

# HOME and SCHOOL

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# HOME AND SCHOOL

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# The Management of Beginners

AN IOWA TEACHER

THE work of dealing with youthful minds is the "nicest work" ever given to man or woman. Froebel said, "You may now in these early years do things with a touch as light as a feather, which later you cannot do with the pressure of a hundredweight." We ourselves know that it is during the earliest years of childhood that impressions are made which remain through life.

One author, in discussing principles of discipline, stated this: "A disciple is a follower. Inversely, a true disciple or disciplinarian, is a leader always, whether in prison, in military life, in school, or in the business world. And no small man or woman can hope to become a great leader, a great disciplinarian. Biography bears witness."

It seems, then, that we as teachers are responsible to a great extent for the success that we have in maintaining order. Our pupils look to us as their example and as the model for their young lives. If we show the spirit of disorder, disrespect, and irritability in our lives, the same characteristics are bound to be impressed on those with whom we deal.

As an example of what one's facial expression alone may do, I cite the experience of one teaching a primary Bible class. Just as the climax of the story was reached, the teacher noticed the children's faces had tightened up, and they were looking perplexed and sympathetic. Until then she had not been conscious of the expression on her own face, but began to realize that their faces were only mirrors reflecting her own.

From the "Testimonies," Volume V, page 30, I quote:

"The teacher who is severe, critical, overbearing, heedless of other's feelings, must expect the same spirit to be manifested toward himself. He who wishes to preserve his own dignity and self-respect, must be careful not

to wound needlessly the self-respect of others. This rule should be sacredly observed toward the dullest, the youngest, the most blundering scholars. What God intends to do with those apparently uninteresting youth, you do not know."

Since "order is heaven's first law," it surely must be had and maintained. "The management and instruction of children is the noblest missionary work that any man or woman can undertake." Any one putting his hand to this work in his own strength, will not be the power which he otherwise might be. There are little problems of discipline continually arising which no one but the Master Teacher knows how to solve.

My limited experience as a teacher does not permit me to give advice to others, but I can well remember the days when I was a beginner. A calm, quiet teacher was the one that I respected and admired. I never did like many rules, or a teacher who liked to show her authority; but on the other hand, there are principles of order which must be firmly maintained without the least deviation.

I have observed that when a teacher gives her commands in the form of requests, the pupils are more eager to comply with her wishes. Those young minds are glad to obey the teacher when they do not feel that she is continually criticizing, censuring, and suppressing them. In a quiet way the teacher can influence the children so that they will try to discipline themselves. Self-discipline is the end which a successful teacher tries to gain. When the pupils are no longer placed under restrictions by parents or teachers, they must then govern themselves. All the will-power which a child has when he is small, will be of value to him in later years in carrying out right determinations; therefore his will should be bent and rightly trained, but not broken.





A teacher has as many different characters to deal with as she has pupils in her school. Each one has his likes and dislikes, and the sooner the teacher learns about them and understands them, the easier will be her problems of discipline. Each character requires its own method of instruction and management. A teacher must be tactful if she would meet with success.

Idleness is an enemy of good order. Beginners are "wigglers," and their interest in one certain activity does not last long at one time. This is where a great deal of planning is necessary on the part of the teacher. When she has learned the likes and dislikes of her pupils, she can plan the busy work for them accordingly, and they will become more interested in school, and place more confidence in the teacher when they know that she is interested in them. They will regard her as a friend.

There are times when it is best to overlook minor offenses against good order. However, the teacher should guard against a repetition of the slight offense. Look ahead. Analyze the situation, and before there is opportunity for the same offense to present itself again, forestall its repetition with a good story, a Bible verse, or a little talk. If a punishment at any time must be administered, give it, after thorough consideration, and when the offense is still fresh in the mind of the child. There are many ways of punishing. Some-

times the withdrawing of a coveted privilege is the most effective.

In planning and properly arranging the seating of the pupils, much trouble can be avoided. Get the pupils to feel a sense of honor, and it does produce an effect on

them, and in turn on the whole school.

From my own school days I never have been in sympathy with a tattler. Some children are much worse than others in this respect, and I try to discourage it. Usually it is from the playground that the child brings his reports, and these may be avoided when the teacher is right there and enters into the games with the children. The children enjoy playing with their teacher, but they do not want her to stand as guard or policeman.

The youngest children are not too young to march to and from classes and perform other routine duties in an orderly way. Usually they like to do things in unison and rhythmically, and how nice they look marching in perfect unison! Habits of order and neatness must be established in early youth.

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SPEAK gently! 'tis a little thing  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.

— G. W. Langford.

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"DON'T think of the task in its bigness;  
 Dimensions will vanish from sight  
 If you work, determined and willing,  
 From dawn till the shading of night;  
 And then, when the task is completed,  
 It may be at setting of sun,  
 You can rest in glad satisfaction,  
 The struggle is past — you have won!"



# The Social Life of the Home

## ---No. 3

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

IN our first two articles we considered in a general way some of the principles underlying the social life of the home, and some simple amusements for the younger children. In this we wish to consider some of the more specific problems.

The stage of early adolescence is characterized by a deep-seated desire to belong to clubs, if a girl; to go with the gang, if a boy. This is a perfectly natural impulse, a logical stage of growth that parents cannot afford to ignore. On the contrary, it is well for us to use it as a means to the end we are desirous of reaching. If it is important to make the home the center of attraction for the younger children, it is more essential to keep it so for this age. It is at this age that the "drift" begins. It may be, and often is, imperceptible at first. Then how necessary that we study the psychology of youth, and be prepared for every need arising. It is also well to study the individual child, and adapt his social life to his individual needs, tastes, and temperament.

The emotional life of the early adolescent is strong. It is comparatively easy to stir his imagination, and to appeal to his sympathies. This, then, could well furnish the key to his social life. First, by observing the natural festival occasions of the home life; and second, of our national life. What do I mean? They are almost too many to enumerate. For one thing, there are the birthdays. "Oh, but we don't want to be like the world," I hear some one say. That is very true, but we do want to "bind our children to us." How can we better do that than by showing them that we are glad to have them? And how can we do this more appropriately than by taking note of each child's birthday?

I recall reading an incident not long ago that illustrates this. As little Mary went out to play one bright morning, she met a little neighbor girl, who said in a matter-of-fact way, "Today is my birthday." "Isn't that nice?" said Mary in happy fellow feeling. "Oh, I don't know," responded the other little girl; "my folks don't believe in doing anything special on birthdays!" The day's happy play was dimmed for sympathetic Mary because she thought of the other little girl as an unwelcome and unwanted child.

This does not mean that we should have elaborate parties or costly presents for our children. But it does mean that we should not let the day pass by unnoticed. I know a Norwegian family of six children. I have never known them to have a birthday party for one of the children, but neither have I known them to ignore a birthday. When "the baby" reached her fifth birthday, the oldest girl (who had her first "job") happily bought material for a new dress which her mother made. The other children saved their pennies and bought new handkerchiefs and a new hair ribbon for "the best little sister."

Not long ago I visited this family, and little sister wanted me to see the presents they were to give their only brother on his soon-coming birthday. The mother smiled as she showed me the inexpensive little things,—a new tie, a handkerchief, a new lead pencil, etc. "Each one had to give him something," said the mother tenderly. And each one of the five girls was glad she had a brother, and was not ashamed to show it. There is a strong *family feeling* in that home—a feeling of love for one another. The neighbors may wonder why, but I believe it is because the *family spirit* is fostered in



just such ways as by a birthday cake and simple gifts. It may not be amiss to add here that these parents are spoken of as having "the best behaved children in the neighborhood."

Then there are local and national holidays. These stir the emotions of our youth. How can we better observe them than by conserving the day for the home and the church? In one large city the Adventist churches hold their annual union picnic on the Fourth of July. There is a program with plenty of music (not only solos, but the singing, by all, of "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," etc.) and patriotic recitations. This is followed by the usual races and games for the young. Furthermore, what day could we find more propitious for the teaching of the principles of religious liberty? Perhaps I should not fail to mention that the picnic lunch is brought by the members, and is much enjoyed by those whose appetites have been whetted by the outdoor air and the games.

"Next week has been appointed as 'clean-up week' by the mayor," said father, looking up from his paper one evening. "Now what can we do to cooperate?" And there followed an animated discussion of the part they could play, and the part the city took, that was nothing less than a practical lesson in civics.

Mother's Day gives father an opportunity to teach the children, from youngest to oldest, to be more appreciative and thoughtful of mother, and more helpful, not only on Mother's Day, but every day.

Father's Day is being observed more and more extensively, and in turn enables mother to show the children that father is appreciative of sentiment and affection,

and is more than the wage-earner of the family.

Space forbids me to enumerate more, but if we watch there will be frequent occasions that permit of some special little home festivity,—“celebrating,” we called it at home. And if it is some occasion which we cannot conscientiously celebrate, as Easter for instance, we can do as much or more by asking the children to study and learn for themselves why we do not.

#### Suggestions for August

This month let's talk about the possibilities of a vacation at home. A number of us who read *Home and School* will find it impossible, for one reason or another, to go away on a vacation. The children, perhaps, at least the older ones, feel this more keenly than we do. Not long ago a mother said to me, "We are not going to be able to take a vacation this year, for financial reasons, and I do dread it so for Helen's sake. Why, she said to me, 'Mother, can't we go away somewhere, if it is only for a few days? I just hate, when school starts, to be the only one who has to say we didn't do anything.'" I think the idea of *doing* something, as well as the novelty involved, is what appeals to the children. And I believe that we can put it up to them in such a way that even staying at home will satisfy their desire for romance and adventure.

First, this vacation should be a vacation for mother as well as for the other members of the family. Father can help here in showing the children the fairness of this. Now, mother, choose the week in this month when you will have the least to do. Having decided on the time, be as careful in planning for it as though you were really going out of town. Cur-





tail your work in every way possible. Let the children have as much of their mother as they would if they were on a real vacation — that's the best part of vacation, isn't it?

Last month we spoke of going on a hike. Let's have one during our home vacation week. Are your children ever invited to a "weenie" roast by the neighbor children, and you have to say, "No"? Suppose you have a bonfire and roast potatoes and corn, and ask the neighbor children. Around the bonfire, when it has died down to a low fire and glowing coals, is a good time and place to tell stories. There's a chance to put into practice on the neighbor children, as well as on your own, what you have learned about story-telling in the Y. M. S.

There are so many things to suggest that one might do during a vacation at home, but space will not permit. Serving elaborate meals is one thing *not* to do. Another time-and-labor saver is picnic meals served out-of-doors, if you have a suitable yard, or you can pull the table out onto the porch. The name suggests the simplicity of the meals and the time and dirty dishes saved. Speaking of dirty dishes, while we would not want to use paper plates and napkins habitually, they might be quite in order on a vacation when we are trying to save our own and our children's time for other things.

May I make another suggestion? Isn't there something, or several somethings, that you have been promising the children for a long time that you would do? It may be to make some new doll clothes, or to mend a kite, or to go to the park or out to the country (if you live in the city), or "into town" (if you live in the country). Whatever it is that you have been promising to do the first time you had an opportunity, plan to do it during your vacation at home, and that in itself will be a real vacation.

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THE most enviable of all titles — the character of an honest man.— *Washington*.

## The Mother's Harvest

SUSAN CHENERY

My sister Helen and I are getting along. We can't call ourselves young any more. Her daughter Margery is married and her son Frank is in the senior year at college. Helen has reason to feel satisfied with her work as a mother. Both Margery and Frank would be a credit to any family. They have their faults, but these are not noticeable. What I admire most in them is their absolute sincerity; there seems to be not only no striving after effect, but complete unconsciousness of it. I question whether this is entirely desirable in a boy of Frank's temperament. If he were not kind-hearted, his bluntness would at times give offense. Still, he is obliging, and that saves the situation. I asked Helen if she thought that when Margery had children she would follow along her mother's lines.

"Why, no," said Helen, "I hope she'll improve on them. You must remember that the children rarely had occasion to know my motives. Perhaps they think every child is trained as they were. I never tried to impress the children with my personality. What I aimed at was what most mothers should desire for their children, the good old standard virtues which we all ought to have, such as truth, honor, charity, obedience, faith. Those seemed essential. There were other things I wanted for them, such as neatness, courtesy, and thrift. There were still others that I hoped they would have, but did not especially strive for. I feared to meddle too much with their individuality. Do you know I could wish now that I had aimed at more in their training. Is it not amazing that all the virtues I wished them to have, they have? As I look back I can't see that I worked hard to get them, either. I seem to have simply kept those things in mind and headed the children in that direction. I wanted the children to have certain qualities, and they have them."

(Continued on page 25)



# Does a Child Have a Right to Expect a Good Example?

ALTA DELL RACE

We should not expect children to be too good; not any better than we ourselves, for instance; no, nor even as good.

It is said a child is his grandfather, his mother, his teacher, the boy next door, the milkman, the maid, and his Uncle John all in one; so we know a child absorbs and reflects the characters of those with whom he comes in contact.

A small child learns through object lessons — by means of impressions from others and from his surroundings. A child is really a victim of circumstances, the purest, truest thing in the world, but open to receive all impressions, responsive to all our influences. It remains with us to make these impressions such that we shall never have cause to regret; for in the heart and mind of the child the impressions are ever growing deeper, and if we find a trait in his character caused by our example and we wish to erase it, we may find the impression too deep and the time of responding to our influence past.

Plato said, "The best training for the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own principles in practice."

If we were one half as critical in judging ourselves as we are in judging our children, we would many, many times be found guilty, and often would be sentenced to hard labor for our misdeeds.

Did you ever see a man or woman enter a grocery store, look around while waiting, perhaps pick up from a box open temptingly before him a prune, apricot, nut meat, piece of candy, cracker, raisin, or apple? Sampling them, they call it. The child sees this disregard for the property of others. Is it surprising that later he does the same thing when sent to the store alone?

The parent may know how far to go and not have to suffer severe consequences, but to the child the world is open before him, a vast place for discovery. He loves adventure, and tries to find out for himself how far he can go, sometimes, alas, becoming entangled in the meshes of the law. Is the parent or the child responsible?

Perhaps you break the automobile pump you have borrowed; it isn't noticeable, and you hand it back without mentioning it. Do you think your deceit escapes the eyes of your child? If you do, you underestimate his keenness and alertness. He breaks a window accidentally and then runs, having no thought of making reparation to the owner.

Sometimes older people absolutely disregard the feelings of children, and have no respect for the child's rights or property. A little girl brought home a pink napkin from a little party; she prized it greatly. The grandmother one day needed a napkin, and instead of taking a plain white paper one from the cupboard, she took this pink one and used it. The little girl, when she discovered her napkin torn and wrinkled, started to cry. Grandmother laughed at her for being such a baby as to fuss about a paper napkin; but the child prized that napkin as highly as grandmother did her favorite lace collar. And doesn't it teach a child to be unconcerned when another suffers, also to have little or no regard for another's property? The intentional trampling of flowers, breaking of branches of trees, taking of fruit, breaking of windows for fun, and dozens of other misdeeds are the result; and these often grow into something worse. We know not how quickly impressions will grow — they are like mushrooms in some soil.



Dishonesty is usually a result of wrong example. One woman took milk bottles she should have returned to her milk man, and sold them at the grocery store for five cents each. As no tickets were given out to customers who had taken bottles, they supposed she had bought the milk and cream there, so money was refunded. Finally she was found out, and the store refused to buy them. This was not a "mother in need," but a woman of means. What sort of influence did she have over her child?

A very fine-looking and agreeable man I know, is fond of gambling. This trait he must have inherited from his father, who though at the head of a big concern, spent a great deal of time in poolrooms. Friends of their family used jokingly to tell of the father's sneaking out of the front door of the poolroom as the son came in the back door, or vice versa. The son was taken into business with the father, but later was put out, as he was stealing constantly from the business. He now has children of his own. What will they be like?

Miss Arnold once held a position as bookkeeper in a store. It was her custom to take the money to the bank daily. One day she had \$70 in bills, which she folded in with the bank slip and put both in the bank book, with a heavy rubber band around it as usual. She then laid the book on the desk while she put on coat, hat, and rubbers. The storekeeper's son was the only one in the store at the time. He visited with her as she made her preparations. Arriving at the bank, she handed the book to the receiving teller. He laughingly asked, "Well, what did you do with the money, spend it?" Miss Arnold replied in a bantering tone, "Why, of course." He then asked, "Where did you carry it today?" Miss Arnold answered, "Why, in the book, of course; look again and see." When the truth was finally impressed upon her that the money was actually missing, she was simply stunned.

The police were notified. They immediately suggested going to the store and searching the son, as they had al-

ready twice found him guilty of breaking into the father's store. But Miss Arnold objected. She pleaded, "Oh, no: do not go to him, please! He is crippled (he was born with only part of one arm), and the father and mother are old. It would be terribly humiliating for them. I'd never forgive myself for letting you go if he were not guilty."

So it was left. Miss Arnold returned to the store, told her employer of her misfortune, and promised to repay the money the next morning. That night she borrowed the money from home and paid the employer the \$70. She felt that the money had been intrusted to her and she must repay it. She feared, too, that some one might even think she took it. Her employer accepted it without even a word of thanks.

For months afterward when he would want more time to pay a bill, he would say, "Well, I've had hard luck; my bookkeeper lost \$70 the other day, so I'm a little short. You'll have to let that bill go a little longer."

It was embarrassing for Miss Arnold to hear this, and she keenly felt the injustice of his not telling that she had returned it. She feared to speak to him about it, however, as she did not want to lose her position until she had repaid her mother, who needed the money. She was getting a very small salary, and out of this she had to pay for her board, clothes, and other necessities; so it took some time to pay this amount, even by going without a vacation and everything else possible.

A few years afterward the son died. One of his friends came to Miss Arnold, who had left the store meantime, and confessed that the son had taken the money. He was willing to testify to that effect, as he felt guilty, having been with the son when he spent the money in drinking and carousing.

Miss Arnold, thinking to spare the old father and mother, went quietly to the father, and told him the story. The father was quite prepared for her. He said, "Well, if he did take it, that's nothing to me. He was of age when he



did it, so I'm not responsible." Was he? If his influence had been the right sort, would the son have been a thief?

One mother, while shopping, asked for three yards of ribbon. When she opened the package in the presence of her sister and her little boy, she was delighted to discover that she had six yards instead of three. When her sister asked if she wasn't going to return it, she replied carelessly, "Well, I guess not. I asked for three yards and paid for it, and if they gave me more, that's their affair." When she was given the wrong change, she would keep it, saying, "It wasn't my fault if they gave me more." She laughed about these deceits and dishonesties. Her boy grew to manhood with the same attitude. He started in with petty larceny, but finally came to the gallows. When his mother visited him in prison, he told her it was her example that had brought him there. What a punishment for the mother! She must have suffered as much as the son. Oh, parents, we cannot be too careful. Each little act of ours makes an impression upon our children. Some careless act of ours may result in making a thief or a murderer of one very dear to us.

It has been said, "If parents who have children sentenced to serve a term of punishment could be punished in place of the children, there wouldn't be half so many crimes." Parents would be more careful how and what they taught their children. Children are very honest, very keen to note a deceitful word or act, also very apt in acquiring the same habit when they see how cleverly it works for parents and playmates. The child usually learns to lie by some deceit or prevarication on the part of his parents.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Black stopped for Mrs. Brown on the way to the musicale. Not finding Mrs. Brown dressed for going out, Mrs. Jones exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Brown, aren't you going to the musicale with us?" Mrs. Brown replied, feigning a tired manner, "Oh, I've a splitting headache. I'm not able to go today, but I surely am sorry not to

hear Mrs. Reynolds — her voice is lovely." Afterward Mrs. Brown read all the afternoon. Lucy, her little girl, noticed all this; besides she had heard her mother remark to her husband, "Well, I guess I'm not going to go to hear that fat Mrs. Reynolds sing — she croaks like a frog." How natural for Lucy, then, when asked by the teacher if she looked up the reference work given her, to reply, "Oh, I was sick last night, so I wasn't able to do it!"

In school the teacher asks, "How many have not whispered this morning?" Almost the entire class raise their hands in self-vindication; but one or two, hesitating to tell a lie, are kept after school while others just as guilty are excused. Wouldn't it be perfectly natural for the two honest ones, the next time, to assert their innocence as freely as the others?

How about teasing? Do you, father, mother, indulge in this evil habit? It surely must be evil, for it cannot be good when it inflicts pain. No, not physical pain; but many children, and grown-ups too, would rather suffer physical pain than to suffer from teasing. How parents do indulge in this habit unconsciously! They tease Jimmy about Mabel, because they know he dislikes her and will fly into a passion about it. How this amuses father and mother! They tease Ethel because her hair is red. Ethel is very self-conscious and shy, and this hurts her more than a severe punishment. If we are amused to see our children suffer from teasing, is it right for us to punish a child who is deliberately mean to some weaker child? Why shouldn't he be amused at causing grief? He is unconscious of wrong-doing. This example of cruelty and lack of sympathy, is characteristic of father, of mother, and aren't they set up before their children as very nearly perfect?

Suppose your little boy or girl notes how little you give to the poor, or how grudgingly you give. Do you think they will be inspired to be benevolent? If after giving, you complain about the poor man's faults, giving several reasons



(your own ideas) for his being needy, will a spirit of helpfulness and love for the poor and needy be implanted, or a lack of sympathy?

Or, suppose you have inspired a spirit of helpfulness and love in your little daughter, and she knows some little girl who has no dolly or no coat, and she gives her the best she has. What would your attitude be? Would you kill the benevolent spirit, make the child suffer for the kind though impulsive deed, or would you commend the kind and unselfish action?

I know a little girl who loves to give. Many times she gives a dolly or toy which the mother knows is very dear to her heart, when really another would have done quite as well for the other child. The mother often blinks her eyes hard so she won't say anything or show in any way her surprise as she sees a particularly favorite dolly going, for she has tried to teach her children to give until it hurts. It would spoil the spirit in which the gift was made if the child were told to give a dolly for which she did not care much.

Many times two children of the same parents will be directly opposite,—it is easy to teach one unselfishness; while for the other it is hard to part with things—there is a hoarding spirit. It is good once in a while to ask children to go through the toys and treasures they really love, and pick out some things they are willing to give to some one less fortunate. This soon gets to be a habit with children. How many of us keep storing up or treasuring things we never use, yet we do not give them to some one who could use them, for fear that sometime in our lives we shall regret it.

A respect for colored people, for elders, and for those less fortunate, is either learned from elders or the opposite is learned. The following incident shows that the opposite had been taught:

A colored maid in a family went out to hang up clothes in the back yard, where several neighborhood children had congregated. In the house next door a

woman was helping clean house, and had brought her little boy with her. He was among the children when the maid stepped out. When he saw her, he yelled in a tone of disrespect and derision, "Hello, there, you black nigger baby!" The colored girl made a quick dash for him and gave him a sound spanking; then she said as she put him back on terra firma, "Now go home and tell your mother to teach you something." Didn't she hit the nail on the head? Don't you suppose the child learned this disrespect for the colored from his parents?

A mother on a street car pointed out a colored woman who sat near, telling her child the colored woman would get her if she didn't mind. The colored woman watched and listened to the threatenings until she could no longer control herself, when she burst out, "She's lying, honey, she's lying. I suah won't get you 'tall." What liars some parents are!

You have no doubt heard the story of the aged father who was made to eat alone in the kitchen from a wooden bowl. The son one day noticed his little boy whittling on a piece of wood. He had been working so diligently on it that the father's curiosity was aroused, so he questioned, "Son, what are you making?" "Oh," replied the boy, "I'm just making a wooden bowl for you to eat



GETTING THE NEXT BOWL READY



out of when you get old like grandpa." The lesson was learned — the old father was reinstated in his place at the table with the rest of the family.

We cannot help seeing that parents are responsible for their children's character building as much as for their food and clothing. It means much hard work to teach, to train, to form a noble character — it takes hard work to do anything worth while. It takes some effort to earn a living, to learn to read, to play the violin, to build a house, but nothing is so worth while in this world as to mold noble, Christlike characters. So let moral training be our first objective. Teach the child to win in his battle against selfishness, but first win the battle for yourself. Always stand for the right, the kind, the pure, the true, the noble. Remember each noble trait you help to build in your child's character is another rung in the ladder reaching from him to God. Do you want to help your children build this ladder?

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### The Price of Adventure

UNDER this caption the editor of the Lincoln *Sunday Star* discusses, in connection with items relating to the revolting crime held to have been committed by Nathan E. Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb, of Chicago, some of the reasons why the young of America step so far out of the paths of rectitude. God Himself has revealed some of these things to us, but many Seventh-day Adventists fail to comprehend what the instruction given means to *their own* families. Let us read this editorial thoughtfully:

"Numerous have been the warnings to fathers and mothers concerning the problems presented by the great, congested cities of this country. They are not due solely to the fact that temptations invariably are increased when hundreds of thousands of people are brought together. The power to resist these dangers is very greatly lessened because the boy of the city is deprived of the same opportunities for development of imagination which the lad in the rural community has in abundance.

"Man in his ingenuity and industry has created many wonders.

"But how they pale into insignificance in comparison with the simple wonders of nature!

"In the country, nature takes care of that inherent love of adventure which has characterized all mankind. There the boy sees the flowers with their delicate tints and coloring, and his love of beauty is satisfied. There he comes into closest companionship with the animal kingdom, and his traits of kindness and gentleness are developed, for the domestic animals of the farmyard are kindly in their instincts. There the gorgeous spectacles of nature and the engrossing story of life unfold before his eyes, providing him with ample food for thought and reflection. In her various moods, nature never presents life twice in precisely the same garb.

"How different it is in the city!

"For the time being, the boy's attention may be arrested and held by the amazing and stupendous uses to which man has put nature's forces. But after a while his interest will wane. Ordinarily he will pass through these critical years of life, unharmed and with fresh zest for the new adventures which unfold with the years. In the instance of a few, the demand for new experiences proves overpowering.

"Half of the burglaries and robberies committed by youth originate from the mad spirit of adventure. Hundreds of automobile accidents have their inception in the desire of boys and girls to feel the cool rush of air along the swaying sides of speeding automobiles. A staggering number of shootings and killings can be traced to the devilish desire of excitement. The divorce courts are clogged with the pitiful story of adventure. The jails and prisons are choked with the wreckage thrown up by the swirling current of life which is always seeking the new and uncharted trail. "Youth will be served," cynically remarks the sage of the athletic world.

"Yes, and in the broader fields of life, youth means the spirit of adventure."

F. H. W.

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KNOWLEDGE is proud that he has learned so much,  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

— Cowper.

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"His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away."

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"I SHALL not pass this way again,  
The thought is full of sorrow.  
The good that I may do today,  
I cannot do tomorrow."



# Heaven's Order Our Example

GLADYS BAILEY



IN studying system for our homes, our thoughts are first directed to the system and order of the Creator. We are told that order is heaven's first law. The sun, the stars, the planets with their satellites,—each has its part in God's great plan,

each has a definite system, and all move on time to the second. They are God's great clock, revealing to us His power and glory and His system and order.

When the sun goes from our view in the evening and darkness covers the earth, we know that soon the lights for the night will appear, and while they are not so bright and beaming as is the sun, they fulfil their part. When we lie down for our night's rest in sleep, they move on, and we know just as assuredly that when a certain number of hours have passed, up will come the wonderful sun again with light and heat for our benefit.

Likewise when spring comes with its new life in leaf and bud, we know that surely summer with its full fruit will come, then the harvest, followed by the wintertime, when nature rests until spring comes again. Thus we see that all things which God rules are done systematically and in order. There is no delay, no confusion; all work harmoniously for the perfecting of His great plan.

So in our homes we should have a definite purpose, a system, and law and order, each member doing his or her part to bring all into harmony. We need to begin early to instill these principles in the hearts and minds of our

children. In a well-ordered household there is a time for work and a time for play, a time to study and a time to pray. And the impressions we receive and the habits we acquire in our childhood and youth stay with us throughout our lives.

Full well do I remember when a child (there were five of us together), our mother was very orderly, and desired to teach us to be so. I recall so plainly that in the evening when our bedtime came, mother would say, "Now, children, we must set our house in order, for you know we do not want to get up in the morning and find everything in disorder and not be able to find our things, and then be cross and irritable. Then, too, one of us might get sick in the night, and we might have to call the doctor, and he would hardly be able to get in or find a suitable place to work." So to this day that little habit of setting the house in order just before retiring is firmly fixed, and it is perfectly natural for me to put back the chairs, straighten rugs, pick up books, papers, and clothes and put them in their proper places.

We should provide for our children a place for their school supplies and teach them to put them there, and to take care of their clothing at bedtime, so that in the morning there will be no confusion, no cross words, and no heartaches.

Our minds cannot be serene and calm when all is disorder and confusion. Let us work with a definite purpose, and that purpose, to make our homes as nearly perfect as possible, places where we all love to be, each realizing that our homes should be examples.

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THE devil uses almost every device to gain control of a busy man's mind, but he finds an idle brain already prepared.  
— *J. Grant Anderson.*





## The Boy King Who Overthrew the Idols

THE best king that the people of Judah ever had was named Josiah. He was only a boy when he was made king, just eight years old. His father had been a very wicked king, and his grandfather had been the wickedest of all; but little King Josiah was a good king. The people were doing very wicked things. Instead of loving God and keeping His commandments, they began to worship the sun, which they called Baal. They made images of wood and stone and silver and gold, and set them up in Jerusalem and all the other cities. Then they made altars before them, and burned sweet incense to them, and bowed down and prayed to those dumb images. And they did all sorts of evil things, for so they believed these gods commanded them. They stole, and they lied, and they broke the Sabbath, and children hated their parents, and fathers hated their children.

And when the young King Josiah saw how badly things were going, he began to seek the true God Jehovah. And he prayed that God would give him power to change the people from their wicked ways. Then he called his men around, and sent them out to break down the images in his city, Jerusalem. So they broke them down, and ground them up to powder, and Josiah scattered the dust over the graves of those who had worshiped them. And he called upon all the people to come back and worship Jehovah.

And when he had made Jerusalem all clean, he started through all the land, with the priests of God and with his soldiers; and everywhere they went, they found the images of Baal. And

they broke them down, and called all the people back to worship the true God.

At last they came to a place called Bethel, where there was an altar and a temple to the sun. And in it was a golden calf, which Jeroboam, a great king, had made many, many years before. Here the people of Israel had long done evil. So when Josiah came there, he commanded his men to grind to powder the golden calf, and to burn all the images.

When he looked about him, in the mountains he saw the sepulchers, or graves, of men who had long been dead. And he told his men to go and gather bones from these graves. When they had done so, he burned the bones upon the altar, to defile the place; for then, he knew, people would never worship the sun there again.

As they were gathering the bones from the sepulchers, Josiah saw a monument at one of the graves. And he said, "What is that?" Then they told him this story:

"Long, long ago, when Jeroboam first built this altar and this temple, there came a prophet out of Judah, and he came here and stretched out his hand, and cried, 'O altar, altar, thus says Jehovah: There shall be a child born, Josiah by name; and upon you shall he sacrifice your wicked priests, and he shall burn men's bones upon you.'"

"Then King Jeroboam was angry at the prophet, and he stretched out his hand toward him, saying, 'Lay hold on him.' But his arm which he stretched out was withered, so that he could not draw it back again. Then he felt very humble, and he asked the prophet to pray for him. The prophet did pray for him, and his arm was healed.



“‘Come home with me,’ said the king then, ‘and eat and drink and rest; and I will give you a reward.’

“But the prophet said: ‘I will not; for Jehovah charged me, saying, You shall eat no bread, nor drink water, nor return by the way you came.’ And he turned and started home another way.

“But there was an old man there who once had been a prophet of Jehovah, but who had left Him. When he heard what the prophet had done, he saddled his ass and started after him. And when he came up with him, he said, ‘Come back with me; for an angel told me to ask you to come.’ But he lied to him.

“Then the prophet believed him; and because he was tired and hungry, he turned around and went back with the old man. And when he was rested, he started on his way again. But he had gone only a little way when a lion met him, and slew him because he had not obeyed God.

“Then the old man, when he heard of it, went after him, and picked him up, and brought him back to Bethel. And he made a sepulcher, and built a monument over it, and there he buried the prophet, and there he himself afterward was buried. And that monument,” said they to Josiah, ‘is the monument you see yonder, the monument of the prophet who called you by name so many, many years before you were born, and told what you should do to this place.’

And when Josiah heard that, he said: “Let him be. Let no man touch his bones.” And so they left him where he lay. And King Josiah went back to Jerusalem.

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## Are We Guilty?

EVA WHITE CASEY

DEAR fellow teachers, are we guilty? I know we long to train the little ones committed to our care in just the right way. We look forward to the time when they will fill places of responsibility as earnest, faithful workers for God. Day by day we try to teach them lessons of

kindness, obedience, cheerfulness, truthfulness, etc. Do we teach by precept or example? Of course we all answer, “Both.” But do we?

I came across an incident the other day which made me bow my head and ask Jesus to show me if in any way, by word or act, I had been guilty. It gripped my heart.

A teacher of little children who had among her number one who gave her much concern on account of the habit of untruthfulness, relates the following incident:

“Calling her to me one day, and thinking to touch her heart in that tenderest spot—love for mother—I said: ‘Do you think, Alice, that mamma could be happy if she knew her little girl was untruthful?’

“Imagine my surprise when the answer fell clear and unhesitatingly from those baby lips, ‘Oh, that’s nothing. Everybody lies to me.’ Standing there in the presence of my little judge (for I was included in her ‘everybody’), I questioned her.

“‘Have I ever told you a falsehood, Alice?’

“‘Yes.’ The answer came slowly this time.

“During the singing lesson the day before she had asked that we sing a favorite song. The time elapsed, and I answered, ‘Not today, Alice. We will sing it tomorrow.’ Tomorrow had come and gone, but the song was still unsung. It was crowded out of my mind by the work and worry, the duties and pleasures, of a new day; but her little heart had waited for a fulfilment of the promise, and she said with a child’s true reason, ‘It’s a lie.’ So it was; that sort of lie we tell children over and over again, day after day. It is an easy way to put them off, but there must come a harvest after such a sowing.”—*Studies in Character Building*, p. 165.

Let me ask once more, dear teachers, Are we guilty?

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“EXPRESSION deepens impression.”





# EDITORIAL

## Forty Acres and a Mule

It was an alluring promise the carpet-baggers made to the freedmen at the close of the Civil War: every man was to be given "forty acres and a mule." If the promise could have been fulfilled, and if the freedmen could every one have made good use of the gift, there would have been no better means to establish the liberated race upon a solid foundation for progress.

And by the same token no greater boon could be given to all our children and youth today than to have contact with the equivalent of "forty acres and a mule." It might not be forty acres; it might be five, or one, or three hundred sixty; but anyhow, the land is the great opportunity for development of character in our children.

The distractions of this age are many. They center especially in the city. It is not only the theaters, and the picture shows, and the poolrooms, and the dance halls. By rigorous repression the child may be kept from some or all of these, though repression of impulses is by no means education. But the close proximity of other families of children, and the strong social call,—to the streets, the frequent parties, the too handy telephone,—make training in concentration of mind and devotion to tasks almost impossible.

Besides, the city has not the interesting occupations for the child that the farm has. The chickens and the calves and the bluebirds and the violets, apple blossoms and hickory nuts, coasting and the old swimming hole—what a heritage of wonder and beauty and joy the country child has!

True, there are responsibilities and sometimes onerous tasks connected with

the country home. If you want your child to be a softy, don't put him there. But of this be reminded: the sinew and the soul of our country and of our church have been built up in the country; so has it been in all ages; and the people who carry the work of God to completion will have the same training. Where will your child be?

## Sanctified Gumption

A MAN told me a few months ago that there wasn't enough tillable land available in a certain State to hold all the Seventh-day Adventists in that State. I don't believe him. But this I do believe: that there are not enough sturdy Seventh-day Adventists available in that State to fill the land waiting for them and their children.

Too many parents in these days, including Seventh-day Adventist parents, are soft. They don't like to plow land, they don't like to milk cows, they don't like to pump water, they don't like to cut wood, they don't like to light kerosene lamps, they don't like to get mud on their dainty slippers. Now I admit that pavements, and electric lights, and power, and automatic heating systems, and flowing water, are all very fine. I like them myself, and will get them when I can. But I don't think they are worth a pin prick compared to the soul-building of my children.

Of course nearly all these conveniences can now be had in the country in some places and situations. But most of us are too poor to afford all of them in the country. It becomes, therefore, to most of us a choice between living in the city on a salary or wages, with city conveniences, and going into the country

*(Concluded on page 26)*



# ETCHINGS



## The First Requisite

EACH year many new teachers are selected for Seventh-day Adventist church schools. Are the selections always made with due care? Think again of the following statements from "Testimonies," Volume VI, pages 200, 201:

"In selecting teachers we should use every precaution, knowing that this is as solemn a matter as the selecting of persons for the ministry. Wise men who can discern character should make the selection; for the very best talent that can be secured is needed to educate and mold the minds of the young, and to carry on successfully the many lines of work that will need to be done by the teacher in our church schools. No person of an inferior or narrow cast of mind should be placed in charge of one of these schools."

It is conceded by all educators, both those interested in public schools and those connected with private schools, that character building is the chief aim of education. Then rightly the essential purpose of every teacher should be to build in his pupils noble, Christian characters. We sometimes wonder if even those teachers who are employed to do church school work fully realize this. Or are they thinking more of the reading, arithmetic, grammar, history, and Bible they are going to teach their children this year? Will the Master say to us by and by, "Ye have omitted the weightier matters. These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone"?

When our children come to heaven's gate, the angel guarding will not ask, "How much arithmetic did you learn on earth?" No, I do not think he will even ask, "How much Bible did you learn?" He will know how well the Scripture

learned has been applied to the life. It is only character that will be passed there.

Some one asks, "Isn't it important that we study arithmetic and that we study Bible?" Certainly, and it is important that we *master whatever* we study, for thoroughness is one of the important things to be built into the character that will pass the final examination.

Another says, "The conference educational officer, the union educational department, and the General Educational Department are very rigid about passing marks in the prescribed studies. I don't think they talk very much about measuring character, but rather about measuring scholarship." Perhaps there's some truth in this thought, but remember that only the Master Teacher can correctly grade character acquisition, and know whether a pupil is able to pass. Our business is to build character, whether we consider the tiniest child in the first grade or the most advanced student in the college, and God will give him his final examination.

How important, then, that we work so fully under the direction of the Examiner that we will teach the subject matter required for the final examination!

Shall we who have any hand in the selection of teachers, look for those who have a broad vision of their work, and accept no other? And will those who aspire to teach remember the chief aim in teaching? Only those teachers who have a close and continual connection with God, can work successfully to build characters fit for heaven.

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"EXAMPLE does more than much teaching."



## Musings of a Father

MUCH is said and much is written nowadays on the training of children, and it is all good. It is a subject in which all true parents are interested. Every true parent should be vitally concerned over his children. Any information that might lead you and enlighten you as to methods of dealing with them, should be welcomed.

How well does the writer remember with what glad expectation he and his young wife looked forward to the arrival of their first-born! Names had been selected which would fit either sex. It was difficult, however, to find a name good enough for the perfect child. A name would be suggested, and then we would remember some little boy by that name who was such a naughty little fellow. His parents, however, loved him and he would win out, but some perhaps thought there was no hope for him. We did not want our little angel child to associate with him. With what pride and satisfaction we looked forward to the time when parents would say, "Look at little Johnnie Jones; he never soils his dress, and always keeps so nice and clean, and puts his hat and coat in their proper place. O how sweet! Why can't we train our little boy as Johnnie Jones is trained?"

The writer does a little public speaking, and in his younger days his choice theme was child training. After delivering one of his addresses on this subject, in the discussion that followed, some father or mother who was so unfortunate as not to have any children, or some maiden lady or some bachelor was the first to be up to add approval of what had been said. The fathers and mothers who had children would sit quietly in their seats. Some, I think, with tears in their eyes, wished that they knew how to train their children as Brother Jones did. Others sat with a peculiar smile as they thought, "He will know more when his boys grow up."

Some years have passed. The father's and mother's hair is tinged with silver.

Their faces show the cares and burdens which they have carried, and the anxious hours and sleepless nights through which they have passed. The boys are growing up, and while those boys are not perfect, yet the parents have watched over them, trying to keep that feverish state under control, and not letting it run too high until the period has passed which every boy and girl must experience. (I refer to the adolescent age.) The faithful mother has had the oversight of the boys. Some see imperfections in the boys and criticize and magnify their faults, but that father and mother see the good qualities along with the bad. Every morning and evening a prayer ascends to the Father who pities us and loves the children, and who has promised to "save our children." They expect to have an unbroken family in the kingdom.

Why should we criticize our brother's children? Let us try rather to help him to save them by prayer and Christian association. Parents have enough burdens without the censure of others.

In this connection I am reminded of an incident in which a church elder's daughter was very wayward. Her misconduct was very conspicuous, and was apparent to all the neighborhood. One well-meaning, but rather injudicious neighbor determined to go to the elder's house and rebuke him for his apparent negligence in child training. Calling at the house, he was informed that the object of his mission was at the barn, feeding stock. No trace of the missing elder could be found in the lower part of the barn. The neighbor prepared to leave, but his attention was attracted by the sound of a voice in the loft above. He climbed the ladder to the haymow and crawled over the hay, and in one corner of the barn, he found the elder on his knees with outstretched hands and streaming eyes, pleading before heaven for the salvation of his daughter. It is unnecessary to say that the would-be critic learned a very valuable and much-needed lesson.—*A Father, in North Pacific Union Gleaner.*



## A Helping Hand

HELEN M. GOULD

CLING-A-LING-LING-LING! Cling-a-ling-ling! The alarm clock at Miss Brown's bedside rang noisily. She stirred a little, and finally opened her eyes drowsily. Slowly the consciousness came to her that this was another school day.

"What's the use of life, anyway?" she thought. She had a severe cold that made her feel very miserable. Her head ached and her throat was sore.

"Oh! if I could only turn over and stay in bed another hour or so. All day would be better," she fretted as, shivering, she crawled out.

"I too wish you could, sister. If I were only big enough, I'd go teach school for you!"

"It's as cold as ice outside; and I do so dread making that fire over at school! When I have a cold, I just envy public school teachers who can go and find their rooms all warm and comfortable."

Perhaps it was because she felt so, or perhaps it was because she was cold and couldn't work fast, that almost before her work was finished her little sister Anna May called, "It's twenty-five minutes after eight."

She swallowed a bite to eat, grabbed her books, and rushed for the door. As she did so, she dropped the papers she had spent such a weary time correcting the night before. This only served to add to her irritation.

"You bring them when you come, Babe. There'll be no fire when the children come if I don't hurry," was her parting comment.

"But you forgot your prayers," came the voice of the Prompter.

It was only a step to the door of a little storeroom at the back of the house. She stepped in and closed the door, for experience had taught her that she did not dare face those little ones until she had spent some time with the great Master Teacher. "Oh, heavenly Father, help me today to be kind. Help me to be an example of Thee to the little ones

Thou hast placed in my charge," was her simple prayer.

The short distance to the little church school was soon covered. As she stepped onto the porch, her eyes fell upon the lock. She stopped. Had she forgotten to lock the door? She opened the door quickly, and stepped inside.

Her first sensation was that it was warm, and that the fire was roaring cheerfully.

"Good morning, Miss Brown. Are you feeling better this morning?" called a little fifth-grade lad.

"Why, Dale, what does this mean? Are you trying to play fairy and do my work?"

"Well, Miss Brown, I knew last night that you had a cold, and I thought you wouldn't feel like building the fire; so I hid the other key outside, and I asked mamma, and she let me come early, and — and I've got all the dusting done," he finished triumphantly.

"Well, I do appreciate this, Dale," Miss Brown sighed. "I did feel badly, but you've surprised the headache almost all away."

That night as she met Miss Light, one of the public school teachers, going home, she thought, "I just can't envy her again. Why, I'd rather have to make my own fires all year, and have that one surprise of this morning, than to have them made every day by a janitor!"

The next week (and many weeks thereafter) at Junior meeting, Dale's face was radiant as he handed in his report blank.

"One hour of Christian help work," it read.

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## I Was Wondering

(Concluded from page 30)

Drake & Co., Chicago. It would require fuller information as to the line of study desired in "adult psychology" to recommend a book. A good elementary text upon the principles of the science is "Practical Lessons in Psychology," by Wm. O. Krohn, published by Werner Company, Chicago.



## The Teacher's Opportunities

ELLA HEMMERICH

Now, as never before, comes the call for consecrated, Spirit-filled teachers — those who are sound in the faith, and have a realization of the place the children are to fill in the great finishing work.

Let us look at the world about us. We find few of the parents who are church attendants. While some are very careful of the religious training of their children, careful to choose their associates, many others are glad to lay aside any responsibility of this kind, and depend on their "turning out" well. Many children practically bring themselves up, hear little of church teaching, and live under no restraint. Thus we find the prisons more crowded than ever before, boys in their teens leading in crime. Do the parents of our denomination want their children mixing with this type, and learning of their ways? Can they depend on the Sabbath school alone to influence their children aright?

The Bible tells us of the first church schools,— the schools of the prophets,— and their influence in their time on the youth in turning the nation to Jehovah. We read that in choosing teachers for our children, their characters should be carefully considered. Teachers should be careful that the children under their care learn obedience, so that they will better understand the importance of obeying God's requirements and commandments.

Attention is also called to the danger of association with those who do not believe the truth. It is inconceivable that children who learn God's Word on Sabbath, and the traditions and beliefs of the world on the other six days, will retain much of the truth. Then, while the teachers in public schools do not mention the doctrines of their churches, neither do they teach "the truth." The children, while receiving training in good morals, do not learn to do the work the Lord is preparing for them, nor do they understand what a heritage is

theirs. They become interested in books other than the Bible, and it is improbable that they will develop any liking for it in later years.

In church schools a converted teacher is selected. He is a believer in all the truths of God's Word, and working not for material gain, but because of a love for souls. He is supplementing the home training rather than counteracting it. Then, too, he is careful of his dress, his actions, and his language. He strives to have them measure up to God's standard in every way. This poem made me realize the great responsibility of a Christian teacher:

"Dear teacher, some one's watching you;  
A child's bright eyes see all you do.  
That hat you wear looms up in view;  
The dress he criticizes too;  
The style in which you do your hair,  
Your manner of sitting in your chair;  
The gentle voice, the smile, the frown,  
Just how and when you go to town;  
The song you sing, the way you walk,  
The laugh, the joke, and how you talk,  
The prayer you make, the way you read,—  
Of all you do he takes much heed.  
So do be careful what you do,  
For some one's ever watching you."

It has been foretold that children who are rightly educated will speak words which will be an astonishment to men who now talk of higher education. As in the time of the first advent message, "children's voices will be raised to give the last message of warning to a perishing world." When our ministers and workers are no longer allowed to proclaim the warning, "the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older people cannot do, for their way will be hedged up."

This, then, is the real reason for the existence of our church schools, academies, and colleges. We read that the children should be educated and trained; for they are the Lord's heritage. Those who have the love of Christ in their hearts will be endued with the Spirit of God, and will yield to His promptings, and give the truth in all its purity. Have we not then every reason to be



proud of being instruments in God's hands to teach the children and prepare them for their great work? Do we not feel assured of the truth of these words, "The management and instruction of children is the noblest missionary work that any man or woman can undertake"? The following poem states my satisfaction, and hope, and enjoyment in the profession I have chosen:

"I have lingered in the schoolroom to plan for another day,  
And the merry voices of children have died in the distance away.  
Now my books are all collected, and my black-board work is done,  
And I've studied the window pictures as in glory sank the sun.  
All is quiet in the schoolroom, save the clock upon the wall,  
And the little mouse that nibbles some stray morsels in the hall;  
Yet I linger in the twilight, in the soothing, silent gloom,  
And my fancy fills the silence and repopulates the room.  
And I see again before me all the laughter-loving eyes,  
All the dear and youthful faces, all the 'can'ts' and all the 'tries.'  
But their papers do not rustle and their pencils do not roll,  
And their shoes no longer clatter as about the room they stroll.  
Now forgot is each small worry and the things that did annoy,  
And I only can remember how I love each girl and boy.  
And I feel I am all unworthy to guide them day by day,  
So I lift my heart to Heaven and for inspiration pray.  
And still as my fancy wanders, other faces and forms appear,  
And back come my former pupils who have dropped out year by year,  
O, so many different faces seem to peep from each dusky row,  
And I see them just as I saw them several years ago.  
My life, too, has had its changes, its sorrows, and its joys,  
But I never have forgotten one of all my girls or boys;  
And I hope when life's journey is ended, to see in that Better Land  
All those dear, familiar faces, and to lovingly clasp each hand."

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

## It Takes Courage

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are, and not pretend to be what you are not.

To say No squarely and firmly when those around you say Yes.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to see in your ruins the elements of future success.

To refuse to do a thing which is wrong, though others do it, and though it is customary and done in trade.

To stay home evenings and try to improve yourself when your comrades spend their evenings having a good time.

To refrain from gossip when others about you delight in it, and to stand up for an absent person who is being abused.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice, but stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To be a real man, a true woman, by holding fast to your ideals, when it causes you to be looked upon as strange, as "nutty" or insane.

To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through violating sacred obligations.

To make your own creed, and to live it when that creed is unpopular, when you know that you will be ostracized because of your strange religious belief.

To be talked about, lied about, and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To dress according to your income, and to deny yourself what you cannot afford to buy, when others all about you are straining away beyond their means to keep up appearances.

To stand for what you believe to be right, to espouse an unpopular cause from principle, when you know it will



injure your standing in your community, or others' estimate of you.

To throw up a position with good salary when it is the only business you know, and you have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your unqualified approval.—*Selected.*

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## Stories of Value to the Teacher

ELLA KING SANDERS

THERE is no better way to send home to the hearts of your children truths which they need than by the use of the right kind of story. The following true story will have its effect in teaching truthfulness:

"At a trial in Kentucky a man's life was hanging most precariously on the verdict of twelve honest, but sorely perplexed jurors. His life was saved by a simple paragraph in the diary of a business man *who was noted far and wide* for his stanch integrity and strict truthfulness. The prosecution had cited circumstantial evidence so clear that all hope for the prisoner seemed to be lost. The defense then brought in this man's diary, wherein was written on the date of the murder: 'Jack H. and I drove over to M. and spent the night with his aunt, returning early the next morning.' Jack H. was the prisoner at the bar. This one sentence proved for him a perfect alibi, and every lawyer at the bar, and the judge on the bench, as well as every man of the jury, knew the truthfulness of the writer. The jury, out only two minutes, returned a verdict of acquittal."

How a troublesome boy was won may help some teacher. "One day when the boy had been particularly troublesome, the teacher asked him to remain for a few moments after school. When they were alone, the teacher said,

"You work right across the street from Mr. B.'s restaurant, do you not, Joe?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, supposing you run over to the restaurant and lunch with me to-

morrow. I'd like ever so much to have you."

"I lunch with you?" said Joe in an almost dazed way.

"Certainly, Joe. Why not?"

"What for?" asked the boy, bluntly.

"Simply because I would like to have you do so."

"Honest injun?"

"Honest injun, Joe," exclaimed the teacher heartily.

"Joe was silent for a moment, then he said, 'What time?'"

"Six o'clock, sharp."

"I'll be there."

"Good enough, Joe, I'll be there, too."

"This teacher was tactful enough not to make the slightest reference to the boy's bad conduct when they met there. Indeed he ignored the school question altogether, and got the boy to talking about himself, his hopes and plans for the future, and his work. Before they left the restaurant, the boy felt that the teacher had a deep personal interest in him, and when they were about to separate at the door of the restaurant, the boy said, 'Say, I come mighty near not keeping my engagement to come here today.'

"You did, Joe? How was that?"

"Well, I got to thinking it over, and I was afraid you would talk religion to me or blow me up for my actions at school. I'm downright s'prised to think you ain't done either, and I—I—well, I have had a real good time. Much obliged, and—and—" There was a sudden tremor in his voice, and a sudden moistening of his eye, as he added, 'Well, I won't be the bother in the school hereafter that I have been. Honest injun, I won't.'"

This shows the power of personal touch. It takes time, money, personal zeal, love, tact, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit to understand and win the boys and girls. Many of them must be known outside the schoolroom, for they are different then, and this difference must be known if you would find the open gate to the heart.



## The Ranny Luck

MARY SHERBURNE WARREN

"It's just the Ranny luck!" cried Mrs. Ranny as she sank tearfully into a chair. "I knew the minute Tom came around the corner of the barn, that something had happened. None of the buildings were on fire — he wa'n't walking fast enough for that — and the children were all playing about in plain sight, so I knew it must be some animal. He's gone to bury it now. What has happened? Why, Mrs. King, I thought you heard Tom say, as you came in the side door, our best registered Jersey fell off a ledge in the south pasture and broke its neck. Never mind, we ought to be getting used to it by this time. As I told Tom, we shouldn't know what to do with a year of good luck. Now, what is Ruthie crying about? Do step to the door and tell her to come in to mamma. I don't know as I shall ever get strength to rise out of this chair."

Mrs. King obligingly led the little girl into the house to the sobbing refrain of "Dus my luck! Dus my luck!" "Yes, dear," echoed the mother as she enfolded the child within sympathetic arms, "poor little dolly all broken up. I wonder if papa too is crying over Daisy Bell all hurt and dead. Why, dear, look at what nice Grandma King is doing to dolly." Quickly the tears receded, as a miracle was wrought with a bottle of glue, and soon the doll was acting as hostess at a party under the old russet tree, and Mrs. Ranny was at liberty to return to the subject of registered Jerseys.

"That's the seventh cow we've lost since we came here — two the first year, one the next; and next summer it was a horse instead, right in the haying season; then two cows were struck by lightning, and two years ago —"

"Let me see," Mrs. King interrupted gently, "seven cows in six years. That's not so very many, after all. I know a man who lost seven cows by lightning in one month. Mrs. Ranny, what are you going to have for supper?"

"Well, long as you can't stay, I don't know's I shall have much of anything," Mrs. Ranny replied without interest. "Tom won't know whether he's eating bread and milk or whipped-cream cake — times like this he simply can't eat. He was planning to sell Daisy Bell next week, and put the money on the barn. It will put him back just that much, and Tom ain't one that likes to be put back."

"Is Tom especially fond of cream-cake?"

"Is he?" Mrs. Ranny smiled a tearful smile. "We happened to have some the first time mother invited him to our house, and when he found out I made it — h'm — well! No, there's nothing Tom likes as well as whipped-cream cake, unless it's cream-of-tartar biscuits and jam. According to me, jam goes better with plain bread than with biscuits, but there's no use arguing the question with Tom. Have I any jam on hand? I should say I have. Any cream of tartar? Why, Mrs. King, of course. Will cream whip all right today? Yes, and if it won't, I know where the ice house is. If you really think you can stay, I'll go right to work this minute."

Mrs. King laughed merrily. "No," she replied as she glanced at the clock, "I can't stay, but you are going to work just the same. Your Tom is coming in to a supper of cream-of-tartar biscuits and raspberry jam and whipped-cream cake and smiles — and remembering happier things, which in this case happen to be the nineteen fine Jerseys at the pasture gate."

"Why, it wouldn't seem natural — it would be more like celebrating —"

"And so it would be," continued Mrs. King, "celebrating the burial of the tale of Ranny luck I have heard so often. Every farmer has bad luck in with the good, or there would be no excitement in living on a farm, and you have had your share of both, and no more. But you are bringing up your children — to say nothing of your husband — to think that the strong arm of fate is against them. If you want Ruthie and the boys to ac-



cept poor marks in school with 'dus my luck' instead of buckling down and studying for all they are worth, just keep your Ranny luck slogan ringing in their ears. It would be compelling them to walk under a shadow all their days. But, my dear, do you know of a better weapon for driving shadows away than the smiles of a wife and mother?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ranny with sudden determination, "whipped cream and jam. Just pull out that damper, and I'll begin stirring up a layer cake this very minute."—*Home Department Quarterly*.

### Social Inconsistencies

MRS. D. A. FITCH

"CONSISTENCY is a jewel; inconsistency is but clay."

It is inconsistent with a Christian character:

To forget the kindness shown by neighbors, and not to return as good as you have received when it is in your power to do so.

Not to realize that it is possible for your children to make mistakes, and then when told of their misconduct to feel offended rather than to be thankful and express gratitude.

To think that the urgent invitation to prolong your call is really sincere every time.

To express the idea that your own family are of superior quality because of their ancestral extraction. The Lord remembers where each one is born. Ps. 87: 6.

To air domestic infelicities outside your own home or in the presence of callers, however importunate those callers may be. This is wholly unnecessary and almost unpardonable.

To so much desire the favor and good will of others that you sacrifice principle to obtain them.

To sit in criticism on the conduct of others and not expect the same spirit to react upon yourself.

To ask the cost of an article presented to you. This may not seem to you to be

rude, but it will be so considered by the giver.

To think you are failing to show an interest in another if you do not inquire the price paid for a new article of wearing apparel.

To forget that you are a member of the *human* family and quite as liable to make mistakes as some of the others.

To take the time of a neighbor for gossip or even for light conversation. There are occasions when it is not proper to infringe on the time of another for even the best of conversation.

To receive at par value the bit of gossip told you by another, or to pass on a thing told you in confidence.

To ask personal questions. Even though you may not be told that it is none of your business, the thought has very likely occurred to the one interrogated.

To quiz your neighbor's children as to conditions in their home. This may tempt them to prevaricate, and will train them to gossip about home affairs. There are too many things of importance to talk about, for time to be spent in this manner.

To visit the sick unduly. This common social custom many times results in great harm, prolonging sickness and perhaps causing ultimate death. Usually the members of the family, the nurse, and the physician are sufficient for the entertainment of the infirm one. Sending greeting cards, flowers, etc., is better till the patient is safely convalescent.

Excellent rules for the regulation of social relations, especially for Christians, will be found in Luke 6:31 and Ephesians 4:32, which read as follows: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

"Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlyle*.



## Do Seventh-day Adventists Have Good Health?

AN OBSERVER

WE have a little girl of four — not ours — who as a babe was not expected to live. Twice she was in the home of her father for a few weeks, and both times she came near death's door, and it was weeks before we could get her back to a fair state of health. Now, at four, she is taller than the average of her age, and weighs more than the average for her height, and we have to purchase garments made for children a year older than she. Still she is in only apparently rugged health, and is maintained in her weight by care in diet. A very short period of the ordinary feeding that children get would put her back in the invalid class. We try to avoid having her eat sweets, except in small quantity and as allowed by us, but we often fail.

Next door is a family, not Adventists, who are as careful of their little boy as we are careful of our girl, and we are confident that when she is with them she will not be fed. But there are in the neighborhood several Adventist families where we fear to have our girl go, because she comes back with no appetite for dinner, having been fed cakes or candy. And there is another Adventist home, where there are some very good boys, unusually well behaved, but the family frequently has chicken or some other meat, and now our girl comes home and tells us that she likes meat! She has never seen meat of any kind at our house.

In the families where the children are fed sweets, they are "picky." The parents say, "I do not know what to do with Johnny. He does not eat enough to keep him alive." And they do not seem to realize that the cake and candy eaten between meals is the explanation for the loss of appetite.

In our local church school, the trained nurse who examined the pupils found a surprisingly large number of defects

that were retarding the pupils in school, and developing serious handicaps for their future lives. Even though, in many cases, the malnutrition is evident to any one who takes a look at the pupil, the parents do not seem to comprehend the danger, and sometimes take suggestions regarding teeth, tonsils, adenoids, glasses, and the like as an unwarranted interference. They seem to prefer to have their children go through life handicapped, rather than go to the expense of having these defects remedied. And this, remember, is among Seventh-day Adventists, who are supposed to have had special light regarding the care that should make them especially fit to meet the dangers of the last days.

Why do I write this? Because I am convinced that many Adventists are not benefiting by the light given them on health reform. Either they pay no attention to it at all, or else they make a kind of religion of it, a "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" Those who most flagrantly transgress health laws are entirely satisfied with their method of living, having satisfied themselves that those who specialize on a few features of health reform are fanatics. The others assume a sort of "holier-than-thou" attitude, and are in no position to help those who are not living in the light.

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### The Mother's Harvest

*(Continued from page 7)*

"One reason why your children are straightforward and sincere, Helen, is because you never 'pretended' with them. How will children learn the truth from parents whom they frequently hear telling what isn't true? How will they learn honesty when their parents tell them to deceive the conductor about their ages? Those who are taught to be polite only before company are not apt to be truly courteous. Many parents ought to train themselves instead of training their children."

"Oh, of course we must be in earnest," said Helen. "I'd like to say to every



young mother: 'Begin early and keep in view the qualities you want your children to have, and they will surely have them. Begin before they know that the world contains opinions different from yours. Get ahead of the enemy that sows the tares. Your tiny trees will be all right if you look after them in season. There's nothing hard in bending or straightening a tree while it is little. If you keep it in sight afterward and see that it stays straight, that is all that is necessary; it will almost certainly grow up as you started it.'

"'Keep the children in sight' indeed," said I, who see all sorts of children in my school. "Why, Helen, then the mothers could not go off on their own good times! Children nowadays grow up as they happen to. Most mothers would not listen to you."

"Some of them might," said Helen.

### Sanctified Gumption

(Concluded from page 16)

and working harder, with fewer conveniences. And sad to say, the majority of our people today are choosing the former.

They have lost the pioneer spirit, the spirit of America that conquered the wilderness, the spirit of missionary heralds who have resigned all comforts to go out and proclaim Christ to the heathen. The fortitude, the hardihood, the courage, that belonged to our fathers we are giving up for the luxuries of Sodom.

Some people tell me they have to go to the city to get church school advantages. I don't believe it. Have we become so helpless, so lacking in initiative and energy, that we cannot go, three or four families of us, into a country location and establish our own church school? What we need is some sanctified gumption. I know of some who are going; why should not more? Upon our decision and our action rests more fateful issues than we realize. Cromwell's Ironsides, who won the liberties of Eng-

land, were recruited from the yeomanry; the Last Legion of Christ, which will win the final battles of the ages, will come from no less sturdy stock.

P. S. What I am preaching to you I am practising.

### Work for Every Man

No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will.

— *Anonymous.*

### School Song

(Music on opposite page)

A. B. SHRAKE

1. WE wonder today if the children all know  
How soon the dear Saviour will come,  
To gather the faithful, the loyal, and true,  
All into His Eden home.

CHORUS (Vs. 1, 2, 3):

We wonder how many will be there  
To walk in the streets of pure gold,  
To eat of the fruit of that garden  
Transplanted from Eden of old.

2. In order to live in that kingdom of light,  
We need to know more of its rules;  
In order to share in the citizens' right,  
We're attending a Christian school.
3. God said to Elijah in Israel's day,  
That children should be in His school;  
A school where the pupils are taught to obey,  
And follow the golden rule.
4. When parents now living are bidden to cease  
In giving the message of truth,  
We children must carry the gospel of peace,  
And finish the work in our youth.

CHORUS (Vs. 4, 5, 6):

O fathers and mothers in Israel,  
We're ready to help with our might;  
We need to be early in training,  
That we may do our part right.

5. Not only our hearts and our minds should  
be taught —  
Our hands should have training too,  
That we too may help in the burdens at home,  
And lighten the work for you.
6. In lifting the standard of our Christian  
school,  
Together, united, we stand;  
O help us, dear brother, to gather recruits,  
And enter the heavenly land.



# No. 43.

# Endue Me with Power.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Lord, o - pen my eyes to the work to be done, The fields un - to  
 2. At home and a - broad there is much to be done, In giv - ing and  
 3. En - due me with pow - er to work in Thy name, My time and my

harv - est are white; Ac - cept me I pray for Thy serv - ice to - day,  
 lov - ing and pray'r; Lord, give me a vis - ion of wan - der - ing souls,  
 tal - ents to give; That some wand'ring one thro' my serv - ice and pray'r,

## REFRAIN.

To win souls for God and right. } En - due me with pow - er to -  
 They're per - ish - ing ev - 'ry - where. }  
 May look un - to Thee, and live. }

day, Lord, with pow - er to do and to dare; Thy will ev - er

glad - ly to do, Lord, no mat - ter when or where.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where He Leads Me;" "My Ail is on the Altar;" "O What He's Done for Me;" "O it is Glory."



# YOUNG MOTHERS

## The Great Out-of-Doors

HAZEL MC ELHANY-GREER

A SUDDEN clearing away of heavy clouds, a burst of glorious sunshine, and the deep blue quiet of the sky gave to the place all the wonders and beauties that a forest-clad hill could possess.

But in spite of the brightness, the ground was too wet for little feet, so leaving the tiny tots in grandmother's care, we, my pleasant, home-loving hostess and I, left the back door for the narrow trail leading upward to — where, I knew not.

As we left behind us the pleasant though noisy prattle of the children, the chattering of the squirrels and feathered folk met our ears. The snowy blossoms of the wild blackberry, the vivid green of the hazelnut, and the majesty of the redwood lined our path on either side.

Halfway to the summit we paused to rest a moment. I plucked a twig of fir, and as I did so, a shower of cool drops bathed my throbbing temples and the last of a severe headache was gone. Oh, the joy and health in God's great out-of-doors!

Higher and higher we climbed, and more winding became our trail. Boughs of giant redwoods formed a protecting canopy above, and beneath, our path was carpeted with moss of velvety softness.

At last we reached the hill crest, and there before us lay the Pacific, in all her majesty and wonder, like one vast sheet of burnished gold; while in the distance could be seen the white-capped waves as they untiringly bathed the snowy sands of Monterey. Far, far out on the horizon a steamer plied her way, and at last was lost to sight. Close by, the small gray sea gulls floated gracefully on the waves or were borne gently upward by the breezes, cool and refreshing.

As we stood there, silent in the midst

of God's great handiwork, the ocean before us, the mountains to the north, the south, and the east, and realized that but a span, as it were, of the unbounded universe was visible to us, man seemed small indeed, and the words of the psalmist burned into my very soul, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Then with sweet assurance came the message of the Father's love, "One soul is of such value, that in comparison with it, worlds sink into insignificance." In awe and reverence the head is bowed and a prayer of thanksgiving and praise quickly wings its way to the great heart of God.

Not far away a storm is gathering, and as we turn our steps homeward, to the little ones who need our love and care, new joy and inspiration are born from above, and strength and courage for the little everyday duties are received.

Blessed is the mother who, for tired nerves and weary body, has at her command the healing balm of nature, the quietness of God's meadows, and the inspiration of His strength.





Blessed is the mother whose concert is that of the whispering pine; whose neighbors are the chattering squirrels; whose guests are the feathered friends of the woodland.

Blessed, oh blessed, is the mother who may lead her baby's feet over the tangled paths of the wildwood; who may teach her baby's hands to pluck the delicate blossoms of God's planting; who may train the little ears to listen and to hear God's voice in the solitude of the forest.

---

### Bill and Joe

BILL and Joe were playmates in the days of long ago,  
Sat in school together in the very selfsame row;  
Shared each other's pleasures, just a pair of boys  
Chumming it together in a world of youthful joys;  
Knew the selfsame sunshine, summer skies, and trees,  
Heard the selfsame music, songs of birds and bees.  
Yet there was one difference, scarcely noted then,  
Just because it didn't show till they'd grown to men.  
Bill possessed a father, kind and wise and good.  
All the needs of growing lads Bill's dad understood.  
Joe had no one older he could turn to when  
Evening sent its shadows down the dusky glen.  
Joe was mocked and sneered at, sometimes cuffed away.  
Bill beside his father was allowed to stay.  
Bill began to prosper. Joe began to fail,  
And in time he ended his career in jail.  
Wherein was the difference? What went wrong with Joe?  
Was it fate that broke him; chance that laid him low?  
Was Bill better fitted for the tasks he met?  
Joe had all the knowledge Bill could ever get.  
Why should one be splendid and another bad,  
When the selfsame training each has always had?  
Do you want the answer? Seek it not in Joe.  
It is in the father that he used to know.  
Jails are filled with fellows, fine and bright and strong,—  
There because their fathers cuffed them into wrong;  
There because their fathers let them go astray,  
Spurned them in their boyhood, drove them out to play.  
Schools can teach him knowledge, but no school-room can

From a boy neglected guarantee a man.  
That's a father's duty. Must I prove it so?  
It's this sort of father that accounts for Joe.  
—Edgar A. Guest.

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### The N. E. A. Meeting

As we go to press, the National Education Association is meeting in the city of Washington. Eight thousand teachers have enrolled.

We can easily believe, from the general appearance of those in attendance, that they are the backbone of the nation's educational system. There are men and women whose hair is silvery white; there are those in middle life; and there are a few who have not yet seen many years of schoolroom service. They are an earnest class of workers, and we believe the nation may well be proud of them.

The president of the Association, Miss Olive M. Jones, is a teacher from New York City. She is a woman of great decision of character, a forceful speaker, and handles the assemblage well.

The secretary is J. W. Crabtree, who is an educator of much experience. He has been connected with the association for several years, and is in charge of association headquarters.

The general meetings are held in the auditorium of the Central High School building, in the daytime, but at night the great audience assembles in the Stadium, where many thousands may be seated. The different departments of the association, for their special meetings, occupy audience-rooms in various parts of the city.

Music is furnished by the Army, Navy, and Marine Bands and other organizations. The singing by the delegates of the various States of their State songs is an interesting feature.

Dr. John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, gave the address of welcome.

We hope from time to time to give some thoughts gleaned at these meetings.

F. H. W.



# I WAS WONDERING

## And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Will you please tell us how to train a thirteen-months-old baby to be quiet in church? I do not want to give him to some one else to care for, but I want to learn how to train him myself.

Please recommend some good books on both child psychology and adult psychology.

The best training school for church decorum is the family worship hour. The child who is taught reverence at family worship can easily be taught reverence in church. First of all, of course, the mother and the father must have established a quiet, firm control of the child in all his life. At the worship hour, then, let all members of the family come quietly and reverently to their places. Open the service with song. Probably baby will join in, dissonantly. Let him sing, tunelessly though it be, and let no one smile or appear to notice it unduly; it is baby's only opportunity to have an active part. Then let the Scripture reading or repeating be brief; baby cannot be expected to appreciate a long service in an unknown tongue. But he can be taught to remain quiet. Have him sit with father or mother. If he becomes restless, and babbles, whisper quietly in his ear, "Sh, sh!" Hold him firmly, on your lap. But be brief! When you kneel, have baby kneel with you, and make the prayer short. Close with another verse of song. And baby will come to enjoy it, and to learn the proprieties of worship. As soon as he is able to talk, teach him a little prayer, and then he can take a further part in worship.

Then in church the similarity of the exercises, especially the song and the prayer, will associate the occasion in his mind with the family worship hour, and he will try to keep the same conduct. Of course the service is longer, and not all

year-old children can be expected to maintain perfect quiet for an hour or more, unless they can be put to sleep. Baby is the only one of the family who may properly take a nap in church; in him the habit should be encouraged. We always put our babies to sleep in church. The first one was a very restless girl, and on more than one occasion had the unhappy but salutary experience of being taken out and spanked and brought back. We sought every means to put her to sleep as soon as the sermon began, but often without avail; and if she remained awake, everybody was sure to know it. At last I discovered that rubbing a certain spot in her ear with a rotary motion sort of hypnotized her into the Land of Nod. Not that any other child could be put to sleep by ear rubbing; and I do not recommend spanking as a usual thing; but we were young parents, and somewhat desperate,—and also given to experimenting. Children differ greatly in disposition, and must be studied to discover the suitable individual treatment. Picture cards and other forms of quiet entertainment in church, which have their place a little later in the child's development, are premature with the average one-year-old. After opening exercises, get him to sleep.

Out of the many practical works on applied psychology relating to childhood we select, "Training the Boy" and "Training the Girl," by Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, published by Macmillan Co., New York; and the series of four by Prof. M. V. O'Shea, "First Steps in Child Training," "The Trend of the Teens," "The Faults of Childhood and Youth," and "Everyday Problems in Child Training," published by Frederick J.

(Concluded on page 19)



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