diamonds."

Two bright blue eyes — shining like diamonds they were — held me with their mixed appeal. Out of them shone a boy's love for his Dad, and the hope that his offering of love was accepted and appreciated; and there was the joy of discovery — he had found diamonds. Plainly those eyes said, "I gave them to you, Daddy, because I love you."

I examined those stones. As a boy I had hunted them. I, too, had found them, after the rains, in the road, as he had done; and they had been diamonds to me. But years had passed and values had changed. White stones were too common to have value now. Life had exacted from me its labors, and placed its burdens upon me. The white diamonds by the wayside had been quite forgotten.

The Boy wiggled. His face shone with a smile that hinted of a greater

(*Concluded on page 93*)

Our Boys and Girls

ELLA KING SANDERS

No definite age being stated, we take it for granted that we are to deal with the critical age, the special time in life when new powers are awakening within, — the age when youth are conscious of powers outside. "New things stand out before their very eyes." It is the age when they think about themselves and they can't help it. They are picturing life to themselves; the social instincts are waking up; they are beginning to recognize relationships; they begin to see life as a continued story. "They are crossing a bridge between childhood and adulthood." It is the most dangerous bridge in life, and fortunate the youth in whose home life this bridge is well guarded by the strong railing of companionship, sympathy, and love; and much easier for the teacher is the work of extending this bridge if the youth come from such a home.

It is the age of excitement and activity. The boys and girls "must be up and doing," both for their own pleasure and the good of others. "They like enthusiasm, even if they have to supply it themselves." "They are great imitators, and either look *up to* or *down on* their leaders." They feel a mighty power within, and are sure they can do anything.

A writer in the *Review* called it the "chaotic age," an appellation truly fitting. Nothing to them is rightly located, but it is the time when locating begins. It is the time when ideals are usually set and destinies usually fixed. They know more than their parents or teachers; they feel no need of advice; and many of them think, even if they do not express it, "Who is running this thing?"

In the space allotted to us, we can only touch points of importance in dealing with this age. All this energy needs careful guidance, for which heavenly wisdom is needed. This guidance is far more effective when suggestive rather than direct. A boy, talking of his Bible teacher, said, "I like her because she always says, 'Come.'" Do we who are older grown like dictation? Instead of saying, "You ought to do this," say, "Don't you think it would be fine to do so and so?" We hear some one say, "They must be commanded." True, Abraham commanded his household, and when we live the life that Abraham lived, *our* commands will be given with the same effect.

This period in their lives, for the girls, is known as the "chummy age," and the "gang age" for the boys. The girls' activities center around the social, and the boys' about the physical. There are various types of both. With boys there is the mischievous, the giggling, the ill-tempered, the cruel-hearted, the deceitful, the good-natured, the big-hearted, etc. Among the girls we find the frivolous, the careless, the deceitful, the thoughtful, the kind-hearted, etc.

These several types demand various kinds of railing along the bridge. Let us picture this unclassified, untrained army crossing this dangerous bridge. They cannot be dealt with alike. If it is to be a safe bridge in these awful times, it will be one where the railing is spiked with pearly tears and the planks laid on bended knees. The guide must know how to talk *to* God, and not *about* Him. He must know something of those whom he would guide. Here is a valuable quotation: "If you would have power to come heart to heart with those whom you would win, you must be all the time heart to heart with God." Another has said, "A rich life is worth more to boys and girls than a rich sermon, curriculum, or program." Let me add that the way of these ideals is the way of prayer.

Here are some truths from a boy's pen that will give some idea of them:

"Boys don't like to be nagged at. They like talk straight from the shoulder."

"Boys respect order, even if you would not think so to see their lockers at the Y. M. C. A."

"Boys respect discipline and authority."

"Boys like originality, — not the same old cut and dried lessons."

This reminds me of the story I read of one boy who said, "When you add up my teacher, there hain't nothing to carry."

"Boys don't like to be scolded at; they like square deals."

"Boys don't like to be treated like girls — considered a 'sissy' or a 'goody.'"

"Boys like hikes, to ford streams, to climb hills, etc."

Right here let me fit to the schoolroom the beatitudes about home given by some boys to their teacher:

"Blessed is the boy who is not afraid to tell his teacher everything he does.

"Blessed is the boy who gets his lessons without being told to do so.

"Blessed is the boy who is a pal of his teacher.

"Blessed is the boy whose teacher has not forgotten that he was once a boy."

Girls have their likes and dislikes. Very few girls grow better under nagging. They have a sense of honor and justice; they respect authority and discipline; they respond to kindness and sympathetic suggestions; they like some one in whom they can confide. Fortunate the girl who finds such a confidante in some older girl — a big sister, or "pal," as they are likely to call her. And more fortunate still are the girls or boys who have father and mother for their pals. The wise, sympathetic, consecrated, loving teacher may at least partially fill this place.

John Alexander says, "There is no boy or girl problem, and there never has been. The problem is not with the boys and girls, but with men and women. It is entirely one of leadership."

Another writer says, "It is you (leaders) who must make opportunities for them to retell their new-found knowledge, and use it until it becomes a permanent part of their mental furnishings."

There is a vast difference between telling a boy about Joseph and having him tell himself where Joseph's life touches his life. These Bible characters must be brought down to them as real flesh and blood beings like themselves.

They must be helped to express their interest in others in a practical way. They may be led to respond to the call of a suffering world now. They need careful directing in the use of their new physical, mental, social, and spiritual powers. It is true that the "greatest force for good or evil in the boys and girls is an ideal."

They must be trained in truthfulness, temperance, integrity, purity, courage, — in all that will fit them for the final test so soon to be upon them. Can all this be done in a short time? This is an age of rushing nature. We no longer wait years to grow trees to bear fruit. These youth must be so nourished that they will develop and learn in a few months what it has taken some years to learn. The God of nature is the source of the power needed to accomplish this. The teacher's place is "in the power house, to act as the dynamo, sending out steady currents of sustaining courage, enthusiasm, harmony, and love."

Life stories are valuable in teaching these truths to be embodied in their lives. Let me illustrate by giving a few stories. Here is one on integrity:

"A man big in every sense, physically, mentally, morally, stood at the corner of a vacant city lot one day, watching two boys in a race. One was a street-urchin type, one a vigorous schoolboy. They were about the same age and weight, in every way well matched. When they came to the corner lot, however, the schoolboy stopped short, while his companion took the short, triangular-base cut across the lot instead of going around the square.

"The man was interested. 'Why did you stop the race so soon, my boy?' he asked. 'It seemed to me that you were a step or two ahead just as you quit.'

"The boy lifted an honest face. 'Don't you see that sign?' pointing to the TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN on a small, plainly inscribed board. 'I'm no lawbreaker.'

"'Who owns this lot?' the man continued, unusually interested.

"'Oh, Mr. ——. He's in California for the winter.'

"'And this is Maine! Why, how could he know?'

"'Maybe he couldn't, but *I* would know,' was the simple reply.

"Later this man sent this very boy, then eighteen, on an errand of big trust and much importance to them both. 'I picked him out,' was his simple explanation, 'because I never knew him to take advantage of a situation. He is honest to himself.'"

Here is one on courage:

"'And now, boys,' said a teacher, 'just what person or happening has most helped you to show courage in your Christian faith?'

"'I like to be at a great convention where there is music, and big, successful men, not afraid to speak out,' said one.

"'I think Sporty S. decided me,' said another. 'He belonged to the church, but he was such a fun leader that I didn't think he'd ever speak out for Christ before the boys. But last month the Latin professor's sister came to visit him. She was a sweet, religious old lady, and when the professor brought her over to the clubhouse to take supper with us, she looked us up and down just like she thought a heap of our noisy gang, and then she said, "Boys, won't one of you say a few words to our heavenly Father before we begin?" Well, there was a terrible hush, every one of us felt as frightened as if we were facing cannon. Then Sporty asked the blessing just as if he loved to do it. Afterward several of us boys got together and vowed we'd never pretend to any religion that we couldn't live up to and speak right out.'"

A lesson on prayer, illustrated by prayer answered, is conclusive. Forget not the power of the teacher's example. As one writer puts it, "An ounce of example is worth a pound of precept."

Keep them busy in uplifting lines. Lead them into the wonderful things in nature. To teach them the value of a "well-balanced, worthy course of action, call attention to the fact that too much sunshine, even, causes trees and plants to wither; too much rain causes mildew; and stagnation follows too much stillness of the water. Whatever detracts from the right course of action is moral intemperance." The song of birds gives joy and hope to the listening ear. Help them to listen. Show them how the oak talks of strength. All nature speaks to the open heart.

Sometimes we find the boy or girl who seems unable to take in what his leader chooses to give him, and his case is classed as hopeless. Let me give one example to illustrate the value of finding the vibrating cord to some hidden power in the so-called hopeless case:

James T. Hughes, who was an instructor in a normal school in Toronto, tells of a boy who came to him at the age of nine, being unable to read. He was classed as a dunce. In the drawing class one day Mr. Hughes said, "Boys, I should like to come twice a week at eight in the evening and give you another kind of drawing." He expected a good response, but no one came except the "dunce." Rather reluctantly he went at his task. The lad soon showed marked ability in this line, and this kindled powers in other lines. This lad in later years became the greatest architect in Canada.

But who are our boys and girls? They form a vast army in our ranks who should some day be leaders in this message, if time continues long enough. In a nearer sense, today they are the purchased possession of Jesus. They are priceless, living material, intrusted to us to be fitted into the great human temple of God.

You say, "Immeasurable responsibility!" But can we turn from it? They are *our* boys and girls.

MOST bad boys can be blamed to their weak fathers rather than to their wicked companions; most ruined girls, to their ignorant mothers rather than to their vile seducers.

OF all the joys that life affords, the joys of home are sweetest;
A little wife, a little brood, a little house the neatest.
On other joys we take *perhaps's*, doubtful *if's* and *maybe's;*
But nothing mars contentment joys that bless a home and babies.

Photo by Eugene J. Hall

What Shall I Write

Upon the Tablets of My Children's Hearts?

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

THE fleshly tables of the child-heart are as impressionable as wax; but they retain like granite. This is no material whereon I may experiment, changing my mind frequently as to that which I shall write, and erasing without fear of blemish. This is no copy book, whereon I " try, try again " only for practice, without fear of reproof from the Master, or great regret at a soiled page. This is not the seashore, where I may carelessly trace characters in the sand, secure in the knowledge that the next wave will wash them out. What I write here, remains. Through the days before me I shall see it continually. Those about me will see it. It will deepen rather than fade with the years. The beams from the coming of God's eternal kingdom will shine upon it and bring it to fullest light. It behooves me, then, to consider what I write here, — before I have done writing and the letters are graven for eternity.

First, I shall write "Reverence," — not the craven's fawning before the tyrant, but the homage of the loyal and happy subject who daily looks into the face of his Maker, saying, "Lo, this is my God." Out of this reverence will grow adoration and joyful, willing service.

I shall write "Honesty." Honesty is not immensely popular these days. There is a lot of spurious honesty which is common. It is very bold, very sure of itself; but it does not bear investigation. It reminds me of a castle I once saw on the shores of a lake. A party of us were rowing toward the west end of the lake, facing the fast-disappearing sun. Its rays touched with gold the battlements and towers of this medieval castle. One almost expected to see a mailed knight on a white charger ride out of the postern gate. Presently, as we pulled up even with its grandeur, and passed, we saw props on the other side to hold it up. It was a tin castle, I think, or possibly corrugated iron. Some people's honesty is like that. But this is not the sort I should write upon my child's heart.

I shall write "Industry." Our generation does not like work, either mental or physical. Sometimes I hear people say they "dearly love to work." Perhaps they do, but their affection for it is not shared by the majority. However, it is not hard to love the frame of mind which work generates.

"Do you like working?" some one asked a bright young woman, who under a reverse of fortune had begun to earn her living.

"No," she answered, smiling as she filed a stack of letters with efficient fingers, "No, I can't say I do, but I love the way working makes me feel."

"Industry brings a dignity, a self-respect, which is worth while in itself. People who are not afraid of work, who enjoy work, are the most contented people in the world. Most of our national labor troubles grow out of somebody's desire to do less work. I would write for my child, joy in the task at hand, and enthusiasm to carry it through to completion.

"Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. "Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, and he will persevere longer."

And as I write industry, so with it I shall write "Dependability." It is so uncommon. How many of your acquaintances can you count on to do exactly as they say they will? What is vastly more to the point, how many of them can count on you to be absolutely dependable?

Out of dependability grows resourcefulness. We love the spirit which expects to perform the task in hand. "Of course I can do it," he says to himself. "Now for the method!" And he finds it.

I shall write "Warm-heartedness." The world needs few things more than real friendship — universal friendship, if there be such a thing. Patriotism — loyalty to country — we must have, but before all else, loyalty to humanity.

During the Great War, a stanch little American woman sat in her steamer chair on board one of our lake steamers. At intervals there passed her chair a magnificent, elderly woman, evidently of Teuton origin. Every time she passed she smiled, but my little American only straightened up and jabbed in her knitting needles the more fiercely.

Presently the older woman paused in her round, and asked, "Would you mind my knitting a bit on that sweater?"

Uncle Sam's daughter sat very straight and her lips became a thin line.

"I think you would not care to knit on this garment," she said. "It is for my son, who is an officer with the American forces in France."

Swiftly the other turned, and bending down, spoke with great earnestness:

"My dear, *my* son is an officer in the German army, and I pray every moment for him. But even so, you and I cannot let this horrible war swallow us up. It is a terrible thing, but it must not blot

out friendliness from the earth. You are an American, and I am a German; but we are both God's children; we share His blessings and look to Him for sustaining grace. This relationship will outlast this war and every war that we may suffer. Now may I, perhaps, knit a round on that sweater?"

And the listener, humbled, surrendered her needles.

We find differences everywhere, but if we look for them, we shall always find great fundamentals which declare our kinship with all mankind. I would write on my child's heart a recognition of this relationship.

On the tablets of my child's heart I wish to write "Happiness." Often in my efforts this is likely to be crowded out as less important than some of the sterner virtues. Happiness is a habit, and moreover, it is contagious.

A young mother noticed that her little son was growing fretful and "whiney;" so she did a very wise thing,— she began to watch herself. Repeatedly throughout the day she would say to the lad — and to herself, "Aren't we having a good time?" "Don't you like this?" or, "Hasn't the sun come out wonderfully?" till the boy caught the spirit of his mother's happiness, and made it his own.

All these, and more, would I write on the tablets of my child's heart. The task is stupendous. I shrink from the responsibility it carries; but I cannot be free from it if I would. It is mine.

How shall I perform it? I cannot argue about it. Argument never taught a child anything. Jesus was the greatest teacher the world ever knew, and He never argued. Rather, He suggested. I can suggest. Children are sensitive to suggestion. Above all, Jesus *lived* the lessons He wished to teach. I also live. And woe to me if the teaching of my life and of my lips be not the same!

Children have a way of understanding lives. They may misunderstand what we say, or may draw wrong conclusions; but they never misunderstand our lives. If reverence, honesty, industry, and the rest are not a part of my own life, I can never make them a part of my child's life.

My question is, then, not so much, "What shall I write?" as it is, "What write I?" Living is the most effective sort of teaching. We can never get away from that fact. My life is my message; and it is forever writing itself upon the tablets of my children's hearts.

What Mothers May Do

JOHN RUSKIN, the great English writer, testified that he regarded as the most essential part of his education the training received from his mother in committing to memory choice passages of Scripture. He is by no means alone in testifying to what mothers can do in training their boys and girls in the knowledge of the Bible.

A recent issue of the *Youth's Companion* gives the following testimony from the great English orator and reform leader, John Bright:

When John Bright was asked how he came to be such a master of the art of public speaking, he answered that the only help he had ever had in that direction he had got by listening to his mother read the Bible.

She was accustomed to read the Bible aloud to her children, and he was so fascinated, he said, by her way of reading it, that he had tried ever since to imitate it.

John Bright became a great statesman, who carried out the teachings of the Bible in a noble and helpful life. Such was the power of his eloquence that he brought about marked and beneficent changes in the laws of England.

His mother's Bible reading during the impressionable years of his childhood, influenced his whole life; the careful, unhurried, reverent, and expressive way in which she read, was the chief influence in producing one of England's greatest and noblest orators.— *The Oxford Bulletin.*

Language Games

NELLE P. GAGE

THE reason our children say, "I seen a bear," or "I come to a long hill," is probably due to two things. They hear it that way, and they habitually say it so. In order to make a new and correct path in the brain as well-beaten as the old one, the child must go over the right road at least as many times as he has gone over the other. If this repetition is done *with attention*, the chances are good that a new and correct habit will be formed which will take the place of the wrong one.

Games are a happy way to make the new paths, and here are two which have helped some to form right habits:

The purpose of the first is to overcome the "I-come-to-a-long-hill" habit. The children sit as they are in class, or form a circle. One child starts a story like this:

"I went into the country, and I came to an elm tree."

The second takes up the story with,

"I went into the country, and I came to an elm tree, and I came to a log cabin."

The third follows with,

"I went into the country, and I saw an elm tree, and I saw a log cabin, and I saw a lake."

The story grows on until it goes around the group once, or twice if the class is small. Each time the child repeats what every other child has said, and adds his own sentence.

The other game is like the first except in purpose and the consequent difference in the story. It is to develop the correct use of *I* with *shall*. The teacher asks some such question as this:

"What subjects do you plan to study in the academy?"

The first pupil answers:

"When I go to the academy, I shall take algebra."

The second one says, "I shall take algebra and I shall take Bible."

The third repeats what the other two have said, and adds his own "I shall," and so on.

These games lend themselves to variations and adaptations as the need arises. With a little enthusiasm the teacher can make them so popular that she will discover her children playing them at recess and at their home gatherings.

I'd Be a Teacher

My aim in life is what? you ask,
What would I do?
What be my work in afterdays?
I'll tell to you;
I know my wish, I know the aim
Long in my mind;
I'd be a teacher, noble, true,
A teacher, kind.
Dear friends, please listen now to me,
A church school teacher I would be.

And why not teach in the public schools?
They teach for time.
I'd teach for long eternity —
A work sublime.
I'd point the minds of youth above,
I'd sow the seeds
Of righteousness and purity,
Of loving deeds.
Dear friends, please listen now to me,
A church school teacher I would be.

Two paths before the youthful feet
Stretch on afar;
I'd be a friend, a counselor,
A guiding star.
I'd help the little ones to choose
'Twixt right and wrong;
I'd lead their voices in a strain
Of happy song.
Dear friends, please listen now to me,
A church school teacher I would be.

No nobler work on this old earth
Than training youth
To walk in all the ways of God,
In paths of truth.
I long for stars within my crown
To ever shine.
Dear Jesus, help me, help I pray,
For I am Thine.
A church school teacher I will be.
If Thou wilt help and strengthen me.

—*Eliza H. Morton.*

A Little Boy Who Listened

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Samuel. He lived with the good priest Eli, in the house of God. He had work to do every morning, and every night, and all day long. In the morning he would open the doors of the house, and sweep out the rooms, and put everything in place. And at night he closed the doors, and trimmed the lamps, and put everything in place again, before he lay down to sleep. He used to run errands for Eli, and bring wood and water, just as little boys do nowadays. Eli taught him to read, and he taught him to pray to the great Jehovah God in heaven.

Jehovah looked down upon the little boy Samuel, morning and night, and all day long; and He saw how faithful he was to bring the wood and the water, and to open the doors on time, and to sweep, and to trim the lamps, and everything. And He said, "I love the little boy Samuel, he is so faithful and good. I will give him something greater to do. And I will go and talk with him Myself."

So one night, after Samuel had done his work and had lain down on his little bed to sleep, he heard somebody calling him, "Samuel." He thought it was Eli calling him. So up he jumped and ran in where Eli was lying on his bed, and he said, "Here I am, for you called me."

"No, little Samuel," Eli said, "I didn't call you. Go lie down again."

So Samuel went and lay down again. But he hadn't yet taken the littlest nap, nor shut his eyes to go to sleep, when again he heard some one calling him, "*Sam*-uel." And up he jumped and ran in to Eli. "Here I am," he said, "for you called me."

"No, little Samuel," Eli said, "I did not call you. Go lie down again." So Samuel went and lay down again.

But before ever he had taken the littlest nap, or shut his eyes to go to sleep, again he heard some one calling him, "*Sam*-uel." And though he was sleepy and tired, he didn't say, "Well, Eli doesn't want me; I'm going to sleep." No; but up he jumped just as quickly as before, and ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am, for you *did* call me."

Then Eli knew that it was the Lord God who was calling the child. And he said gently, "Little Samuel, go and lie down. And if He calls you again, say, 'Speak, Jehovah, for I hear you.'"

"Oh!" Samuel thought, "the great Jehovah God is going to talk to little Samuel." And he didn't take the littlest nap, nor shut his eyes to go to sleep; but he lay there with his eyes wide open, and his ears listening, all ready to answer when the Lord should call.

And sure enough, just as before, the Lord came and stood, and called softly, "Samuel, Samuel."

Then Samuel said, in the tiniest voice, "Speak, for I hear you." And then the Lord talked to little Samuel, and told him what he should say to the people.

S.

It takes a broad man to utilize a university training in the education of high school pupils. The narrow man wants to crowd all his learning into the heads that perhaps can hold one tenth of it. His *ics* and his *ologies* are precious; they are to him the electric current that the costly dynamo of his school has produced. The broad man diffuses his genial culture like the free sunshine of God, whereof all may partake to their several capacities while they gather such fruits of the earth as they may.

Racine Photo Bureau

One Hundred Per Cent

In the Health of Children

KATHRYN L. JENSEN, R. N.

To the casual observer this little maid of seven summers gave promise of becoming a useful woman. Free as the air she breathed, joyous as the summer morning, she showed no sign of anything but abounding health. Her care-free life in a semicountry atmosphere was conducive to life and good health. This is our first impression. Upon closer inspection, we note that her skin, her hair, and her posture indicate some abnormal condition which is slowly but surely undermining her health.

What is a normal child? you ask. First of all, he has a body weight proportionate to his height. His hair is shining, sleek, and well kept. His skin is not dry and sallow, but of a healthy tone. His step is springy and light. His eyes are sparkling. He stands erect instead of assuming the typical slouching "posture of fatigue." His shoulder blades do not protrude; and his flesh is firm instead of thin and flabby. The mental attitude and expression of the normal child is care free and happy. This is the child's rightful heritage, and is an ideal which can be easily reached, provided there are no congenital defects.

That hundreds and thousands of children die each year or reach manhood and womanhood impaired physically and mentally because of lack of attention to the normal development of the body and an overcrowding of the attic of that temple, is an undisputed fact.

To the average individual, the little girl of seven appeared to be a normal child. To the trained physician or nurse she presented a problem.

Upon inspection the slightly enlarged tonsil could hardly be held accountable for the evident symptoms of impaired nutrition. Knowing that the child has had little supervision during the day, we question in order to determine whether

irregular habits are laying the foundation for the typical delicate young woman.

"Jane, dear, what time did you go to bed last night?" Her ready answer to our questions made clear to our minds one solution. Further questioning made known the fact that she always stayed up until ten, and on an average of once a week until eleven or twelve o'clock. She could not recall having slept in the daytime at any period of her life.

Her food habits were irregular. She had been pampered until innumerable articles of diet valuable for a growing child were among those she disliked. Her breakfasts did not include foods conducive to growth.

She had reached the age when the parent, the teacher, and the medical worker must co-operate in order to enlist the child's interest in the preservation of her own health.

This is more difficult than it would have been in infancy, because her habits of life are already quite firmly established.

Again we are reminded of the words of Mrs. E. G. White in "The Ministry of Healing," speaking of the home and the parent:

"Habit, which is so terrible a force for evil, it is in their power to make a force for good. They have to do with the stream at its source, and it rests with them to direct it rightly. Parents may lay for their children the foundation for a healthy, happy life."

It is encouraging that children respond to the correction of habits that retard physical development as does a plant to sunshine and proper environment.

"Health," says Federal Commissioner of Education Tigert, "is a vital subject that must be taught, and childhood is the golden period of life in which to teach it."

"Imperfect control is the paramount cause of the majority of illnesses that childhood is heir to," says Dr. Emerson, the child specialist of New York City.

Are your children allowed ten to twelve hours' sound sleep each day? Are candies, cookies, cakes, and ice creams an unknown quantity between meals? Does your child eat sufficient nourishing food laden with mineral salts and vitamines as well as the other food elements? Does he get a portion of grains, fruits, vegetables, and nuts in his daily food menu? In other words, are you co-operating, as teacher and parent, in an endeavor to produce a healthy development of body as well as of mind? In a recent San Francisco paper there appeared this illustrated caption, "San Francisco Wants Her Children to Be 100 Per Cent Healthy." Shall our goal be less than this?

Don't Be a Drifter!

DON'T be a drifter! Breast the stream
And struggle for a worthy dream.
Be one of those with standards high
Who dare to do and dare to try.
Too many merely drift along,
Helpless when danger's wind grows strong,
Tossed by the currents here and there,
Held in the eddies of despair,
Bruised by the rocks they might evade
Were they not all too lightly swayed.

Don't be a drifter! Shape a plan
And have some purpose as a man.
Be not content, as many are,
To go without a guiding star,
Swayed by the faithless whims of chance,
Fate's puppets, at her nod to dance;
But in the distance set your goal,
And fight for it with all your soul.
Keep some objective worth your while,
Though fortune frown on you or smile.

Don't be a drifter! Join the few
Who seek life's real tasks to do.
Strike out where deeper water flows,
And breast the stream with manly blows.
The shallows and the coves beware,
Too many barks are broken there.
The rocks and tangled branches lie
To catch the driftwood floating by;
But he who fights against the stream,
Shall some day reach his port of Dream.

— *Edgar A. Guest.*

WHEN love is sown broadcast, it finds the fertile places.

THE man who receives all his pay in money gets poor wages.

Blackboard Lessons for Beginners

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

[These lessons have been used with great success. The author made a chart of them, and illustrated it. Her class mastered the foundation work given in the Primary Reading Manual, this set of lessons, and read five books, besides learning to spell a large number of words. They gave much attention to phonograms, learning as many words phonetically as possible. This, of course, after getting a good start with sight words, enabled her to introduce new words much more rapidly than she otherwise could have done.

Of course our teachers are taking advantage of the dialogue form of these lessons by assigning different parts to the various children, and letting them carry out the conversational idea. This tends to good expression. The teacher will not fail to make as large a variety of sentences as possible of the given words. The more blackboard sentences, the better, so long as the teacher's sentences do not introduce new words.—EDITOR.]

Lesson XXI

MAY:
O mother, I see a yellow bird!
He is over in the æpple tree.
See him swing!
High, low! High, low!
He loves to have the wind blow.
See his pretty wings!
O mother, he can sing!
To whom is he singing?
O, I see! There are two birds,
Two pretty little yellow birds.

MOTHER:
They have made a *nest.*

MAY:
What for, mother?

MOTHER:
O you will see, May.
The birds will show you.

Lesson XXII

MR. MINORCA:
Good morning, Mrs. *Hen.*
Have you seen the green grass?
It is good.
It will be fine for your morning meal.

MRS. MINORCA:
I cannot get grass, now.
I have a nest in the haymow.

MR. MINORCA:
Are there *eggs* in it?

MRS. MINORCA:
Nan will give me eggs.
I love my nest.
I will sit there all day.
Good morning.

Lesson XXIII

MOTHER:
Nan, here are nine *duck* eggs.
You may give the eggs to the *black* hen.
She sits in the haymow.
She is a good hen to sit.
She will love the little ducks.
Ducks swim in the water.
Little ducks are pretty.
You will see the ducks swim.
It will be fun for you.
The ducks will be black and yellow.

. . . . . .

NAN:
Now, mother, Mrs. Hen has nine eggs in her nest.
She loves her nest and the eggs.

Lesson XXIV

This is an *owl.*
He says, "To-hit, to-who!"
He flies in the night.
He sits in a tree in the day.
He does not love other birds.
Owls kill bluebirds.
Owls kill yellow birds.
Owls eat birds' eggs.
This owl feeds them to his little ones.
Other birds fear him.
His nest is in this pine tree.
This is what the old owl says,
"To-hit, to-hit, to-who-o-o!"

Lesson XXV

O, see what we have!
The old black hen is over here.
Old Black loved the nest.
Nine duck eggs were in it.
Now the eggs are not there.
But Old Black, what have you?
"O, I have little ducks," she says.
"My ducks love to swim.
I cannot swim a bit.
Swim in the water, little ducks.
Two are yellow. Two are black.
One is gray. Two are black.
Swim to me, now, little ducks."

Lesson XXVI

NAN:
Come, kitty, kitty, kitty.
KITTY:
Me-ow! Me-ow!
NAN:
Come here, little kitty.
Are you cold?
Let me hold you.
Can you sing for me?
You are so pretty and white.
You are a little snowball.
I will give you a dish of milk.
You are a good little pet.

Lesson XXVII

(Milking time at the Green home.)

FATHER:
O Ray, Ray!
RAY:
What is it, father?
FATHER:
Have the *dog* get the *cow.*
Nan may get the milk pail.
RAY:
Here, Rover, here.
Get Fan, Rover! Get the cow!
ROVER:
Bow-wow! Bow-wow!

FAN:
M-m-m. M-m-m.
NAN:
Here is the pail, father.
FATHER:
Right-o! Now, Fan, so, so.
S-s-s. Give us a good pail of milk.
Come, now, Nan,
Give your pet lamb his fill.
He will grow to be a fine lamb.
NAN:
Give kitty a dish of milk, too.
Come, Snowball.
SNOWBALL:
Me-ow, me-ow.

Lesson XXVIII

RAY:
Did you see my dog?
See him, now! See Fan run!
He gets Fan by the tail.
He says it is fun.
NAT:
The old cow says it is not fun.
RAY:
There, Rover! come *over* here.
Fan does not like you one bit.
You and Nat and I will play.
NAT:
What can we play?
RAY:
Oh, we can play ball!
Rover can get the ball.
Run over there, Rover.
Run and get the ball.

Lesson XXIX

RAY:
Come here, Nat.
We will get the bay *horse.*
NAT:
What a *big* horse he is!
Will he kick?
RAY:
O no! He will not kick.
He loves me too well.
NAT:
Will he run away?
RAY:
He can run.
He will not run away.
Get in now. Come, Dick!
Can you run, Dick?
NAT:
Dick is a fine old horse.
He will get us there.

Lesson XXX (Review)

RAY:
Come, Nat. See this swing.
Father made it.
He said we might swing.
NAT:
Nan may swing first.
I will swing you, Nan.
Now, Ray, you may swing me.
What fun!
I love to swing! Do you?
NAN:
Now, Rover, you may swing.
Get in, old dog.
ROVER:
Bow-wow!
RAY:
Be good now, Rover.
Sit there and I will swing you.
Is it not fun, old dog?
NAN:
Sit over, and I will swing, too.
This is fun!
Father is good to make us a swing.
We love him.

"THE door of success is marked 'Push.'"

"A TEACHER should leave something about the school each year as a monument to her work."

"THE voice, the dress, the looks, the very motions of a person alter, when he or she begins to live for a purpose."

"THREATS are unworthy of the teacher. Nature makes no threats; but a mild, certain punishment follows violated law."

EDITORIAL

Don't Forget It

MORNING worship. Ten minutes to six, or ten minutes to whatever time you have breakfast. It is best to have morning worship before breakfast, rather than after, because the family is together then, and not ready to scatter in a hurry; because minds are clear and sharp, before the blood is called to the digestive tract; and because there is not the untidiness of a finished meal.

Sing. A verse or two anyway. Use the piano or the organ, and sing, all of you, father, mother, and children. Song is the perfume of the flower of prayer; without it much of the grace of morning worship is lost. If you can't sing, try, and you will learn. None of us can sing like the angels, but our Father likes to hear us, nevertheless. And a short stanza to close the service is good.

Be brief. Read a short scripture that the children can understand, or let each repeat a verse or recite a psalm or some other passage in concert. Vary the exercise, not too much, but enough. A two-minute prayer is better than a fifteen-minute prayer. Usually the father or mother should offer the morning petition, but this may be varied, with the children taking part. And then Sabbath evening is a special service, when all may pray.

Don't forget it! Morning worship, every day. So shall the benediction of peace rest upon your home. S.

Not How Much, but How Well

"O YES, there's just so much to cover during the year," says the busy young teacher, "I can't wait for reviews; there's no time for them. I think more time ought to be spent than I can possibly find to spend in that way; but it is useless to plan for anything more than brief reviews, and those must come just before examination."

We sympathize with this busy little teacher, but nevertheless we want to tell her that there is a better way. There is an old, old saying that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the truth of this should be thoroughly impressed upon *both* teacher and children.

It is manifestly unfair to pupils, parents, and the next teacher, yes, and to the present teacher herself, to leave finally any subject without thoroughly fixing it in the children's minds.

Start with the beginnings, thoroughly determined that they shall know well what you undertake to teach. Remember the slogan, "Not how much, but how well," and more than likely a fine surprise will await you. In the old story of the tortoise and the hare, it was the tortoise who "got there" in spite of his slow movements.

The first work, done well, forms a solid foundation on which to build that which comes later. Be thorough, be perfect as you go along, and the road gradually becomes smoother. This kind of procedure forms within the child the habit of doing well whatever he does, and secondly it gives him a foothold. He has something to which to fasten the new knowledge gained day by day. Soon the work goes more rapidly, and both child and parents are surprised at what he can do.

For instance, here is a teacher whose first grade class took their foundation work and then read five books during last year. How did they do it, you ask, when our first reader is such a large, solid book that it alone seems a year's work? It was not done by hurrying through the foundation work. The

ETCHINGS

teacher used lessons that interested the little ones for the beginning work; she varied the work; she put enthusiasm into it, for who ever saw an enthusiastic class without an enthusiastic teacher! She used work so simple that the children could master it. She doubtless used the easy part of one book, then the easy part of another, and perhaps of another, and when she finally came back to the first book, the next part of it was easy, too, and thus she proceeded. The same principles hold good in every class and every study.

Teachers cannot always promote, but they *can* always be thorough. W.

What Is a Review?

To review means to view again. You see a beautiful scene in passing. You perhaps have sailed up the Hudson River. "Beautiful!" you say. Yes, wonderful! You may apply as many adjectives as you wish, and then you have not said too much. Your impression of your view is quite clear. Weeks and months pass by, and you see many beautiful scenes. Gradually your view of the Hudson becomes very indistinct — much is so blurred that you cannot see it at all. There is only one way to make the picture distinct in your mind again, and that is to *re*-view.

If it is your privilege to see the river again, you find it just as beautiful, though it may not seem to you *quite* so wonderful as at first. After you have viewed again, passing *down* the river this time, perhaps, you feel that you have a much better idea than at first.

Then possibly it is your privilege to take an automobile trip along the east shore. You view the river in a new way. You feel that you are much better acquainted with it. The impression of what you saw at first has been deepened, and you have a broader knowledge of it. You begin to feel that you could really give a word-picture that would cause others to see the Hudson River.

A few months later you have an opportunity to investigate the west shore. Here you clamber up the Palisades, and from their heights view the river and the surrounding country. Now you have viewed and reviewed and again reviewed the Hudson River. You have a lasting and practical knowledge of it. You can make others see and understand it. You have seen it from so many different angles that your knowledge is broad and sure.

If school instruction is to be made practical and lasting, it must be viewed, then reviewed, drilled upon, and reviewed again. It should be seen from diverse angles and different heights, and it will become fixed and useful. The teacher should not usually recall it after the same manner as when it was first given. To keep up the enthusiasm, make the old knowledge have the arousing qualities of the new by showing it in its relation to new knowledge. No phase of knowledge gaining has more satisfaction in it, and no method of presenting new knowledge is so pedagogical and sure, as that of recalling and reviewing old knowledge in order to fasten new related facts to it. W.

WITHOUT homes the state is impotent. After all, they are the real source of patriotism. A man's family makes his country worth fighting for. Destroy the home, and the last safeguard against autocracy in government is gone. Then what a fiend is he who tampers with the essentials of this foundation of our liberties!—*R. B. T.*

Teaching Suggestions for November

Physiology Seven

LOTTIE GIBSON

WITH our limited apparatus we probably cannot watch the circulation in the frog's foot, but we can get a heart from the butcher for our study of the circulation. Excuse from the class any pupils to whom the sight of dissecting the heart is repulsive. They will usually get interested enough from what they hear to join the class again. In my experience the teacher is the one who shrinks from the task, but the value to the class in seeing the valves, alone repays the effort.

Many children, after finishing this chapter, still hold the idea that the blood is purified only in the lungs. Then let us emphasize the three purifications of the blood, and let the children know that the purest blood in the body is in the renal vein.

The lymphatic system is hard for many children to grasp. If some one is fortunate enough to have a blister on his hand, you have something with which to work; but if not, remember that class time is not the only time to teach physiology. Sometime during the year some one will have a blister or will scrape the skin just enough to let the lymph ooze out. If the attention of the class is called to it, no one will again say that he never heard of such a thing as lymph.

Here again we have an excellent opportunity to bring the lessons into the life of the child. Let the class find quotations on the effect of tea, coffee, tobacco, and liquor, upon the heart and circulation; also on the benefit of exercise and pure air. Many of our children have a tendency toward anemia. Teach them Ecclesiastes 11:7, and talk the fresh-air doctrine; but do not forget to drop a word about the violent exercise that may injure the heart. A little thin-faced boy was telling about a race he won. He said, "I beat 'em, but my! it made me feel funny. I could hardly see, and it just seemed as if I couldn't breathe all that day." He had surely run too hard.

Bible Six

FEDALMA RAGON

EVERY teacher who uses Book Three should be very familiar with the simple outline given in the preface. This divides the life of Christ into three periods. She should not be satisfied until each child is able to outline these three periods, making and *mastering* the outlines as the lessons progress.

We shall begin with Period One, which covers the time in Jesus' life from His birth to the first Passover of His public ministry, A. D. 28. His birth was at Bethlehem, and we shall take that place as the first head in our outline, thus:

1. Bethlehem
   Birth of Jesus

The next day we study the visit of the shepherds, and add this to the events which occurred at Bethlehem. With the story of Simeon and Anna, we add the word "Jerusalem," and beneath the name of the city, the event. Our outline now reads:

1. Bethlehem
   Birth of Jesus
   Visit of Shepherds
2. Jerusalem
   Dedication
   Simeon and Anna

The next day we add:

3. Bethlehem
   Visit of the wise men

Then come:

4. Flight into Egypt
5. Nazareth
   Boyhood days
6. Jerusalem
   Christ and the doctors
7. Nazareth
   At the carpenter's bench

In this way the outline is continued to the close of the period. If the children have mastered it day by day, giving it frequently either orally or in writing, there will be little review necessary at the close.

By the use of such an outline, confused ideas are avoided, for the events in Jesus' life follow one another in orderly succession. In imagination we live over again the scenes of the Christ-life, being greatly aided because we know the sequence of events. This is especially true when we begin the study of His public ministry, and the events crowd upon one another in rapid succession.

With the outline drill just described, map drill is indispensable. Every child should be able to draw from memory a map of Palestine, pointing out the places as he reviews his outline. After such drills at the board he is ready, at the close of the period, to trace the journeys of Jesus on one of his set of printed maps, contained in the envelope of maps. It is also a good plan to place the outline of the period on the back of this map, if it can be neatly done. The map may then be filed away and kept for reference.

Outside preparation on the part of the child has much to do with the success which attends the teaching of these lessons. The class should be taught that there are four steps in the study of the lesson, as follows:

1. Read the lesson scripture
2. Ask yourself the questions
3. Read the notes
4. Learn the memory verse

This order of procedure should be drilled on as thoroughly as any lesson until the child is soundly impressed.

"Busy Work"

WINNIFRED JAMES

For the month of November we find many things of interest to the American child, for to him November and the making of our country are as one.

We have the child's interest; and interest is a desire to gain knowledge, so we shall have a very easy time getting him to want to do his work well.

We believe in co-relation of subjects, and shall carry out the same idea of correlation in manual training as we do in other studies. As far as possible, carry out the ideas during this period that the child has formed in his Bible, language, and nature lessons.

Monday — Borders
Construction work
Tuesday — Paper folding
Wednesday — Sewing Cards
Thursday — Weaving
Friday — Free-hand paper cutting

First and Second Mondays

A large pumpkin with leaves could be traced for the children to color and mount for a border.

Any decoration of work could be done during the drawing period; the cutting and mounting, during the manual training period. There are many good posters that could be made to decorate the room.

Third and Fourth Mondays

The Pilgrim dolls, as given on pages 31-35 of "Busy Hands," by Bowker, could be made during these two periods. I would advise cutting out uniform garments for the children to use. The Pilgrims could be used as sand-table decoration. Have the Pilgrims going to church, or make a Pilgrim village.

First Tuesday

Make the canoe as given on page 11 of "Busy Hands." Use on sand-table.

Second Tuesday

Make a wigwam to use on sand-table. Take a semicircle of brown cover paper. Cut a small semicircle in center for the opening in the top of the wigwam. Paste as a cone. Cut a door.

Third and Fourth Tuesdays

To make a Puritan home, fold sixteen squares and cut in one square on each horizontal, and fold to form house, as on page 38 of "Busy Hands." Fold pieces for windows and paste on for shutters. Forming the house of sixteen squares makes it quite simple for the children to produce. Use the best of these for the sand-table.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Wednesdays

We shall sew seven geometric forms, the colors used to represent the colors of light: First, a three-inch circle, red; second, the one-and-one-half-inch octagon, orange; third, the one-and-one-half-inch hexagon, yellow; and fourth, the two-inch pentagon, green.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Thursdays

To prepare the children for handling materials used in loom weaving, have them wrap yarn or raffia on a cardboard frame, and weave some contrasting color around center as decoration. The frame can be made a five-inch oval or a four-inch circle, and used for a picture frame. The frame can also be bought of the Milton Bradley Company.

First and Second Fridays

For these two periods use the models found on page 24 of "Applied Art," by Pedro Lemos. Arrange the cuttings you choose in any pleasing way, making one page for each day. The children will enjoy doing this, and it will give them the drill in accuracy they need.

Third Friday

Cut out a turkey, following the same plan as given in "Applied Art" for cutting chickens, etc.

Fourth Friday

Cut a pumpkin of orange paper, with a green stem.

Do not fail to notice the pupils who have improved. Remember, a little en-

couragement goes a long way toward making life a success.

(For borders and posters, very good designs can be had from "Junior Poster Supplement 1 and 2," F. A. Owen Pub. Co., Dansville, N. Y. These are 60 cents each; and from "Busy Hands Construction Work," by Isabelle F. Bowker, 159 pages and 170 illustrations. 60 cents. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, Ill.

Nature Five

RUTH E. ATWELL

ONE suggestion should have been included in the previous notes concerning insects, but it will perhaps be of help to some even now. In nearly all States the agricultural experiment station issues a free monthly bulletin which deals with insects, both friends and foes, as well as pruning, budding, and many other things that will be of help during the year. Each teacher should learn where the experiment station is in his State, and write to have the bulletin sent to him.

In Chapter XI the subject is taken up in much the same way as in the fourth grade. If the latter is not fresh in the teacher's mind, it would be well to look it over rather carefully, so that he will know what the pupils have studied before, and can adapt his method and material accordingly.

The more technical parts of physiology and anatomy are, of course, studied in the seventh grade, and need receive little attention here. In all that is studied in this chapter two thoughts are paramount: First, the wonderful work of the creator; second, the importance and means of securing and maintaining health. If these are thoroughly appreciated by the teacher, the results of this month's study will be far more permanent than we are likely to realize.

"IF you may be feeling blue,
Something for some one else go do;
To ease another's heartache
Is to forget one's own."

Have You Ever Been a Treasurer?

MRS. AUGUSTA B. JORGENSEN

(Adapted from Edna V. Hughes, in *Missionary Voice*)

HAVE you ever been a treasurer, and been troubled with the blues
Just before the time approaches for collecting yearly dues?
Has your heart e'er quailed within you? Have you trembled through and through
When you very sweetly ventured, "Your church school money's due"?

Has the member ever viewed you with a look both mild and meek,
Saying, "I forgot to bring it, but I'll surely pay next week"?
And when "next" came 'round, you were once more put to rout,
When you walked five miles to see her — and found the lady out!

Have you ever asked for money and received an injured look,
With "I'll pay this time; then remove my name from off the book"?
Have you ever tried collecting for a cause both great and true,
When the dues were paid unwillingly as a favor just to *you?*

Have you ever had a member, before the sum was due,
Not wait for you to come around, but pay her dues to you?
There's excitement in this office, for you're always in suspense;
But when at last the money comes — ah, there's the recompense!

If you think the cause is worthy, your duty you'll not shirk,
But to get the money promised, you'll work and work and work!
And now, church members, here's the word that's meant for you:
Please try to pay your money whene'er your dues are due.

And to you, hard-working treasurer: Be not discouraged quite;
Keeping on forever at it, brings everything out right.
And, faithful, toiling treasurer, when your spirits plunge 'way down,
Remember, for your efforts, there'll be stars within your crown!

A MAN should always be powerful enough to face a denial with tranquillity. Suspect the honesty of that man who must fall into a rage to protect the virtue of his word. If he is not crafty, he is weak; and moral weakness is the sire of crime.

Program Suggestions

Our First Thanksgiving Day

CHILDREN, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by the Pilgrim fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion,
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes and friends and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the springtime reached them,
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all His mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims, long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago,
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

— *Selected.*

A Country Thanksgiving

HARVEST is home. The bins are full,
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.
We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

The nuts have ripened on the trees;
The golden pumpkins round
Have yielded to our industry
Their wealth from out the ground.
The cattle lowing in the fields,
The horses in their stalls,
The sheep and fowls all gave increase,
Until our very walls
Are bending out with God's good gifts;
And now the day is here
When we should show the Giver that
We hold those mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
Unthanking every day;
If we deserve or we do not,
The sun it shines alway.
So in this life of daily toil,
That leaves short time to pray,
With brimming hearts let's humbly keep
One true Thanksgiving Day.
And if there be some sorrowing ones,
Less favored than we are,
A generous gift to them, I think,
Is just as good as prayer.

— *Selected.*

We Thank Thee

FOR the past year's blessings,
For the goodness and love,
And the mercy that falleth
Like rain from above;
For the words we have heard
Of the righteous reward;
For the hope that we have
In the soon-coming Lord,
Father, we thank Thee.

That Thy truth and gospel
Were made free for all,
And Thy word giveth light
Where without it we fall;
For that we were led
From the pathway of night,
By Thy hands, and that now
We behold the clear light,
Kind Father, we thank Thee.

—*Gertie Dorsey.*

Progressive Lessons in Phonics

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

"WHY teach phonics?" says the overworked teacher, and the question is echoed by the busy mother who, for one reason or another, is teaching Jimmie or Mabel to read at home.

Now there is a perfectly good reason for teaching phonics. A knowledge of phonetic values speedily makes the child independent in his reading, and thus benefits both child and teacher. It takes no longer to teach the sound of a letter than to teach its name, but the sound is of infinitely more value. Some children have an instinctive idea of letter sounds, while others do not. This accounts for the widely differing results in teaching by the A B C method. By the phonetic method, every child acquires this knowledge through class drill, therefore all have an equal chance. Barring actual laziness, which is uncommon at this age, all should make uniform progress.

For the benefit of mothers, and teachers who have not had the advantage of a normal training, the following suggestive lessons have been prepared:

Lesson One

(To Teach the Phonogram L)

When your beginners are ready for their first lesson in phonics, surprise them by tapping the bell and quickly asking, "What did the bell say?" Answers will vary somewhat, as the children's ears are untrained. Placing your tongue against the roof of your mouth, just behind the teeth, open your mouth quite wide, and utter the l sound plainly. With a little encouragement, the children will imitate you. Tap the bell again, telling them to listen for the l sound. (To avoid confusion, always speak of the letter by sound rather than by name.) Now step quickly to the board and say, "Did you ever have your picture taken? This sound has had its picture taken, too, but it doesn't look anything like yours. It is just a l-ong l-oop like this (making the letter). Once it had its picture taken with the bell that is always saying 'l.' Here it is." Present the l phonogram presentation card. "Now" (pointing to small script l), "can you make the sound for which this picture stands?" This time they will have no difficulty in giving it.

As a special reward for the good answers given, allow the children to go to the board, and with colored chalk make "a l-ong l-oop picture of the l sound."

Have the pictures left on the board. Let the children return to the recitation bench, and you take your place at the board. "Now, children, tell me the name of a flower that starts with this l sound. Lily? Yes, that's right. Lily has the l sound in the middle as well as at the first." Quickly write "lily" on the board, using one of the children's colored l's for the initial letter. Point out the two l's, but do not make the mistake of explaining i and y. This would confuse the child.

Now ask for names of animals that begin with l. This will probably elicit lamb and lion. Place these on the board as soon as named. Now ask if some one in the room has a name beginning with l. (Lillian, Louise, Lucile, Lester, Louis.) Now is the time to teach capitalization of proper names. Write the name, beginning with a capital L, telling the children that any one large enough to have a name should write that name with a large letter. Show the capital L on the presentation card.

Now let the children go to their seats. With chalk make a large l on each child's desk, and let them form the letter with seeds or short splints. Melon seeds are very convenient to use.

This concludes the lesson, and if the drill has been spirited, the teacher will never again find it necessary to tell these children the sound of l.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Good English in Both School and Home

OUR purpose for our children is to make of them workers in God's cause. We sacrifice much, but sacrifice it joyfully, to educate them with that end in view. Before they can be true workers for God, they must be true Christians; and to work to good advantage they must have real culture. A knowledge of facts, and even well-disciplined reasoning powers, will not answer the purpose. It takes real heart culture and also external culture to get close to the hearts of the people, so that the touch may be felt in their lives.

Why is it that a thorough knowledge of English is so emphasized in the spirit of prophecy? Over and over again we are pressed to put the different branches of education in their proper places. Reading, writing, and spelling are mentioned as real cultural acquirements. It means more to teach children to read, write, and spell than some people suppose. We have seen college graduates who could not read. When they were young and forming their reading habits, they were anxious to get ahead, to be *promoted*, and their parents were more anxious for them than they were for themselves, so the reading was more or less neglected in order to do what they considered more advanced work. Oh, if parents, teachers, and children could only forget somewhat about educational machinery, and think more about real education!

How very few people there are who can read! Of course they can pronounce printed words in succession, that is easily learned; but really to read is an entirely different thing. To give the thought of the printed page clearly and forcefully, so it takes hold of the heart of both reader and listener, is real reading.

To be able to write is more than making certain characters and words. To produce legible, clean-cut words and sentences on paper is a part of it. But to write is to be able clearly to put one's thoughts on paper, and that means not only the mechanics of writing, but spelling, the ability to put each word in its proper place because its meaning is understood, and so to construct sentences that they are grammatically and rhetorically correct. Again we say, How few can do it! And yet this is a part of the very culture that is needed to become a successful worker. The ability to do this is, of course, very closely related to the ability to use the English language in speaking; and just here is where the parent who can himself speak correctly, shines! Happy the child that grows up with parents who speak correctly. He is not likely to be embarrassed when he is older because he uses the kind of language he imbibed in the chimney corner. He may learn the rules of grammar in the class, but if he does not practise them in the home and in the school, of what use are they to him, or how is he a better speaker than before he studied grammar? Why not have the boys and girls tell at home the points they learn in the language classes, and both parents and children seek to put them into practice?

Then, too, there is the matter of the voice. Only this morning we listened to a short missionary address given by a man with a rich, sweet voice. How refreshing! How one enjoys hearing that kind of voice!

Many times in the writings mentioned above we are urged to cultivate a pleasant voice! But here is a mother who nags her children in a high-pitched, rasping tone. They unconsciously take on much the same voice in answering, and in time it becomes their fixed manner of utterance.

There are many phases of this language study, and many ways in which we may improve. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Prov. 18:21. The inclination to make hard, sharp, unkind speeches must be pruned away if one is to be a valuable worker, or even a cultured gentleman. We must have done with exaggerating and backbiting and gossiping.

Shall we not as teachers and parents practise all we know about good language, and shall we not, for the children's sake,— for the sake of the workers of the future,— do all we can to give them a good use of their mother tongue?

Let the Parent-Teacher Association study the following references:

Phil. 4:8.— We think in language, and our thoughts come forth in words.
Prov. 18:21.— Power of the tongue.
Prov. 29:20; 12:18.— The hasty in words.
Eccl. 5:2.— Think before speaking.
Rom. 1:29-32.— Company in which backbiters are placed.
Matt. 5:37.— Manner of speaking.
Matt. 12:37.— How judged.
"Education," pp. 234-236.— Gossip, exaggeration, etc.
"Education," p. 236.— Expletives, exaggeration, innuendo, hasty speech.
"Education," p. 237.— Speak words of appreciation.
"Counsels to Teachers," p. 207, last par.— Values; also distinct enunciation.
"Counsels to Teachers," pp. 215-219.— Language and culture of voice fundamentals.
"Gospel Workers," p. 172.— Words well chosen.
"Testimonies," Vol. III, pp. 531, 532.— Put away nagging.

Help the teacher and the children to play the language games found in this issue of HOME AND SCHOOL. W.

Servants of Royalty

MRS. G. M. PRICE

WHILE at the General Conference in San Francisco, we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, which is situated in Golden Gate Park.

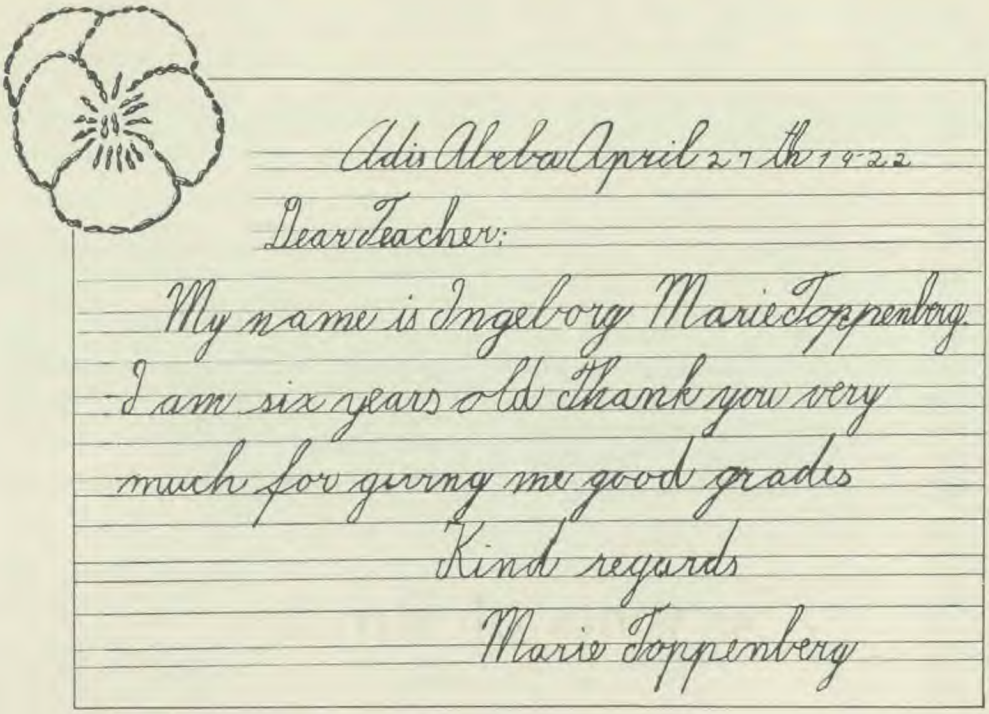
Among the wonderful models of statuary was the form of a man inclosed in a glass case. This figure, called "A Servant of Royalty," was perfect in form and coloring,— the skin a flesh color, the eyes a dark brown, the hair black. The ears were exquisite, with every pocket and turn and crease perfectly formed. The head, neck, and face showed the smile wrinkles of forty or fifty summers; the expression of the face was one of benevolence and love.

As I studied this perfect image of a man, I was filled with wonder at the great power of the artist. Just then my eyes fell upon the words at the bottom of the glass case, "This statue was made of soft wood." "Yes," thought I to myself, "this wonderful piece of art must have been made of something soft and pliable, so that the artist might be able to cut, chisel, hammer, smooth, carve, and put on the finishing touches. This work required fine, sharp tools, which could carve a line of separation between the sinews and the blood vessels, as was shown in the wrists."

Then my thoughts went out to the Master Artist, and I remembered, "As clay in the hands of the potter," so are we in His hands; or like that soft wood in the hands of our artist here, so we must be, if we expect the Master Artist to do His best work upon us. We must yield to the knife, the chisel, the hammer, and the smoothing plane, if we would reflect the perfect, unselfish love seen in the Master, and which He designs shall be seen in us, so that He can trust us to be His assistants in helping to fashion His image upon the material placed in our hands.

And we, as teachers, have the very best material to work upon — the plastic minds of our dear children. Our schools might be called the art galleries where this work is done.

We, as parents, should see that our little ones are daily placed in the art galleries of the Master, that He may have the chance to work upon them until they truly become "servants of royalty."



Elements of Happiness

EARL GREY says:

"I do not recommend recreation as the most important thing in life. There are at least four other things which are more or less under our control and which are essential to our happiness.

"The first is some moral standard by which to guide our actions. The second is some satisfactory home life in the form of good relations with family or friends. The third is some form of work which justifies our existence to our country and makes us good citizens. The fourth thing is some degree of leisure and the use of it in some way that makes us happy.

"To succeed in making a good use of our leisure will not compensate for failure in any one of the other three things to which I have referred, but a reasonable amount of leisure and a good use of it is an important contribution to a happy life."

In other words, Earl Grey says that the elements of happiness are religion, family, work, leisure.

THE above is a reproduction of a letter written by little Marie Toppenberg to one of the editors, who also happens to be a teacher in the Fireside Correspondence School. She wrote it with pencil, and it really looked much smoother than after it was inked over in order that the cut might be made. She also sewed the pansy in the corner and drew the picture of the native hut.

Marie's mamma is a student of the Correspondence School, and is studying methods of teaching little children. Both the mother and her little pupil are to be congratulated, for in their Abyssinian mission home they have done their work better than some of those who have the advantages of the homeland.

W.

FATHER AND SON

The Greatest Man in the World

I THINK I am a modest man. I cheerfully recognize the superior ability of a hundred or two of my acquaintances, in finance, in statesmanship, in sociability, in oratory, and in self-assurance. I do not aspire to be the head of my church, and I will steal no votes from my neighbor for sheriff. But nevertheless, believe me, I am by way of thinking that I am the greatest man in the world.

Why? Because the other day my wife wrote me: "You do not know how your boys almost idolize their Daddy. One of them says more than the other, but they both think the same: that you are the perfect pattern, and that they are following in your manly steps."

Now I am perfectly well aware that nobody else shares their belief. I do not myself; and I have reason for not doing so. But I tell you that the faith of those two boys in me is sweeter than would be the plaudits of a hundred million strangers. And it is productive of greater results. The flattery of crowds might turn my head; the sincere devotion of my sons touches my heart. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," and my heart declares that by God's grace my life for their sakes shall more and more be "the perfect pattern," in purity, truth, square dealing, open-mindedness, and unselfish devotion to the cause of God and the needs of men.

Every father has the privilege of being the greatest man in the world to his sons and his daughters. He may never amass millions of dollars, he may never hold audiences spellbound, he may never set the world afire with new ideas; but if he has planted his feet squarely in the path of duty, cheerfully bearing life's burdens, sturdily meeting his obligations to his kind, joyfully giving of his strength to the succoring of the weak, and faithfully training his children to do nobly life's common tasks, he has been that rare thing, a successful man. He has created wealth which fortune never can take away, the wealth of incorruptible character. And however the brilliance of more gifted men may sometime in the minds of his children outshine his intellectual achievements, in their hearts they will ever enshrine him, "The greatest man in the world." S.

When Should He Go to School?

[The following paragraph, written by Ella Frances Lynch for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is of special interest to the readers of this magazine.— ED.]

ONLY under two conditions has the intelligent mother the right to place her little child in school instead of herself looking after his training: if she is obliged to work outside the home, or if the child has no other child to play with. Then only is there a single advantage in placing him before ten years of age in the public school, unless, of course, the compulsory school law of your State decrees otherwise. But do not send him to school if you can possibly teach him yourself to read and cipher. Remember that the school is at best an artificial institution, the outgrowth of parents' delegating their highest duty to paid substitutes. The complicated machinery of the fine large school causes you to wonder if you could possibly do anything so well as it is done there. You don't want to teach as they do at school. That is exactly the plan to avoid. The grand scale of operations at the public school has been evolved for administrative reasons; not because a single educator believes children to be the gainers by marshaling them into vast herds.

YOUNG MOTHERS

A Woman, a Garden, and a Little Boy

MARTHA E. WARNER

A WOMAN planted a garden — but she worried about it.

She watched it, and watered it, and the seeds grew — but she worried about it.

From early till late she worked uprooting the weeds — but she worried about it.

And when harvest time came, although the seeds of her garden yielded fruit in abundance — still she worried about it.

You see she planted her garden to win premiums at the Grange Fair — and that is why she worried about it.

This woman had one little boy — but she didn't worry about him.

She clothed him, and fed him, and he grew — but she didn't worry about him.

From early till late he played in the streets — but she didn't worry about him.

And when harvest time came, although the seeds of lying, smoking, and swearing planted in her boy's heart, yielded fruit in abundance — still she didn't worry about it.

You see there were no premiums at the Grange Fair offered for little boys — and that is why she didn't worry about him.

While there are mothers legion, and little boys legion, there is only one harvest time — end of the world — coming.

There gardens — heart gardens — will be judged, and rewards — eternal life, eternal death — given.

Then, O the joy of the mother who has faithfully cultivated the soul-garden of her boy's heart, and receives from the hand of the Judge, the righteous Judge, life, eternal life!

And oh, the heart anguish of the mother who has been so busy with the cares of this life that she has neglected the cultivation of the soul-garden of her boy's heart, and receives from the hand of the Judge, the righteous Judge, death, eternal death.

But O mothers! mothers of little boys and mothers of little girls! to you who at times get so discouraged as you work in your heart-gardens, uprooting the seeds of evil, the Judge, the righteous Judge, has sent this wonderful message. It reads: "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I *will save thy children.*"

So as you cultivate, pray. And as you pray, have faith. And God "will save thy children."

A Homekeeper's Prayer

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

GOD of my life, I lift my eyes to Thee as I go to my work this morning. From Thee I must have physical strength. From Thee I must have courage to attempt, hope to carry on, and patience to finish my work. Keep me from selfishness today, from fretfulness, from worldliness, and from self-pity. Make me brave-hearted, fair-minded, and clean-souled. Give me today a new vision of Thee.

Help me to create in my home an atmosphere of cheerfulness, of serenity, and of faith; that my children may feed upon these elements, and grow up into Christlikeness; that my comrade may find in his home a buoyancy with which to meet life; that my neighbors may find here an inspiration to new effort. Give me a sense of Thy Presence. And when today is gone, grant me the gift of sleep. Amen.

Particular or Fussy, Which?

MRS. D. A. FITCH

WE often hear it said of one certain class of housekeepers, "She is very particular about her work." This is usually considered a compliment, and if true, it is such. That was said of Mrs.——, and sure enough it was found that she was *very particular* to have her neighbors believe it. However, an investigation covering a few weeks revealed the fact that there was much more of fussiness than real nicety in that home.

Much of the nicety of housekeepers who profess so much, when sifted, is found to be lacking in the real immaculate tidiness and order which might be expected. It is well to be nice, but because of the exalted opinions of others it is prudent to beware of boasting overmuch.

"BE what you want to teach."

"I MUST have a place for everything and everything in its place."

Precious Stones

(*Concluded from page 67*)

joy to be revealed if only his offerings pleased me.

"Thank you, Lad," I said, "I am going always to keep this largest stone. It is beautiful, and I am glad you found it for me."

I have it yet.

No jeweler would want my diamond — this white stone picked from the wayside by a little boy; but it is a precious stone. It is the coin of the realm where I live — in the land of Happy Home. It will do what silver and gold cannot do. I treasure it — this diamond of love.

Life is wonderful in a home — in a world — where love finds diamonds by the wayside!

[This is the first of a series of sketches by Professor Thompson, under the general title, "Precious Stones." The next will appear in our December number. — EDITOR.]

"THE salvation of his pupils is the highest interest intrusted to the God-fearing teacher."

I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Is there any difference between reading novels and going to the theater?

Yes. If the question means, Is it any worse to go to the theater than to read novels? the answer is not so ready. By "novel" is probably meant fiction; yet not all fiction is the novel. The novel is that class of fiction the purpose of which is to delineate character in story form; it deals not so much with swift action as with analysis of motive. When this classification is strictly observed, we may say that the novel is generally more thought-provoking than some other forms of fiction. Another class of fiction is the romance, which takes a hero and puts him through a series of adventures, grand or commonplace, and bothers less about what he thought than about what he did. The "short story" may be either novel or romance, or something else. An allegory, like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," for instance, is fiction.

Our objection to fiction reading is not wholly because of the character of the fiction: that may be bad or comparatively good. The fault is chiefly in the weakening of the mentality of the reader; for the average fiction reader is not seeking information, but only amusement. He does not exercise his mind, but softens it by mental gormandizing and inactivity. His judgment relaxes, his will becomes flabby, his memory is punched full of holes. Too much reading of non-fictional stories may have the same result. What that person needs, what every person needs, is to find pleasure in reading about useful knowledge, and then get into action where the knowledge acquired will be put to use.

Now theater plays, like books of fiction, may furnish diversion and amusement. They make a greater impression upon the average person than does reading, because they more graphically portray their characters. They are, in fact, fiction acted out. There is ground for objection to even amateur theatricals, such as are often performed by students in schools, or by persons in other organizations; but much more is there reason for avoidance of the theater. The vastly great majority of plays, whether in the "legitimate drama" or in the "movies," are of a low order of morality. There are motion-picture films which are educational, but they are not found in the moving-picture theater. Because of the generally low character and evil reputation of both the "movies" and the "legitimate," the Christian of our conception will not be found attending them.

Some people may get as much damage from fiction reading as from attending the theater, but that is no argument for theater-going, nor for fiction-reading.

Does the red-headed woodpecker store food for winter use?

Red-headed woodpeckers hide beechnuts, acorns, and grasshoppers away for winter use. They use for their storehouses, tree cavities, crevices in old barns, the space behind bulging boards, holes in the ends of railroad ties, etc.

How should I prepare pulp to make pulp relief maps?

Tear newspapers to fragments; pour over them boiling water. Let the mass stand for several days, stirring it occasionally. A small amount of dissolved glue thoroughly mixed into the pulp makes the finished map more firm.

Does the chickadee migrate? What is his range?

He is an inhabitant of Eastern North America, from the Carolinas to Labrador. In the northern part of his range, he does not migrate; from the southern he goes farther north.

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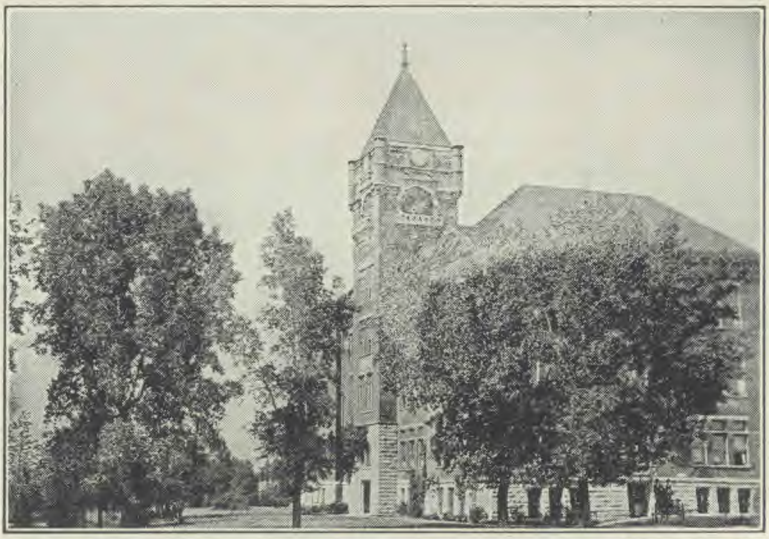

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