

HOME and SCHOOL

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION



WASHINGTON, D. C.

JANUARY

HOME AND SCHOOL

A Journal of Christian Education

Successor to *Christian Educator*

VOL. XVI

JANUARY, 1925

No. 5

WARREN E. HOWELL, Editor

ARTHUR W. SPALDING
MRS. FLORA H. WILLIAMS

Associate Editors

CONTENTS

THE OTHERS	Myrtle Alley Rice	3
MY NEW YEAR AIM (Poem)		5
LITTLE LESSONS ON TEACHING COURTESY.....	Elizabeth Russell	6
LANGUAGE WORK IN THE ELEMENTARY GRADES.....	Nelle P. Gage	7
A JUST OR UNJUST CAUSE FOR RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.....	Martha Evelyn Warner	9
EDUCATION—ACCORDING TO GOD'S IDEAL.....	Hazel McElhany-Greer	10
COMPARISONS ARE ODOUS.....	Edith Lochridge Reid	13
THE STAR IN THE EAST.....		15
NO SOFT THINGS		16
GOING WITH THE MULTITUDE.....		16
THE AIM IN PENMANSHIP.....		17
FROM MY HISTORY NOTE-BOOK—No. 1.....	Bertha Shanks Chaney	18
MORNING EXERCISES IN OUR CHURCH SCHOOLS.....	Mina Morse Mann	19
THE SNOW BIRDS (Poem).....		21
THE NORMAL FOR OUR ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.....	I. C. Colcord	21
THE GIFT OF COMPANIONSHIP.....	Mina Morse Mann	23
CHILDREN'S PRAYER BANDS		25
TEACHERS' PRAYER BANDS		25
PARENTS' PRAYER BANDS		26
THE FAMILY ALTAR		27
THE FEW (Poem)		27
BROKEN DISHES AND BROKEN HEARTS.....	Inez Hoiland Stevens	28
LEAN HARD (Poem)		29
I WAS WONDERING		30

Issued monthly. Published by the

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF S. D. A. at WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

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

Entered as second-class mail matter Sept. 10, 1900, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

The Others

MYRTLE ALLEY RICE

"CLANG! Clang Clang!" Even the sound of the bell grates on the ears of the weary teacher who waits for the return of the thirty boys and girls from the play of the afternoon recess.

A tennis ball bounds lightly through the open door and across the floor of the schoolroom. "Who threw that?" she demands quickly of the shifting and somewhat uneven line waiting to march in.

"I, Miss Reed," is the prompt response of Walter, the faithful, the dependable. "But I didn't mean for it to go in the room; I was returning it to Maurice."

"See me after school," is the brief reply, but the teacher sees the hurt look in the eyes of the boy who always tries to please. Mentally she decides that she will only remind him of the rule not to play after the bell rings.

"Grammar seven. Read your composition, Mary."

Mary rises and begins in a credible manner, but the teacher hardly hears. Her eyes and thoughts are on Charles, sitting slouched down behind his desk, his head

hidden by a book and bent on sly mischief.

Clara giggles softly at the far corner of the room, and Charles peers over the top of his geography to see if Miss Reed is looking. She is. He lays down his book, sighs laboriously, props his head on his hand, and is apparently deep in the mysteries of the map of Europe.

Miss Reed sighs in turn. The children seem worse today than usual, bright eyes and keen ears upon everything except what they should be. Mechanically she turns to the class before her.

But all this was before she saw "the others."

* * *

"This way, please." A plainly dressed, pleasant young woman directed the group through a hall, past the administration rooms, and out to the open campus. "Those children playing there," she indicated a group on a nearby lawn, "are deaf. They are playing under supervision. If you would like to see them in school, I will take you presently."

She displayed the spotless kitchen with



its huge stoves and kettles. Two deaf boys were decorating the ceiling of the dining room. "They are learning the painter's trade," she explained.

Older boys of academic age were doing gymnastic stunts on the apparatus in the yard, not shouting as Miss Reed's boys did at play, but silently except for an occasional and almost uncanny sound. A boy in the doorway was making signs with much facial grimace to a boy nearby.

"Speak English," read signs in the halls of the big school building.

"Why?" inquired the party of the guide. "Are there many foreign pupils here?"

"Oh, no," answered the young woman. "This is the department for older deaf students. We discourage signing as much as possible. It is an effort for them to speak. They will only do it when they have to."

The party entered another building where the smaller deaf children were in school session. They were taken to a classroom. Eight children sat on small chairs in a circle with their teacher at one side. Eight pairs of bright eyes sought the faces of the visitors. The teacher tapped the floor with her shoe. The eyes turned to her. The little girl at her right arose.

"Good morn-ing," she said slowly.

"Good morning," said each child rising in turn. But the syllables came with effort and the "ing" was "ung" in most cases. The pathos of those little unhearing ears almost brought tears to Miss Reed's eyes.

"Tap," went the teacher's shoe. It was the signal for attention. The vibration was carried by the floor.

"Count," she said to Robert.

He rose and counted to twenty. Gale counted from there on, slowly, "Twenty-one, twenty-two —"

"Do you understand her?" asked the teacher.

"Helen, get a top and spin it." Helen brought the top from a shelf. "Now what did you do?"

"I spun the top," said Helen, not quite as well as the rest spoke.

The children read the lips of the teacher

very quickly. "Last Sunday," she said, "we went for a ride in an auto. Write it."

Henry wrote in a round, firm hand that would have done credit to a grown person. He received no help with spelling. Others wrote sentences telling where they went and what they saw.

John wrote, "We saw a bear, a coon, a deer, and two lions." He was uncertain as to the spelling of the last word. Robert helped him by writing "lion," but John snatched away the chalk to put on the "s".

"Talk to a woman, Robert."

Robert chose Miss Reed. "You have brown hair," he said slowly. "You have a blue dress. You have brown shoes."

"You talk well," said Miss Reed very distinctly.

"Thank you," said Robert as he took his seat.

"It is a long task," said the teacher "to teach them to speak. We do not let them make signs in the schoolroom but they will do it on the playground. They learn to read lips readily enough. To speak they must remember how to place their lips and tongues for each syllable. It takes much patience."

"Oh, my," sighed Miss Reed when they were again in the open. "What a hard task that teacher has!"

"Yes, indeed," said the guide. "Those teachers have their problems in discipline, too. These children almost without exception have been much spoiled by their families because of their affliction, and they scarcely know what it is to mind until they have been here for a time."

The younger blind children were at play. They were running back and forth two and two in a kind of competitive game. The director signalled with her whistle. Clapping brought them into line for their tendency was to run in circles. Soon they returned to the building. At the foot of the stairs a little fellow broke away from the little blind girl who was holding his hand and ran up the stairs as fast as he could go.

A teacher stopped him at the top. "You must not run up the stairs," she said gently

as his beautiful blue but sightless eyes looked into hers.

"He is such a baby," explained the attendant with a tender note in her voice.

The children were all in their seats busy with their clumsy readers. Johnny, the little fellow who ran up stairs, heard the voices of the visitors. "I'll take them my book, Miss Ross," he said, as he started across the room in the direction of the voices.

"Not now," said Miss Ross, turning him to his seat. "They want to hear you read. His chubby little fingers began moving lightly across the dots.

Miss Ross explained the system of raised dots and showed the visitors the writing material while the children were going over their lesson.

"Who will read the first line? Sensitive little fingertips covered the line and Johnny's hand went up first.

"I gave the book to the boy," he read.

After the lesson Miss Ross suggested that they play it. "You do the first line, Johnny."

He laid the book down on Mary's desk behind him.

"No, it says you gave the book to a boy."

"Let Mary be a boy this time," he pleaded. Miss Ross was firm and he felt his way back to the seat of Elmer, an attractive little fellow, an Albino with hair as creamy white as a calla lily.

"The children read best who are absolutely blind," explained the teacher. "If

they can see at all they try to see the dots and never do as well."

Elmer was doing it even then, bending his little white head over the page until his nose almost touched the paper.

Carma, a little Spanish girl, touched the page lightly with her slender brown fingers and read a little poem about the brook.

"The blind children are much the happier," explained the attendant when they were again in the open. "They have much better dispositions and are easier to control."

"I should think it would be just the other way," said one.

"It isn't. They can communicate much more readily and get along much better."

"Well," said the man of the party, "if I had to choose, I'd rather be deaf."

"Possibly, at your age, with the background you now have of hearing and speech. It would be different if you had been born deaf and had never had sound contact with the world."

"Yes, I hadn't thought of that."

"Do they teach

all these children to speak?"

"To a degree. Their vocal organs are all perfectly formed and the only reason they have not learned to speak is because they have never heard sound and do not know what it is. When they learn to make a sound it is by watching the placement of the tongue and lips of the teacher. Speaking to them is a memorizing of these positions. It is hard and wearisome work. They have no guide, for they cannot know

My New Year Aim

Not yet attained! But still my feet are pressing

Toward those heights which lie outstretched before;

That which the past has held of heavenly blessing

Will not suffice; I hunger still for more.

And now as dawn for me one more new year,
So grant, O Lord, 'twill bring me yet more near.

More near to Thee! Yea, Lord, and ever nearer,

Forgetting all the things now left behind;

My aim is higher ground, with vision clearer,
To see Thee close, though steep the path may wind.

Forgive, O Lord, the blindness of the past;
Be still my guide, I pray, and hold me fast!

"One thing I do!" My time cannot be squandered
In grieving o'er mistakes of years now gone;
Though in side paths my feet have oft-times wandered,

Yet reach I forward still—Lord, help me on!
And grant this year, in mercy given me,
May lead to untrod heights, close, close to Thee.

—Pearl Waggoner Howard.

what sound they are making if it is wrong. Very few ever make the effort to learn to speak well."

Miss Reed looked at the beautiful snow-capped panorama of mountains before her. She heard the sweet twitterings of the birds in the trees. "Oh, God," she said deep in her heart, "make me thankful for boys and

girls who can see and hear. Help me to train them to appreciate these gifts and to use them for Thee."

A picture of Charley peering from behind a book rose before her. She smiled happily as she thought, "He will come out all right. Some day he will be a missionary, and what an energetic worker he will be."

Little Lessons on Teaching Courtesy

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

"THE right culture and use of the power of speech has to do with every line of Christian work; it enters into the home life, and into all our intercourse with one another. We should accustom ourselves to speak in pleasant tones, to use pure and correct language, and words that are kind and courteous."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 336.

"Above all things else, let parents surround their children with an atmosphere of cheerfulness, courtesy, and love."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 386.

I heard a successful mother say once that example is so much stronger than precept that she had found she taught more practical lessons of courtesy by always being careful herself to say "Pardon me," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., than by requesting the children to do so. They almost unconsciously imitated her.

Goethe says, "There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation," and yet how few realize this. Love, we have been told, is the foundation of all true courtesy. And if this is to be manifested anywhere, it should be at home. Yet how many feel that time is too short and too full for courtesy at home. Emerson has said, "Life is not so short but that *there is always time for courtesy*."

As to how and when to teach courtesy, any lesson is more effective if it is taught in connection with some incident which naturally calls it forth. Not long ago I was on a crowded street car. I heard a mother say in a low tone to a little boy by her side. "Son, do you see that lady

standing there? Suppose you offer her your seat." The boy promptly did as requested. As we neared the end of the line, the recipient of his courtesy left the car. As the little boy again sat down by his mother, he thoughtfully asked with a glance at his young lady sister, "Why did you ask me to give up my seat when you did not ask sister to do so?" "Gentlemen always give up their seats to ladies," his mother replied.

Another afternoon I was in a crowded elevator in a department store. There had been so much crowding and pushing, some of it apparently ill-natured, that one scarcely expected to see a lesson in courtesy taught in such a place. A woman with two little boys, one a very little boy, stepped in. As the older removed his cap, I overheard the mother say in an undertone to the younger one, "Tom, take your cap off, please." The boy did so, and then whispered to his mother, "Why did you ask me to take my cap off?" and the mother whispered back, "Because there are ladies in the elevator."

Sometimes if you explain to children that the parents are judged by the behavior of the child, they will feel very differently. I was talking to a young girl along this line once, and when I had finished she said, "Well, Elizabeth, if that is so, Ruth must have the best mother of any girl in our school, for she is the best behaved girl on the street car going home. She never points her finger at any one, or talks up to the conductor, or giggles, or talks loud."

We can help them by telling them that

they themselves will suffer embarrassment when they are away from home at our academies and other institutions, if they have not learned how to conduct themselves. Doubtless every mother knows of just such incidents, and these, if properly related, will be of help to their children.

One of the most effective ways of teaching your children to be courteous is to

train them to notice courtesy and kindness in others. As they hear you relate at home the story of the courtesy of the conductor on the car to an old lady, they will learn to notice the helpfulness of a schoolmate to some other child; and they, too, will want to be courteous and helpful. Let us not forget that courtesy, like charity, should begin at home.

Language Work in the Elementary Grades^{*}

NELLE P. GAGE

ALL life's weal and woe is wrapped up in human speech. With an instrument so great in the hands of our children, we must teach them to use it skilfully, worthily. We should aim to teach children to express themselves with ease and accuracy. And more than this, we must place before them the ideal of doing all the good they can through speech, to avoid gossip and criticism, meaningless phrases, deceptive compliments, and exaggerated, or hasty speech. To speak so means that the children themselves must be kind and pure and true. So in its last analysis, language work is character building. Language training apart from heart training is presenting little more than husks.

First among that which I wish to include in language work, is the study of literature. A number of years ago a young woman who was a graduate of one of our normal departments doubtfully asked me, "Did Bryant or Whittier write 'Snow-bound'? Is that the one about a farm, or about some French people in Canada?" At that moment I registered a vow that no young person who took a course in any department with which I was connected should go through it ignorant of the most common of our English masterpieces so far as I could help it. Had this been an isolated case the matter would not have

been so serious, but I knew it was not, and still is not, if the academic students who have come to the normal training course in three different schools are any evidence.

What was true twenty-five years ago of the supply of children's literature is not true today. We now have authors like Stevenson, Field, Christina Rossetti, and Riley, besides Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and Tennyson, who have given us material of real worth for children.

There is a great range of material and purpose in the study of poetry. Besides the pleasure it brings the child, there are lessons in beauty, thought, and expression, in imagination, in self expression, and in better living. Many a child has caught eagerly at the beauty of the thought in Christina Rossetti's

"But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these."

They see the beauty of expression in lines like this from Field's Japanese lullaby—

"Silvery star with a tinkling song,"

or the picture Helen Hunt Jackson makes of September—

"Asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook."

Children delight in imagery of poems like Field's "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,"

^{*}Paper presented at the Normal Director's Council,

Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times One," or Stevenson's "Windy Nights." They will follow you through the study of a poem until you have found together its theme, and they can tell it to you in their different ways. They understand the lesson of trust in Browning's "Pippa Passes," the lesson of love for our fellow man in Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem;" they sense the mother love in lullabies such as "Little Blue Pigeon," and "Sweet and Low," they appreciate the humor of poems like McDonald's "The Wind and the Moon," or Stevenson's "Birdie with a Yellow Bill." To teach such poems is to teach the best there is in literature and life. (We are here discussing literature other than the Bible and God's special messages.)

Almost as much may be said for teaching children to appreciate masterpieces of art. Children may be taught to understand the message which artists like Millet, Breton, Hoffman, Landseer, Watts, and others wish to tell the world in their pictures. A child cannot become familiar with such a picture as Breton's "Song of the Lark" without the influence of its courage and joyousness becoming a part of his life. The reverence of Millet's "Angelus" creeps into his heart and brings a calm. No boy may be taught to appreciate the beautiful characters portrayed in Watt's "Sir Galahad," or Hoffman's "Christ" without being better for it, both in his ability to express himself, and to *be* his better self.

Part of the language work in the elementary grades should be story telling. At first stories may be told to the children merely for the pleasure they may give. But gradually the child is encouraged to retell the story until he can stand before his mates and tell "an ever-so-long" story masterfully and dramatically. This work can be carried through the first four or five grades. Children may early be encouraged to tell stories they have read, and later give entire expression of themselves in original stories.

Bible stories adapt themselves admirably to retelling in all grades. Stories taken

from books like "The Great Second Advent Movement" and "The Hand That Intervenes" make excellent material. I have used stories such as "The Little Red Hen," "The Boy Who Cried Wolf," "The Leak in the Dike," and Hans Christian Anderson's "The Pea Blossom" with excellent results. The story becomes so much a part of the child who tells it that we can scarcely estimate the influence it has.

The language period offers an opportunity to do more intensive study in any subject that may call for it, thus helping to master any given thought. By extending the Bible story into the language period more time may be given to its telling than the Bible period alone can give. Geography correlates well with language by using the language period for preparation of talks or written stories on some phase of the geography lesson. This correlation may be carried into working out projects, and may extend into nearly every activity of the school day.

I have felt there has been a greater need for fuller instruction to teachers in language method than in any other branch. Young teachers seem most helpless about it, and experienced teachers seem to have the least satisfactory results in language. Teachers seem only to be blindly feeling their way. It has been partly due to the fact that we found the language work in our readers was not adequate for the needs, and we have not found precisely the set of language books we wish to recommend to place in the hands of teachers or pupils. More often than any other has come this question from untrained teachers, "What shall we teach in language?" The question has taken a slightly different form from those in training, "Have we no course of study to follow?"

In answer to these questions I know some of us have furnished our student teachers with a more or less detailed course of study in language for the grades.

It is for us who are studying the question of the child's need, and how to meet it to work out courses of study for our elementary grades.

A Just or Unjust Cause of Righteous Indignation

MARTHA EVELYN WARNER

It had been a strenuous day, and I was glad that it was over; glad when the auto which was to carry my visitors to their home went down the hill.

I scarcely dared to breathe, lest something should happen so the visitors would be compelled to return, therefore when I saw the car safely make the turn onto the stone road I curled up in the couch hammock, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness.

Then out from the quietness of the dim-lighted porch I spoke to the Nicest Man, after this manner. "Go into the house, please, and get the dictionary and read to me the definition of 'indignation'."

Now there are times when my husband does not deserve to be called the Nicest Man, and this was one of them; for he just settled back in his chair and made answer, "Oh what's the use. You are, and you were, and I think you had a perfect right to be. Just be thankful they will not come again for a year."

And there the matter rested. But today as I was cleaning the baseboards in the living room, three ugly, long scratches brought it all back to me, and now I am telling you about it.

In the party which visited me that day was a mother and her seven-year-old son. Now this son, for some reason or other, preferred staying in the house with the grown-ups to playing out of doors with my collie. And when he began to get uneasy, his mother said to him, "There are some books on the table; go and look at them." And he went, and pulled them off, bang wang, onto the floor, and then he roared, "There ain't any pichers in 'em." And there weren't. So upstairs I went after some children's books, but when I came down, Sonny had forgotten books and was sliding on the floor.

His mother kindly remonstrated with him by saying, "You better stop now, this lady isn't used to having little boys play in the house," which so astonished me that

I said, "But surely you do not allow him to skate on the polished floors of *your* home, do you?"

And the mother, giving me a very superior, knowing sort of a look said, "To me, my child's pleasure is of more importance than polished floors."

Now that was the beginning of the day, and when it was over I was—well, the Nicest Man has said all that is necessary to say about that.



My books had been torn, the albums from the Victrola cabinet banged onto the floor, the records scratched. Three ugly scratches adorned one of the baseboards, made by the rocker of a chair which Sonny was propelling around the room. My kodak pictures were here, there, and everywhere. The rounds of the chairs were a favorite resting place for Sonny's restless feet, while the piano bench, made a delightful sliding place.

In fact, the whole house looked as if a hurricane had struck it, and instead of trying to bring order out of chaos, I just curled up in the hammock and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that the day was over. I hope I have not shocked you.

Now I know, from actual experience, that children are much happier if they are taught how to open doors, how to handle

books, how to wait upon themselves, how to pick up their toys, how to conduct themselves at the table, and all the rest of the hundred and one things that go along with the making of little men and women.

But the whole crux of the matter lies right here. The mothers and the fathers of these restless children have some way gotten the idea that the church school and the Sabbath school will relieve them of all responsibility in their training. And let me tell you one thing, the devil rejoices to find it so.

Have you ever stopped to think what a scene will be presented when parents and children meet at the final reckoning? Just as surely as parents exist, just that surely they will pass in review before God, and where will their children be?

Education — According to God's Plan

HAZEL MC ELHANY-GREER

FOR years and years and years all the little Johnnies have asked, "Mama, why must I put my coaster away, and leave Rover home and go to school?" Nevertheless they have brushed their stubborn hair, donned lately polished shoes, tucked readers under unwilling arms and trudged off to school. And all the little Marys, with their shining curls and bright eyes have said, "Oh, Mother, why must I leave my dollies and dishes and go to school?" But they, too, have held their readers tightly and skipped along to school. And the mothers have turned again to the cares of the home, relieved to know that education has started, that the formal learning of reading, writing and arithmetic has begun. And the fathers, because taxes have been paid, and good citizenship must be acquired by their children, are satisfied that the schools will make of their young heirs, lettered men and women fit to cope with the ever increasing perplexities of life. Thus through the years our wonder-

ful system of schools has been turning out men and women fit and unfit.

But if we would make sure of the fitness of our boys and girls we must follow the wonderful and all-sufficient plan of God, the Source of all time, wisdom and knowledge. Inspiration says, "In His wisdom the Lord has decreed that the family shall be the greatest of all educational agencies. It is in the home that the education of the child is to begin. Here is his first school. Here, with his parents as instructors, he is to learn the lessons that are to guide him throughout life,—lessons of respect, obedience, reverence, self-control. The educational influences of the home are a decided power for good or for evil."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 107.

Would to God that his wonderfully planned home school might prove an adequate training center throughout the years of school life, for this indeed was the system of education instituted in the beginning, when our first parents were placed

in Eden and God pronounced everything he had made, "very good."

But though laws and customs make this well nigh impossible, yet "the great principles of education are unchanged. They stand fast forever and ever, for they are the principles of the character of God."—*Education*, p. 30. Thus if we would educate our youth to adhere to the principle for which we as a people stand, we must give them a different training than can be obtained in the schools of the world. True education consists in the "harmonious development of the physical, the mental and the spiritual powers." Thus the standard for our schools is set for us by the Creator of the boundless universe,—the One "in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

From the first dawn of intelligence on through the sixteenth year of school work, we should have as first and supreme object,—that of directing the mind of the student to God, who is the beginning of wisdom and the source of knowledge. It is here, kneeling at the throne of the Infinite that teachers and students may become acquainted with the basic principles of true education. It is only as we

place ourselves in the radiant glory of Calvary that we can understand the full meaning of education, for we are told by Inspiration that "love, the basis of creation and redemption, is the basis of true education."—*Education*, p. 16.

It is only as this love enters the heart of students and teachers that our schools have fulfilled their divinely appointed mission. It is this great, deep, quiet love that holds the minister at his desk, in spite of malice, hate, and envy which are strewn in his way by satanic agencies. It is this love that holds the weary teacher to his task. Only this one supreme principle of love it is that keeps this lonely missionary living under his thatched roof and welcoming by the hundreds the lowest of degraded humanity.

But the time to begin the making of these faithful workers is in childhood. When the little child in his most receptive years begins his more formal education under the direction of a teacher other than his mother, the first lessons should be of God and His love. As he puckers his little brow over the strange looking symbols meaning "God is good," "God is love," he is brought into a closer touch with God



at the very beginning of his school life. A child learns to love that with which he is familiar. While about their little tasks in the home and even in play, their minds are influenced by their daily training.

Two little girls, with backs to each other, were drawing picture puzzles in the sand. Each was to guess what the other had drawn, upon looking at the drawing. "Hurry, please," said the little one, "for I can hardly wait until you get through so I can see it, and see if I know what it is." "Oh, sure you will know because it is the place we all like to go best of any place," was the reply. "Oh, it is Sabbath school!" And she was right for to the child rightly trained there is no place on earth sweeter than the place of prayer.

The time has come, yea, is far spent, when as teachers we should cease to endeavor to weave Christ into our teaching in the classroom. Rather we should teach Christ first and make all else fit around Him and Him crucified, for we are told that "the science of salvation is the most important science to be learned in the preparatory school of earth."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 19. "This is the highest study in which it is possible for man to engage. As no other study can, it will quicken the mind and uplift the soul."—*Education*, p. 126. The cross of Christ—teach it to every student over and over again. How many believe it to be what it is? How many bring it into their studies, and know its true significance? Could there be a Christian in our world without the cross of Christ? Then keep the cross upheld in your school as the foundation of true education. The cross of Christ is just as near our teachers, as it was to Paul, who could say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Gal. 6:14.

A young man was about to receive his degree from one of our senior colleges. Upon being asked as to his ideals and aspirations, his reply was, "Napoleon Bonaparte is my ideal." "But," continued his

questioner, "why not choose Washington or Lincoln, great generals, too, but men of sterling principles, men who did much for humanity instead of Napoleon who did so little, and was a mere butcher of human beings?"

Calmly and without emotion the young man answered, "I aspire to fame. Napoleon occupies more pages in history than any other one man. That is why he is my ideal." The school was not necessarily to blame for this ideal, but it surely failed to give him a right one. During his school life he had failed to learn the all-important lesson that in "kneeling in faith at the cross, he would have reached the highest place to which man may attain."

But we should not discourage the pursuit of knowledge, for we are told, "A knowledge of true science is power; and it is the purpose of God that this knowledge shall be taught in our schools as a preparation for the work that is to precede the closing scenes of the earth's history. . . . While the knowledge of science is power, the knowledge that Jesus came in person to impart is still greater power. . . . The wisdom of Solomon is desirable, but the wisdom of Christ is far more desirable and more essential. We cannot reach Christ through a mere intellectual training; but through Him we can reach the highest round of the ladder of intellectual greatness. While the pursuit of knowledge in art, in literature, and in trades should not be discouraged, the student should first secure an experimental knowledge of God and His will."—*Counsels to Teachers*, page 19.

Well may we look back, past the last several centuries and learn wonderful lessons of faith, fidelity and true greatness from the Waldensian youth. Trained from the earliest childhood to lives of trial and hardship, with perchance a martyr's death, they were rooted and grounded in the faith of apostolic times. As they left their lowly Alpine homes to receive broader education and contact with the world, into the institutions of learning in the cities of

France and Italy, they carried with them the precious manuscripts of God's Word. These were their safeguard against the fierce temptations of Satan. But not selfishly did they keep to themselves the wonderful truths they had learned while in their mountain homes. They left portions of the Scriptures with all who seemed interested in learning the truth. Thus through their faithfulness many accepted the light and found peace for their troubled souls. These workers were trained diligently and thoroughly for their special work. And so today we are to train workers for the specific work lying before us as a peculiar people. God says, "The truth is to be carried to the remotest bounds of earth, through agents trained for the work." Thus it is only as our elementary schools and our colleges train these agents and prepare them for positions of trust and usefulness in God's work at home and abroad that they will be counted as successful by Heaven, in accomplishing the end to which they were ordained.

As truly as school terms close year after year, and examinations are given, averages found, and accounts checked up, just so surely will the Master Teacher examine and weigh our schools and their work in the light of eternity. Just as surely as our teachers require of us an account of our time, our talents and our capabilities, so God, in awful solemnity, will require at their hands the precious youth entrusted to their care during years of preparation. In that day will be given entrance examinations to teachers and students, ministers and lay members, and to every human being to whom God has given breath. These examinations must be passed 100% in order to enter the school of the hereafter. There in that advanced school, relieved of toil, suffering, and death, will be continued the study of the lessons begun here in the preparatory school, for "the life on earth is the beginning of the life in heaven."

"There every power will be developed,

every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul."—*Education*, page 307.

And yet, "in our life here, earthly, sin-restricted, though it is, the greatest joy and the highest education are in service. And in the future state, untrammelled by the limitations of sinful humanity, it is in service that our greatest joy and our highest education will be found;—witnessing, and ever as we witness learning anew 'the riches of the glory of this mystery,' 'which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.'" —*Education*, p. 309.

"Comparisons Are Odious"

EDITH LOCHRIDGE REID

CLIFFORD dislikes his cousin Frank—in fact the dislike almost amounts to hate—and the only reason is that ever since the two boys were old enough to distinguish right from wrong Frank has been held up as a "shining example" of behavior.

"Frank wouldn't sit down in the dirt with his best clothes on," is the way Clifford is reprimanded for his carelessness. "Frank doesn't take such big bites of food," is offered as an incentive toward good table manners.

The truth is that Frank is naturally disposed to be neat. His temperament is entirely unlike Clifford's and it isn't an effort for him to be clean and polite. Clifford has many good wholesome qualities, but he is husky and decidedly boylike, an altogether different make-up. But these things are not taken into consideration by his mother.

There is just one reason why a child should be asked or expected to act in a certain way or follow a given line of conduct, and that is because such a course of action is right and proper, not because

some other child does thus and so. If you are going to set up an ideal for a child to attain, be sure the ideal is infallible. If he should never reach this perfection it will be worth striving for. He should be inspired from an inward consciousness of right and not directed to act like some other child.

Julia's mother was very much crushed one day to find that her small daughter had stolen a bag of popcorn from the peddler's wagon.

"How could you do such a thing and make mother feel so bad?" was the first reprimand Julia received for this misdeed—a remark which in itself was very bad psychology. A child should be taught to be honest because stealing is wrong and not because it makes mother feel bad.

"Betty took a bag first," said Julia, defending herself.

"That's no excuse for you, my dear; you can't take things that belong to someone else even if your friend does."

"But, mother, you always tell me Betty is so nice and quiet and good to her baby sister, so now why don't you put the blame on Betty?"

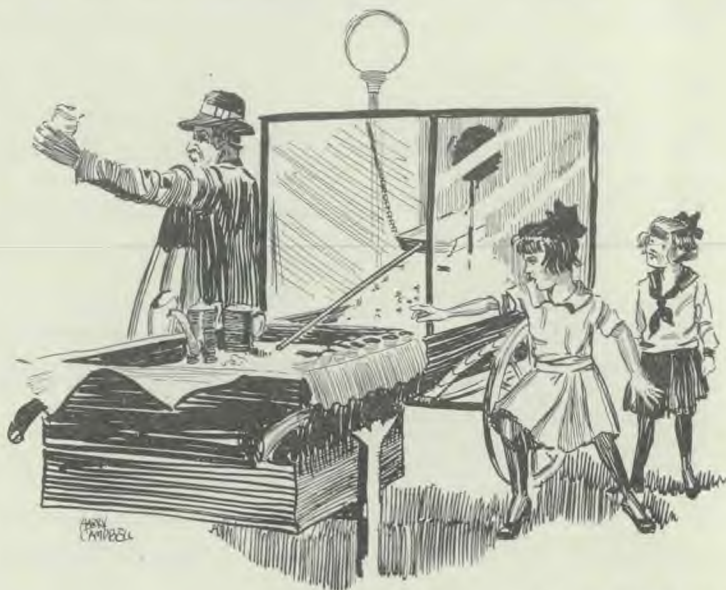
Can you wonder that Julia showed this resentment?

This case illustrates the fallacy of holding another child up as an ideal of behavior. Perhaps Jack does keep his hands clean, but he may be deplorably deceitful. Suppose Mildred does go to bed without pouting and picks up her playthings without being told, she may be a very disagreeable, selfish little girl when she plays with other

children. So beware of holding Mildred up to your little Mary as an ideal, for Mary knows all about Mildred's faults. It all comes back to what Julia insinuated to her mother about Betty, that if an ideal is set up it should be followed in all points—and yet there never was a child so perfect that you could say you wanted your child to be like him in every respect.

The only safe way, then, is to comment favorably on the good traits your own child possesses, and by thus stressing his best natural characteristics, inspire him to develop other good ones, not because some playmate has these qualities, but because they appeal to him as desirable. And, whenever you are tempted to set up "shining examples" before your children, remember the old saying, "Comparisons are odious."—*National Kindergarten Association.*

It may, indeed, be said that sympathy exists in all minds, as Faraday has discovered that magnetism exists in all metals; but a certain temperature is required to develop the hidden property, whether in the metal or the mind.—*Lytton.*



THE STORY OF THE CHURCH

The Star in the East

ONE night in the long ago there were three Wise Men out studying the stars. Many, many nights, for all their lives, they had studied them, until they knew all the great bright stars, and until they knew all the clusters of little dim stars. And they gave them names, the names of things on earth, until they all were named. So this night they looked to see if there was anything new. They looked to the north, and they saw "The Dragon." They looked to the south, and they saw "The Horseman." They looked to the west, and they saw "The Giant." They looked above, and they saw "The Queen." Then they looked to the east, and behold, there was a new star they had never seen before.

Bright, swift, strong, and beautiful it shone, brighter than "The Dragon," swifter than "The Horseman," stronger than "The Giant," more beautiful than "The Queen." Never before had the Wise Men seen this star, never had they seen anything so wonderful. And they said, "What can this new star mean?"

Then the first Wise Man said: "In the Scriptures of the seers of Israel it is written, 'There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Scepter shall rise out of Israel.'"

And the second Wise Man said: "In those Scriptures it is also written, 'The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until the Peacemaker come.'"

And the third Wise Man said: "Therein is it also written, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'"

Then said the three Wise Men one to another: "This is the star of the Prince of Peace, who is born this night in the

land of Judea. Come, let us follow the Star, that it may take us to the child that is born King of the Jews, and there will we worship him."

So the Wise Men tarried not until the day came, but they hastened and gathered together for a journey their camels to bear them, their food to sustain them, and their gifts to give to the King. Great treasure they gathered for gifts, things beautiful and costly, vases and goblets and cups and money of the mint, cloths of cotton and linen and silk soft and fine, spices of Indies fragrant and rare, gold and frankincense and myrrh. So the day broke while they hastened, and they waited again for the night.

And when the night came, there again in the east rose the Star. It rose and it rose, until it passed over to the west. And the Wise Men mounted their camels and rode to follow the star. They rode and they rode all the night, until the day came. Then the next night again they followed the Star, and so for night upon night, until at last they came to the land of Judea and to the city of Jerusalem. And there the Star they saw no more.

So they went into the city of Jerusalem, and they asked all whom they met: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his Star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

Now there was living in the city of Jerusalem, and reigning over the land of Judea, a wicked king named Herod. And when it was told him what the Wise Men were asking, he was afraid lest the child that was born should be king instead of himself.

So Herod called together the priests and the scribes of the Jews in Jerusalem, and he said to them, "Where is the Christ to be born?"

(Concluded on Page 22)



EDITORIAL

No Soft Things

ARE we preparing our children as messengers for God? Are they to go into barbarous lands, to endure hardships and privations and dangers? Are they to do with little money and great faith the last work of God? Are we training them for that?

Here in America we are more unfavorably situated than anywhere else in the world to train our children and young people to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. It is always true that the environment affects the habits of the individual. The custom of the land is likely to be our practice. What would be extravagance under another state is but maintaining our position here. On the Congo, perhaps, we should regard electric lights as an unattainable luxury; but in this country, where the wires pass our door, it is almost a hardship to have to strike a match. In Tibet, perhaps, we should be glad for a loaf of brown bread; here we must have chocolate bonbons. In the South Sea Islands cotton cloth may do; but for proper appearance here we deem silks and furs necessary.

The wealthier and more inventive a people, the more they tend to luxury, and to make luxury seem necessity. Individuals trained in such a society are under a handicap as missionaries. They may desire to sacrifice for Christ, but their point of view is luxurious, and small sacrifices they are likely to deem great. Their habits incline them to softness and extravagance. So it is hard in the present state of American society to train young men and women with simple habits and frugal, self-sacrificing minds.

Yet it must be done. The world depends upon America. Then how shall it be done? By every family's seeking to put itself in

the environment most favorable to simplicity, and by every parent's insisting upon frugality, hard work, and simplicity in recreation. Every Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl ought to have a country environment, and regular daily duties suited to his age and strength. We have no business copying the world in sports, expensive pleasure trips, and luxurious living. We have too serious and weighty a work to do: the finishing of the gospel work, a work which must be done in the character of John the Baptist.

The young people who shall do this are the young people being trained as John the Baptist was trained. "Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John: What went ye out into the wilderness to see? a reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." Matt. 11: 7-9.

Going with the Multitude

Do you take your children to the circus, and pray God to keep them from wishing to be clowns? Do you dress your daughters in the extreme fashions of the day, and pray God to keep them modest and virtuous? No; you reason that to go with the multitude that does evil is to put your children through an education in evil, and in all probability ends in making them evil.

Now listen! Do you know that the cities of today are "becoming hotbeds of vice," that "life in the cities is false and artificial," that "it was not God's purpose that people should be crowded into cities"? —*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 363-365. Do you know that the way of the multitude

ETCHINGS



today is cityward? that city population is increasing seven and one-half times faster than country population? that while in 1800 only 4% of America's population was in the city, in 1900 the city population was 33%, and in 1921 57.4%? And do you know that Seventh-day Adventists are going to the city just as fast as the general population? that we have today a larger city constituency than country constituency? What does it mean to us and to our children? What does it mean to our cause?

True it is that many of our city Seventh-day Adventists have always lived in the city; they were there when they accepted our faith. But it is also true that many who once lived in the country have gone to the city, and others are still going. Why are they doing this? Because they think they have there more conveniences,—pavements, electricity, easy transportation, and, yes, more amusements! Because they think that there they get better schools. Because they think that there they can more easily get work and make a better living. But what about the moral contamination? What about the lack of country advantages in the training of their children: healthful food, healthful work, healthful pleasures, contact with the works of God? Do these weigh anything? Can we willingly and purposefully take our children into Sodom, and with a clear conscience pray God to save them from the fate of Sodom?

Let us not say, "We can't." A people so weak and helpless as not to be able to make right conditions for their children will never conquer the world for Christ. Parents unwilling to sacrifice and to endure some slight inconveniences can never teach their children to be the heralds of the King.

There may be exceptions of some whom

God calls to the city, and there are of course in many cases conditions existing that seem to forbid any immediate move out of the city. But the first and most essential thing is to have a mind and heart turned toward God's ideal; then God will work out the problem for every individual and every family.

The Aim in Penmanship

NOT AN aim, but THE aim. What is it? LEGIBILITY, first, last, and all through. There are only two purposes in writing down anything. The first is to preserve information or thought for our own use; the second is to write it for someone else to read. The one supreme essential for meeting both purposes is legibility. Who has not been heard to say, "I can't read my own writing"? This is a result of haste or carelessness, or failure to master one of the three fundamental R's. It might not be best to record what some people say when they cannot read another's handwriting. Why write it if it can't be read?

A column writer for the *New York World* said the other day:

"When I was in school legibility was the least of the demands of the teacher. We were driven on from there to master curlicues and rounded graces which cannot possibly have contributed to the spiritual or material welfare of anyone in the class. Indeed, unless my memory is wholly at fault, not a little of that precious impressionistic youth of us all was wasted in the endeavor to make us develop a slanting hand. There were green trees and blue skies and rippling breezes in those days, and there we sat in the classroom trying to make our letters lean over like the tower in Pisa."

The artistic is desirable in penmanship as it is in all else we do, but for that average pupil in that average class in mass instruction, let us never fail on LEGIBILITY.

From My History Note-Book—No. 1

What Should I Try to Do in My History Class?

BERTHA SHANKS CHANEY

"OUT of the past we have come. Into it we are constantly returning. Meanwhile it is of utmost importance to our lives. It contains the roots of all we are. It contains the record of ruins of all the experiments that man has made in the art of living in this world."—*Keyser*.

When the teacher stands before her class in history, she faces an opportunity for introducing her pupils to a thousand interesting people; of giving them scores of fascinating stories to read; of filling their minds with worth-while facts; and of showing principles of truth by which human lives should be guided.

The time for working out so great an accomplishment seems short enough—a brief twenty or twenty-five minutes in a busy school-day. But those minutes aggregate hours and days in the length of the school term. Not one of them should be wasted in fussing over unessential schoolroom details, or in unnecessary disciplining. Not one should be lost because the teacher is not thoroughly prepared on this day's lesson.

In the public schools the history teachers find this class the place for implanting high ideals of citizenship, for impressing a thorough-going respect for American traditions. In the church school the teacher finds it this and more. Again and again may be pointed out the need for organized government, and the necessity of obedience to proper authorities. This latter principle, the recognition of just laws and the necessity for keeping them, is, without exception, one of the most important truths that can be brought before a child's mind.

Not long ago the city of New York began to look into the history textbooks which her legions of boys and girls were reading. There were some that were being criticized as containing propaganda, and others were thought to have statements in them in derogation of our public men, of those who founded our government.

Twenty people formed an earnest committee to investigate. In their report (which may be had from the Board of Education) they give ten "specific aims," which should be in the mind of the teacher in planning the course for United States history in the grades. They are:

1. To acquaint the pupils with the basic facts and movements, political, industrial, and social of American history.
2. To emphasize the principles and motives that were of greatest influence in the formation and development of our government.
3. To establish ideals of patriotic and civic duty.
4. To awaken in the pupil a desire to emulate all praiseworthy endeavor.
5. To emphasize the importance of weighing permissible evidence in forming judgments.
6. To present the ethical and moral principles exemplified in the lives of patriotic leaders.
7. To inspire in the pupil an appreciation of the hardships endured and the sacrifices made in establishing and defending American ideals.
8. To develop in the pupil a love for American institutions and the determination to maintain and defend them.
9. To bring the light of reason and experience to bear on radical or alien theories of economic and political systems.
10. To enable the pupil to interpret the present in terms of the past, and to view intelligently the functions and the value of existing institutions.

One would search far to find any more definite or better "aims" than these for a teacher to keep before her.

Another committee, known as the Committee of Seven, worked on the problem of finding the best way of teaching history. Their report was printed in 1915, which seems a long time ago, but it is a valuable little book for a teacher's library, for all that.

In one place the report reads, "One does not need to say in these latter days that education ought to fit boys and girls to become, not scholastics, but men and women who know their surroundings and have come to a sympathetic knowledge of their environment, that they should have some acquaintance with political and social environment, some appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, some capacity in dealing with political and governmental questions, something of the

broad and tolerant spirit which is bred by the study of past times and conditions."

Such are some of the broad, the general aims which must be kept in mind in teaching a class in history. The teacher must know what they are, and their value, if the students are to get anything but bare facts.

The more specific aims will be taken up in the second article of this series.

Morning Exercises in Our Church Schools

MINA MORSE MANN

THERE are so many lessons we wish to teach our children in the church schools that are not in books and for which we have no time in class periods. But the period for morning exercises offers the best opportunity for these lessons. First, it is the best time of the day to give lessons that will be impressed upon the mind. Second, it is the time when children are ready to listen best. But in order for these lessons to be what they should be and be of the right kind, much thought must be given to their preparation. Too many teachers wait until about five minutes before the opening of school and then hurriedly select some song and perhaps some text of Scripture, and depend upon last-moment inspiration to fill in the allotted time given for these exercises. Some fill in most of the time with singing. This is all right once in a while. Others read some book and then have a short prayer, and that is all. This is also all right occasionally. But those who do these things most of the time are losing a valuable means for reaching the hearts of their pupils.

It is impossible to tell just what should be given in all schools, for what is given depends almost entirely upon the school. What do your pupils need most? In some schools we find that there is a sad lack in matters cultural; and lessons along the line of courtesy and such things are needed. In some schools are pupils who are very worldly and need special work along lines of Christian living. In other places they

have not been reared to distinguish clearly between honesty and the borderline of dishonesty. So each school has its problems, and it is for the teacher to find what her school needs and then prepare lessons prayerfully that will meet her special needs. We can give only a few general directions that may help a little.

Here are a few points we should keep in mind. Our morning exercises should be:

1. Spiritual,
2. Bright, cheerful, pointed,
3. Such as to meet needs of school,
4. Morning Watch,
5. Not sermons,
6. Surprises,
7. Stories with morals to point lesson,
8. Acrostics to arouse interest.

We do not believe that we should have all sorts of things in these exercises; they should be decidedly of a spiritual nature. Current events may do occasionally, but we have seen children sent to look all through the newspapers without guidance for items to bring in, and often they were of a character not at all helpful. Occasionally things may be brought up that show the times in which we are living, but do not encourage children to read the newspapers. Sometimes books are read that are interesting, but of no help spiritually. "Black Beauty" is a good book, I should encourage children to read it if they have time; but I should not take the valuable time of the morning exercise for reading such books.

Then make your lessons bright and cheerful. Always have a definite lesson in mind that you want to teach, and not merely something interesting. I have already said that they should meet the needs of the school. The texts in the morning watch may be used as a basis for talks, but to take nearly the whole time of the exercises to learn the texts is a waste of time, or nearly so. Encourage children to learn the text outside of this period, and then repeat it in concert; or one or two may repeat it. After all, the repeating of the text is a very small part of the morning

watch. It is the early morning prayer and consecrating of the life anew each morning and the meditating on the text that is the real morning watch.

I have heard teachers sermonize until the children dreaded the opening of school. One teacher read the whole time from a book that very few children could understand, and there was constant restlessness. The book was good, but they were not interested and did not understand it. Tell a story that will be interesting, and illustrate the point you wish to make. Use words that the children understand. I have heard ministers talk to the children at the request of the teacher, and many times most of the talk was away over the heads of those addressed. Choose words with which children are familiar.

Then the element of surprise is good. I like to have something on the board to rivet attention. Sometimes it may be a picture; sometimes it may be a figure. But catch the attention in the very beginning. Let them see that if they are tardy they are missing something good. I remember children coming to school in the morning in one school with a note from the mother to excuse them after opening exercises, as she had to have them at home that day; but they wanted to hear the opening exercises so much she was sending them for that period.

We all love stories when told in an interesting way. Learn to tell stories, and watch that you do not have some mannerism that detracts from the interest. Do not tell the moral, but let them find it. Watch for stories that you think you may be able to use. Do not tell "funny" ones. Let them be true ones as far as possible.

Then use the acrostic quite often. This serves to keep attention all the time, for they want to see what you are spelling out. Then they will also remember the lesson, for they will remember the acrostic. I use this very often in my visiting of schools, and never fail to get attention when I do. I find the children taking pencils and copying what I have written on the board so they can keep it.

Perhaps I want to talk on "service." I will put it down like this:

Self-control
Earnestness
Readiness
Vigor
Interest
Courtesy
Eagerness

You can use other words if you wish, so that the first letters spell the word you want. I put down one word at a time and talk about it. If we are to give service, we must have self-control. No one can be of service to others who cannot control himself. Anecdotes may be given, or whatever the teacher feels is needed on this word. Then write "Earnestness." Without this we cannot be of service to our fellowmen. So on with each word. If you use acrostics often, the children will be watching to see what is going to be spelled. If you have not used them, you may have to call attention to what is spelled, and they are always so interested in this. Use other things you wish to talk about in the same way. Perhaps I may give you a list sometime of many acrostics I have used with success.

Here is a list of subjects suggested for morning exercises:

Influence	Our Reading
Our Words	Courage
Spare Moment	Possibilities
Wasting Time	Success
Accuracy	Courtesy
Choice of Companions	
Honesty	Prayer
Habits	Obedience
Christian Education	
Responsibility	Determination
Faithfulness	True Ideals

Any wide-awake teacher can think of many more. You will find much help from the set of books called "Ethics of Success," written by William Thayer, and published by Silver, Burdette & Co., New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. There are three in the set but I cannot tell you the price this year. Do not let the children have these to read. Keep them for your own use, or the stories will be familiar to them and will not arouse the interest so well.

There are many other books you can draw on for material. I was visiting a school when they were studying the life of Lincoln. The pupils had stories about him. I stepped to the board and wrote this:

Loyal
 Industrious
 Noble
 Courteous
 Observing
 Loving
 Noted

I showed them how this described him, and also spelled his name. Pencils came out, with the smiles on the faces, and they commenced to think at once what they could give to describe Washington the same way.

Oh, there are so many good things, and so many things the children need, that you need never be at a loss for material if you just get enthusiastic over the subject. But you cannot have success without study and prayer. Some day I should like to write a book filled with opening exercises; and yet, it would never be a success unless the teacher put her own personality into the lessons.

The Snowbirds

You'll see them flitting, flitting,
 When winter winds are blowing,
 And clouds are full of snow,
 There comes a flock of little birds
 A-flying to and fro;
 About the withered garden,
 Around the naked field,
 In any wayside shrub or tree
 That may a berry yield,
 You'll see them flitting, flitting,
 And hear their merry song;
 The scattered crumbs of summer's feast
 Feed winter's birdlings long.

But when the snowdrifts cover
 The garden and the field,
 When all the shrubs are cased in ice,
 And every brook is sealed,
 Then come the little snowbirds,
 As beggars to your door;
 They pick up every tiny crumb,
 With eager chirps for more.
 Give them a hearty welcome!
 It surely were not good
 That they who sing in winter-time
 Should ever lack for food.

—*The Humane Journal.*

The Normal for Our Elementary Teachers

I. C. COLCORD

SUCCESS in teaching should not be judged by what the teacher has taught; it should be measured rather by what the pupil has received.

To *impart* the love of knowledge is good, but to *IMPLANT* the love for knowledge is far better. Three important things contribute to the teacher's success.

First, his *preparation* which includes scholastic attainments; mental equipment; his physical prowess to sustain the strength and poise of mental activity; his spiritual endowment as a winner of souls.

Second, ability to govern and manage a school. This defined means the art of so directing school affairs as to produce system, order and efficiency—the power to control and train the pupils under his charge to the habit of self-government.

Third, training in a normal school where the student-teacher is led through the processes of teaching as offered in the normal course.

These *teachers-to-be* study prescribed textbooks of educational value on subjects like history of education, psychology, art of teaching, school management, pedagogy, etc.

The theory comes first—the great fundamental principles underlying pedagogical processes—and on its heels the period of observation follows where they observe the model or critic teacher at work in the management of the schoolroom and the class recitation, to see how it is done.

As this course of sprouting gains depth of rooting, and theory and observation have been combined in the elemental stages of the normal course to that degree of confidence, they enter the room of real experience, and are assigned classes to teach. This stage is called practice-teaching under competent and painstaking supervision—putting into *practice* what they have *seen* and *heard*.

This is a crucial moment in their on-

ward march through the halls of normal training—the real acid test that spells success and triumph, or—“Well, I guess I'm not cut out for a teacher.”

The critic teacher now observes the try-out and makes notes, and these are gone over with the teacher-student (turned round) in a conference that is held with Normal Director. Sympathetic criticisms are made, helpful suggestions offered, and a “Try again,” “Don't be discouraged,” “We learn by doing,” falls upon the ears of the soul who is launching forth into the greatest of all professions, for as a great educator has said: “Let me choose the teacher for your boy, and I care not what course he may pursue.”

The last paragraph on the last page of “Counsels to Teachers,” page 555, reads as follows:

“With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world! How soon might the end come,—the end of suffering and sorrow and sin! How soon, in place of a possession here, with its blight of sin and pain, our children might receive their inheritance where ‘the righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein forever’; where ‘the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick,’ and ‘the voice of weeping shall be no more heard.’”

The Normal is a school within a school, where under the careful guidance and wise supervision, the children in the grades form the training or practice school, and the student-teachers, the other circle of learners, learn how to teach.

The field of the Normal is a large one. Its power and influence in the great educational world is so potential that it takes its place as a state and private institution of learning where thousands attend for both general and specific training. The academy, college, and university look upon the Normal as an institution that gives mold and character to its educational atmosphere, and lends strength and power to its manhood and womanhood; and in turn

they give certain credits for graduation, and are willing to build the daily program around it so that students may get what the Normal offers.

Chauncey Colegrove says, “The teachers who simply ‘hear recitations’ are out of date. Imparting knowledge is not the only, nor even the chief function of the school, for there is no other time and no other place in the social economy in which the child can acquire discipline and form habits of industry, honesty and self-control essential to success in life. . . . It demands professional training as well as scholarship. It calls for a knowledge of the science and the art of teaching.”

Thus to be a real teacher one must take into consideration the three main lines: teachers must know what they teach, how to teach, and whom they teach—in other words scholarship, professional training and a knowledge of children. “Childhood has its own way of seeing, thinking, and feeling, and nothing is more foolish than to try to substitute our ways for them.” To paraphrase Prov. 22: 6. “Train up a teacher in the way he should teach and when his pupils grow up they will not depart from his instruction.”

The great Agassiz wanted but one word for his epitaph—“Teacher.”

The Star in the East

(Concluded from Page 15)

And the priests and the scribes of the Jews answered Herod: “In Bethlehem of Judea is he to be born, for so it is written in the prophets.”

Then Herod sent for the Wise Men and said to them: “The child for which you search is born in Bethlehem. Go therefore and find him, and bring me word again, that I may also come and worship him.” But Herod meant, when he should learn where the child was, to send and slay him.

The Wise Men, however, did not know what was in the heart of the bad king, and they set forth with joy to go to Bethlehem. When they were come out of Jerusalem, they looked up, and behold, they saw again

the Star they had seen in the east. Bright as before it shone upon them, and led them on their way to Bethlehem. And when they were come into Bethlehem, the Star came and stood over the house where the young child was.

With great joy the Wise Men entered, and there they found, with Mary his mother, and with Joseph, the little child, the Son of God, who was born to be the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of the world, Jesus.

"Behold," said the Wise Men to Mary and to Joseph, "behold, we have come to worship the child that is born; for we have seen his Star in the east, and know that he is to be the King of the Jews, whose name is to be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." And they kneeled down and worshipped Jesus.

Then they gave to Mary and to Joseph their gifts for the child, wonderful, precious things of gold and frankincense and myrrh. And they rose up and departed.

But being warned of God in a dream, they did not go back to the wicked Herod, nor did they let him know that they had found the child, but they returned to their own country by another way.

And God appeared also in a dream to Joseph, and said to him: "Arise, take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

Then Joseph arose, and took the young child Jesus, and his mother Mary, with all the costly presents that the Wise Men had brought, and departed into Egypt, and was there until the wicked king Herod was dead. So the little child Jesus was saved; and glad was his mother, and glad was Joseph, and glad were the Wise Men who had seen his Star in the East.

"*'THE child is father of the man.'* If we are to have loyal, intelligent, industrious men, we must train the little child in right habits of thought and action."

The Gift of Companionship

MINA MORSE MANN

PERHAPS it may sound strange to call "companionship" a gift. Yet of all the gifts that parents can give their children none are greater than this, none would receive greater appreciation. In many homes the children and parents are almost strangers. The physical needs are looked after, but the mental and moral needs are scarcely thought about. What are schools for if not to relieve parents and give the children the mental culture they need? And are not our church schools to train them in the spiritual life as well? This seems to be the attitude of so many homes. One has likened many modern homes to filling and parking stations where the members of the family go to fill up and where they usually park a few hours each night.

The old-fashioned family gathering about the fireside on winter evenings is not often seen. Each member has his or her own interests and we seldom see in these days a scene like the one I call to mind often. Mother sits in her rocking chair reading aloud. Father is comfortable in another rocker. We children are sewing carpet rags or engaged in some homely task, listening eagerly to the interesting story mother is reading. Some evenings we pop corn and mother makes great popcorn balls for us. As a special treat we make molasses taffy, and father and mother enjoy it with us, trying to make their part whitest in the pulling contest. I used sometimes to try to imagine what the world would be like without father and mother, but it seemed too strange and terrible to imagine. They shared in all our childish joys and sorrows, and home, though very humble, was the dearest place on earth.

One of the greatest compliments I ever received was during the busy days, years ago, before one Christmas, when I was trying to be mother, housekeeper, and teacher, and do each justice. The boys wanted to go down town and see the pretty holiday things. Time was so precious that I didn't see how I could spare any, so told them to go down alone and look

around. "But it wouldn't be any fun without you!" said the older. I went.

Too soon they have grown up and gone. As I sit alone these long winter evenings, how I long for the noise and bustle once more of two growing boys, and wish I had given every minute of my time to them when they were with me.

What if you don't know how to play marbles, mother? Just learn, and you will find sonny boy such a dear, patient teacher, and how he enjoys being superior in at least one thing!

How little sister enjoys calling on someone, taking dolly who has just had a new dress, with her! If mother would just take a little time to entertain the small caller, entering into her childish play, how the little heart would be warmed and the little feet kept at home instead of wandering down the street to find companionship—oftentimes of a questionable character. How many precious lessons might be given while "visiting" with the little caller!

Then there are the Sabbath walks when each one vies with the other in finding interesting things to talk about, when nothing that attracts boy or girlie is too unimportant to receive attention from mother and father. You may have to exercise a great deal of self-control to be able to touch the head of a "darling little horned toad," but it pays. I have had to help care for some strange pets and some repulsive ones, but what a pleasure they gave the small owners!

When daughter reaches the age of adolescence and sentimentalism begins to be mistaken for real love, how wonderful if mother has been such a companion through the years, that she can guide the young feet aright and help to keep her girl from making the mistakes so many make at this time. I have known homes where the daughter had several young men callers who never met the parents and the parents knew absolutely nothing about the daughter's visitors. Girl is away from home at night, night after night, and the mother does not know where she is. Coming home

on a midnight train I have seen dozens of young boys and girls at the station and on the streets, wild with excitement, without a thought beyond the present hour. Oh! mothers, do you think if you made yourself a companion of wee daughter from her babyhood, she would care for this cheap excitement and companionship? Would your boys be attracted by the company of loud, cheap-talking and -acting girls if you had held the standard high and given them your own companionship through the years?

Every father can be a hero to his own boy at least. He can lead that boy to heights he little dreams of, if he *will*. But, dear fathers and mothers, you cannot do all this by chance or wishing. It will take real study and planning and training yourself. Enoch commenced walking with God after little Methusaleh was born. He felt his need of the divine aid for the boy's sake. He felt his kinship with God as a creator. Here is the secret. Walk with God, and keep the child's hand in yours as you walk, and he will gladly go with you clear to the end of the path. You need never get up in the night to find bail for him so he may not lie in jail over night. You will never need hunt him in the haunts of sin. He is always near enough to you to hear you. Oh, give him that most precious gift, the gift of *your* companionship!

The Snow-Storm

Down, down the snow is falling slow,
Powdering the bald-pate trees;
Its myriad flakes a blanket make
And wrap the sleeping leaves.

Fierce blows the blast, the snow falls fast,
And whirls in many a spray;
Wreath chases wreath, o'er hill and heath,
Like spirits in their play.

Jack Frost is out and drives about
The white drifts for his sled;
Loud roars the gale, the child turns pale
And hugs his trundle-bed.

The storm is past; gone, gone the blast;
The moon shines fair and bright;
Come, girl and boy, with shout of joy,
We'll have a slide tonight.

—Selected.

Home and School Association

Children's Prayer Bands

BEFORE inviting the children to meet with you in a special prayer band service, study with them the subject of prayer at your opening exercises. Make real to them the privilege of prayer and the need of prayer in these awful times in which we are living. Give the children some idea of the prayer band effort throughout the denomination. What a mighty factor it is in the lives of our children and youth! Review with the children the story of the prayer band that met under the haystack and show what a wonderful factor in God's work is a life of prayer. (See "Reader No. Five," page 270.)

Our prayer occasions must find their place among the busy activities of each day's program. We know that God is always ready to hear us when we pray, but we believe that He is especially pleased to honor a definite appointment with Him from time to time. Let the girls have a standing appointment with Jesus each Tuesday morning, ten minutes before the opening of school. The boys can make their appointment for Friday morning at the same time.

In the primary division the teacher should appoint the leader of each band. In the upper grades a committee may be appointed at the regular missionary meeting to select a leader for each band. No other officers are necessary. At the close of each day's session give a moment or two for announcements. The leader of each band should announce his prayer band service on the day before each meeting.

The meetings should not exceed ten minutes in length. Two minutes should be spent in reading a thought or two from "Steps to Christ," "In His Name," by Thompson, or any good book on prayer. The leader should be prepared to give the band a special promise that they may claim as theirs. John 14: 13, 14 is a precious

promise that might be repeated at each band meeting. The band members should then be permitted to mention their special needs, or some person in particular for whom they desire special prayer. With their hearts fixed on the promises of God, and with definite requests in mind, the children are prepared to kneel in prayer. Encourage each child to have a prayer list on which he places his special subjects for prayer. What a wonderful experience when the children begin to see evidences that their prayers are being answered! God does hear and answer the children's prayers. Opportunity should frequently be given at the band meetings for the children to tell of special answers to prayer.

The children's prayer band service is one of the sweet privileges of a Christian school. What a privilege has the Christian teacher of training the children to look to Jesus as their Friend and strong Helper! Their faith is so sweet and sincere. Does it not inspire you to hear a little child pray in the simplicity of faith? Let us consider it our highest and holiest privilege to teach our children to pray and to believe that God is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God.

Teachers' Prayer Bands

"TEACHERS, study the simplicity of the Scriptures, so that you may learn to make their truths plain to youthful minds. Your earnest desire for the present and eternal good of the children under your care should bring you often to your knees to seek counsel of Him who is too wise to err, too good to leave you in the helplessness of your own wisdom."—*Counsels to Teachers*, page 183.

"It is not such hard work to manage children, thank God. We have a Helper, One infinitely stronger than we are. Oh, I am so thankful that we do not have to

depend upon ourselves, but upon strength from above."—*Ibid.*, p. 151.

"When the teacher will rely upon God in prayer, the Spirit of Christ will come upon him and God will work through him by the Holy Spirit upon the mind of the student."—*Ibid.*, p. 172.

How comforting are these positive assurances of help for the teacher who will look to the Master Teacher for his strength! How wonderful the promise that we need not depend upon ourselves, but that we may depend upon strength from above! Morning by morning through rain and sunshine let us claim these promises and let us permit the Master Teacher to live in us His beautiful life before our boys and girls.

Each day has its peculiar problems. There are vital issues to be met and settled each day. If we allow Jesus to grip the hand at the beginning of each day, we shall be prepared for any experience and equal to any emergency. We shall act wisely under all circumstances. Each day we shall find that avenue of approach to every child's heart. The Master Teacher waits to bestow upon us the fullness of His blessing. Let us have a real experience in prayer each morning that will prepare us in heart and mind to meet the children's heart searching eyes as we walk before them for another day. Make a definite appointment with Jesus to meet you in your schoolroom each morning before any of your children come. Fall on your knees at your desk and acknowledge your utter dependence upon Jesus, and your weakness will become your strength. If there are other teachers in the school ask them to join with you. A long service is not necessary. It is not the length of the service that counts so much as the earnestness of spirit manifested.

If you are the only teacher in your school you especially need the spiritual strength that comes from making it your first business as you enter your schoolroom each morning to dedicate yourself and your little school to God. If there are other teachers in the school, this early morning prayer service is an absolute necessity, for

Christian teachers can work together, sympathetically and harmoniously only as they are often in prayer together, unitedly pressing their petitions home to the throne of God.

We are quoting from a letter received from one of our teachers: "We are meeting many very difficult problems, but day by day God is giving us the victory. We attribute our success to the fact that we spend time on our knees each morning before school opens." This is the universal testimony of all teachers who are meeting in bands for special prayer each day. How can any group of teachers dare to neglect so great a privilege!

"We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong.
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer;
And joy and strength and courage are
with Thee?"

Parents' Prayer Bands

"If ever we are to work in earnest, it is now. The enemy is pressing in on all sides like a flood. Only the power of God can save our children from being swept away by the tide of evil."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 166.

Dear parents, in view of this solemn warning, our only hope is in claiming in a very definite way the promises of God in behalf of our children. "Heavenly angels watch the careworn mother, noting the burdens she carries day by day."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 144.

Heaven is interested in us and in our children. God expects us to draw largely from the fountain of His boundless love. As parents let us lean hard upon the Almighty arm that is extended in behalf of us and our children. God is a covenant-keeping God. He will keep covenant with us and He will save our children.

As we come to realize more and more that our only hope is in prayer, and as we make prayer our strong weapon of defense in our warfare against the cruel enemy of our children, we can lay down the burden that is today crushing our very lives with

the weight of its sorrow. God longs to carry the burden for the anxious parent.

"And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And cry, 'I cannot bear this load alone,'
You say the truth, God made it purposely
So heavy that you must lean upon Him."

God helps us to lean upon Him and to claim moment by moment the promises for that tempted boy and that wayward girl.

As parents let us pray together and press together in this common trust that is ours. Let us take the time to meet from week to week for special prayer for our children. There is no parent too busy to join in such a service. In the day of final settlement, we shall realize our sad mistake if we neglect these special occasions for prayer in behalf of our children.

A mothers' prayer band was held in my home each week for many years on Tuesday afternoon. Mother felt the burden for her children, and for other children, so she gathered the mothers together at a stated time for special prayer. Though at that wayward, indifferent age, I well remember the occasion each week. I well remember that group of saintly mothers who were not too busy or too consumed with other things to take time to plead with God in this special way for the salvation of their children. It was my duty to put the room in readiness each week; to arrange the chairs, and to place a bouquet of mother's choicest flowers on the center table. The hallowed influence of that little gathering in my home each week seems to rest today like a benediction upon my life. My faith is strong to believe that the children who were committed to God in this very special way will some day yield to the tender entreaties of the Holy Spirit.

Let the Home and School Association make it their special endeavor at the beginning of this new year to start this prayer band movement among the parents. Appoint four or five homes centrally located as meeting places for these band meetings; decide upon a definite time for meeting, and urge every parent to "come in" and join in this great prayer band movement which will bring a revival to every home, to every school, and to every church.

The Family Altar

"IN every Christian home God should be honored by the morning and evening sacrifices of prayer and praise. Children should be taught to respect and reverence the hour of prayer. It is the duty of Christian parents, morning and evening, by earnest prayer and persevering faith, to make a hedge about their children.

"In the church at home the children are to learn to pray and to trust in God. Teach them to repeat God's law. Concerning the commandments the Israelites were instructed: 'Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.' Deut. 6: 7. Come in humility, with a heart full of tenderness, and with a sense of the temptations and dangers before yourselves and your children; by faith bind them to the altar, entreating for them the care of the Lord. Train the children to offer their simple words of prayer. Tell them that God delights to have them call upon Him.

"Will the Lord of heaven pass by such homes, and leave no blessing there?—Nay, verily. Ministering angels will guard the children who are thus dedicated to God. They hear the offering of praise and the prayer of faith, and they bear the petitions to Him Who ministers in the sanctuary for His people, and offers His merits in their behalf."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 110.

The Few

The easy roads are crowded
And the level roads are jammed;
The pleasant little rivers
With the drifting folks are crammed.
But off yonder where it's rocky,
Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
And the travelers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant
You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steeps that call for courage,
And the task that's hard to do
In the end result in glory
For the never-wavering few.

—Edgar A. Guest.

YOUNG MOTHERS

Broken Dishes and Broken Hearts

INEZ HOILAND STEVENS

MOTHER had sent her little five-year-old daughter out to the garbage can with a plate of scraps. She had hesitated at first about giving her that good plate, but, being in too great a hurry to make an exchange, had assured herself by saying, "She's never broken one of my dishes yet. I know she'll be careful." But somehow the little feet tripped this time on the cement walk and the next thing was a tell-tale crash accompanied by frightened cries from the child.

Of course Mother heard it and understood only too well. "Oh, child, what have you done? Don't you know that was one of the plates of Mother's best set?" she cried out excitedly, rushing to the scene of the catastrophe.

Her first impulse was to strike her baby who had shrunk aside into a pitiful little heap on the walk, but inwardly priding herself on her self-control under such trying circumstances, she instead cast a freezing look (more cruel than the blow would have been, by far) at her sobbing child, and with a terribly abused air went silently to bring the dustpan and broom, and began to gather up the bits of precious china.

The little one, trembling and heart-broken at her mother's coldness, crept into the bedroom, and dropping her head on the pillow, sobbed pitifully. There her mother found her later, and in deep remorse and shame begged her little girl's forgiveness. As if by magic, tears gave way to smiles—so quickly do children respond!—and of course Mother was forgiven with a tight hug as proof.

"I didn't mean to do it, did I, Mama?" she said. "Besides, we're glad it wasn't my head that got broke, aren't we?" And, *oh*, wasn't Mother glad! After all, which did she prize more, a bit of decorated china or the heart of her own precious baby?

Similar scenes are being enacted in thousands of homes every day, but usually without the happy ending pictured above. An accident, an angry, impatient mother, and a broken-hearted child sobbing out its misery in some corner.

Oh, mothers! when will we learn to hold ourselves in these exasperating moments? Our guest brushes against the corner of the flower stand and upsets our choicest vase, and we graciously smile and do our utmost to cover the offender's embarrassment by assuring her it is nothing at all, etc., etc. But what would you say if your full-of-life "Billy" committed such an unpardonable sin? Ah, that's another story. He's just Billy; you have a right to scold *him!*

We laugh at our little ones when they grieve over a broken toy and tell them it doesn't pay to cry over spilled milk. But how successful are we in putting our doctrine into practice when some of *our* precious toys get demolished? Do we realize how perfectly and unerringly their plastic hearts record every hasty, impatient, or angry word? A young woman once confessed to me that her most vivid recollection of her mother—who had died when the daughter was very small—was upon the occasion of her having spilled some of her bowl of porridge. The mother, angered at the child's "clumsiness," picked up the bowl and threw it at her. "I was very young, perhaps four years old, but I can still see it all—my mother's angry face, her cruel words, and can still feel the pain when the bowl struck me. And that's about all I *do* remember about my mother," she finished, with a sad look that made me pity her from the depths of my heart. What a terrible memory to cherish through life!

I think of another incident in a home where we were dining. A nine-year-old boy was asked to bring in a bowl of soup

from the kitchen. As fate would have it, he tripped on the edge of the heavy dining-room rug, and of course spilled the soup. Such a flood of cruel, stinging words as fell upon the culprit! True, it was extremely embarrassing for the hostess and all of us, but, really, who was to blame? Certainly, not that nervous child carrying that full bowl of soup. It took all his attention to keep the soup from spilling over the edge, and his eyes were glued on the bowl,—not on his feet. And he was not the only member who had tripped over that offending rug, either. Besides, no permanent harm was done, there not being even a spot to tell the tale

afterward—that is, on the rug. Who can say that there did not remain a stain on the heart of that abused child? I can still see the hurt look on his face, a helpless, grieved look that was pitiful.

Usually, these little home accidents are mere trifles in themselves. Our lack of self-control, or tired nerves serve as a magnifying glass, and we treat mole-hills as though they were mountains. The next day we can hardly recall the incident, and will tell it to our neighbor as a huge joke. "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us" to see the joke at the time and make the best of it. How much regret and humiliation it would save us! And is not that power ours for the asking?

We talk about "losing our patience." But, as one father drolly remarked, we had "better get some first." And we *do* need patience as mothers. A mother of twelve children once said to me, "I sometimes think that we mothers have a small chance of ever getting to heaven, for it is so hard to keep from sinning with so many children constantly to try one's patience." But should it not be just the opposite? "The trial of our faith worketh patience,"—that is, develops and increases it. And we know

we shall not be tempted beyond what we are able to bear.

Who is greater than the greatest general? The mother who rules her spirit,—the self-controlled, even-tempered, quiet, humble mother. And Jesus our Friend Who loves us and our children even more than we do, He has promised to make us just that.



The Loma Linda Y. M. S.

Just a part of them, because in that busy medical college center not everybody can be gotten together all at the same time. Seated in front, second from the right, is Dr. Orpha (Mrs. A. N.) Donaldson, the Leader. By her side is Mrs. Dr. Newton Evans, a founder and pusher of the Mothers' Society since before there was any Y. M. S. The secretary, Mrs. Dr. E. H. Risley, is the second from the left in the first line standing. They are not all doctors nor doctors' wives, however, even though in Loma Linda. If we had space we'd tell you every one of their names—if we knew 'em. Isn't that a darling baby in the center?

Lean Hard

Child of My love, lean hard,
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child: I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand, and made
no proportion

In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me
This burden shall be Mine not hers,
So shall I keep My child within the
circling arms
Of Mine own love.

Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it upon a shoulder which
upholds

The government of worlds.
Yet closer come:
Thou art not near enough;
I would embrace thy care,
As I might My child reposing on My
breast.

Thou lovest Me? I know it.
Doubt not then, but loving Me,
Lean Hard.

—Paul Pastnor.

I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

I Was Wondering

My little brother, six years old, cannot be coaxed to say his prayers, except once in a while. Should he be made to say them?

He should not be made to say them. What benefit will it be to him to be compelled to say prayers? He is rebellious under compulsion, and his spirit is not prayerful. The dear God would be sorry for him if he should be compelled to say his prayers. And when would he ever come to love prayer, and really to pray?

Something started that little boy to hating the thought of prayer. What was it? I don't know. Those who are with him must search back over the experience and find out. Perhaps he was talked to about how naughty he had been, and was told that God did not love naughty little boys, and that he must pray to be forgiven so that God would love him again. And perhaps he wasn't sorry, but rather proud of his naughtiness, and had only a vague regret and some pity that God should not love little boys who could be so original as to be naughty. And then to be made to say, "Forgive me for being a bad boy," when he did not want to be forgiven—why should he love playing the hypocrite?

Or perhaps he just lacked imagination, and was not helped by stories to think of God and of Jesus as real, and good, and comforting, like mother and daddy. Then to have to kneel down, and shut his eyes into darkness, and talk into mother's lap to Somebody that he could not see nor imagine, was too silly for words. What did the mummerly mean, anyway? And a streak of materialism and of independence just put his back up against it.

Some children's imagination has to be cultivated. In any case the child's mind should from his earliest period of comprehension be filled with stories of the Bible

that picture God and Jesus to him beautifully. He should be given lessons out in the garden and the woods and the fields, of the wonderful house God has made and put us in. He should be led to hear the birds praising God, and the sunshine and the rain speaking for Him. He should be made to feel that outdoors he is in his Father's house, as within doors he is in his parents' home. And so God will become real to him.

He must never be given that false idea that God does not love him when he is bad. God does love bad people; but He wants them to be good, so that they may be happy. He so greatly wants them to be good and happy that He sent His only Son from heaven to teach us how to be good. And He gave us all things bright and beautiful to help us to be good and happy.

Better leave off compulsory prayer until such soul culture can result in the child's natural desire to talk with God. But watch sedulously for the opportune moment, and do not let it carelessly pass, when his comprehension and his love turn to the heavenly Father. Don't resort to "coaxing" in any case. At the opportune time lead him into it. Avoid pressure, either of command or entreaty.

How old should a child be before he enters school?

"PARENTS should be the only teachers of their children until they have reached eight or ten years of age. As fast as their minds can comprehend it, the parents should open before them God's great book of nature. . . . The only schoolroom for children until eight or ten years of age should be in the open air, amid the opening flowers and nature's beautiful scenery, and

their most familiar text book the treasures of nature. . . . It has been the custom to encourage children to attend school when they were mere babies needing a mother's care. When of a delicate age, they are frequently crowded into ill-ventilated school-rooms, where they sit in wrong positions upon poorly constructed benches, and as a result the young and tender frames of some have become deformed."—*Counsels to Teachers*, pp. 79, 80.

This instruction is sound. I believe it, and have acted upon it in the case of my own children. But it is manifest that the spirit of this instruction is not carried out by merely keeping children from school, without giving them the conditions of culture it prescribes. Mothers and fathers must be teachers of their children. Children should be in the country, and nature should be one of the chief lesson books. For a child to be kept out of school in the city until eight or ten years of age (even if the law allowed it), and given no physical or mental culture, permitted to play in the streets, or shut up so far as possible

in the house, would be worse than to have him, even at the tender age of five or six, too closely confined in the schoolroom.

Are we justified, then, if we live in the city, in sending our children of tender age to school? Not justified, but compelled. Our responsibility remains to provide for them as nearly ideal conditions as possible, and then to follow the instruction. Neither, if we are in the country, are we justified in keeping the children from school until they are eight or ten years old, unless we provide for them the training they should receive in the home. The purpose of the above instruction is, first, to insure right physical conditions for the child; second, to insure the relation of teacher and pupil between parent and child.

I may add that in my experience adherence to this program has shown the very best results, the child so treated being at ten years of age better in health, keener in intelligence, broader in experience, than the child sent too early to school, and also usually not behind in classification.

ATLANTIC UNION COLLEGE

Founded in 1882

The Oldest S. D. A. Educational Institution Now in Operation

Situated in the beautiful village of South Lancaster, twelve miles from Worcester, with its fine Antiquarian Library, thirty-five miles from Boston, called "The Athens of America," thus combining the advantages of a quiet, homelike village with nearness to a great educational center.

COURSES OFFERED:

BIBLICAL, SCIENTIFIC, LITERARY, NORMAL, MUSICAL,
COMMERCIAL, PREPARATORY MEDICAL
and PREPARATORY NURSES'

*Our Grades Are Accepted by the
New York State Board of Regents*

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES, REASONABLE RATES

For Further Information Address

B. F. MACHLAN, President

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS.

EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE



"The School of Opportunity"

FREDERICK GRIGGS, President

Berrien Springs, Michigan

WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE



"The Gateway to Service"

HARVEY A. MORRISON, President

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.