

# HOME and SCHOOL

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# HOME AND SCHOOL

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## Because Mother Held Family Worship

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

THIS is the story a man told me the other night, a man who has held important positions of responsibility in God's work, and who with his wife has made that greatest success of life, the rearing of an upright, noble-minded family of children:

He was in boyhood raised as a Mormon, but in later life had no religion at all; a bluff, straight-speaking, fearless man, immersed in business and politics, proud of his liberal-mindedness, and content with his character.

Then, suddenly, his wife embraced the faith of Seventh-day Adventists. No particular matter to him! let her take up any tomfoolery she wished; women have to have some such foolishness to keep them contented!

They had only two little children at that time. The mother felt her responsibility in teaching them the truth. She determined to establish the family altar, and she asked her husband if he would

object. "Object! Of course not. Do anything you please."

So in the evening, after supper, she gathered their little ones to her, and opened the Bible to read. The father got up and went out; he didn't want to embarrass her, he said to himself. The next evening it was the same, and the next, and so on. Each time mother called the children for worship, father would go off to the barn, or down town, or somewhere. And so it went on for weeks.

But one evening he said to himself, "What's the sense of my going off just because mother wants to play this fool game every night? I'll not do it. I'll just stay here." And so that evening, when worship began, he just sat still, and kept on reading his paper. Quite unconcerned, you know! Let them read and pray, or poke the fire, or play with the cat: nothing to him!

Mother read — that wonderful, comforting promise of the Lord: "Let not

your heart be troubled. . . . If it were not so, I would have told you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto Myself." Then she and the little boy and the little girl knelt down to pray. Father, of course, sat bolt upright, reading his paper; wasn't going to listen.

He didn't particularly notice what his wife said; but pretty soon the boy, his boy, was praying. He prayed that he might be a good boy, that the Lord would keep mamma and sister, and then — "Bless papa, and help him to know the truth, and to keep the Sabbath. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The father quietly laid down his paper. He stared at the kneeling boy, and the little girl, and the mother. Then his little girl, his baby, began her prayer. He got up softly and tiptoed to the door; but just before he went out he heard her lisping words: "An' bless papa, an' help him keep de troof."

He went out to the barn, and stared at his cattle, and tried to talk to his horses, and looked in on his pigs. But he couldn't get any satisfaction out of their dumb companionship. He couldn't think about profits, or work, or responsibilities. He could just hear his children's voices: "Bless papa, and help him know the truth."

He wandered around in the dark until the children were in bed, until his own bedtime. Then he went in and went to bed, saying as little to his wife as he could. He thought it would wear off by morning.

But the next day his mind was just as disturbed as ever. He went about his work all day in a daze. It came evening. As he picked up his paper, his wife took up the Bible. He laid his paper down, and looked at her while she read. Wonderful, somehow, that she could get so much out of that sort of thing!

Mother and children knelt down to pray, he sat upright, but he didn't take his paper. He listened while his wife prayed, and — *she* prayed for him too; for him, sitting right there. Then his little boy began to pray. And that fa-

ther slipped down to his knees. It astonished him; he never had done such a thing in all his life; his mother had not taught him to pray.

He got up before they did, and they didn't know he had been on his knees. He picked up his paper, looked at it, turned the pages now and then, though he read not a word. They went to bed.

The next day was Sabbath. When he had done the chores, he went back and changed into his best clothes. His wife looked at him without astonishment; she had faith in her prayers. But, "Where are you going, father?" she asked.

"Why, mother, I thought I'd go to Sabbath school with you, if you don't mind."

"Of course," she said, "we want you to go." And the children, a rather staid little pair, solemnly took hold of each of his hands, and the one said to the other, "Papa's going to keep the Sabbath;" and the other said to the one, "Papa's goin' to keep de troof."

That night he openly joined them in family worship. Within a few weeks he was a member of the church. Next year he was the church elder. And then, year by year, came wider responsibilities, the efficient bearing of which has had an influence on thousands of souls.

Just because mother held family worship.

#### Just Suppose

"If all that we say  
In a single day,  
With never a word left out,  
Were printed each night  
In clear black and white,  
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

"And then just suppose  
Ere one's eyes he could close,  
He must read the day's record through,  
Then wouldn't one sigh,  
And wouldn't he try  
A great deal less talking to do?

"And I more than half think  
That many a kink  
Would be smothered in life's tangled thread,  
If one half that we say  
In a single day  
Were left forever unsaid."

# The Home and the School

MRS. E. G. WHITE

It is the boast of the present age that never before did men possess so great facilities for the acquirement of knowledge, or manifest so general an interest in education. Yet despite this vaunted progress, there exists an unparalleled spirit of insubordination and recklessness in the rising generation; mental and moral degeneracy are well-nigh universal. Popular education does not remedy the evil. The lax discipline in many institutions of learning has nearly destroyed their usefulness, and in some cases rendered them a curse rather than a blessing. This fact has been seen and deplored, and earnest efforts have been made to remedy the defects in our educational system. There is urgent need of schools in which the youth may be trained to habits of self-control, application, and self-reliance, of respect for superiors and reverence for God. With such training, we might hope to see the young prepared to honor their Creator and to bless their fellow men.

It was to secure these objects that our own college at Battle Creek was founded. But those who endeavor to accomplish such a work, find that their undertaking is fraught with many and grave difficulties. The evil which underlies all others, and which often counteracts the efforts of the best instructors, is to be found in the home discipline. Parents do not see the importance of shielding their children from the gilded temptations of this age. They do not exercise proper control themselves, and hence do not rightly appreciate its value.

Many fathers and mothers err in failing to second the efforts of the faithful teacher. Youth and children, with their imperfect comprehension and undeveloped judgment, are not always able to understand all the teacher's plans and methods. Yet when they bring home

reports of what is said and done at school, these are discussed by the parents in the family circle, and the course of the teacher is criticized without restraint. Here the children learn lessons that are not easily unlearned. Whenever they are subjected to unaccustomed restraint, or required to apply themselves to hard study, they appeal to their injudicious parents for sympathy and indulgence. Thus a spirit of unrest and discontent is encouraged, the school as a whole suffers from the demoralizing influence, and the teacher's burden is rendered much heavier. But the greatest loss is sustained by the victims of parental mismanagement. Defects of character which a right training would have corrected, are left to strengthen with years, to mar and perhaps destroy the usefulness of their possessor.

As a rule, it will be found that the students most ready to complain of school discipline are those who have received a superficial education. Having never been taught the necessity of thoroughness, they regard it with dislike. Parents have neglected to train their sons and daughters to the faithful performance of domestic duties. Children are permitted to spend their hours in play, while father and mother toil on unceasingly. Few young persons feel that it is their duty to bear a part of the family burden. They are not taught that the indulgence of appetite, or the pursuit of ease or pleasure, is not the great aim of life.

The family circle is the school in which the child receives its first and most enduring lessons. Hence parents should be much at home. By precept and example, they should teach their children the love and the fear of God; teach them to be intelligent, social, affectionate, to cultivate habits of industry,

economy, and self-denial. By giving their children love, sympathy, and encouragement at home, parents may provide for them a safe and welcome retreat from many of the world's temptations.

"No time," says the father, "I have no time to give to the training of my children, no time for social and domestic enjoyments." Then you should not have taken upon yourself the responsibility of a family. By withholding from them the time which is justly theirs, you rob them of the education which they should have at your hands. If you have children, you have a work to do, in union with the mother, in the formation of their characters. Those who feel that they have an imperative call to labor for the improvement of society, while their own children grow up undisciplined, should inquire if they have not mistaken their duty. Their own household is the first missionary field in which parents are required to labor. Those who leave the home garden to grow up to thorns and briars, while they manifest great interest in the cultivation of their neighbor's plot of ground, are disregarding the word of God.

I repeat, it is the lack of love and piety, and the neglect of proper discipline at home, that creates so much difficulty in schools and colleges. There is a fearful state of coldness and apathy among professed Christians. They are unfeeling, uncharitable, unforgiving. These evil traits, first indulged at home, exert their baleful influence in all the associations of daily life. If the spirit of kindness and courtesy were cherished by parents and children, it would be seen also in the intercourse between teacher and pupil. Christ should be an honored guest in the family circle, and His presence is no less needed in the classroom. Would that the converting power of God might soften and subdue the hearts of parents and children, teachers and students, and transform them into the likeness of Christ.—*Review and Herald, March 21, 1882.*

(To be continued next month)

## A Difference

MRS. D. A. FITCH

SOME persons do not recognize the distinction between economy and stinginess. To the casual observer they may appear to be one and the same characteristic. Economy is defined as being thrift, frugality in expenditures, etc. This does not militate against the use of the necessities of life and a reasonable degree of life's comforts. Frugality in expenditures does not consist in paying the least possible amount for an article, but true economy will prompt to the securing of a good article, even if the price is much more.

To illustrate: It costs no more time or effort to make a garment from good cloth than it does from inferior cloth. If the former will wear twice as long, then the wearer is the gainer in time, effort, thread, and perplexity. I said to a native in one of our Spanish churches, "How is it that so many of these people appear in new dresses so often?" She replied, "They do not have much money, and so they buy cheap dresses, and then must have new ones very soon." A double sum paid for a good article often furnishes a treble amount of wear.

Stinginess is a miserly hoarding, a niggardly covetousness, which withholds from others that which is needed, because "it is mine." The stingy person may be an economist, and the economical one may be stingy. In either case it is a manifestation of selfishness not pleasing to God and abominated by man. The economist may be greedy, he may be covetous, or he may be liberal. No true Christian will be stingy, greedy, miserly, or covetous. He will be liberal. He will economize, and so conserve that which God places in his hand that he can be liberal.

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"Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny."

# Some Missionary Geography

W. E. HOWELL

WHEN I was a boy going to public school, we were taught that the Cape of Good Hope is the southernmost point of Africa. Later the information came along that not Cape of Good Hope, but Cape Agulhas, is the farthest south. Portuguese mariners discovered these points of land jutting into the southern ocean where the Indian and Atlantic waters rush together. The warm water of the one and the cold water of the other, as they unite, often create unfavorable weather conditions. For this reason the Portuguese named the southernmost the Cape of Storms, and their name is spelled over into English and pronounced A-gul-us, instead of Ah-gool-yus. The other point had its name translated into English, Good Hope, so named from the prospect that came into view when they rounded this point.

The Cape of Good Hope is at the southernmost extremity of the Cape Peninsula, extending south from Cape Town and Table Bay. It can now be reached by motor car after a drive of some forty miles from the city. I had the privilege

of seeing it before coming north, and taking a small picture of it from a high point near the lighthouse. In the accompanying picture you can see the southernmost point jutting out into the water. As I sat at the highest part of this and peered down at the ocean, I was much entertained by watching a score or more of little conies scampering up and down the rocks to the very edge of the sea. See if you can find where the psalmist mentions these "small folk" as part of God's creation, and refers to them as examples of His wonderful care of the creatures He has made.

Cape Agulhas is about seventy miles farther south than the Cape of Good Hope, and about one hundred forty miles farther east. We could not see it from Good Hope, but we could see across the mouth of False Bay in that direction. This bay has this peculiar name because mariners thought they had found the way around Africa when they sailed into its waters, but soon found out their mistake. It is a beautiful bay, extending well inland, and now serves as the naval port



THE HOME OF THE BLACK MAN

In looking at such a scene as this we can easily imagine ourselves in our own "Sunny South"—both when we observe the cotton and when we note the color and race of the pickers.

and rendezvous for the government of South Africa. Simons Town is situated on its west shore, and there is a series of small suburban towns all the way up to Cape Town. In one of these, Plumstead, is our sanitarium. It is about a half hour out of Cape Town by suburban train. In another, a little farther up, Kenilworth, is our South African publishing house, and for the present, the division headquarters, in what used to be the main building of our only training school for whites on this continent, Kenilworth Union College. This school has now been moved up country to a large farm at Spion Kop, where one of the hard-fought battles of the Boer War took place. It was moved away because the city had grown up around it, and it was no longer a suitable location for a school conducted on God's plan of education. It is now situated near Ladysmith, in Natal, which you can find on a good map.

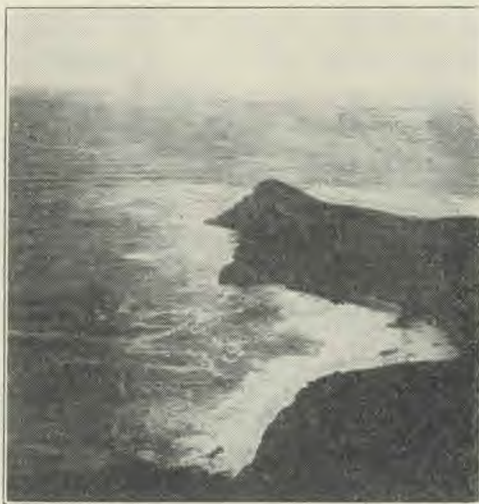
In another of the suburban towns, Claremont, is one of our white churches, next to the oldest in South Africa. They have recently erected a church building, including in it pleasant quarters for the only white church school now carried on in Africa. A new church building is being erected in Bulawayo, thirteen hundred miles to the north, in Rhodesia, which will also have two commodious rooms for what will be a second school for white children in this growing church in Central Africa.

In another suburban section of Cape Town is our Salt River church for colored believers. This church now has a building of its own, including rooms for the school, which is larger than the white

school. The believers seem very enthusiastic about their school, and took as much pride in showing it to me as I felt in looking at it.

It is wonderful to think of the providences of God in stirring up men centuries ago to search out this new country and prepare the way for the entrance of the third angel's message to the benighted peoples of this Dark Continent, as well as to the white people who should settle here. Remember the work in Africa when you go out to help in the Harvest Ingathering work. The believers over here are doing their share bravely,

the Zambesi Union Mission holding the highest per capita record in Harvest Ingathering this year in the world. But the field is so great over here that they must have all the help we can give from the homeland.



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

### Suggestive Plan

At the beginning of the morning session, ring a five-minute bell for all play to cease, and attention to errands. All take their seats at two minutes of nine. The organ is played until nine. At the tap of the desk bell, heads are bowed in silent prayer, another tap, and all stand for the opening chant, or regular morning song; after which the opening exercises continue until 9:15. These should always be devotional in nature. "Stories and Exercises for Opening School," by Houghton, A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, 30 cents; "Little Ten-Minutes," by Bayley, Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, \$1; "Five Minute Object Sermons," by Stall, Vir. Pub. Co., 200 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, \$1, are excellent helps for morning exercises.—*Ind. Superintendent.*

# The Page Who Saw Washington

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

GEORGE WASHINGTON had been dead for fifty years. There had come many changes in the young and strong nation that he had done so much to save. Even the great city that was named after him had changed much, and was becoming more beautiful as the wide streets stretched away off in the distance from the lofty Capitol.

There were many, many great men who helped to make the laws — the grave Senators and the Representatives who wanted to honor the great Father of our country. They had already helped to start the wonderful monument that was then towering away up into the blue sky. In their hearts still burned a desire to honor the wise and brave general who had fought so long and so hard that America might be a nation.

They talked about him among themselves, just as you and I would talk over how much we love our fathers and mothers, and how we would like to help them and do something to show them that we love them — love them, oh, so much!

These grave Senators and wise Representatives who make the laws, believed that Washington, who had then been dead for nearly fifty years, should have a more beautiful tomb. They wanted his resting place to be nicer and finer and grander.

Now Washington was a man of simplicity. And before he died he made a will. A will is a written statement telling how a person wishes his business to be transacted after his death. In Washington's will he stated just how he wished to be buried and where, and what he wished his relatives to do with his property. In this statement wise George Washington was very careful to say that he was to be buried on the grounds of his home where he had lived so long, the place that we love to visit, and that we know as

Mount Vernon, on the western bank of the broad, beautiful Potomac River.

Washington didn't want a great tomb, gorgeous and expensive, for he loved the simple things, even as you and I love the common things about our own homes.

## Washington's Birthday

'Tis splendid to live so grandly  
That, long after you are gone,  
The things you did are remembered,  
And recounted under the sun;  
To live so bravely and purely  
That a nation stops on its way,  
And once a year, with banner and drum,  
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record  
So white and free from stain  
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,  
Though tested and tried amain;  
That age to age forever  
Repeats its story of love,  
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,  
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,  
A steadfast soul and true,  
Who stood for his country's honor  
When his country's days were few.  
And now when its days are many,  
And its flag of stars is flung  
To the breeze in defiant challenge,  
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,  
To be so great and strong,  
That your memory is ever a tocsin  
To rally the foes of the wrong;  
To live so proudly and purely  
That your people pause in their way,  
And year by year, with banner and drum,  
Keep the thought of your natal day.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

You see the grave Senators and the wise Representatives couldn't do much because of the expressed wishes that the first President had left. But they did decide that his body was to be put in a better place, and they found a prettier spot on the broad green lawns about his old home.

Then together they had a better tomb made. And when it was all ready, these grave Senators and wise Representatives decided to go over to Mount Vernon and stand with uncovered heads while the casket containing the body of Washington should be moved to its more beautiful tomb that they loved so much to build for him, and wished so much that it could be better and grander.

Now there was a small boy who ran errands for some of these grave Senators and wise Representatives in the great Capitol, and the lawmakers of the nation thought a good deal of this lad. The boys that do that kind of work are called pages. One of the Senators said to him:

"Wouldn't you like to go over with us today to Mount Vernon and honor the great George Washington?"

And of course the page wanted to go. Oh, he was glad to go! He had been wishing for a long, long time that he could go. But he was only a small boy and no one would think of inviting him along, he thought. He was very respectful and told the kind and grave Senator that he would be very glad to go, and how much he thought of the great Father of his country.

So they all went to Mount Vernon together. Down the beautiful blue waters of the Potomac the boat carried them to the landing place at Mount Vernon, all these elderly men and the one little boy, the favorite page of the Capitol.

And when they were gathered together to move the body of the great hero to the new tomb that was awaiting him, some of them desired to see the face of Washington. For, you know, he had been buried there in a very wonderful way, so that he appeared to be just sleeping peacefully all those fifty years. Nothing had been

changed. Knowing all this, one of the grave and fatherly Senators took the page by the hand and lifted him up that he might really see the face — perhaps a bit whiter, but otherwise just the same as it looked before he had shut his eyes for the last time fifty years before.

And the page with loving eyes looked and saw Washington — George Washington, who, we say so truthfully, was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of all the people in this great nation. The page saw, really saw, George Washington.

That was a long, long time ago. All the grave Senators and wise Representatives who wished to honor Washington back in those days are now sleeping — they are dead. And the boy who was a page in those days is now an old, old man with white hair. He is the only man now living in the wide, wide world who has seen with his own eyes the actual face of the great George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate this month.

If you should some day journey to the nation's capital, which is named in honor of this great hero, and should go down the beautiful, green-banked Potomac to Mount Vernon, then walk up the wide walk from the landing place, you would come to the new tomb where lies George Washington. And of course you would stand there looking in where there are always beautiful flowers placed, and with your hat in your hand you would be thankful that this great nation had such a strong and true and mighty man when he was needed so much. And perhaps you would think of the little page who is today an old man. What a wonderful story he can tell the boys and girls that gather about his knee!

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Of Lincoln it is said, "The influence of the Bible upon him gave him reverence for God and His will; for Christianity and its Christ; for the Holy Spirit and its help; for prayer and its power; for praise and its purpose; for the immortal impulse and its inspiration."

# The Soldiers' Friend

EMMA HOWELL

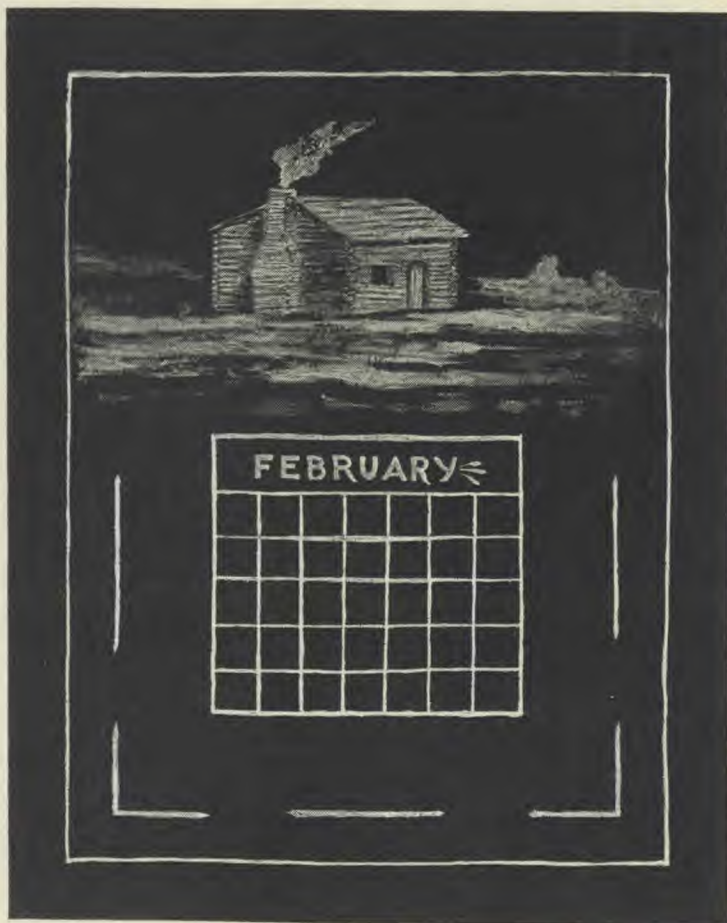
To Columbus it was given to discover a continent; to Washington was intrusted the fatherhood of his country; but to Lincoln was allotted the saving of his nation. Nor did he live in vain. It is to Abraham Lincoln we owe the fact that today America has "no caste but the caste of humanity." He was whole-heartedly "of the people and for the people." To him all men were equal, and he loved them all. After a formal New Year's reception at the White House,—which he had "endured" with ill-concealed impatience,—the President was seen to rub his hands together, and his face to kindle with pleasure, as he said:

"Now open the doors, and open them wide; let the people come in."

He was the friend of the nation, equally cordial to rich and poor, white and black. But to the soldiers, and especially the wounded, he always spoke with a depth of tenderness that could come only from a heart brimming with love and sympathy. To them he was "Father Abraham." They knew he loved them, and would do all in his power for their comfort. No other ruler ever gave so much time and thought to details of cases of men under sentence, to find excuse for

their pardon. President Lincoln had a standing order that persons making application for pardon should be admitted to him at once. His justice was tempered with mercy, and he was often heard to remark, "They are worth more to us alive than dead." In many cases a dispatch would come from the President, "Suspend execution until further orders," and the "further orders" never came. The story of Bennie, "the sleeping sentry," will illustrate the kindness and sympathy of this loved President:

The soldiers had marched all day, then at night Bennie had volunteered as sen-



try in place of a sick comrade. Exhausted, the boy had fallen asleep at his post. He was discovered, court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot. Meanwhile the condemned boy wrote a note of explanation to his father. Early next morning a wide-eyed little girl appeared in President Lincoln's office.

"Well, my child," said he, "what do you want so early this morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie's my brother, sir, and they're going to shoot him," and she produced the letter.

Fearing to intrust another with the message, the President himself hurried with the child to the prison. Fastening the strap of lieutenant upon the prisoner's shoulder, he said, "A boy who could substitute for a sick comrade, and die for the act without complaining, deserves well of his country." Then the lad was sent home with Blossom for a few days. A few weeks later Bennie was among the slain at Fredericksburg. On his breast was found a picture of his deliverer, on which was written, "God bless President Lincoln."

To friend and foe President Lincoln was the same. Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn, tells how he was once showing the President through the hospital at City Point:

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said: 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.'

"I shall never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean Confederates!' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through those three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers."

At the close of the war, President Lincoln in council asked, "What shall we do with the Confederates?" "Hang them," recklessly shouted one man, but "Tad," the President's younger son, who was standing near, said, "Hang on to them, father." With a smile of approval the father replied, "The lad is right. We will hang on to them."

So lived and died one of the greatest of our nation's leaders, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

### President Lincoln's Favorite Hymn

STRICTLY speaking, "Your Mission" would hardly be called a hymn, but no one who has heard Philip Phillips sing it, would hesitate to class it with sacred songs.

The author, Mrs. Ellen M. Huntington Gates, of Elizabeth, N. J., gives the following origin of the hymn:

"The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew, as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing; but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings, and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting and strengthening them."

This has truly been fulfilled. Many "may forget the singer," but they "will not forget the song." It is said that President Lincoln encoined this song no less than eighteen times when sung at a Sunday school convention in Washington, in 1864.

#### "Your Mission"

"If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

"If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain, steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;

(Continued on page 188)



## The Men Who Tried to Climb to Heaven

NOAH had a son named Ham; and Ham was a bad one. Ham had a son named Cush; and Cush was a worse one. Cush had a son named Nimrod; and Nimrod was the worst of all. Nimrod made up his mind that he would make every one on the earth do what he pleased. So he went out and fought, and he conquered, and he made men do what he said, except some good ones, who went far away.

Then Nimrod gathered his men together, and they built a great city called Babel, or The Gate of God, because they said that from that city they were going to climb right up to heaven. So they started to build a tower which should go up and up and up, until it should be above the clouds. "And then," they said, "we shall find out what made the flood, and maybe we can stop the next one."

If anybody asked, "Didn't God promise not to send another flood?" why, then Nimrod would say, "Who knows?"

And if anybody asked, "Will God be pleased if we don't believe His word?" Nimrod said, "Who cares?"

And if anybody asked, "Do you think you can build a tower clear up to heaven?" Nimrod said, "Who's going to stop us?"

So they made bricks, and burned them hard. And they found some pitch, and made it soft. Then they took the bricks for stone, and they took the pitch for mortar, and they began to build the tower. They built it big,—big enough to have rooms in it. And some of the rooms they made a temple for their idols, and some of the rooms they made a palace for their king, Nimrod.

And they kept making bricks, and they kept getting pitch, and they kept

on building, building, building, higher and higher. "By and by," they said, "men will talk of us forever; for we shall be the greatest ones on the earth." "And by and by," they said, "we will get to heaven, and then we shall do what we please."

But God looked down and saw what they were doing. And God looked into their hearts and saw what they thought. And God said, "I will stop them now. For they all speak one language, and they all think the same thing; and if they are not stopped, they will do what they please, and destroy themselves and all the earth."

So while they were building, building, building, higher and higher, and while they were calling, calling, calling, to one another from the top of the tower to the bottom of the tower, God confounded their language, so they could not understand one another. And when one at the top called for more brick, the one at the bottom thought he called for more pitch. And if one in the middle said he needed more lumber, the others thought he said he wanted more nails. And if one at the bottom said it was time to work, the ones above thought he told them to stop. So that they all fell to quarreling and fighting one another, because their language was confounded.

Then God came down and sent the lightnings against their tower, and broke off the top. So when they could not talk together, and when they could not work together, and when the top of their tower was broken off, they stopped building and trying to climb into heaven.

So now when they asked Nimrod, "Did God say there would not be another flood?" he answered, "Yes."

And when they asked Nimrod, "Was God pleased when we did not believe His word?" he answered, "No."

*(Concluded on page 190)*

# The Essentials of Home-Making

(Continued)

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

COMPANIONSHIP of parents with the child is vital to success in child training. And by companionship I mean more than being with the child. A jailer is not a companion; a monitor is not. A companion is one who has the same interests, similar tastes, and an agreeable manner of association. To be a companion is necessary if one would truly teach; and to teach is the God-given duty of the parent.

Companionship helps to retain the confidence of the child, to make him ready to confide in us, his father and his mother, all his experiences and thoughts. And how greatly we need that confidence, not only in the days of his childhood, but in those crucial years of adolescence, when the storms of his physical and mental nature put him in danger on the sea of life, without chart or compass. Then does he most need the piloting of his parents, and to them will he turn if they have retained his confidence through companionship.

But how common it is to find parents and children far apart in their lives and thoughts, constrained in one another's presence, unable to converse, uneasy where they should be most at ease. Said one father, a farmer: "My boys and I will go all day, scarcely speaking two words to each other. We may be hoeing in rows alongside, we may be doing the chores together; and I want to talk with them, but I can't think of anything to say. What can I do?" And a mother said: "My daughter is always wanting to go off with the girls. She doesn't talk with me, and I don't know what she is thinking about. I can't seem to find anything to say to her, aside from telling her what to do, and there's not much of that, for she's in high school."

One very ready speaker, on being told of the above farmer, exclaimed: "Why, I don't see how a man could be with a

boy five minutes without saying something! no, nor one minute. There's always something to talk about. I can't sympathize with that man at all."

"Yes," I said, "I know you can't. You could talk to the gatepost and never know it wasn't answering. But I can sympathize with that man, because I am like him: it is hard for me to talk. And so, with him, I have a problem to solve."

The secret of companionship is the keeping of common interests. Companionship does not always involve conversation; the better we know our friends, the less will silences separate us. But yet ability to converse is a part of the necessary equipment of the companion. And to talk in a companionable way, there must be some common interests to talk about. To make these and to keep these, demands some study, some energy, some self-sacrifice, on the part of the parent. No one need think it comes without effort; but the effort is well rewarded.

When does estrangement begin between parent and child? Very often in infancy. The little boy comes running in to show his mother something he has found,—a little white pebble, or a big black bug, or a fat pink worm. Perhaps she doesn't like bugs and worms, and she squeals, and greets his eager inquiry with: "Naughty boy! Don't bring such things to mamma. Go throw it away, quick!" Or perhaps she is talking with a neighbor, and doesn't notice the boy. He calls her, "Mamma! mamma!" and tugs at her dress; but only after insistent clamor does he get her attention: "Charlie, don't you see mamma is talking to Mrs. Jones? You mustn't interrupt." And she goes on discussing with her neighbor the latest styles or the newest recipe, or something less vital. Little boys must be taught to be polite. True! But what about politeness to little

boys? Much more; what about keeping their confidence? what about being companions to them?

Or it's father! He comes home tired and hungry, eats a good supper, sits down to enjoy his paper. Bob wants to know something, several things, keeps interrupting dad's reading. And dad turns on him savagely at last: "Why don't you ask your teacher? What's a school for, I'd like to know? I pay taxes enough to hire a teacher for your education." Father needs rest, it is true, needs to have tired nerves soothed. It hasn't occurred to him that by putting his will to it, he could find recreation in dealing with Bob's and Susie's problems, by pottering around with them in garden and shop, by listening to their tales of the day and imparting to them some of his wisdom. He pushes them off — and six months later he severely rebukes them because they are running around town and don't want to stay at home nights.

God gives us the gift of companionship in the beginning. He makes the babe dependent upon us in every way, so that he looks to us, his parents, as the source of all good, to whom he shall appeal for everything and with whom he wants to be all the while. It is our privilege to keep that precious gift, though it cost some effort. Even when the boy and the girl go to school, let us keep in touch with their progress, not merely through the report card, but by asking them about their studies and discussing them. We would not forget so much that we have learned if we would keep in touch with our children. Read with them, too, the books they are interested in, and so have matter for discussion as you are about your work. A Home Reading Circle two or three evenings a week is an excellent means of helping companionship.

Plan your work so as to share it with your children as much as possible. It cannot always be done, but when it can, it is better to have the child help you do two pieces of work than for you to do one and he another. Because then you can be together, and if you talk with him naturally and easily about the things

he is interested in and you are interested in, you will keep him close.

And if you expect him to work with you, you must play with him. It is a good thing to have a game of ball or drop-the-handkerchief with your children now and then, even if it does make your old bones ache. But if you just can't run, have some quieter games with them anyway, and strolls and outings, or a trip to some point of interest. One of our foreign missionaries, at home on furlough, told me with appreciation and gratitude how her father, when she and her three sisters were growing girls, kept up his practice of being with them in their sports,—skating, sleigh riding, picnics, everything. She said they never realized then that he was doing it for them; they just thought he wanted to go. And he did; but not because he wasn't tired or didn't sometimes find it hard to keep their pace; but he wanted to be with his big girls (they had no brothers), because — well, because he was father.

There is another thing that often comes between parents and children, and that is the unwillingness of many parents to confess their faults when they have made mistakes in discipline or in behavior. They think their sons and daughters would not respect them if they should confess to having been wrong, and that they would thereby lose their authority. O fathers, mothers, that is not so. Readiness to confess our faults to our children when we are in fault, is the very best way to their hearts. The father who is man enough to say he was wrong, is more a hero to his son than if he were coward enough to keep silence. The mother who repents for the hasty word or the wrong punishment, and tells her child she is sorry, appeals to his sense of justice, and reinstates herself in his affections and confidence. We want to avoid falling into error in our management of our children; but if we do fail, we cannot expect to come close to them except by righting the wrong as far as we can.

Keep close to your children!

*(To be continued)*



# EDITORIAL

## The Measure of Authority

JUST across the aisle from me in the railway coach sits a mother with two little children. She wants to read her novel, but they disturb her. One wants to sit where the other is sitting. They fidget, and fuss, and push, and pull. She tells them to quit. They keep on. She keeps saying, as she glances up from her fiction, "Stop!" but they don't stop. She jerks them into place, setting the smaller one down hard and slapping the elder one. They both cry. She gives them each a picture book. The elder forcibly exchanges books with the younger, who protests, and they fill the car with their quarreling.

"Give that back to him," commands the mother.

"Won't!" says the girl.

"It's his," argues the mother.

"Tain't!" says the girl, with a defiant yet watchful eye.

"It is," insists the mother.

"It's mine," says the girl.

The mother takes out two apples, and dodges the issue by filling her children's mouths. She wants to read about how Reginald loves Marolyn, whom he oughtn't to love, and whose children are in the way. She believes it.

Why doesn't her "no" mean no? Why has her word no authority with her children? Why is her discipline violent and ineffective? Because she has never been able to say "no" to her own inclinations and appetites. Because she has never disciplined her own mind, and made herself choose what was hard but right, instead of what was easy but wrong. And she therefore speaks, not as one having authority, but as one having license. No mother can rightly discipline her child until she has taken in hand and conquered her own appe-

tites, passions, and inclinations. If any mother or any father is wondering why the children don't mind, here I give the A B C. The measure of your authority is the degree of your control of yourself.

## Great Possessions

A MAN I knew owned six hundred acres of mountain land underlaid with coal. But this man did nothing to get out the coal, because he didn't know how; and he would not lease the land with mining rights to any one else, because he was afraid he would be cheated. He got hardly enough from the land to pay his taxes. He was ignorant and unhappy; he went in rags, with a grievance against the fate that kept him in poverty. He had great possessions, but he could not make use of them.

Many a man and many a woman I have known who had the priceless treasure of two or four or five children, but who had little joy in them, because the children were wild, ungoverned, impudent, and evil. They cost the parents much in time, trouble, and money, and they returned little enough of affection to repay it. The parents did not train them, because they did not know how; and they refused to let anybody teach them, because they feared they would be cheated. At least they said, "I never got any good out of parents' meetings, nor out of books on child training. I wish I could manage my children, but I can't, and nobody else can show me how."

And so, having great possessions, they go through life without the benefit and joy of them, binding themselves to a fate of disappointment and sorrow far worse than poverty. But that is not all. Land, coal, gold, cannot suffer if misused; but children, mismanaged, may

# ETCHINGS



plumb the infinite depths of degradation and woe. Of such parents, with deeper meaning will it be said before the Judge's throne, "They went away sorrowful; for they had great possessions."

## Magazines and Geography

ARE you, teacher, absorbing what you read in magazines and newspapers concerning this land and others, and are you making it a part of your stock-in-trade for the geography class?

Your success in teaching geography depends on what you see in it. If you see red and yellow and gray and green paper divided by black lines with occasional black or blue wavy ones running through the red and yellow, you must expect your pupils to see the same; but if you see a land bristling with life, see the very men and women themselves, and see the environment in which they live and the resources at their command,—those things that have made them what they are,—you will make your pupils see the same.

After reading the article, "Some Missionary Geography," in this issue, we should see South Africa more clearly. The pictures tell part of the story.

We are losing much that we might gain by a better use of pictures. Teachers must not only read, but they must have clippings of pictures, articles, isolated facts, etc., and these must be classified if they are to prove of any value. We may get valuable bits, not only from current magazines, but from the *Review*, *Instructor*, and especially from *Missionary Readings*, sent out by the Mission Board each month for use in the churches.

Viewing geography from its humanistic side, makes humanity's great needs

stand out. And when the student has discovered the need, he desires to help meet it. In a land filled with ignorance and superstition he longs to help wipe out these and place knowledge and faith in their places. It gives a new interest, and the pupil sees more reason for studying about these various places.

We often wonder why teachers rob themselves of so much of the joy that might be theirs in teaching geography.

## Teaching, Not a Profession, but Service

THE idea most often put forth in the New Testament for the gospel worker, whether teacher or preacher, is the idea of service. Jesus and Paul, the greatest and the next greatest teachers in human annals, openly and frequently defined their mission to be that of serving, not to be served. Neither ever thought of himself as pursuing a profession. There is a vast difference between one who serves a great human need and one who follows a human profession. The one keeps constantly in mind the need of others and how to fill that need, while the other keeps his personal ambition and welfare primarily before himself.

The greatest accomplishment, in fact, for the teacher to achieve is to forget himself in absorbing service for others. He does not think of himself as one to be looked up to, nor love to hear himself called master. His deepest joy comes in contemplating the uplift he is effecting in lives potential with all that eternity holds out to them. Like the Master Teacher, he is satisfied only in that transcendent moment when he sees the travail of his soul fructify in the verities of time and eternity. "He that is greatest among you, shall be your servant."

# Teaching Suggestions for February

## "Busy Work"

WINNIFRED JAMES

FEBRUARY is a distinctive month to the child, because two of our greatest heroes and several other great American men have birthdays celebrated during its days.

There are many models of your own make-up you will wish to use, taking the place of some given. An outline, however good, is only a guide and does not, and can not, take the place of the teacher's individuality.

The outline for February is as follows:

Monday — Alphabet construction.

Tuesday — Card sewing.

Wednesday — Weaving.

Thursday — Paper folding.

Friday — Paper cutting.

### First, Second, Third, and Fourth Mondays

The alphabet construction is based on the sixteen squares. The same drill

should be given for folding and cutting as is given for the furniture models. The ruler should be used for all straight lines. Suggestions will be found in "Applied Art," by Lemos, page 136.

Cut and mount A, B, C, D. Use some bright-coated paper. Mount these on craft or drawing paper of uniform size. Have the children bring from home pictures of objects to represent the letter. For instance, they could bring the picture of an apple or an automobile for the letter A, and so on.

These pages can be kept until the alphabet is completed, and then made into a booklet.

### First and Second Tuesdays

We shall sew cards to represent the work of the third day of creation week. Sew one vegetable and one flower. The beet with the green top, and a red or yellow poppy, would be good.

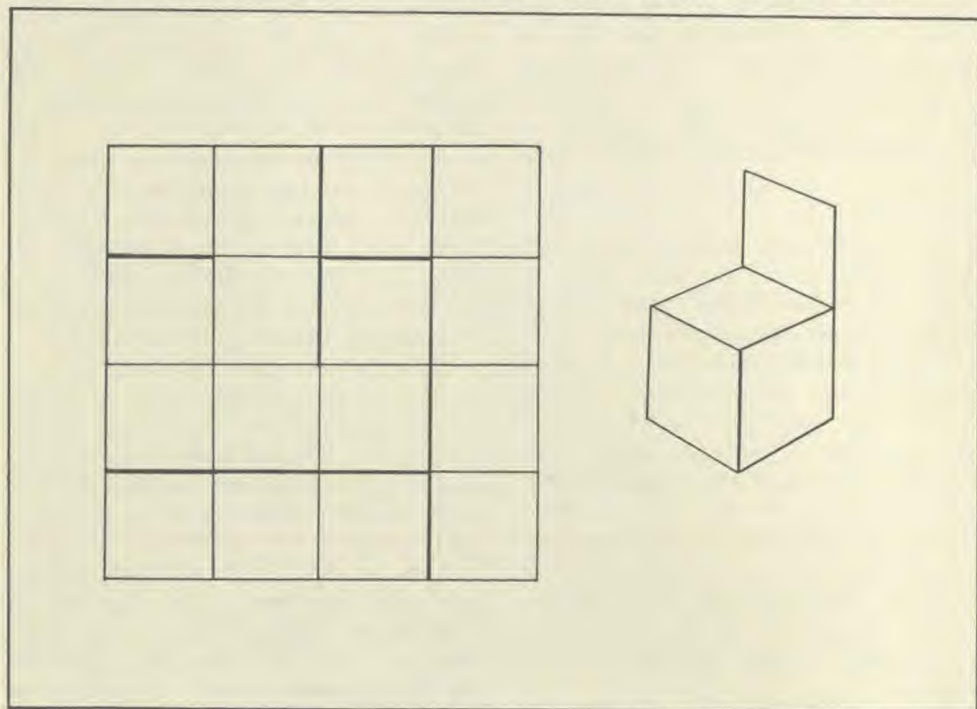


FIG. 1

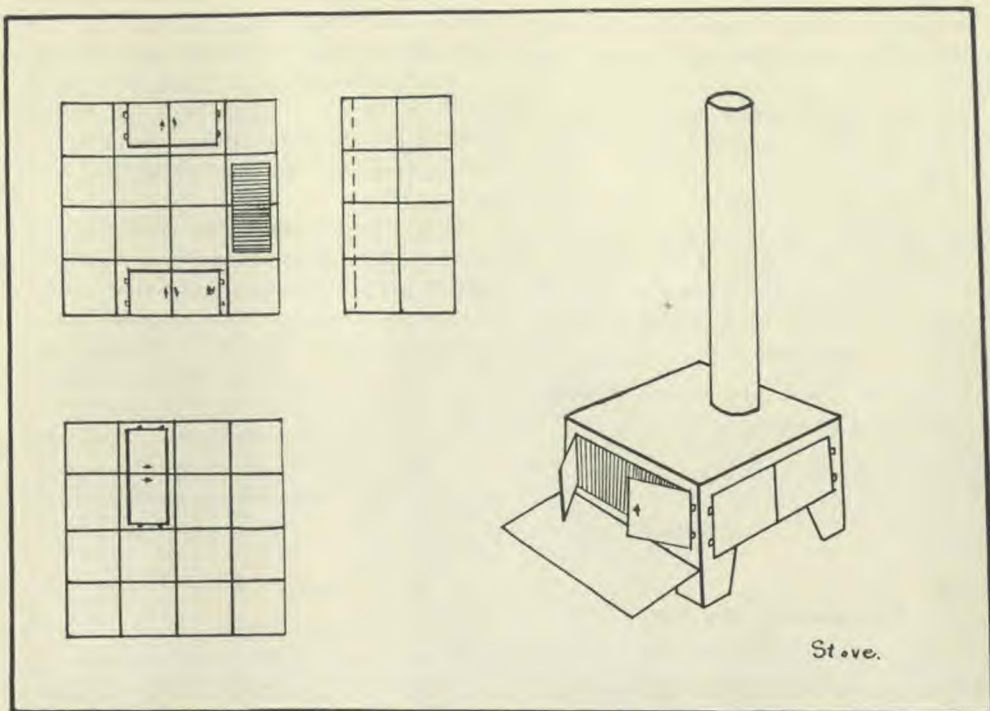


FIG. 2

### Third and Fourth Tuesdays

Sew a shield, coloring the stripe and the blue field at the top, also a hatchet or a George Washington hat, copying a verse on one side and coloring the other. You might copy this:

"First in war,  
first in peace,  
and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

### First, Second, Third, and Fourth Wednesdays

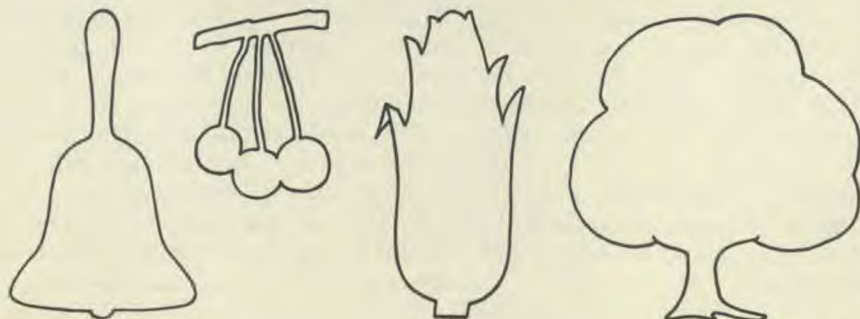
We shall start the loom weaving this month. The looms can be made of strawboard and save the expense of buying ready-made looms.

For the mat we shall make this month, use strawboard 12 x 8 inches. Use raffia or yarn, and use plain colors and plain weave for the first. The string should go over the back, too, and be cut and tied to make the fringe. You will find further instructions in Worst, page 194, exercise 53.

### First Thursday

Construct chairs to match the dining-table made last month. (See Fig. 1.)

Fold on all light lines and cut on all heavy lines. The same sixteen square dictation should be used.



### Second, Third, and Fourth Thursdays

The stove for the kitchen is our next model, and a very interesting one. (See Fig. 2.)

The grate of the stove should be made of red and black parallel lines. The stovepipe is made by wrapping a piece the desired size around a pencil. The legs of the stove are made similar to the directions for the table of last month.

If you can finish this model in two periods, make an oblong box for a wood box for the other period.

### First, Second, Third, and Fourth Fridays

1. Bunch of cherries.
2. A little tree.
3. A bell.
4. Ear of corn.

## Physiology Seven

LOTTIE GIBSON

THOROUGH work should be done in teaching the functions of the organs of the food tube. As we do this, we may press home the lesson that God has a special work for each boy and girl to do; and just as the body suffers when one organ fails to do its part, so does the cause of God when one child fails to do his part.

I wonder if we dwell long enough on the work of the teeth? We may get help to bring the care of the teeth into the life of the child by sending to Colgate & Co. for literature and sample tube of dental cream for each pupil.

Now we have come to the diet problem, and a problem it is if we are to effect a reform. I see pickles, ice cream, peanuts, and candy going into one little stomach, and another stomach coming to school with nothing in it at all, and still another containing a pancake or two. At night these same little stomachs are stretched to the limit with—But halt! Are we teachers ready to start a reform in diet? What is our example? There is help in God, so let us begin with a determination to accomplish something in the diet reform.

The appetite is one of the hardest things for children to control. In some cases there is much for the child to give up, and it seems as if there is nothing for him to eat. Shall we not rather dwell upon the good things we may eat, and in this way lead the child to choose health?

Show from Genesis 1:29; 2:9, the original diet for man, and note that our author gives us the thought that man's teeth, smooth tongue, and long food tube indicate a vegetarian diet. Weave into the lessons Ecclesiastes 10:17; 1 Corinthians 10:31; Romans 12:1; Daniel 1:8, 11-15, and timely sentences from the spirit of prophecy with many earnest prayers; then trust God to bring results.

## Nature Five

RUTH E. ATWELL

WHILE winter birds are still around, it will be well to begin the study of Chapter IX. If wild berries and seeds are covered with snow, crumbs placed on a board at a little distance from a window, and a piece of suet tied to a limb of a tree, will bring the birds where they can be observed closely. The children may be able to find which birds store up food for winter use.

Instead of each child's making a notebook, as was suggested in the previous year's work, perhaps they will enjoy working together on a larger, loose-leaf one, as a class project. One page will contain the picture and description of the character and habits of a bird. (The pictures should, of course, be ordered as early as possible from a picture company, unless they are already at hand.) Another page will be a bird story, either entirely original, or retold from one found in a book or magazine. Still another may have a drawing or painting with a brief outline of that bird's chief characteristics. The children will think of other attractive arrangements.

In some of the colder sections it will be best to study the last five chapters of the text before completing the study of

birds and flowers. In that case use should be made of the valuable material to be found in "Patriarchs and Prophets" and "The Great Controversy"

bearing on these subjects. Instead of hurrying through these chapters, let the children be directed to find as much as possible to add to the text.

# Suggestive Drawings for Grade I

by Violet I. Webber

Outline of Apple Tree

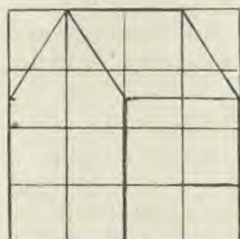


Fold paper and draw poplar, cedar etc. Cut out of white paper. Mount on gray. Cut out of black paper. Mount on white. Divide into two lessons. 1st draw, 2nd mount.

Norway Spruce



Pine Tree



Measure and draw a four inch square. In the second row mark the first square as above etc. Draw lines.



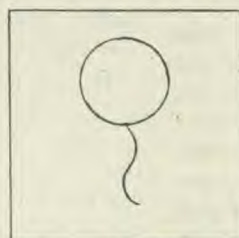
Use colored papers. Cut out schoolhouse in red. Cut out windows. Mount on neutral gray.



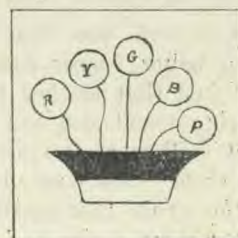
Draw this church on white paper. Omit the details. Mount it on black or gray.



Cut out a circle of blue ribbon and mount it one inch from the top of a gray sheet of paper. Use white chalk to draw all lines and to whiten the basket.



Bring colored ribbons. Cut out circles and mount them like balloons on gray paper. Draw with colored crayon or a piece of chalk for the string. Color strings all one color.



R means red  
Y " yellow  
G " green  
B " blue  
P " purple  
Mount on black. Make basket of gray paper.

Always make the bottom margin large when mounting

## Controlling Children

MARGARET WRIGHT NORTH

THE adage that a man is not fit to command others until he can command himself is never more true than in the training of children. A mother who has acquired self-control has more than half won the struggle of controlling her children.

In the course of a conversation the other day, a mother remarked to me, "I don't see why Charles has to pick just the time when I am the busiest to be the most exasperating." What a picture that gave me of the mother!

I could see her in the afternoon sitting quietly with her mending basket, answering Charles' interminable questions with tact and patience, entering into his "pretends," and making the child feel that his mother was a real pal and playmate.

Then I could see her a little while later, bustling about the kitchen getting supper, Charles still asking questions. After a few half-hearted replies, mother turns on Charles with an impatient, "Charles, if you don't stop asking me questions I'll send you to bed; you drive me wild." There is a moment of silence, and then another question. "What did I tell you? Now not another word." Another moment, and then a hesitant, "Say, mother?" "Charles! Go right upstairs, take your clothes off, and go to bed."

Now where was the fault? Was Charles being "most exasperating," or was it just that mother was not in the answering mood and lost her patience?

That mother was expecting too much of her child. She wanted him to appreciate the strain that getting supper put upon her mind, body, and nerves. Since cooking was outside his experience, he could not put himself in her position. Even if she had quietly told him that she could not play with him any more, giving the reason, he would not have been able to change his play without her help. He was so filled with one idea that a new suggestion was necessary.

How easy it would have been, when she

could not work with his chatter going on, to have suggested that he go to the front window and count the number of white horses going by while she was getting supper; and tell how many windows he could see in the houses across the street; or that he show her how nice a house he could build with his blocks.

Because the mother expected the child to have the self-control which she herself lacked, displeasure and resentment replaced the sympathetic friendliness of the afternoon, and Charles was unjustly punished.

Let us remember that children are very much like rivers — it is impossible to stop them, but comparatively easy to change their course.

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## You Wouldn't Believe It

MARTHA E. WARNER

No father in his right mind would deliberately stick a knife into his child. Yet —

Josie was a proud little girl when she danced into the room, wearing a pretty slip-on sweater which she had knitted with her own small hands.

When the yarn was purchased, daddy said she never would stick at it long enough to finish it. But at last it was finished, and she was standing before daddy, her little face fairly shining, waiting for his approval.

It may be business had not gone well at the office that day, or daddy was troubled, or tired — anyway, looking at the expectant child, he exclaimed, "What on earth are you wearing that thing for, on such a hot day as this? Go immediately to your room and take it off."

Tears filled Josie's eyes as she quickly left the room. I felt sorry for her.

No father would deliberately stick a knife into his child, yet he will, without giving it a thought, hurt her far more with words, and the wound heals far more slowly — sometimes never.

# PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

## What the School Board Expects of the Teacher

FRANK E. MOORE

WE are setting a high standard, and demanding much of our teachers, but when we consider the time our children spend in school, and that the teacher's influence comes next to the home and in many instances before the home, we cannot set it too high. We are dealing with material which may gain immortality, and we want Christian schools.

The teacher should,

1. First of all be a Christian, a firm believer in the third angel's message which she is to teach.

2. Be of an age to have had some experience in life, and, if possible, from a family of more than one child, so that she may know from actual life what is due from one child to another. She should come from a Christian home.

3. Be in good physical health, to be able to perform the duties required of her. A sound mind in a sound body, is a great asset for good work in any line, and especially in teaching.

4. Have a thorough education in the grades which she is to teach, and a liberal training beyond; and this training should have been received in a Seventh-day Adventist school.

5. Be on time in opening school, and demand the same of the pupils.

6. By example and precept teach the pupils courtesy, which is a great help to success in life.

7. Have no favorites among the pupils. We do not know which pupil God will lead to work in His vineyard as His messenger, and favoritism causes jealousy and other evils to arise among the pupils.

8. Associate with the children at recess and other recreation periods. Gaining their respect at play gives her a

great advantage during the study periods.

9. Visit the families of the pupils as often as possible, to see them in their home environment, and thus be in a better position to handle the children and gain the co-operation of the parents through personal contact.

10. Demand of the pupils, at all times while under her control, promptness, cleanliness, neatness, and obedience. Habits formed in early life are lasting. Many a person otherwise well educated has failed to make a success of life from the lack of the above attributes.

11. Insist that the pupils take the best of care of their books, seeing that they are not mutilated or destroyed, even if they own them. Taking care of our personal property causes us to have respect for the property of others.

12. Keep a complete record of work done, and make out all reports promptly and submit them on request.

13. Work in harmony with the school board.

14. With discretion lead the pupil to a practical Christian experience.

15. In dress, speech, and general conduct, so deport herself that the children will see that what she teaches she is.

May we as individuals and as a church have a greater realization of the importance of the church school as the greatest factor outside the home for the saving of our children.

## What the Teacher Expects of the School Board

LOUISE B. STUART

A LIVE, wide-awake school board, interested in our educational work and knowing and performing the duties devolving upon it, is one of the greatest aids a teacher has.

There are situations with which the teacher has not the authority to deal, and problems which, alone, she cannot solve. There are other difficulties which should be met by the school board alone, but which are sometimes shifted upon the teacher, thus taking much of her time and thought and making her less efficient for her real work — teaching. A few suggestions as to what the teacher may rightly expect of the school board are given here.

A school board should,

1. Sign up a contract with the teacher. This contract states definitely some things that the teacher may expect of the board, and some that the board will expect of her.

2. Determine the salary of the teacher, and see that it is paid when due, so that the teacher need not be embarrassed because she cannot meet her expenses promptly.

3. If necessary, help the teacher in securing a comfortable boarding place. It is often very difficult for a stranger in a town or city to find suitable living accommodations.

4. Make every possible effort to secure a school building which is properly lighted, heated, and ventilated, and with sufficient playground space.

5. Supply all necessary equipment, such as maps, blackboards, globe, dictionary, and add as soon as possible other helpful equipment which may be needed.

6. During the summer, order the necessary textbooks listed in the register by the last teacher, and provide a new register, teachers' manual, and desk copies of all textbooks.

7. Allow the teacher a stated sum of money to be used in purchasing minor supplies, such as paste, thumb tacks, construction paper, etc.

8. Consider all names of applicants for admission to the school and admit only those whom they believe to be worthy. A church school is not a reform school, and incorrigible children admitted often do much harm before they can be dismissed.

9. Co-operate with the teacher in all cases of discipline, and dismiss from school any child who, after faithful effort on the part of both teacher and school board in his behalf, continues to be a wrong influence in the school.

10. Lead out in organizing a Parent-Teacher Association so that the board, parents, and teachers may come together to discuss problems of the home and the school.

11. Hold regular meetings, at times inviting the teacher to be present, so that she may present her needs and problems to the school board as a body.

Every teacher who, after teaching where the school board is one in name only, has the privilege of working with the kind described above, considers herself a very fortunate person, and is thankful indeed that there are school boards.

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## A Simple Modeling Material

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

PERHAPS few amusements are more fascinating to children than the clay modeling taught in kindergartens. The most satisfactory material for this work is potter's clay; but in some cases this can be obtained only with difficulty. For this reason I greatly appreciate this formula for "salt modeling dough," which a friend sent me recently:

Two tablespoonfuls salt

Two tablespoonfuls water

One tablespoonful white flour

Mix and heat together in a saucepan, stirring all the time. When thick, take it off, and let cool, when it will be ready for use.

I have just tried this formula, and we have had great fun. We have modeled a bird's nest, eggs to put in it, a bird, a sleeping kitten, and a rabbit, and we are not artists either. Try it.

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"A PRAYER should attend every act of ours."

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If home isn't a loving place, it is only second rate as a living place.

# FATHER AND SON

## A Day and a Prayer

Fourth in the Series, Precious Stones

LAMONT THOMPSON

THE day had been a happy one for the boy and for me. We had been boys together, and, save for the benumbing effect of experience on my capacity to enjoy, our pleasures had been mutual. I had been almost a boy again.

In the morning we two had stood hand in hand on the station platform with our faces set for adventure. For him, it was to be the first trip to the great city of whose giant bridges, magnificent buildings, lighted ways, spacious parks, wonderful zoo, and ships, and aquarium he had heard. He was now to see all this with his own eyes! "And the trains in the dark holes in the ground," he said, "we will see them, won't we?"

The great, snorting locomotive thundered past us, making the very earth tremble. He squirmed and almost shivered. I understood. As a five-year-old boy I too had tried to look casual when the big engine had pounded and roared into the station. But as it passed me with its hot breath, I had gripped my parent's hand and had squirmed and almost shivered with a sort of tingling thrill that surged through every vein and fiber of my boyish body. A great adventure had begun.

The thrill has gone out of such things now, but the memory abides; so when the heavy train pulled in, we were two boys—almost. He was happy with the edged zest that childhood alone can know, and I was happy with sympathetic memory that made me a partaker of his great adventure; and I had the added joy that none but parents can know. There is a happiness appropriate for each period of life.

What a day it had been! What a pace he had set! The ships were "larger than the ones in Chicago and Buffalo." The Woolworth Building was "pretty big." The turtles at the aquarium were "bigger than washtubs." And there wasn't any reason for calling things that didn't look like lions "sea lions."

There was no rest until he had stood right under the Williamsport Bridge, and had gone over it, and, later in the evening, had taken the boat down the river under it. There was joy that kings cannot buy in standing at the window in the forward end of the front coach in the subway train and watching the green and yellow and red lights as they wink their signals to the motorman. "It'd be nice to be a motorman, wouldn't it, daddy?"

But the zoo! "Wouldn't it be fine to live here?" I never in all my school days underwent so rigorous an examination as he had put me through that day. And he will never in any day in school under any hired teacher add to his education as much as he learned that day.

We had stood before the king of beasts, and had heard him roar his sonorous, deep-throated challenge and defiance to, and protest against, the existing order of things. It had awed us. The restless, nervous scream of the puma was an irritant to mind and soul, so we moved on. How the snakes repel and yet attract! The chimpanzees were "so kind of like people" that I scented evolutionary tendencies in the mind of the lad. I felt uncomfortable. I don't want them for relatives.

But Jumbo, the elephant! He was incomparable; and to think he would let little boys and girls ride on his back! "We can love that kind of animal, can't we?" he said. Unfortunately, the keepers were not having Jumbo entertain the children, so that pleasure had to be foregone. It is usually true that from our joys enough is withheld to leave us the further joy of something yet to be, or have, or do.

When night came and the four walls of the strange little stateroom on the boat back to Hartford had shut us in, the tense nerves withdrew their weary support, and the great adventurer became again a little boy, and his aching legs were "awfully tired," so that he could "hardly keep from crying," — and he didn't.

We knelt for prayer, and I prayed my usual sort of prayer, asking for certain dignified and usual blessings.

And then he prayed: "Dear Jesus, I have had an awfully good time today, and I am glad I could come with daddy, and I am so thankful for the birds and the flowers — they are so beautiful. And I hope you will keep everybody from getting run over by the train; and take care of the elephant; and help me to be a good boy; and bless mamma and daddy and Edward, for Jesus' sake, Amen." Very humbly, I said, "Amen."

Then we went to bed, and I hugged him close, and silently again I prayed: "Dear Jesus, I have had a good time today, and I am glad I could come on this trip with Laddie. And I am thankful for the birds and the flowers, for they are so beautiful. And I am thankful for a home where love dwells — for the faithful wife, and for the baby, and for this boy. I rejoice in labor for them. Make my joys hearty and simple, my interest always keen, my senses alive to enjoy the commonplace burdens and things of everyday. I would live and work and pray in simple sincerity, even as a little child. And make me to be a good man, and bless mamma, and Edward, and this tired boy, for Jesus' sake, Amen."



### "Don't"

I MIGHT have just the mostest fun  
If 'twasn't for a word,  
I think the very worstest one  
'At ever I have heard.  
I wish 'at it'd go away,  
But I'm afraid it won't;  
I s'pose 'at it'll always stay —  
That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise,"  
And "don't go out of door,"  
And "don't you spread your stock of toys  
About the parlor floor;"  
And "don't you dare play in the dust;"  
And "don't you tease the cat;"  
And "don't you get your clothing mussed;"  
And "don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found  
A thing I'd like to do  
But what there's some one close around  
'At's got a "don't" or two.  
And Sabbath — 'at's the day 'at "don't"  
Is worst of all the seven.  
Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't  
Be any "don'ts" in heaven."

— Nixon Waterman.

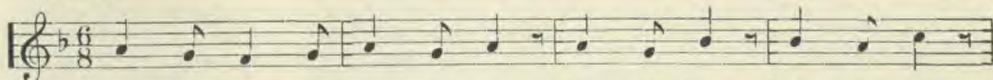
"LITTLE by little bad habits grow,  
How they begin we scarcely know;  
A little wrong act, a little false word,  
One pleasant drink in the poison cup stirred —  
Repeated once in a while, and again,  
And lo! we are fast in a cruel chain."

# YOUNG MOTHERS

## GAELIC LULLABY

Unknown

ARTHUR W. SPALDING



1. Hush, the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam, white with foam;
2. Hush, the winds roar hoarse and deep: On they come, on they come!
3. Hush, the rain sweeps o'er the knowes Where they roam, where they roam;



Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home.  
 Broth - er seeks the wand - 'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.  
 Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.

### The Young Mothers' Society Is Growing

You know a magazine is not made in a day. Copy has to be prepared a long time before the date of publication. So this copy for the February number is being written on December 16. This is so soon after sending out the first Outlines requested, that we have hardly had time to begin. And yet a beginning has been made. So far there have been reported to us, societies organized, or isolated subscribers, in the following places:

Sioux City, Iowa.  
 Ruff, Wash.  
 Sawtelle, Calif.  
 Clintonville, Conn.  
 Eagle Rock, Calif.  
 Glendale, Calif.  
 Los Angeles, Calif.  
 St. Helena, Calif.  
 Ruthven, Iowa.  
 Tulsa, Okla.  
 Bridgeton, N. J.  
 Lubbock, Tex.

We have by request sent Outlines, which explain the organization and studies, to about three hundred persons in

the United States, Canada, West Indies, South America, Central Africa, and several countries in Europe. How many of these will result in the organization of societies, time will tell, but we confidently expect to see the world ringed with them this year, wherever there are English-speaking believers.

Before you read this, you will have received the January Mothers' Lessons, and perhaps the February (they are mailed on the fifteenth of the month preceding), and will yourself have judged of their value. There is great enthusiasm in some quarters over the lessons as revealed in the Outline; we believe this feeling will be greatly enhanced on receipt of the lessons themselves. We wish that every mother in our ranks had them from the first. Some mothers will wake up by and by, and wish they had started at the beginning. Only a month has gone by now, as you read this; if you haven't subscribed, don't delay. "Come with us, and we will do thee good."

"The child's first school is the family."  
 — *Froebel*.

## Suggestive Programs

MRS. W. L. BATES

### First Meeting in February, 1923

#### Part I, Lesson 2

OPENING SONG.

Prayer.

Learn together the two new songs given in the

Mothers' Lessons for February.

Secretary's Report.

Roll Call. (Each member respond by giving some good thought gleaned from the past two weeks' progress in the Parents' Reading Course.)

Second Lesson in the Science of Story-telling. (Mothers' Lesson for February.)

Exercise briefly in the Bible memory work suggested in the Mothers' Lesson.

Assignment of papers for next meeting, subjects selected from Part II, Lesson 2, of the Mothers' Lessons. Also assign Reading Course work.

Closing Song.

Benediction: The Mizpah.

NOTE.—Most mothers will find it necessary to take their children with them to the meeting. This being the case, you will find the following plan very good both for the children and for the success of the meeting:

Keep the children with you through the opening song and prayer and the practice of the little songs given in the Mothers' Lessons. Some of the children will enjoy learning these songs with you. Then let one of the members take the children to another room, and entertain them through the remainder of the meeting. This pleasure-duty for successive meetings can be passed down the membership roll alphabetically, or as you may choose. If, from the first, the children are restrained in their very natural desire to run back and forth between the rooms, they will soon wait very happily until their mothers come for them. If they can be given "busy work," the thought of "making something to show mamma when she comes" will be an incentive and a help to hold their interest. In HOME AND SCHOOL you will occasionally find suggestions for the hour's entertainment. This week, notice the suggestion on modeling material. We shall appreciate any plans you may send us for "busy work."

Immediately after the benediction, the mothers should visit the children's room to admire their work and relieve their teacher.

### Second Meeting in February, 1923

#### Part II, Lesson 2

Opening Song.

Prayer.

Children with their "teacher" pass to the playroom.

Secretary's Report and Roll Call. (Response as usual.)

Five-minute Paper: "The Physical and Spiritual Basis of Cheerfulness." Discussion, 5 min.

Five-minute Paper: "Show the Wisdom of God's Plan for the Continuation of Life." Discussion, 5 min.

Five-minute Paper: "The Power of Heredity." Discussion, 5 min.

(Let each mother bring to the class a paragraph in which she has written her vision of the characteristics of the perfect child. It will be interesting at the meeting to compare these paragraphs, and see which characteristics have been most often mentioned.)

Assignments for next meeting and for intervening home study and reading. Pass out Mothers' Lessons for March.

To close the meeting, rise and repeat in concert the poem, "Prayer on the Mountain."

Mothers will pass at once to the playroom, where they will see some work to approve.

## President Lincoln's Favorite Hymn

(Continued from page 172)

You can chant in happy measure  
As they slowly pass along —  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

"If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready at command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever-helping hand,  
You can succor the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
With the Saviour's true disciples  
You a tireless watch may keep.

"If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Oft the careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

"If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do,  
When the battlefield is silent,  
You can go with careful tread —  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess —  
She will never come to you.



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The Principal

Go and toil in any vineyard:  
Do not fear to do or dare:  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere."

### Progressive Lessons in Phonics

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

#### Lesson Six

(Teaching of Compound Phonogram ay)

BEGIN by pointing to some member of the class and saying, "I wonder if this little boy can tell his name without help from any one? Could you tell it, no matter where you happened to be? I am going to tell you this morning about a letter that has to have help sometimes in saying his name. But this little letter has a good friend that stands ready to help him. Now we shall put a picture of these friends on the board. Quite often you will find them side by side, and when they are, little 'a' always says his name, for his friend stands right there beside him to help."

"Now, little 'a,' we are going to ask your name several times this morning, so keep your friend right beside you."

Now take a colored chalk and write before the new phonogram one of the consonants already learned,—for instance, s-ay. Have the class pronounce the word, then erase s, and in its place use m, and in rapid succession all other known phonograms that will combine with ay to make a word. Put this list of words in the memorandum book.

This is a most valuable phonogram. By its use the child can unlock twenty-five one-syllable words by the time all the consonants are mastered. It would be well to let the children play a game before excusing the class. Call for hands of all children who remember what this letter said his name was; have those who have forgotten, stand, and let the others act the part of friend, stepping up to the forgetful ones and whispering "a." Then all the class may pronounce the phonogram together.

# I WAS WONDERING

## And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Is it best to train a child always to give up to others; that is, to oblige others constantly? I feel that my child, whom I trained in this way, is unduly diffident and retiring, lacks confidence in herself, and is constantly imposed upon.

There is no universal rule — except this:

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” This spirit of generosity and unselfishness should be inculcated in every child by the precept and example of the parent. But the judgment must be trained along with the will. Unselfishness does not always dictate the giving up to others. That other person, whether child or adult, may be so selfish and overbearing that a yielding to his will and whim is damaging to him and to society in general, as well as to the immediate victim. Sometimes, in all benevolence, the demand to give up our rights and privileges needs to be resisted. But since self-interest is likely to color our judgment, we must take special pains, both in our own case and in the case of our children, to be more ready to yield than to resist.

Children's dispositions vary, and parents need to judge without prejudice. Some children are naturally little bullies; they need to be taught the sweet spirit of giving up in gentleness. Other children are very timorous; with their instruction in unselfishness must be combined the teaching of self-reliance. We can't run all the children in one mold. Study your child, and judge how you need to shape him.

Is it advisable for the mother to try to have family worship when the father is not in the truth, and opposes it?

Yes. We ought to obey God rather than man. God who made man and woman, husband and wife, has first claim

upon the affections and services of both. The mother, as well as the father, has a duty to train her children for God. But she should seek not to rouse the anger and opposition of the father. No general advice can be given for specific cases. Some men lose their opposition in the face of a firm determination to serve God; other men are enraged and hardened. Whether the worship hour should be held openly or secretly will depend upon the circumstances. Read in this issue, “~~Because Mother Held Family Worship.~~”

Is it right for Seventh-day Adventists to chew gum?

Well, I suppose it is just as bad for a Methodist to chew gum as it is for a Seventh-day Adventist. The only person who gets any benefit from chewing gum is the manufacturer — and he lets others do his chewing. Gum chewing is a waste of money, a tax on the salivary glands, an offense to good taste, and a brand of boorishness. Ladies and gentlemen above the primary grade do not chew gum. Teach your children that they are not to waste their money for it, and that if any one gives them gum, and they just must chew it, not to do it in church or on the street car, but out in the woodshed.

### The Men Who Tried to Climb to Heaven

(Concluded from page 173)

And when they asked Nimrod, “Was there any one could stop us from building a tower into heaven?” he answered, “God.”

So that was what happened to the men who tried to climb into heaven. And that was the end of the Tower of Babel.

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