

HOME and SCHOOL

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION



WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAY

HOME AND SCHOOL

A Journal of Christian Education

Successor to *Christian Educator*

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1923

No. 9

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Issued monthly. Printed and published by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUB. ASSN., at WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

Terms: One year, \$1.50; half year, 75 cents; single copy, 15 cents.

Entered as second-class mail matter Sept. 10, 1909, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.



"MAMMA, DO YOU LIKE TO HAVE ME USE THAT WORD?"

Home Makes the Speech

A YOUNG MOTHER

Not long ago some one asked me to suggest some device to stop a small child from using "swear words" and slang. My first statement was that time-worn truth, "No two children are alike. Each must be handled (it would have been better to say, guided) differently." But one device I have learned and used with success.

Very well do I remember rushing into the house one day when I was fourteen years of age, to tell mother that my little sister, Elsie, had used a naughty word. It was such a disgrace! Nearly every man in the neighborhood, except my father, used coarse language. We children were never allowed to use it, and now the baby was disgracing our household in such a manner.

To my surprise, mother did not seem at all disturbed. She only said very quietly, "Don't pay any attention to her. She will forget it, for she won't hear any of us say it. You all have had your turn at using bad language."

I entertained very serious doubts as to the wisdom of this course, so I decided to observe results. Well, she did forget it.

She used the word a few times, but we acted as if we did not hear, and soon it was dropped for good.

Several years later I was boarding with a family who had a four-year-old son. A water main had been laid in front of their house that summer, and Quinton, while playing out there, had heard unfortunate language from some of the men. I had been teaching for some time, and the mother in her distress asked me, "What would you say to a boy who can't see why it's all right to talk about God in Sabbath school, but when he wants to talk about Him at play, it's wrong?" Immediately I told her mother's device. She tried it. It worked. In his home the Lord's name was used only in the proper way, and Quinton was able to answer his own question as he grew older.

A few years later my son was learning to talk. Husband and I often talked of the future of our son, the experiences we hoped we could shield him from, and others which he would likely pass through. We mentioned his likelihood to use bad words (yes, we presumed that

time would come), and forthwith I told him of mother's method and how it had worked in Quinton's case. We decided to follow the same course.

Several months before our boy was three, he was playing train with his blocks, and the train ran into the Kiddie Kar and was wrecked. And he said, "——!"

I gasped, and turned from him ever so slowly, for not for the world would I let him think I had heard. He sat still a moment, and then said, "Mamma, do you like to have me use that word?"

My confidence in mother's method was almost shattered, but not quite. I said, "Mother is so sorry you said it." I spoke as impressively as I could, but without severity.

We had a high school teacher living in our home who used a great deal of slang and expletive. We were fearing that Son would pick it up, but school was nearly out, so we hesitated before doing anything. This was the first time I had

heard him use any of her coarsest expressions — it was an expletive that a woman seldom uses. I told my son that while we liked Miss R., we didn't like the naughty words she used. I was afraid her mamma had never told her that it wasn't nice.

It was a year or so before we had any further trouble. We had moved, and rough language was common among the children of the neighborhood. Son would hear a word new to him, and would use it so cleverly that one would think him an old hand at it. He and I talked it over one day. We decided that he was to ask daddy or me about the new words he heard. If he didn't hear either of us use the new word, he was to ask us before he used it. It has worked beautifully so far.

Not for a moment do I think the lesson closed for all time. It will have to grow on him. Coarse language is very common, but ultimately I hope for one-hundred-per-cent clean English; for he doesn't hear the other kind in his home.

Let Us Love Our Children

MRS. MARTHA W. HOWE

WHAT a strange thought to present to Christian parents, and these lines are directed very particularly to Christian parents. Of course we love our children. Well, if we as Christian parents do love our children, and I am free to confess that I really believe we do, how are we manifesting that love?

"Why, by feeding, clothing, housing, educating, training, and otherwise providing for their interests," we say.

Very good. How are Johnny, and Harry, and Mary affected by your love as manifested in this way?

"Well, really, to be honest, I sometimes think they hardly appreciate our hard work and sacrifice at all."

Exactly. Johnny and Harry and Mary do not sense, cannot sense in any great degree, the hard work and sacrifice until in later years the burdens of life

come upon them. It may be that only as they, too, give of their life and strength for their children, should time last, will they, can they, in its fullest sense, understand the meaning of love so bestowed. But now, *now*, I say, in their tender years, while the clay is pliant to the potter's hand, let us love them now in ways they cannot misunderstand.

I cannot remember that in my own motherless childhood days any person ever kissed me or bestowed upon me anything that might be construed as a caress until I was eleven years old. Born of sturdy New England stock, conservative, undemonstrative, and silent upon those topics that lie nearest the heart, although fed, clothed, educated, and otherwise well provided for, I was unloved in any way that could be grasped by a lonesome, mother-hungry little girl.

But at last the glad time came. Even today it stands out as a gleaming torch in the midst of the years. A school-teacher kissed me. Herself but a girl in years, yet possessed of heavenly intuition to meet the unspoken longing of a childish heart, God sent her into my life. Never could the years again be lonesome, for some one lived who cared for me.

Many years have passed since then, during which I have realized that my father cared for me, although bound by the family customs of years, but in its sweetest and truest sense I never had a father.

O fathers and mothers, if there are those in a similar state who read this, cast off the shackles of reserve and repression, and gather your little folk or older ones into your arms and love them in a way that they cannot mistake.

I am sorry to say that in spite of the experience of my own childhood, I went on to make very nearly the same mistake with my own children. One day God opened my eyes, and as my baby was go-

ing to school, I drew her to me and kissed her. Imagine the feelings of my heart when she said, "Why, mamma, I didn't know you loved me!" Even today it hurts. Dear baby, food and raiment and other necessities of life did not express love she could understand. She accepted these things as a matter of course, just as we who are older accept the blessings of air, water, sunshine, the beautiful trees and flowers and birds, and fail so often to realize that all these are manifestations of the love of God to us.

Then and there I turned over a new leaf, and although it wasn't easy to overcome the inherited and acquired habits of self-repression and restraint, yet I struggled on, and little by little, by the blessing and help of God, we became welded together for this life and, we trust, for eternity.

Never can I forget the glad note of surprise and joy in the voice of my little one who in a simple good-by kiss learned for the first time that her mamma loved her.

Patience and the Problems of Temper

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

THE stating of this subject suggests to my mind,—Patience, the battle of a parent to conquer himself; and Temper, a parent's battle to help his child conquer himself. And I have a firm conviction that we shall get nowhere with the second if we have not been successful in the first.

Every human being who has powers and faculties worth developing has temper; for temper means nerve force, uncontrolled perhaps, but nevertheless nerve force. Now nerve force is a valuable asset. It must be recognized, disciplined, and guarded—none lost; but *not* crushed out as worthless. It is without doubt dangerous; but so is fire, so is electricity—both good servants of man.

In a way, people recognize this value. When the baby has been fed and made comfortable in his crib, and mother is going out of the room, baby suddenly begins to cry in protest, and shakes his tiny red fists in impotent wrath at being put down. "You see," says mother proudly to her caller, "he has a lot of spirit already." She waits a moment and listens. The crying continues. "If he cries too hard, I'll have to take him; I can't have him injure himself, can I?" More crying. Mother re-enters, and taking up the blue flannel bundle, snuggles it against her face. "Well, well, um dist would have um's muddah!" she coos. Then to her guest, "He has just had his bath, and should sleep till noon, but



maybe he doesn't feel well. I'll hold him a little while anyway."

They go downstairs, and mother begins to pick up baby clothes and set things to rights, baby all the time contentedly gazing over mother's shoulder. After a while she puts baby down, but his highness has learned something. So he stiffens his tiny back and screams after her, and she comes back and takes him. This may be repeated until mother, in desperation that it is nearly noon, the house not in order, and no lunch ready, puts him down,—in none too sweet a frame of mind herself,—and leaves him to cry till he has finished, which she should have done (ordinarily speaking) at first. Then he drops off to sleep.

But of course he goes to sleep late, and so oversleeps his next feeding time. This breaks his schedule, and one interval between nursings is too short. His tummy is overloaded, and he cries a good share of the afternoon.

When daddy comes home at night, he finds mother overtired, dinner hurried and not as well prepared as usual, baby awake because after crying so long in the afternoon he finally went to sleep and has just now waked up! So the evening goes

as the day has gone, to the whims of King Baby; parents go to bed and rise unrefreshed, and the day slips into another equally badly managed.

This is not a treatise on management of baby's program; it is an effort to solve or avoid as far as possible the problems of child temper. The simplest solution is found in earliest infancy. Feed him, bathe him, exercise him, put him to bed, and take him up at regular, stated intervals. At other times let him alone to grow and thrive of himself. It is hard to let a baby alone; his thousand graces combine to bind our hands and arms about him. But the kindness of much handling is no kindness.

If a young child screams and cries or throws himself on the floor to kick and roll in anger, see that he is perfectly comfortable and then let him scream. Go away and close the door softly, and go about your ordinary business. If there is a lull in the performance, try to hum or sing to show that you have perfect possession of yourself and that you are neither excited nor irritated. When he finds that no one is specially impressed with his tantrums, he will be so amazed that he will probably stop of his own accord.

However, we must be sure that a child's bad humor comes from no outside cause, such as uncomfortable clothing or wrong habits of feeding. Irritation often comes from overfeeding or feeding at wrong times. Feeding a child to quiet it, giving food between meals, permitting candy at all hours, heavy meals at night, keeping up after regular bedtime,—all these are certain means of disturbing digestion; and an impaired digestion means sure irritability. Irritability, of course, has no control over emotions, thoughts, or actions.

You will say all these apply to the perfectly well child. That is true. But if so, they must apply doubly to the frail child. It is more necessary that he eat simple food suited to his needs and at regular hours; that he have quiet, unstimulating exercise and plenty of fresh air; that he be dressed in perfectly com-

fortable clothes; that he have a daily bath; and that he have much refreshing sleep.

Speaking of baths. I have heard one woman say that a good full bath does more to sweeten the disposition than any other one thing. In our home, any outburst of temper was met by a gentle insistence on the part of the mother that the offender undress, have a neutral bath, and go to bed for a half hour. Often it was inconvenient to leave the play, but mother was firm, and off to bed they went, to rise a half hour later refreshed and ready to do differently.

In playing together, children should be taught that there are better ways of acquiring an end than direct opposition. Self-control must be early inculcated into their characters. They must learn from experience that the surest way *not* to get something is to cry for it; that perseverance and patience win more favors than excited grabbing. And here is where we parents must learn our first lessons. A mother or father who quarrels with a child, giving anger for anger, blow for blow, can have no favorable influence on the child's character. A parent whose voice rises excitedly at the first encounter, can never hope to teach his child self-control. You see, here it is again,— example teaches rather than precept. Example, example, example! We reap what we sow in these children's lives. Control ourselves, and then we can think of controlling our children. When things get exciting about the house, keep your own voice low. Make yourself do this. Fly to another corner, behind a door— anywhere to catch new hold of yourself. Then with new power from your Master, come out and direct the attention to other channels. Avoid the explosion if you can. If the disaster has come over some toy, explain that since the toy is to blame, we shall have to put it away, and simplify the situation.

You will notice that I deal with temper problems only of little children. Well, the problems of bigger children grow out of these. If we are behind on the

task, let us begin just where we are, for the same principles hold good throughout life. The expedient of "letting alone" when in anger has been used on young people in boarding school, with success. If one finds a hot temper in a child of school age, one can do most by getting his co-operation in conquering the difficulty himself. One little girl and I fought the "Temper-man" all through one winter term at school. Sometimes we lost and sometimes we both got discouraged, but we really made progress for all that.

Parents, "provoke not your children to wrath." Let us learn to control our own temper. In our battles, both for ourselves and for our children, let us claim the power of Him who is invisible. Let His perfect life be our inspiration and courage. Let His mercy-seat be our refuge when we fail, and our place of rejoicing when through faith He gives us the victory. When we can show our children patience in the wear and tear of every day, we shall have gone far toward helping them to solve their problems of temper.

Busy Work

(Continued from page 279)

Fridays

You may use these days to work out some clay modeling designs. Those found on page 59 of "Applied Art" are very fine. This work is interesting, and will be greatly enjoyed by the boys and girls.

"Let us labor to make the heart grow larger as we become older, as the spreading oak gives more shelter."

THE notion of "duty" must have as large a place in the meaning of democracy as the notion of "rights," and not the least important of democratic duties is the duty of intelligence.— *William C. Bagley.*

Standards and Measurements in Reading

LOTTA E. BELL

READING has been called by one author a "master key." This is a true figure, for reading is a main avenue through which we acquire knowledge and gain an education. It is evident, then, that reading is the first of the three R's in importance.

We sometimes think a child is a good reader if he can pronounce his words accurately and fluently. But has it occurred to you that one can read a page of English as glibly as you have read a page of Latin or Spanish, and understand perhaps just as little of the translation as you did of the foreign tongue? Oral reading is not a reliable test of proficiency in the art. Thought getting is the great object, and along with it, is the time limit in which to gather these ideas from the printed page.

We hear much today about silent reading, and along with it has come an erroneous idea that silent reading precludes a training in oral. Oral reading power is to be developed the same as the gift of music, and good reading is perhaps more entertaining than piano music. The mistake has been made, however, of drilling on the oral to the exclusion of silent reading and thought getting, so today educators are calling us back to the original policy of seeking for the thought. In this day of unlimited printing, in magazine and book, it is essential that we learn to read rapidly, if we gain a tithe of that into which we desire to look. Strange to say, we are now beginning to realize that the rapid reader is the more intelligent reader.

In the articles on standards (found in the January and March issues), we have endeavored to set forth the importance of promptness in school duties. This attribute is just as great an asset in reading as in those subjects previously discussed (penmanship and arithmetic).

Educators such as Courtis and Monroe have prepared tests whereby we can standardize our work in this art as well as in those thus far studied.

Two goals stand out pre-eminently in this subject,—rate of reading and comprehension. It may be of interest to study the rate scores as given by Monroe:

INITIAL TEST:							
Grades	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Rate	52	73	89	88	99	106	
Comprehension	7.2	13	19	20	23	26.4	
FINAL TEST FOR YEAR:							
Rate	60	80	93	92	102	108	
Comprehension	9	14.5	20	21	24	27.5	

A paragraph example will give some idea of a test in this subject:

"I am a little dark-skinned girl. I wear a slip of brown buckskin, and a pair of soft moccasins. I live in a wigwam. What kind of girl do you think I am,—Chinese, French, Indian, African, Eskimo?"

The answer to this exercise is Indian, and is to be indicated by drawing a line under Indian. The test consists of a number of exercises like this one, and is taken in five minutes. When everything is in readiness, papers passed, pencils sharpened, and hand raised with elbow on the desk, the signal may be given, as, "Ready, Go," and all race until the teacher calls "Time" or "Stop."

Each paragraph is given a score of from two to six points, depending upon the difficulty of comprehension. When the five-minute time has elapsed, a signal is given and every one stops on the dot, all pencils are brought back to the original position. Be sure to use a watch with a second hand and count very accurately, for if you are not exact, the comparison of results from different tests means nothing. More material is

usually prepared than can be used in the time allotted, so that the rapid reader has enough to keep him busy.

The initial test may be given purely as diagnostic. You will open your eyes wide at the results, and perhaps where you have previously blamed or censured some student for poor lessons, you will have learned part of the reason, a lack of comprehension. And this is not always due to a lack of ability.

It is remarkable how many hindering causes enter into the case where one has failed to score. It may be mental inability, or it may be found to be poor eyes, poor light, uncomfortable seats, etc. It may be that in earlier days the primary teacher has permitted lip reading, which is as disastrous to speed as is the counting on fingers in scoring in arithmetic. It may be that the student has never learned that "long sweeps and short pauses" are advantageous. If you wish to know what the sweeps and pauses are for any individual pupil, place a mirror on the page opposite to the one on which he is reading, and count for yourself. This is a simple matter.

In reading ordinary prose, from four to six words are included in one sweep. After you have made the diagnosis, eliminate all hindering causes, get some simple reading material, and practise for achievement. Take another test at the close of the course, and see how much improvement has been made. Take the test yourself, and set apart a few minutes each day for practice, and look for results.

We have used these little devices in both methods and training classes, and the results are marked where the work has been followed up. One class of six scored as follows on the initial test:

	Pupil No. 1	2	3	4	5	6
Rate	86	86	86	68	77	68
Comprehension	12	29	23	28	15	12

By comparing these scores with the standards already given, you may determine in which grade in reading each of the students, Nos. 1-6, would be classified.

Drudgery disappears in these classes when put on a basis where standard tests take the place of the old-time dreaded examination, when each read a few lines of prose or poetry in the presence of a critical class and a more critical teacher. These standard tests are accepted as games, in which all join heartily and good-humoredly. Nothing but anticipation and pleasure remain for the testing time. In our normal department we have used both Courtis and Monroe tests. Both are good, but for some minor reasons we prefer the latter for reading. Oral and silent tests are prepared also by Gray, Kelly, Haggerty, and others.

A very interesting book on "How to Teach Silent Reading to Beginners," may be secured from J. B. Lippincott & Co. From this book, I quote one paragraph:

"In using the silent reading method, each pupil in a class of forty, long before the end of the first school year, carried out without hesitation the following printed commands in the presence of the class and visitors: 'The man standing by the door and wearing a gray suit, lives in Omaha. Go to him, shake hands with him, tell him your name and your father's name; then show by the number of your swings on the swing just how old you are.'"

When a child enters school, he has quite a large speaking vocabulary. By standard tests the following scores have been arrived at:

8 years	3,600 words
10 years	5,400 words
12 years	7,200 words
14 years	9,000 words
Average adult	11,700 words

These numbers are ascertained by giving a test on 100 definitions, the words having been selected by rule from a dictionary of 18,000 words. The correct answers are multiplied by 180 (using the mathematical relations expressed above). Thus if a child defines 20 of the 100 words, his vocabulary is 20 times 180, or 3,600 words. This is Terman's Method. There are others, such as the example given by Kennedy, in our Teachers' Reading Course book for the current year.

The teacher's problem is to reduce this spoken vocabulary to a written form, and she must use the method that is the most economical and time saving. To teach 3,600 words might seem a Herculean task, but when we begin to realize that modern methods claim this ability, we shall have a greater desire to study the best methods, and apply the good in them to our own work.

Recently the following announcement came to my desk: "First graders in modern schools read fifteen to twenty-five books, including second and third readers, during the school year." And the leaflet inclosed told how children on demonstration occasions had read in public before large assemblies from books much higher than their grade.

Method has much to do with results. The teacher cannot say, "Take page 5 and read it fifteen times," more or less, and expect that it will bring the results she desires. Artists are not developed in that way. Some children can comprehend as much upon the first reading as others upon several reviews. We reread articles to bring out expression, as does the artist at the piano, and we need to practise as long upon a beautiful recitation to be presented in public as a musician would upon his piece of music. As much pleasure can come from the rendering of a beautiful poem as from a piano solo.

It is evident that we shall have to provide more material than is furnished in our textbooks. Our supplementary reading matter consists of primers and readers gathered from the second-hand stores, nature and history stories, and material from the *Little Friend* and *Youth's Instructor*. One class took a club of the latter, and filed the papers week by week for their class use. We maintain that a first-grade reader should complete from four to six books as a minimum prerequisite for entrance in his second-grade text, and that he should improve accordingly as he advances in the grades.

In a recent examination given by this State (Alabama) to its teachers, the test

in management and pedagogy included questions like the following, all of which dealt with standards and measurements:

1. What evidence have we that the usual method of marking examination papers is inadequate?

2. Define a standardized test, and explain how it may be used.

3. Give some of the methods for correcting defects in silent reading.

4. Describe one of the standard arithmetic tests and its use.

Nehemiah's standard for reading cannot be lowered, and if we can reach it more quickly through a different kind of examination and by better methods than in the past, why defer?

"So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Neh. 8:8.

A Day in the Grammar Room

SINCE our visit was made in the time of the very first spring flowers and the returning of the early birds, the board where the program is found was prettily decorated with snowdrops and birds whose throats seemed to be fairly bursting with song. There were a few pictures on the walls. A case of good maps attracted our attention. Some very excellent penmanship papers were occupying the exhibit board, one from each grade. These papers were certainly worthy of praise.

But it was time for school to open, and this was Wednesday morning,—Junior meeting time, and as I looked up I saw leader and secretary at the front, ready to take charge. The teacher was asked to offer prayer, and short Scripture selections were read by several of the children.

A little girl from the primary room had been invited in to sing a solo, which she rendered in a pleasing manner. Then one of the girls, in clear tones, read the sad story of "Little A-doo." Three of the girls sang a song, and a

(Continued on page 271)



My Teacher: A Belated Appreciation

I READ in a newspaper the other day a brief notice of the death, in the New England city where I spent my boyhood, of a woman whom I shall call Miss Robinson, since that was not her name. I had not seen her—I suppose I had scarcely thought of her—for thirty-odd years. Yet there was a time when that woman and I came in daily contact with each other, and I saw as much of her, I think, as of any member of my family.

And as I read the modest obituary, it came over me that in forgetting her I had sinned against the simplest standards of kindness and gratitude. For I can realize now that in those long-vanished days I was the cause of bringing some shadows into her life. If I brought also some little sunshine, it was not because I intended to do so, but because she had the grace to find it. There were times, I fear, when I made life about as hard for her as I could without suffering serious consequences. And I have let these wiser years slip by without an attempt at reparation.

She was not an angel; she was human. And we—I think we were little barbarians. Sometimes when she tried to brighten things up a bit, we said she was silly. There were mornings when we said she was cross; very likely she was. Who is never cross? On the whole, I believe we liked her, but not for worlds would we have let her know it. I like her now, but it is too late for her to know.

I can see now that she had things to fight against, and she fought not unsuccessfully. I can see that she had cultivated the virtue of patience to a remarkable degree. There was something of the stuff of a martyr in that teacher, I honestly believe.

I have allowed myself to forget many things that I should have remembered, but I can recall vividly enough just how Miss Robinson looked as she sat at her desk and opened the morning session with the simple religious exercises that were then in vogue. Her sincerity showed itself there. And I can still see her as she arose and came down to stand

in front of her desk, her brow puckered with earnestness in her effort to make us understand.

She was a good teacher, I think. That is, she was conscientious and intelligent and eager to have us learn, and I don't know that any teacher can be much more than that.

I wonder what she got out of it all. I wonder what were her compensations for the nerve-racking strain of keeping order among thirty boys and girls bent on mischief. The salaries paid to public-school teachers are not large today; they were much less thirty years ago. And I think I knew that she was supporting her mother with her slender income. I wonder if there were some few pupils — among the girls, perhaps — who repaid her in some measure for her labors by some conscious or unconscious response of mind or affections. I hope that others have proved themselves less forgetful and less ungrateful than I.

I do not so much blame that young pagan who whispered and snickered and threw spitballs and rattled the windows and brought toads and snuff into school. His was but a half-awakened conscience. He wrought after the manner of his kind. He had not looked into human hearts to know them. The person I blame is the so-called Christian gentleman, twenty, twenty-five, thirty years later, who had walked out of that school-room with never a regretful backward glance, and then forgot his teacher. He should have known better.

I wish it might be that her sacrifice



could be turned to some other's gain, that this confession of mine, these words of belated appreciation, might quicken the memory of some other teacher's pupils, might stir in their hearts the thing that has stirred in mine too late.

Teacher, with the earnest frown and the nervous little smile, I am sorry. I am sorry for the mischief I did so long ago, when you were thirty and I was ten. I am sorry for those innumerable acts of mine that added to your full measure of burdens and worries. I am sorrier still for my thirty-odd years of silence. But if I know you as I think I do, I believe you will not withhold forgiveness.

I would not lay a flower now on your grave if I could, since I lost my chance to send a rose to the living; shame would forbid. I can only hope that you found others kinder than I, and that before you lay down for your final rest, some of those things for which you hungered came into your life to reward you.—
Walter A. Dyer, in Collier's Weekly.

THE STORY CIRCLE

A Strange Caller

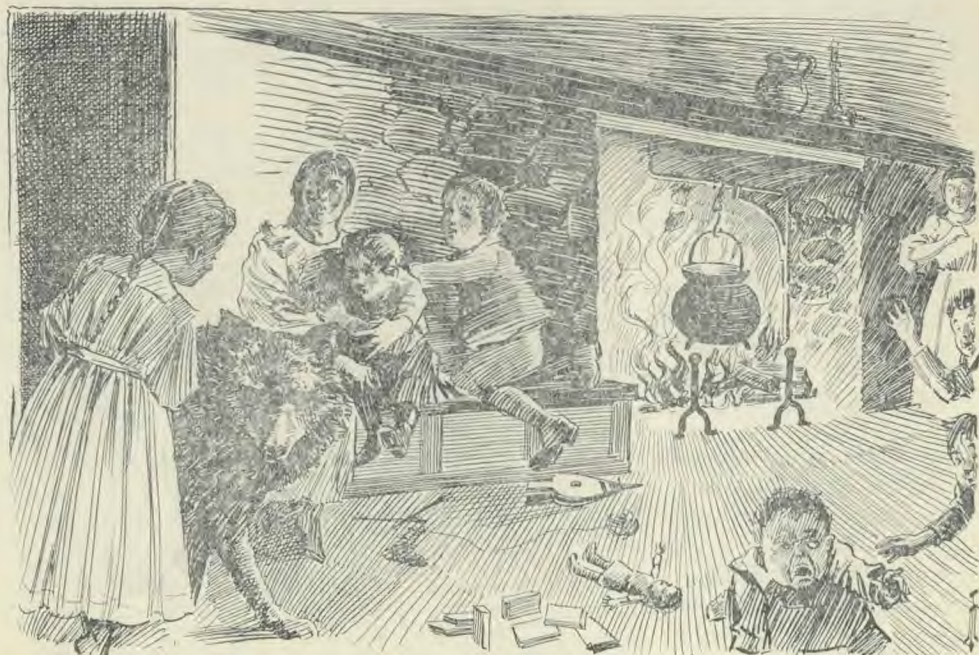
MRS. R. M. KNISTER

MANY years ago there lived in Harwich on the Thames River, in Ontario, a man named Adam Everett, with his wife, Nancy, five boys, and three girls — Mary, Elizabeth, and Rachel. They lived in a log house in a great forest. In the kitchen was a large fireplace, for they had no stoves, as we now have.

Of course there are many things that we have now that they knew nothing about. Their nearest store was in Detroit, sixty miles away. You may be sure they made few trips to the store, and bought all they needed when there. The father usually made two trips each year, one in the summer and one in the winter. In the summer he went in a canoe, and in the winter he rode on horseback.

One winter day, when Rachel was about ten years old, he started out on his usual trip, to be gone three days. The second night he was away, they were all sitting around the fireplace, the mother spinning, the older ones knitting, — for the boys then could knit as well as the girls, — the younger ones cracking nuts or eating apples. Suddenly there came a rap, rap, at the door. Who could it be? Evening callers were almost unknown. "Rachel," said the mother, "open the door and see who is there."

Rachel hurried to the door, and in stepped — whom do you think? I am sure it was as strange a visitor as any one ever had — a large old wolf. Frightened? Of course the children were frightened. William, the oldest boy, wanted to get his gun and shoot it, but the mother said they were quite safe.



The wolf walked over to the fireplace, yawned, and lay down by the fire. The mother got a large pan of bread and milk and put it before the wolf. She eagerly ate it all, then lay down by the fire again. After staying where it was warm for nearly an hour, she went to the door, and they let her out. She went off into the forest, and they never saw her again.

Why do you think the mother was not afraid? Because when the wolf yawned, she could see it had no teeth. Don't you think they had quite a story to tell the father when he came home the next night?

I have often heard Rachel tell that story when I was a little girl, for she was my grandmother.

A True Story

MRS. MARTHA E. WARNER

ONCE there was a woman who was very wise. And she knew all about training children. She had attended the meetings of the Child's Welfare Club. She had also read several books treating on child culture.

And she had firmly made up her mind that obedience should be required from her children, if she ever had any. And in the course of time she did have—two, a little girl and a boy.

When the little girl was just three, she was given a doll, oh, a wonderful doll, with real hair, and some teeth. And it could talk, really talk.

Then the mother bought a carriage and put the doll into it. And she told the little girl not to take her out, for if she broke the doll, she never, never could have another.

So the little girl would roll the dolly in its carriage. At times she would sit beside her, and look at her, or make her sit up.

But one day it seemed as if she just *must* hold the doll baby in her arms, close to her heart. So she took her out of the carriage, and hugged her, and loved her. Then she kissed her, and was putting her back into the carriage, when mother came in, and the way she

said, "Mary!" made the little girl jump. The dolly fell with a thud, and when she picked her up, she was broken.

The little girl cried and cried, and her mother scolded and spanked. And she took the doll and put it away forever, and she gave the dolly's carriage to the little girl's cousin.

This little girl is now past five. And she has never been allowed to play with a doll since that day. And the mother boasts of it, for she considers herself a very wise woman, who knows all about the training of children.





A Day in the Grammar Room

(Continued from page 266)

fourth accompanied them at the piano. After the reading of the secretary's report and the singing of several songs, the teacher again took her place at the desk.

The penmanship drill this morning was the oval. The most of the pupils seemed to have reasonably good control of hand and arm. At the close of the drill the papers were passed to the front and were piled on each front seat.

The visitor was fortunate enough to be present on the morning when "Courtis Tests" were to be given, but as the one in charge of this work did not enter the room quite on time, I noted that the teacher was prepared to avoid restlessness by having at hand a little story which she read in the two or three minutes that intervened. Three minutes, and perhaps twenty pupils. Twenty

times three are sixty. "Sixty minutes make an hour." No, no, that hour wasn't wasted, neither will such portions of time be wasted by other live teachers. They, too, will be prepared for little emergencies, and not only avoid possible disorder, but really have something worth while gained; and besides that, every one will be enjoying himself.

But to the Courtis Tests. This was a very interesting period. Test No. 1 consisted of problems in addition, in each problem nine numbers of three figures each. There were twenty-four problems on the page, and when pencils were lifted in the air, the signal, "Ready, go!" was given and everybody *went*. Then for eight minutes all was still, save the brains well tucked out of sight and the pencils in the hands. No, not quite still, for occasionally there was a slip of the lip, just a murmur, but it was

(Continued on page 284)



EDITORIAL

Ask for the Old Paths

WE must come back to the standards of our godly forefathers. I do not merely say that we ought to, that we need to; we must. Of course I cannot make you do it, and you cannot make me do it; but by the grace of God I can make myself do it, and by the same means you can make yourself do it. And unless we do, we are lost souls; and not merely lost souls, but traitors and recreants.

There is no use blinking the fact that the world has set its feet in the paths of destruction. Moral standards have been largely lost, social conduct is on a plane of license, the high tension of life is dissipating the nervous force of the race; and in consequence of all this the world is facing, not only the disintegration of its morality, but the sweep of dreadful physical scourges.

The world as a whole will not be saved from its plagues, because the world will not reform its ways. Its hatred, jealousy, and revenge, its pride, ambition, and cruelty, its sensuality and self-indulgence, will make its doom. But individuals will be saved from that doom because they come back to walk in the old paths of God. They will not be saved because they belong to a certain church, nor because they profess to believe certain truths; they will be saved only by their obedience to the principles of right living, physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual. And, thus saved, they will be the agents for the finishing of God's work in the earth.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jer. 6: 16.

A. W. S.

Cramming and Leaking

WE need to take an inventory of our mental habits. Most subtly have we been drawn into the theories and practices of worldly education. While seeking, and with no little success, to avoid and oppose certain errors of popular science, we have allowed ourselves to follow plans and methods which produce shallow thinking, and so weaken our defense against errors of all sorts.

The daily mental diet of the greater public is newspapers, and nothing else, unless it be cheap magazines and novels. How many Seventh-day Adventists have the same habit? The newspaper has its value, but as an exclusive diet it is a thousand times more damaging than helpful. And to see professed Christians avidly devouring the records of crime and chuckling over the inanities of the comic page, must make the angels weep. If such people read, as a matter of duty, the books prescribed in our reading courses, they do it with a haste and vacuity of mind that permit them to add nothing to their mental power. There is too much superficial reading and too little reflection, too little action resulting from thought.

Our children, in their mental habits, are being led in the way of the world. Many parents seem to think that if they can cram their children's hands and heads with good books,—at least innocuous books,—they have insured their love of the truth. That is a great mistake. Many become mental dyspeptics by too much reading of harmless literature. An all-round education demands interests which lead to physical work and to creative mental activity. Good books have their value, but they are a poor substitute for the broader education

ETCHINGS



every child should receive. Our children are being overloaded with studies and reading. The relief must come, not by bare deprivation, but by substitution of a comprehensive and rational education.

The mind that is crammed will leak. Distaste for serious literature—for the Bible and other deep-reaching books, literature which requires mental effort—is an almost universal fault today. Our education needs reforming. Come back to the old paths.

A. W. S.

Come Up to the Health Standard

THERE has been serious backsliding, dangerous departing from the old paths, among Seventh-day Adventists in physical life. In some ways there has been progress in the world's attitude toward health. The modes of dress are more healthful, outdoor life is much more encouraged, vegetarian diet has become more popular, drugging is giving way to other means of treating disease. But while these principles are being accepted more widely, the practice of an all-round program of right physical living is not becoming more common. Self-indulgence still rules the majority; and among this majority of the weak-souled are numbered a very great multitude of our own church people.

Backsliding in health principles is common; and many are sailing serenely along in disobedience, saying that it doesn't matter, that it is wrong to make a religion out of health; and they quote, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," forgetting that the "body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and that "if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

It is true that eating bran bread and going without meat will not save a man. Neither, for that matter, will keeping the Sabbath save a man. But the man who is saved by the grace of God, will keep every law of God that he knows, physical as well as spiritual, because the life that is in him makes him do it. He loves to obey God.

Come back to the old paths in health reform.

A. W. S.

Social Ideals

THERE are no longer fixed social standards to which the world as a whole adheres. Society is in a state of flux, and slopping over most dangerously. But there are fixed standards for the Christian, the most basic of which never change. The foundation stones of social conduct are respect for oneself and respect for others, with a reverence for the Creator which permeates both. If I hold lightly my virtue, my reputation, my influence, it is because I have not looked into life and learned its meaning. And if I have lost my self-respect, I shall not be able voluntarily to respect others. But if I sense the purpose of God in giving me my powers of body and mind, I shall so conduct myself as to preserve them for God's service.

The unsupervised and libertine conduct so common among the youth today, the flippant and heedless flouting of life's sacraments, the sorrow and despair that come as a consequence, are not to be cured by denunciations and punishments. They exist because life is not understood, because parents and teachers have lived superficially, and have made themselves unfit for priests of the mysteries of God.

The social conduct of many adult Seventh-day Adventists as well as many youth, needs to be recovered to the standards of our fathers and our God. A surface work will not do; it must go down to the heart. Let us not be swept off our feet by the licentious tide about us.

A. W. S.

Come Out of Her, My People

THE pleasures of the world take hold upon empty souls. But we cannot expect to keep our souls filled unless we put them under the influence of God's word and works. The cities of today are become like Sodom and Gomorrah; and yet we continue to crowd into them with our children, subjecting those children's impressionable senses to the influence of the city's pride, pleasure, and crime — and still pray God to save them. I suppose Lot prayed every day for his children in Sodom. But Abraham not only prayed; he acted. He kept his children under the influences of the country, where God could speak to them through the things He had created: so Isaac became a man of God, and even wild Ishmael finally yielded to the God of his father. But Lot saved not one soul of his family, unless perhaps his own.

To throw ourselves into the rush and the frenzy and the superficiality and the evil of the cities, and still ask God to save our children from the movies and the poolrooms and the dance halls and the jails and the brothels, is an insult to Him. Those who are in the cities may not find an immediate way to get out; but if their will is set to get out, and they pray, and are willing to act even with sacrifice, they will be led by God in wisdom.

Let us turn our backs upon the centers of pride and crime, and ask for the old paths of God.

A. W. S.

WHEN you play, play hard: when you work, don't play at all.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Turn Again

THE family altar is fallen down in half our homes. The love of God's word with many has faded out. The perfunctory study of the Sabbath school lesson is not sufficient. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Jer. 15:16. That is the experience that tells.

Come; let the peace of God reign in our lives, in the consciousness of sins forgiven, of power for victory over sin, of joy and good cheer in all our relations with our families, with our neighbors, and with our brethren. Let the authority of God govern the lives of parents, and then let that authority be shown in parents who can "command their households after them."

Let us put ourselves and our children under conditions which make for solid growth of body and mind and soul. Let us forsake the hectic movement of the crowds, and take time for study, meditation, thought, prayer, and work. Let us engage with our children in useful, profitable, and thought-provoking labor and study. And let us not forget to cultivate their social side, in their relations with us and our relations with them and their youthful companions.

Let us set up the altars that are thrown down, and call upon our families with us to worship the God who made the heavens and the earth, and whose power and right are about to be manifested in their fulness in behalf of His people.

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

A. W. S.

HE who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it.—*Seneca.*

LET no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in faith, in purity.—*Paul.*

Program Suggestions*

NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows — but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which only kisses smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody — only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody — only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody — only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after-years,
Nobody knows — but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift — a mother's love;
Nobody can — but mother.

MOTHERLESS

It's the loneliest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all,
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year;
"At rest," so the preacher said;
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much,—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' cousins and aunties an' such.

I tell you the very loneliest thing
In this great big world today,
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.

— *Otwell's Farmer Boy.*

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
'Twas fought by the Mothers of Men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men,

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part —
Lo, there was the battlefield!

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh, these battles! they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town —
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories bought
Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

— *Joaquin Miller.*

A BOY'S MOTHER

My mother — she's so good to me!
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good — no, sir!
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.
That don't hurt; but it hurts to see
Her cryin',—nen I cry; and nen
We both cry, an' be good again.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

* See "Final Programs," page 281.

"MOTHER HAS HAD HER DAY"

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen the faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop of the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee;
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears;
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired and lonesome, then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest today;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

LOVE-LIGHT OF HOME

"HERE'S a kiss for dearest mother,"
The boy was large and tall,
Yet he thought his "little mother"
The sweetest girl of all.
He kissed her, oh, so fondly,
And I'm glad she did not frown,
But called him "dearest comfort —
The nicest boy in town."

He doesn't feel too big to help her
Wash the dishes, sweep the floor,
While the other boys are idling,
Lounging 'round the grocery store,
Catching all the evil going,
Rough and rowdy, loose and loud.
From temptation he is sheltered,
Safe with his own "little crowd."

Often reading, sometimes singing,
Nothing dull nor lonely there;
All attractive, entertaining,
Proving mother's love and care.

And his character is molding,
Toward the good doth strongly bind,
For his mother is his comrade —
Safe companion, trusted friend.

Talking, finding fault, and scolding,
Will not give us children true,
And praying only will not save them;
There is something more to do.
If we would hold them back from straying
On the wilds where others roam,
We must keep the love-light burning
In that blessed place called home.

— Mrs. Nannie Batson.

MOTHER

THERE came a day when cattle died,
And every crop had failed beside,
And not a dollar left to show.
Then father said the place must go,
And all of us, we hated so
To go tell mother.

Behind the barn there we three stood
And wondered which one of us could
Spare her the most — 'tis easily said,
But we just looked and looked in dread
At one another.

I spoke: "I'll trust to brother's tongue."
But father said, "No, he's too young;
I reckon I—" He gave a groan:
"To know we've not a stick or stone
Will just kill mother!"

"Maybe a mortgage can be raised.
Here all her father's cattle grazed;
She loves each flower and leaf and bird —
I'll mortgage ere I'll say a word
To mother."

Upon his hands he bowed his head,
And then a voice behind us said:
"Mortgage? And always have to pay?
Now, father, I've a better way!" —
And there between the ricks of hay,
Stood mother.

"I have been thinking, 'most a year,
We'd sell this place, and somewhere near
Just rent a cottage, small and neat,
And raise enough for us to eat,"
Said mother.

"There's trouble worse than loss of lands.
We've honest hearts and willing hands,
And not till earth and roof and door
Can rob of peace, shall I be poor!"
She smiled. "And now, it seems to me,
You all had better come to tea,"
Said mother.

As through the sunset field astir
We three went following after her,
The thrushes, they sang everywhere;
Something had banished all our care,
And we felt strong enough to bear
All things — with mother.

And listen: Once there came a day
When troops returned from far away,
And every one went up to meet
His own, within the village street.
But ere he reached our old milestone,
I knew that father came alone —
And not with brother.

Then through the twilight dense and gray,
All that our choking sobs could say
Was, "Who'll tell mother?"

But waiting for us, by the wood,
Pale in the dusk, again she stood.
And then her arms round father prest
And drew his head upon her breast:
"The worst that comes is never death,
For honor lived while *he* drew breath!"
Said mother.

Often, when some great deed is cried
Of one, by flood or flame, who died,
Of men who sought and won their fame,
While all the land rings with some name
Or other,

I think me of one warfare long,
Of Marah's water, bitter, strong,
Of sword and fire that pierced the heart,
Of all the dumb, unuttered part,
And say, with eyes grown misty, wet
(Love's vision, that cannot forget),
"All heroes are not counted yet —
There's mother."

— Virginia Woodward Cloud.

"I THINK of all the tender care,
The love, so full and free,
That through the many years gone by,
You've lavished upon me.
I've seemed to take it carelessly,
But just today I feel
I'd like to draw aside the veil
That my true thoughts conceal,
And show you that my love for you
Is deep as yours for me,
And will but deepen day by day
Through all the years to be."

"OUR lives we cut on a curious plan,
Shaping them, as it were, for man;
But God, with better art than we,
Shapes them for eternity."

Climbing

(The following song was sent in by Miss Herr, educational superintendent of East Michigan Conference. As it seems appropriate to use in the closing program, we hasten it into the May magazine. "A. A." stands for Adelpian Academy, and it will, of course, be necessary to change the wording slightly to suit the circumstances.— Ed.)

(Tune: "Sweeter as the Years Go By")

1. WE are a class of students
And we are growing up;
The days are passing swiftly,
And we are far from top.
But we will strive in earnest,
As days are going by;
And we will keep on climbing
Till we shall reach A. A.

CHORUS:

Climbing, yes, we're climbing daily,
We must not too long delay.
Yes, we're all so happy
While we work and study,
Climbing on to dear A. A.

2. We pass on from our schoolroom,
From joys we hold most dear,
Where gladly every morning
We all would hasten here.
Our hearts are young and happy,
We love our teacher dear;
We're climbing up to Adelpian,
The time is drawing near.

3. We've studied hard our lessons;
We're climbing every day;
We soon will enter ninth grade,
And then we'll hear them say,
"Oh, see our little Freshies!"
But we'll not shirk or play;
We'll show then by our standings
We're climbing every day.

4. We want success our standard,
Our thoughts and hearts be pure;
And when temptations gather,
May God help us endure.
May our lives be consecrated
While climbing up life's way,
And may we be a blessing
For Jesus every day.

"I'd rather be a Could-be,
If I couldn't be an Are;
For a Could-be is a May-be,
With a chance of reaching par.

"I'd rather be a Has-been,
Than a Might-have-been, by far;
For a Might-have-been has never been,
But a Has-been was once an — ARE."

Teaching Suggestions for May

Bible Six

FEDALMA RAGÓN

REVIEW days are strenuous days for boys and girls, and for teachers as well. If the work has been thorough, they may also be happy days.

To review is to take another look. It is a pleasant exercise to see what the map will bring to our minds. Start with Jerusalem. Perhaps we may imagine Jesus walking along the streets of that city, but most of His experiences which have been recorded were connected with the temple. His first entrance there was when a babe forty days old. Other times were, when He was twelve years old, and again at the beginning of His public ministry, when He cleansed the temple. At still another time He came from Galilee to attend a certain feast, and healed a man at the pool of Bethesda. It was in the last year of His life that He attended the Feast of Tabernacles, when the blind man was healed, and the officers, who were sent to arrest Him, returned saying, "Never man spake like this man." When Lazarus was raised, Jesus must have spent a few days in the neighborhood of Jerusalem until He was again forced to leave by the evil plottings of the priests. Finally, He returned and spent those six days before His death. In this time occurred the feast at Simon's house, the second cleansing of the temple, and the many other events which crowded those last days.

Assign these different occasions in Jesus' life as topics to be looked up from past lessons, and recited on by different members of the class. It would be a good way to review a series of high points in Jesus' life. Such an exercise would furnish good material for a closing day, if the program is to be based on school work.

Many places on the map suggest to us events in the life of Christ. There are

Bethabara, Sychar, Cana, Nain, Bethsaida, Casarea, Philippi, and many others. Every sixth-grade child should be able to stand and make an intelligent recitation of at least a few sentences concerning events connected with each place pointed to. Care should be taken that places are pointed out in the order in which the events occurred. Of all the places connected with Jesus' public ministry, more events cluster around Capernaum than any other. Ask your class to make a list of miracles and other occurrences which took place in or near that city.

Use the four sets of review questions as a background for final review work. If these questions were used in connection with the regular lessons, as a basis of drill, going through them now will not be drudgery, but joy.

[Let those who are considering last-day program take note of the above.—Ed.]

Physiology Seven

LOTTIE GIBSON

THE eye is a wonderful organ, and our aim should be to make the child feel that it is. If one can do it, there is no better way than to dissect an eye before the class. The experiment showing the candle flame upside down, given in Bible Nature Series, No. 1, helps the child to understand how we see. Dwell upon the blessings that come to us through the eye, and pity the blind person, that by some means we may help each child—even those who deliberately injure their eyes so they may wear glasses—to take the best care of the eyes. We must not leave these lessons until we have called the children's attention to the special message of God to us as found in Revelation 3:17, 18.

The ear is another organ we all want to keep uninjured. Children enjoy

making loud noises in one another's ears; or they are careless, take cold, then force the air into the Eustachian tube when blowing the nose. They wear great ear puffs. All these things should receive special attention. Note the experience of the actor who was cured of catarrh, as given at the bottom of page 260 of the textbook. The noted physician could do nothing, but God could as soon as the actor chose the right diet.

The care and training of the voice has in most cases been passed over lightly, yet what could be of more importance? Have we ever thought of the training of the voice as a means of warding off disease? (Read "Education," p. 199.) We have always known that God is glorified by pleasant words, but have we ever thought that He is honored by the physical training of the voice? A study of the talent of speech, as given in "Christ's Object Lessons," page 335, will help us with these lessons on the voice.

Now comes the general review. Children get little good from a review if only told to review certain chapters. Why not ask the class to find out all they can about a certain part of the body? Tell them that you expect each one to tell one thing about the subject, but no one must repeat what another has said, nor allow any one to make a wrong statement. Another time make a list of fifty or more questions that may be answered by yes or no. Each day vary the exercise and make it lively, and the review will accomplish much.

"Busy Work"

WINNIFRED JAMES

"MAY is here!

The air is so fresh and sunny;
And the miser bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.
See the knots of buttercups
And the purple pansies."

Another school year has nearly passed, and it seems so short, too, because we

have worked, and by it have really lived and made life pass pleasantly and quickly.

The outline for May is as follows:

Monday — Paper folding.

Tuesday — Paper construction.

Wednesday — Paper cutting.

Thursday — Weaving.

Friday — Clay modeling.

The card sewing can be given for busy work during other periods as you may choose.

Mondays

Give dictation for folding and cutting the letters O, P, Q, R. The other letters of the alphabet can be made during drawing periods; or if your children are apt, you may make two letters a day. Make a booklet of the letters, with the cover of cover paper.

Tuesdays

The first Tuesday, May baskets, of course. You will find many designs for these everywhere. "Applied Art," pages 28 and 53, gives some very interesting ones. The basket at the top of page 53 is especially interesting, and when decorated it makes a pleasing model.

The remaining three Tuesdays could be used in making some extra models. The bird house, wagon, and cradle, on page 52 of "Applied Art," are especially good.

Wednesdays

Cut the design of fish and water on page 60 of "Applied Art." Then cut some simple design for the cover of the paper-cutting booklet. The flower design on page 9 of the same book, is very pretty.

Thursdays

Weave a small hammock. This can be done by following the same idea for the rug as given in the April outline. By tying the fringe into a ring, you will have the hangers. If time permits, make a bag or any model you may choose.

(Concluded on page 263)

Lesson Plan --- Third Grade Arithmetic

WINNIE WALTERS-TURNER

1. Purpose — To teach "borrowing" in arithmetic.

2. Material — Dimes and pennies.

3. Method.

Send the class to the blackboard to work some of the problems in the day's lesson which do not call for borrowing. Then, without calling their attention to anything different, give them one which does call for borrowing, for example, $\frac{34}{9}$. Immediately they see that they cannot take nine from four. Then some such conversation as the following may result:

"No, you cannot take nine from four, but we are going to learn today how to subtract numbers like that. We will learn it with dimes and pennies, playing store. I will be the storekeeper, and will give you the money to come to buy. We will play it a little differently today. You must give me just the right number of dimes and pennies. Now, Harold, you may come first. Here are four pennies and one dime. What would you like to buy?"

"I'd like that ball."

"Very well, Harold. The ball costs nine cents. You must give me nine pennies."

"But I have only four pennies."

"Yes, but you have a dime. Can't you think of what you can do?"

"Can you give me ten pennies for my dime?"

"Certainly. Here they are. Now how many pennies have you?"

"I have ten and four. Fourteen."

"Good! Here is the ball. Now how many pennies are left?"

"Five."

"That's right. Now let's write that on the board. $\frac{14}{5}$ Harold, tell me what 14 means."

"It means 4 ones and 1 ten."

"Yes. Now does that make you think of the money I first gave you?"

"O yes, I see! The dime and four pennies."

"And what did we have to do to take away the 9?"

"We had to change the dime to pennies."

"How many pennies?"

"Ten."

"Then how many pennies had we?"

"Fourteen."

"Did we have any dimes left?"

"No."

"Then don't you see how we subtracted the 9? We changed the dime to pennies, and you can show it like this,—

$\frac{14}{5}$ We do not always have to have $\frac{14}{5}$ dimes and pennies. We can just think of tens and ones.

"Now Lois may come to buy. Lois, here are two dimes and four pennies. Is there anything here you would like to buy?"

"Yes, I want this pretty handkerchief."

"That usually sells for ten cents, but you may have it today for nine."

"Will you give me pennies for one of my dimes too?"

"Certainly. Now, you have bought the handkerchief, how much have you left?"

"A dime and five pennies."

"How many cents altogether?"

"Fifteen."

"And how many had you at first when you had two dimes and four pennies?"

"Twenty-four cents."

"Then 9 from 24 leaves 15. Let's put that on the board and see what we have done,— $\frac{24}{9}$ Can you tell it, Lois?"

"Yes'm. We changed one dime to pennies so there would be fourteen. Then we took 9 from 14 and had 5 left."

"And did you have any dimes left?"

"Yes'm, I had one dime left."

"Now that is what our answer means, 1 dime and 5 pennies, or 15. What do

we say 15 means? Yes, 5 ones and 1 ten. We took one of the tens and changed it to ones, and that left one ten, like this,

— $\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ + 5 \\ \hline 15 \end{array}$ ”

Other children may buy, illustrating 19 from 24 and 19 from 34.

4. Drill.

Further games if necessary.

Class work at blackboard, indicating operation of borrowing, till thoroughly learned.

Union College.

Teaching Reverence for God

MRS. W. M. KELLER

TEACHING reverence! What a world of meaning lies in the words!

To teach reverence for God one must first be reverent himself, for we have no right to expect the children we teach to become what we are not. When we continually keep ourselves right in the sight of God, then only are we ready to teach others.

Reverence is a “profound respect mingled with fear and affection.” In order to feel profound respect, one must *know* the Being revered. Until he knows Him, he cannot have “affection” for Him. In our daily life at home and at school, we should neglect no opportunity to impress upon the hearts of the children the goodness, mercy, love, wisdom, and power of God. At first the child must know *about* His attributes, and this depends on the parent and the teacher; and if rightly taught and kept in proper environment, he will eventually come, not only to know *about* Him, but to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

God’s love and goodness, how great! God gives us *all*. His love to us, when we properly consider and realize it, calls forth our love for Him.

It is natural for children to admire one who has strength and power. In God is *all* strength and power. If we or our children see this, how can we help standing before Him in awe and admira-

tion, and having a feeling of most profound respect?

And His mercy, that endures forever. Surely every one of us needs and desires His mercy.

God’s word came forth from Him. It is the portraiture of His character in language. If we as teachers, and as parents, see Him through the word given us, we shall not grow impatient with the children when they seem irreverent, but rather blame ourselves and realize that we have somehow failed in keeping before them right knowledge of God and His attributes, and right examples of reverence. When teaching “all things whatsoever He has commanded,” Christ has promised to be with us, “even unto the end of the world.”

Final Programs

It is wise to make up the final program from the regular work of the year, drawing especially from Bible, nature, history, physiology, and geography. This kind of program can be made intensely interesting, and will also be a good advertisement for the school. In order to give variety, mix in some good songs and poems. There are many poems which would correlate well with the work of the different Bible classes, such as, “Burial of Moses,” “The Passover,” “Daughter of Jairus,” “David’s Lament for Absalom,” “St. John the Aged,” etc.

It will delight parents and other visitors to have the children tell some particular story, as, for instance, the story of Moses from birth to grave, each member of the class being well drilled in giving his definite portion.

The stories of Jesus as learned in the sixth grade are excellent. A series of mission stories learned in the seventh grade are extremely interesting.

Some vital portion of our history, such as, “From Rail-Splitter to President,” could be given in the same way. “The Body Wonderful” would make a fine subject for recitation. Whatever you use, put life and enthusiasm into it.

YOUNG MOTHERS

Suggestive Programs for Young Mothers' Society

MRS. W. L. BATES

First Meeting in May, 1923

Part I, Lesson 5

OPENING SONG.

Call on some member to repeat the "Little Stint."

Ask for volunteer to repeat the "Big Stint." All stand and in concert offer the Lord's Prayer. Learn at least one of the Christian Story Songs. Children pass to the playroom with their teacher. Secretary's Report.

Roll Call: (Answered by some good thought gleaned from the Parents' Reading Course.)

Lesson: The first in the practice of story-telling. (Call on different members for a story until the time of the meeting is expired.)

Assignment for next meeting.

Closing Song and Mizpah.

Second Meeting in May, 1923

Part II, Lesson 5

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 80.

Memorial Scripture: Psalm 65; read or repeat. Prayer.

All together learn a new song for the children, and let them help sing it before passing to their playroom.

Secretary's Report.

Roll Call: (Let each one respond by mentioning one thing that a child under five years of age should learn to do.)

Ten-minute discussion on how our children check up with this.

Song: "Christ in Song," No. 33, "We are building, every day."

Let some one, previously appointed, give a demonstration of correct posture, breathing, etc. (The same is suitable for both mother and child.)

Follow by a short drill by the class. (In this, as in all other phases of child culture, the mother's example is worth more than volumes of advice.)

A Lesson on Birds.

A Talk: "Cultivation in Garden Work." Discussion, 5 minutes.

A Talk: "Insect Pests and Plant Diseases." Discussion, 5 minutes.

Pass out the June lessons and give assignments for next meeting.

Closing Exercise: Repeat in concert the memorial poem, "To a Waterfowl."

We hope each society will learn as many cradle songs as possible. We can only give you a few at present, but you may be able to find some for yourselves. And let us remember that good songs are a large factor in child training.

Still Growing

At this date (March 27) there are 65 societies with 669 members, and 60 mothers doing the work alone, making an aggregate of 729 members in all. It is not quite three months since the work began. This is surely encouraging progress.

Young mother, why not write a personal letter to five of your friends who have children, and tell them how much good the lessons are doing you?

Motions for Cradle Song, page 283

First verse:

1. Hands extended and moved to left to indicate motion of river.
2. Arms extended over head, waving to right and left to indicate waving of bushes.
- 3, 4. Head rested on folded hands.

Chorus:

Imitate child in arms; drop right arm into left, then sway arms from right to left as if putting child to sleep.

Second verse:

1. Arms outstretched to indicate direction of birds.
- 2, 3, 4. Hands swayed from right to left to indicate swinging of grass.

Third verse:

1. Hands folded in attitude of prayer.
2. Indicate creeping of foe.
3. Hands outstretched in attitude of blessing.
4. Head resting on folded hands.

Humming, after last verse:

Repeat motions of chorus.

CRADLE SONG .

Words by F. J. Greenwood

Walter Spinney
Arr. by C. F. Greenwood

1. Si - lent riv - er creep - ing By the wav - ing bush - es, Mo - ses on your
 2. Bird - ies, sing your sweet - est, On the grass - es swing - ing; Till the lit - tle
 3. An - gels safe - ly guard him, Let no foe come creep - ing; Hov - er gen - tly

CHORUS.

breast is sleeping In his ark of rush - es.
 babe is wakened By your joy - ous sing - ing. } Rocking, rock - ing, to and fro,
 o - ver the cra - dle, While the child is sleep - ing. }

Lit - tle ark of rush - es; Hid - den by the riv - er's brink, Safe a - mong the bush - es.

HUMMING (after last verse.)

pp

A Day in the Grammar Room

(Continued from page 271)

only an outward manifestation of great inward activity. Then came the signal, "Pencils up,"—not a single mark after that. Each placed his score of "No. attempted" and "No. right" in the proper corner of the page.

Then came four minutes for subtraction, dealing with numbers of eight and nine figures each. Test No. 3 was composed of multiplication work; and No. 4 of long division.

The study in the eighth grade language class was on descriptive words and expressions. Short, original stories were read by the pupils, and the words and phrases which expressed the main ideas

pointed out and discussed. It was really surprising how many pithy expressions those boys and girls had used.

The sixth grade had action words ending in *ed* for their spelling lesson. They noticed that these words denoted past time. The lesson was written and the papers gathered, and then the pupils were carefully prepared for the next lesson. The teacher suggested that as the pupils studied their lesson by writing it, they make three columns of the words,—one for the words in which the consonant was doubled, one for those in which it was not doubled, then another for difficult words.

The seventh and eighth grade Bible class was studying the life of David

Brainard under these several headings:

- (1) His early life;
 - (2) At twenty-four;
 - (3) His trip West;
 - (4) Language difficulties;
 - (5) Influence over Indians;
 - (6) Work of traders.
- The questions had been duplicated by the teacher and distributed to the class, and today they followed the plan of each reading a question and answering it in a complete sentence. Then there was just a little talk about tomorrow's lesson, to arouse an interest in Robert Moffat.

The Curtis Tests took the time which would have been spent in studying the physiology lesson, so another problem was to be met,—one which confronts every teacher at some time or other. There are several ways in which

While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

E. A. Wales

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
2. To you in Da-vid's town this day Is born of Da-vid's line,
3. Thus spake the ser-aph, and forth-with Appeared a shin-ing throng

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
The Sav-ior who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign;
Of an-gels prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dress'd their joy-ful song;

"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,
The heavenly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played,
"All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace:

"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind,
All mean-ly wrapt in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Be-gin and nev-er cease."

it might be met, and the class feel like saying, "Value received." But at this particular time the teacher said, "We will read the lesson, and discuss it." It was on the functions of the liver, and the discussion was both interesting and enlightening. One could not help wondering how a teacher who was not herself saturated with the lesson would have met the emergency, and still have dismissed the class with a feeling that its members had gained something worth while. The lesson assignment brought in points calculated to make the children *think* as they studied the next lesson.

The afternoon session opened with three rousing songs, really well sung. The little sheet they used was "Let's Go," for Children's Day, by Edith Sanford Tillotson. Single copies, 8 cents; twelve copies for 85 cents. It is published by Tuller-Meredith, 24 Christopher St., New York City.

It was a pleasure to see how quickly the seventh grade found the areas of various kinds of triangles, trapezoids,

etc. Their next lesson was to be the rectangular prism, and a chalk box cleared the path ready to start.

The geography class brought out the outline maps of Europe which they were completing. These gave to the mind through the eye a good idea of where Europe's various productions are found. On the board was a beautiful map of Europe, probably placed there by the teacher; and from it was studied a bit of the history of the European language families, and the regions where they prevail. Twenty-six languages have developed from these, and the class decided that this makes Europe a difficult field to reach with the third angel's message. They thought the best way was to acquaint the people of the various nations who are scattered about the United States, with this truth, and then let them carry it to their own nations.

The day ended with the meeting of the prayer bands. The visitor was permitted to meet with the girls, so she can testify that the day ended well.

F. H. W.



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I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Is corporal punishment necessary in proper child training?

With an ideal child and an ideal parent, perhaps not. But there are few children so happy as to have perfect parents, and there are no parents who have perfect children. The counsel of Solomon is not to be despised: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Prov. 19: 18. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Prov. 13: 24. "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beat him with the rod, he will not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from Sheol." Prov. 23: 13, 14, A. R. V.

Nevertheless, corporal punishment should in most cases be the last resort. Our children should be guided by a sense of right, inculcated through our example, precept, and pride. We should teach our children to be proud to be obedient, foursquare, open-faced, self-controlled, and generous,—too proud to stoop to a lawless or mean or sneaky or weak or unkind act,—the family pride of the children of God. Yet there will be some failures with every one, and there must be correction. So far as possible it should be of a character to fit the offense, that it may appear as a natural consequence of the fault. The better balanced the parent, the better will he fit the punishment to the sin, and the less will he find it necessary to resort to whipping. But whipping is sometimes necessary even with the best of parents. It should be with a switch; the sharp pain leaves a salutary memory. Spanking is bad physically, and cuffing more so; and the latter particularly is an indication of parent's temper more than of righteous punishment.

Is it necessary to say that punishment should never be in anger? There is no scene so agonizing to the sensitive human soul, or so abhorrent to God, as the savage punishment of a helpless child by an enraged parent; for it is mean injustice exercised by the strong upon the weak under cover of authority. I think that God can forgive it only after deep self-humiliation and confession to God and to the child.

Is it right for children to be permitted to run about in church?

No; and if parents fail in keeping their children in place, the church authorities should see to it. During the service mere decorum demands quietness and good behavior. Some latitude as to noise and movement must be accorded babies and small children, but it should be as limited as possible. A crying baby should be taken out; also a child that cannot be hushed. In no case should a child be allowed to run about in church.

If children are present in the church building when services are not in progress, their parents should teach them due reverence. There should be no loud talking, no playing. Sometimes children are allowed at such times to run about, and even up into the pulpit. This is sacrilegious. The sacred desk is consecrated to the ministry; it should not be lightly invaded, even by adult members, and children should be taught to regard its sacred character.

After having worship just before breakfast, should we return thanks for the meal afterward?

Yes. If possible, have family worship in another room than where breakfast is waiting; certainly away from the table. In any case, when you sit down to table, give God thanks and ask His blessing upon the food provided.

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