

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

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No. 12



Courtesy of Foster & Reynolds

A SCENE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Correct Thing

If You are Well Bred

YOU will never gossip.

You will not use slang.

You will be courteous, kind, and forgiving.

You will never, *never* chew gum in public.

You will never boast of your achievements.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will never say an unkind thing about any one.

You will never remind a cripple of his deformity.

You will have scrupulous regard for the rights of others.

You will never forget engagements, obligations, or promises.

You will never gauge your civility to any one by his bank account.

You will use the same code of manners at home that you use in company.

You will always consider the interests and happiness of others before your own.

You will never make sport of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.

You will exhibit interest in, but never undue curiosity about, the affairs of others.

You will be as gracious to those whom you consider your social inferiors as to your equals or superiors.

You will never under any circumstances cause another person worry and unpleasantness if it can possibly be avoided.

L. E. C.

What Kind of Welcome?

YOU deserve to get the kind you give—no more, no less. Generally speaking, that's about the kind one does get. Most people enjoy cheerfulness and smiles, and are glad to return a measure of the same, but few people waste smiles on an uninviting crab. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Several years ago while canvassing I met with an object lesson in friendly greeting and also its reverse. Before the first residence of a city block was a beautiful trellis built over the gate. Living rose vines covered the trellis, prominently built into which was the one gracious word, WELCOME. Within the house I found a welcome as cordial as the one without, and its happy influence has never been forgotten.

When I reached the last place in that block on the same side of the street, I found a sign done in black paint, "Look Out for the Dog!" Whether the welcome within harmonized with that without I am unable to say. I did not investigate. Had a stranger been welcome there, I am quite sure the dog would have been tied or—something else.

What discourtesy is that sign for every passer-by! As plain as if written in letters of red flame the idea was forced upon me that the occupant of that home was symbolized by a vicious dog.

Many do not advertise the dog in that way, but there are other ways. Unfriendliness and discourtesy are not wanting for modes of expression. A glance of the eyes, a curl of the lip, a turn on the heel, words frozen in utterance,—any of these may convey the same meaning—look out for the dog!

Some handshakes are almost an insult, some are expressionless, some fill one with disgust. The cold, clammy handshake without any pressure,—like the tail of a dead fish,—never generates friendship. Insipid, lukewarm—you wish you could get rid of the sensation.

"Welcome ever smiles," wrote Shakespeare. So it does, and usually a good friend stands behind it saying,

"Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy."

It is true that sometimes seeming lack of cordiality does not spring from a cold heart, but rather from lack of knowing how to express the gracious principle. Such people should observe the treatment accorded them by others, and pattern after the better. There are many characters in the world who have imbibed the sweetness of heaven into their souls. We may gather some of it from them, or, better still, get it direct from the divine source. How gracious must have been the spirit in Christ that could inquire of Judas, the betrayer, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

The Saviour could afford to be kind and courteous to his worst enemy; even Satan received no railing accusation from his lips. To "grow in grace" is to be as kind as you can, as polite as you can, to observe great characters and imitate their finer virtues, and to draw gentleness from Jesus and manifest it daily in your character. Do this, and you will leave behind you a trail of smiles and tender remembrances that will lead souls to the kingdom of God.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe."

E. F. COLLIER.

My Ideal Roommate

IN using the program on Christian courtesy prepared by the Missionary Volunteer Department for Nov. 2, 1918, the students of Maplewood Academy added a feature that proved so interesting that we share it with others. At evening worship the young women and young men were each asked to write briefly the qualities to be found in an ideal roommate. Some of the best are given below:

"I am very fortunate in having a roommate who is in all respects my ideal. First, his aspirations are much the same as my own. Consequently we find much of mutual interest in our conversation.

"He is not a boor, but recognizes my equal rights to the comforts of our home life. He faithfully performs his portion of the room work; and when I am sick, without a word he attends to it all.

(Concluded on page fifteen)

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

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The Real Comfort

T. H. JEYS

WHEN all of the day has been dismal and dreary,
When naught but the commonplace comes to the mind,
When each of the faculties, work-worn and weary,
To all common comforts is blunted and blind;

And when, the day done, the dark, dreary night deepens,
And dull disappointment depresses the soul,
When over the spirit, like waves of great waters,
Foul floods of fierce fancies resistlessly roll;

When friends have forgotten, when fearfulness frightens,
When bitterness bubbles and burns in the breast,
When never a gleam through the gloom shines nor brightens,
And, sinking in sorrow, the soul sighs for rest;

When life's fairest fancies are scornfully slighted,
When hope has been beaten and profit is pain,

When lofty ambition is broken and blighted,
When greatness and grandeurs of earth are in vain;

When pleasure has palled on the sorrow-sick senses,
When tears bring no easement, nor surcease of grief,
When trouble comes fresh as each new day commences,
When night brings no comfort, the day no relief;

Turn then, O my soul, to the Lord and thy Saviour!
Turn, turn e'er probation shall hasten away.
He'll gladly receive thee, and show thee his favor;
He'll comfort, and lead thee, and love thee for aye.

And then shall thy gladness flow forth as a river,
And peace as the ocean from shore unto shore;
For at his right hand is forever and ever
The glory and gladness of God evermore.

"Why the Redeemed Sing"

HAROLD RICHARDS

FROM the earliest times God's people have been singing. Their martial anthems swelled the note of triumph in the day of victory, and their sorrowful experiences in captivity were lightened with songs of hope and trust. The temple service was interspersed with music, and we find the New Testament writers advocating the use of hymns and songs. In fact, some of the oft-quoted lines of the New Testament itself are fragments of early Christian hymns. Justin Martyr (150 A. D.), an early Christian apologist, wrote of the public singing of hymns as being a prominent part of a church service in his day.

When we come to the Reformation we hear the people all over northern Europe singing. Luther's hymns were sung everywhere, and appealed to many people who could not or would not hear the Reformers preach. Luther, with his violin as well as with his Bible, preached the Word of freedom and life.

Among the believers in the advent movement, from about 1840 onward to the great disappointment, singing was widespread, and thousands sang the message of the coming King. This advent movement is still singing its way to victory, for "Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and "His truth is marching on."

But why should the redeemed sing? In Revelation 15:2-4 we find the theme of that grand outburst of praise and happiness. The redeemed praise God when they see his mighty works. This is the first reason for song. They begin to see and comprehend a little of the unutterable vastness of his dominions—to catch a little gleam of the gilded portal of their Father's house. A sensitive plate was exposed for three hours to the light of one square inch of the Milky Way, and 30,000 stars were counted. It was exposed for six hours, and there were 100,000 stars. It was exposed for six hours more, and there were 300,000 stars—all in one square inch—about the space covered by a quarter if held before the eye. What will it be when the Redeemed, with every faculty strengthened and immortalized, gaze out over the starry abysses from the great white throne? What will it be when the Redeemed look out over the glittering domes of

the New Jerusalem and see only that which is glorious, marvelous, stupendous?

We remember the words of H. L. Hastings, "Thus shall this city stand forth in all the glory of divine adornment as the home of the saved. Men shall come from earthly wandering to celestial homes; out from iron doors and in through pearly gates. Feet that have waked the dull echoes of the gloomy dungeon floor shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem! and hands that have clanked their chains with slow and tedious move will strike the instruments of heavenly melody and wake the harp notes of enduring joy." Why will the Redeemed sing? Why, it would be a mystery if they did not sing! They sing because they are redeemed.

But there is another note in the song of these singers by the sea, and it is found in the words, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Redemption will "vindicate the ways of God to men,"—the mysterious dispensations of providence will then be made plain,—the saved will begin to comprehend the wideness of God's mercy and the rightness of his acts. They will see how the cross of Christ brings all history into true perspective.

Once Turner, the artist, called in a friend to criticize a picture he had painted. "I see no proportion to it," said the friend. Turner stepped up and placed one bright spot of red in the picture, and the astonished critic was surprised to see proportion brought at once into the place of conflicting shades of colors. So the cross is the crimson marker of history, and will explain a thousand enigmas in the eternal world. Says the writer of "The Great Controversy," on p. 651, "The cross of Christ will be the science and the song of the redeemed through all eternity."

Last of all, we find that the redeemed sing a "new song." There is a higher chord than the universe has ever before known. The presence of sin forced a minor into all the songs of earth, but now the universe is clean, and unnumbered multitudes join in the hallelujah chorus of eternity. We cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land. So let us get our hearts in tune for the great recital.

"Mid gathering gloom our hearts ascend above,
That dear land of light, and joy, and song,
Where glad responses meet the lips of love,
And white robes clothe the everlasting throng;
Where toil, and pain, and sorrow are no more,
But every wrong's forgotten and forgiven.
There, happy on the everlasting shore,
We'll breathe the air and sing the songs of heaven."

How Some Songs Have Helped

"Abide with Me." No. 655

ONE of the many instances of the power of this hymn has been recorded by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler: "During my active pastorate I often got better sermons from my people than I ever gave them. I now recall a most touching and sublime scene that I once witnessed in the death chamber of a noble woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a foregleam of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous tones she began to recite Henry Lyte's matchless hymn, 'Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.' One line after another was feebly repeated, until, with a rapturous sweetness, she exclaimed:

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

"As I came away from that room, which had been as the vestibule of heaven, I understood how the 'light of eventide' could be only a flashing forth of the overwhelming glory that plays forever around the throne of God."

"Almost Persuaded." No. 89

"It was Sunday night, Nov. 18, 1883," writes Mr. S. W. Tucker, of Clapton, London, "when I heard you [Mr. Sankey] sing 'Almost Persuaded' in the Priory Hall, Islington, London, and God used that song in drawing me to the feet of Jesus. I was afraid to trust myself in his hands for fear of man. For six weeks that hymn was ringing in my ears, till I accepted the invitation. I came, and am now rejoicing in the Lord, my Saviour. How often, with tears of joy and love, have I thought of those meetings and of you and dear Mr. Moody, who showed me and other sinners where there were love, happiness, and joy."

"One Sweetly Solemn Thought." No. 882

A gentleman traveling in China found at Macao a company of gamblers in a back room on the upper floor of a hotel. At the table nearest him was an American, about twenty years old, playing with an old man. While the gray-haired man was shuffling the cards, the young man, in a careless way, sang a verse of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," to a very pathetic tune. Several gamblers looked up in surprise on hearing the singing. The old man, who was dealing the cards, gazed steadfastly at his partner, and then threw the pack of cards under the table.

"Where did you learn that song?" he asked. The young man pretended that he did not know that he had been singing. "Well, no matter," said the old man, "I have played my last game, and that's the end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I'll never pick them up." Having won a hundred dollars from the young man, he took the money from his pocket and, handing it over to the latter, said: "Here, Harry, is your money; take it and do good with it; I shall with mine." Both men became earnest Christians.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul." No. 635

"I should rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,'" Henry Ward Beecher once said, "than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth. It is more glorious; it has more power in it. I should rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. It will go on singing until the trump brings forth the angel band; and then I think it will mount up on some lip to the presence of God."

Dr. George Duffield — himself the author of so fine a hymn as "Stand up! stand up for Jesus!" — in his old age paid this tribute out of a lifelong experience: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could sing again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' If there is anything in Christian experience of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death, that hymn is the hymn of the ages!"

"Over the Line." No. 9

A missionary sends me the following incident: "I was holding a gospel meeting in a union mission. We were on bended knee when the Spirit said to me, 'Sing "Over the Line."' When we arose I turned to the lady at the organ, who had a consecrated voice, and said, 'Sing "Over the Line."' At the close a man arose and spoke as follows: 'I came away from home, family, and work two weeks ago in a drunken spree. Since I arrived in your city I have often heard of this mission, and was asked to come, but with oaths I refused up to an hour ago, and then I entered this room. The same spirit of unbelief possessed me until this lady began to sing. Those words went to my heart; they were all written for me, and as she sang the last verse I crossed the line, I gave myself, and' — with a deep sob — 'He took me.'"

"Pass Me Not." No. 87

"Tell me about your conversion," a thankful pastor requested at the close of a meeting, when addressing a young man for whom he had long prayed and worked. "Oh, yes," assented the young man. "It was all through that hymn we have just sung. I was working on the canal at G——, and there was a meeting being held at the Mariner's Chapel, near by. The words floated out over the water, and from the tug where I was working, I could hear them plainly enough. When they were just going to sing those lines,

'While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by,'

a great fear came over me, and I thought, 'Oh, if the Lord were to pass me by, how terrible it would be!' Then and there, on the tug, I cried out: 'O Lord, do not pass me by.' And" — with a bright smile — "he didn't pass me by. I am saved."

"Rescue the Perishing." No. 479

A man in Sussex, England, gives this testimony: "I believe I can attribute my conversion, through the grace of God, to one verse of that precious hymn, 'Rescue the Perishing.' I was far away from my Saviour, and living without hope in Jesus. I was very fond of singing hymns, and one day I came across this beautiful piece. When I had sung the words,

'Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more,'

I fell upon my knees and gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. From that hour I have followed him who, through this verse, touched my heart and made it vibrate with his praises ever since."

"The Ninety and Nine." No. 61

From South America came this testimony from a former coworker: "Only this afternoon while I was out visiting some new converts, I heard of the case of a woman converted through the singing of a Spanish translation of 'There were ninety and nine.' This woman attended a gospel meeting, coming into the service in a laughing, careless way. The hymn I have referred to was being sung. The Spirit of God convicted her then and there, and she burst into tears and cried to God for mercy, saying that she was 'that lost sheep, out on the mountains.' She found peace, and now her husband is converted, and they are bright and earnest Christians."

"There is a Fountain." No. 146

A lieutenant in the army, having received his death wound in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, was visited in the hospital by the chaplain, who inquired how he felt. He said he had always been cheerful, and was now ready to meet God in peace. "Chaplain," he added, "I was passing through the streets of New York once on a Sunday night, and I heard singing. I went in and saw a company of poor people. They were singing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' I was overpowered with the impression the hymn made upon me, and I gave my heart to God. Since then I have loved Jesus, and I love him now." That was his last speech.—*Selected from "Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns."*

The Word in Season

THE father of Senator Dolliver was a Methodist preacher. Many years ago he was riding a circuit in West Virginia. One Sunday, riding to a country schoolhouse, where he was to preach, he overtook on the road a tall, awkward young man carrying a string of fish which he had just caught. Instead of scolding him for going fishing on Sunday, the circuit rider rode beside him, and entered into a friendly conversation with him. By degrees he drew the young man out to talk about himself and about his future, and what plans he was making for it. At last the conversation became so friendly, and the young man was so thoroughly interested, that it became a very natural thing for him to advise the young fellow to give his heart to God, become a Christian, go to school, and get an education.

These faithful words were spoken in the nick of time. The young man had reached the crossroads where he was making a decision as to what he would do with himself, and the result was that he became a Christian, went to school, became a cultivated man and a faithful minister, known afterward as the Rev. T. B. Hughes, the father of Bishop E. H. Hughes, and his no less distinguished brother, Dr. Matt. S. Hughes.

Never fail to speak a word for any truth that God has given you. Faithful words of testimony to the power of Christ to save are the great agency by which the world is to be won to Jesus. On one occasion in London a young man of good family was convicted of a serious crime. After the trial a policeman spoke a word of sympathy to him and said: "If you would trust my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, he would

make a man of you." The young fellow replied with a sneer, "Will your God do my fifteen years for me?" And no more passed.

Years afterward, in another part of London, a distinguished-looking gentleman came up to the same police officer, who was now an inspector, and recalled the circumstance to him, saying, "Do you remember me?" "I should not have known you, sir," replied the inspector, "but you must be the same man, for only God and myself and that man knew of those words being uttered." The gentleman then told how, three years after his conviction, in his prison cell, these words had come back to him; how he had followed their advice, and after his discharge, at the end of a shortened sentence, he had gone to the colonies, prospered, and was now doing all he could to bring others to the Saviour, who had "made a man of him." Never fail to speak your word for the truth which God has made to live in your own soul!—*Louis Albert Banks, in "The Problems of Youth."*

The Gates of the East

THE gates of the East are open;
Invitingly they stand
Challenging Christ's followers
In every Christian land.

Too long have we passed these portals,
Too few have entered in—
Without or within the gateway,
O where's the greater sin?

We've known the gospel story,
But failed to speed its light;
The heathen, all unknowing,
Walks on in deepest night.

Can you blame him for the darkness,
When we who know the way
Withhold the gospel story
That turneth night to day?

How long will we pass the gateway,
Nor cast a glance within
Where ignorance holds fortress
And men are slaves to sin?

The gates of the East stand open;
Look through them, friends, and see
The nations bound by thralldom
Which God would have you free.

Press on through a thousand portals,—
The gateways of the East,—
And bid their tens of thousands
Unto the gospel feast.

E. J. URQUHART.

Seoul, Chosen.

God's Way is Perfect

AN earnest, faithful missionary, at home on fur-lough, had an experience in spiritual things which she wrote out in poetry, giving the credit to the Lord by saying: "My first piece of poetry, the Lord has given it to me." The beautiful thoughts contained therein cannot fail to give the reader a spiritual uplift, but, having had no experience in rhyme and rhythm, it is no wonder that she made some glaring mistakes along these lines. She has said the poem was a gift from God. How could that be if it contains imperfections, for the Bible says (Deut. 32:4), "His work is perfect"?

To me there is a very helpful lesson in the answer to this question. It takes in the whole subject of faith and works, God's side and man's side of the plan of salvation. If we have enlisted in the army of the Lord, he is working in us every day, and we are to work out our own salvation, "with fear and trem-

bling." We cannot do it alone, neither can he; he must have our co-operation, else we should be mere machines and not free moral agents. The imperfections seen in our lives are our fault and not God's, though the sad part of it is that unbelievers, seeing how far short we come, attribute the mistakes to our religion and not to failure on our part. Thus we see the mercy and forbearance of a God who hates everything wrong, in that he is willing to be charged with the failures and mistakes and wickednesses of his partners in order that we might be saved. "Behold, what manner of love."

The subject of faith and works puzzles a great many Christians. There are many earnest, conscientious people who do not realize what a narrow line there is between faith and presumption. When they ask God to heal the sick, for instance, they feel that the use of remedies would be a denial of their faith. According to the apostle James, instead of a denial of faith it is just the opposite,—it is showing their faith by their works. So in everything. When we have prayed, we are to do all in our power to answer our prayers, trusting in God to do that which we cannot do. The experience of Elder D. C. Babcock and family, when their ship had been torpedoed out in the ocean, illustrates this point. They cried to God to save them, and then worked with might and main, using the means which God provided. When saved, they thanked God. In spiritual things as well as in temporal we are to use the means which God has provided—Bible study, prayer, and exercise in Christian work. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Heb. 12:4. "Not even God can make our characters noble or our lives useful, unless we become coworkers with him."—"Ministry of Healing," p. 487. The devil does not care on which side of the line he can push us, his only concern is to see that we keep a little off the right road that leads straight to the city of God.

God has given us capabilities and talents which he expects us to cultivate. We are to recognize that they are gifts from God which he has so fully delivered to us that they will be greatly marred by our imperfections until we can so develop them, by means of education and training, as to eliminate the crude and the imperfect. This is our life work. We are "workers together with him." "As for God, his way is perfect." Let us learn to co-operate with him so fully that we may be ready, when he comes, to deliver the entrusted talents with the gain which he expects, that he may say to us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MINNIE EMBREE PARKER.

Prayer

FOR all who are disheartened, there is but one remedy,—faith, prayer, and work."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, p. 438.

"Not until through faith and prayer the disciples had surrendered themselves fully for His working, was the outpouring of the Spirit received."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 327.

"To those who in humility of heart seek for divine guidance, angels of God draw near."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 59.

"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 minds of others."—*Id.*, p. 131.

The Social Hour

An Interesting Game

AT one time I had a pupil come to me with the question, though she had evidently answered it for herself negatively: "Is it possible for our young folks to have enjoyable parties and be true to their profession?"

The average social gathering held by nonprofessors of religion, and many of those held by so-called Christian young folks in good standing, consists mainly of music, games, and refreshments. Occasionally, where the house has sufficient space, dancing is one of the features. The first three named may enter rightly into a consistent Christian's life, but like all other good things, they must not be abused or overdone.

A pleasure is wholesome that does not taint or corrupt the morals. God never intended the young person to feel that in his life of service for him he is bound down by rigid rules and Thou must not's. God has imbued all created beings with a desire for diversion, man being no exception.

Music is a wonderful art; but the musical artist is rare. Thousands of our young people "play a little," and most of them would be infinitely better off if they did not know "c" from "g," the popular song, the ragtime music, being the extent of their pitiable repertoire. They benefit no one by such renderings, and invite a host of evil and harmful thoughts. I admire, with all the admiration I can command, the young man who is brave enough to ask to be excused from such an entertainment.

Games are perhaps less tempting. No Adventist would countenance a suggestion to play cards, to revive the kissing game, or to listen to a vulgar story, though couched in attractive language. "What can we play for games?" you ask. Bible games have always been helpful and beneficial. I can recount many things and facts that were indelibly impressed on my mind in an effort to answer a Bible question. The following game is original and well adapted to a gathering where there may be persons studying for Attainment membership. And those who are not, even persons who know very little about the Scriptures, will find it interesting and instructive.

Pencil and paper are provided, and a Bible quiz is announced. The quiz consists of twenty questions, two parts to each question. If both halves are correct, the question counts five. If one half is incorrect, it counts two and a half. The one giving the quiz explains that each must write the name of the book of the Bible and the chapter (not the verse) where each verse read is found.

For instance, the reader says, "In what book and in which chapter of the book are these words found: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; 'God so loved the world, that he gave'?"

In reading the quotations it is advisable to read only a portion, stopping perhaps at the first comma. These twenty references will be found fairly easy for the average young person:

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Genesis 1:1. | 8. 1 Thessalonians 4:16. |
| 2. John 3:16. | 9. Isaiah 53:5. |
| 3. Psalm 23:1. | 10. Daniel 12:1. |
| 4. John 1:1. | 11. Matthew 28:19. |
| 5. Exodus 20:3. | 12. Psalm 1:1. |
| 6. Matthew 5:3. | 13. Joshua 1:9. |
| 7. Revelation 22:14. | 14. Jonah 1:2. |

15. Malachi 3:8.

18. Acts 1:11.

16. Matthew 6:9.

19. 2 Timothy 2:15.

17. John 11:35.

20. Revelation 22:20.

Such a game would surely be in harmony with the instruction found in "Counsel to Teachers," pages 338, 339: "Gatherings for social intercourse may be made in the highest degree profitable and instructive when those who meet together have the love of God glowing in their hearts, when they meet to exchange thoughts in regard to the Word of God, or to consider methods for advancing his work and doing good to their fellow men. When nothing is said or done to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, but it is regarded as a welcome guest, then God is honored, and those who meet together will be refreshed and strengthened."

VERNON EDWARDS HENDERSHOT.

Some Out-of-door Games

Fox and Geese

NOT having time enough for golf, I prefer a game like Fox and Geese—which Minnesota school children know as Cut-the-pie. Snow is best to play it in, but, lacking snow, there is no good reason why one should not mark out a big wheel, with lime or chalk, on the asphalt pavement in front of a city home or on any available space.

Mark out a circle of any convenient diameter—perhaps twenty to fifty feet. Mark the spokes of the wheel—possibly ten or fifteen feet apart at the circumference and meeting at the hub.

Make one player "it." He pursues the others, but only on the spokes, tire, or hub of the wheel. When he tags another player, that one takes his place in chasing the others. Some play that the big hub is goal and a player safe while he stands there, but I think that makes the game too slow.

Horseshoes

Up among the farms and orchards of northern Maryland, where my youngsters take me nearly every summer, the only game I ever saw played spontaneously by the natives was Pitching Horseshoes—one may say Quoits if he prefers to buy them.

Everybody, old or young, can pitch horseshoes—though the youngest players would better use rope rings.

Two wooden posts about an inch and a half thick are driven into the ground at any convenient distance apart. The posts stick up about four or six inches above the earth. Each of the two or more players, in turn, stands behind one post and pitches two horseshoes, one at a time, at the other post.

When all the players have pitched, the score is counted—perhaps as follows: Nearest the post, one point; if both the horseshoes of one player are nearer the post than any opponent's horseshoe, two points; a "ringer" (encircling the post), three points. Sometimes you play that the horseshoe farthest from the post subtracts one point from its pitcher's score.

From behind the post first aimed at, the players pitch next for the other post. The game may be for the largest score or for a definite number of points, say 21. Teams of two or three players may compete, or each may score singly.

In Columbus, Ohio, a resourceful organizer of recreation developed Horseshoe Tournaments into which players were drawn from all over the city. Crack teams fought for the championship of their neighborhood, or city square; and newspapers made much of

the scores and personnel and skilful plays of the chief contestants.

Run, Sheep, Run

In small towns or country districts, in my boyhood, we played a kind of I Spy or Hide and Seek, called Run, Sheep, Run.

One player threw a stick as far as possible, shouting, "Run, Sheep, Run." The player who had previously been chosen "it" must get the stick and lean it against the goal. Meanwhile all the other players ran away and hid themselves.

While the stick was on the goal, if "it" saw any player he called the player's name, threw the stick as far as possible from the player caught, shouted, "Run, Sheep, Run," and ran to hide while the new "it" got the stick and leaned it against the goal. Thus the game really began anew as soon as any player was caught.

While "it" was searching in one direction for hidden players any player might run in from another part of the field, throw the stick as far from "it" as possible,—shouting, "Run, Sheep, Run,"—and thus give all the players a chance to run farther from the goal and to hide themselves more securely.

Volley Ball

If a family or a neighborhood group can spare five to ten dollars, they will find that a volley ball and net are a good investment. (A clothes line or any other rope will do instead of the net.) This is the most costly playground equipment I shall suggest, for I believe in "apparatus" and in "playgrounds" far less than in play.

"Experts" disagree somewhat as to the rules for volley ball, but the following may answer:

Use a tennis court, if you have one, or mark off an oblong the size of your back yard or lengthwise of your front street—about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Stretch the old tennis net, or your wife's best clothes line, across the middle of the oblong, the twenty-five-foot way. Have the line, or the top of the net, six to eight feet above the ground—its height depending somewhat on the age and skill of your players.

A volley ball is large and light. You and your boys have a preliminary contest as to which can blow it up the tightest and whose "butter fingers" let the most air out in trying to tie up the neck of the inside bladder.

The players are evenly divided, half on either side of the net or rope. Any number of players may play on a side, say three to thirty. One of the players stands behind the back line—the serving line which lies parallel to the net and twenty or twenty-five feet away from it—as the playground space permits. The batter, or server, holds the volley ball on his left palm, tosses it up a little and hits it with his right hand—trying to make the ball go over the net and strike the ground, within lines, on the opposite side of the court.

But the enemy are alert to knock the ball back over the net to make it hit the ground first on the server's side. No one may catch or hold the ball, but a player may strike it with one or both hands—hands always open. Good players will sometimes bat the ball from one to another on their own side of the net until they can suddenly bat it into a place where no opposing player is ready to keep it from falling to the ground. But no player may touch the ball more than twice in succession until some other player has touched it.

The server's side scores one when their opponents fail to return the ball. If the ball falls to the ground on the server's side, no one scores, but the chance to score by serving the ball passes to the other side. Any server continues putting the ball in play until his side fails to score, then the opposing side gets the ball and serves it. On both sides the players take regular turns — a new server each time the team gets the ball.

If the ball touches or passes beneath the net or rope, the play is lost, but if the ball came directly from the server, he has a second trial. Whenever the server fails in any way to get his first ball fairly over the net, he may try again before losing his turn to serve.

In Elgin, Illinois, I saw fifty of the leading men of town — ministers, teachers, doctors, and big business men — dressed in gym suits and shoes; acting and feeling like a crowd of happy boys over their semi-weekly game of volley ball. It has no equal for meeting the recreation needs of all sorts and ages of folks. Boys and girls like it all the better because adults play it, too.

Eyes, head, and chest are all uplifted because the volley ball is constantly flying in the air. The players strike upward. They run, jump, turn about, hit hard, and use all their muscles snappily. More individual skill and greater team organization are called for by this game than by the others I have described, but unskilled youngsters enjoy it, and it draws them on steadily toward greater physical efficiency.— *Charles Frederick Weller.*

Cut Grass!

WHAT odds though the rain is falling and the day is all misted up —

Cut grass!

Suppose you do have troubles, and everything, mirrored from your mind, looks pale and lifeless —

Cut grass!

The rain today puts smiles and fragrance to the flowers tomorrow —

Cut grass!

Life's busy little play is brief yet definite, and every man must act or get off the stage, so —

Cut grass!

Never mind how the other fellow works or what his ideas or plans or duties are, *you* —

Cut grass!

Throughout each minute, hour, and day — cut grass. And don't spend too much time fixing the grass-cutting machine. Oil it up, keep the knives sharp, then get back of it and *push*. That's success.

Cut grass! — "*Take It.*"

Good from Opposition

OPPPOSITION, or even resistance, need prove no real hindrance to the final success of any good enterprise. In fact, resistance may bring results the very opposite from those which one's enemies purpose. Without the nozzle on the lawn hose, for example, the water pours out leisurely at its end. Place your hand over the opening in the endeavor to stop the stream, and the lazy water at once spurts out with force many times its former distance across the lawn.

Often an enemy is of more real benefit to a young man than a friend. The young man is put on his guard, on his mettle, as we sometimes say, and the annoying opposition stirs latent powers within him, resulting in his reaching higher attainments and ac-

complishing more real good than perhaps he otherwise might have accomplished. While God is not in the opposition or evil design, yet he permits it, and is able to so overrule that good may result to the one who trusts in him, in place of his being defeated by the wickedly designed enmity.

And so it is in the experience of the earth with the awful catastrophe of sin itself. God did not design that sin should exist; yet he was prepared for it when it appeared in his great universe. Lucifer developed into Satan — the enemy of God. And God permitted him to exist, even after a world united with him in rebellion. But even this shall result in placing the redeemed human race above the position accorded in the beginning to Adam, the father of the race. For a wise purpose, evil is still permitted to exist and to come into contact with our lives, but this need prove no disaster to the one who trusts in God.

One day this world of ours, racked and wrecked as it is with the terrible conflict between the good and the evil that has waged through nearly six thousand years as these forces have struggled for the supremacy, shall bear through all eternity the throne of God and the Lamb, and the capital city of the universe shall be settled upon it. This is no credit to sin, nor an argument that it should have existed, but a wonderful commentary on the power and goodness and wisdom of God in turning into a glorious and eternal victory the terrible disaster which otherwise would have brought utter defeat.

It is here that the long-drawn-out conflict in heaven found entrance in Eden. It is here that this conflict is to be fought out to a finish. It is here that the cross of the Prince of life, the Son of God, has been planted. It is here that the originator of sin and all his confederate angels and men, shall meet their doom in that awful second death that shall know no awakening while the years of eternity roll.

God and Christ and the good angels have been resisted all through the ages; but the love of God and his eternal law of righteousness shall shine out and stand out all the more clearly and the more distinctly because of it.

T. E. BOWEN.

How Young People May Assist in Missionary Work

THERE are always two phases of missionary endeavor. If a person be nine or ninety these two remain the same. And while they are written as *two* on paper, and are spoken of as two phases of missionary endeavor, in practice they blend into one, and only thus can the Christian character maintain its true balance. First, the life; second, the work. In the blending of life and work we have genuine character of whatever quality.

Burning and Shining Lights

Jesus says of that "greater than a prophet," "He was a *burning* and a *shining* light." In John 1:4 we have the definition of this light: "The *life* was the *light* of men." The simplicity and earnestness, the burning zeal and fearless preaching, of John revealed a life of entire devotion to one object.

John was a forerunner of the Messiah. His entire life was given to this. In antitype our own young people are to lead lives of purity and simplicity, of earnestness and moral courage, in a careless, indifferent, pleasure-loving age. The *life* must be the *light*. They are forerunners of the King of kings and Lord of lords at his second coming. As John was abstemious, so we must be temperate in all things. This

body temple must be so fed and cared for that the gross appetites and passions can be more easily crucified, and the Holy Spirit may find a fit and permanent abiding place therein. Having a definite object before him John made it the business of his life to prepare himself, body, soul, and spirit, for the performance of that object. A simple, nourishing diet, plainness of dress, and earnestness of manner characterized him. There was no indecision about him. He was a *burning light*.

A candle cannot light the house, and preserve its original dimensions; the very performance of its duty consumes it. We cannot follow our natural inclinations, nor be governed by many of our acquired habits of life, for the call to enlist in this greatest army of the universe is a call to submit to a pruning, shaping, chiseling, purifying of character.

"The light that shines the farthest shines the brightest nearest home."

Our call to service may begin in the kitchen; it may help a girl to wash dishes with more care and dispatch. It may help a boy to cut weeds out of the fence corners and mend the broken gate. One of our most loved and trusted General Conference brethren began life as an errand boy, but he must have done it in a *shining* way. A well-known physician began his career washing cooking utensils at a tin sink, but he did it heartily and well. A prominent leader of educational thought among our women worked by the week for her board and clothes to get her start in education.

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do.
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Map of the World Versus Football Field

When we take upon us our baptismal vows, it is not merely to become dying members of a dead church, but we are quickened, made alive, and rise to "walk in newness of life." Every moment becomes precious to us for what we can accomplish in it to the glory of God. Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

The mind must be nourished in order that it may grow and develop. So a definite course of study must be followed day by day, not only for eight or nine months but throughout the year, the pivotal books being the Scriptures and the spirit of prophecy. Every youth among us should be able to pass easily, the Standard of Attainment examination. The points of our faith should be studied by them until they are understood.

The map of the world is of more importance to us than a football field. We should acquaint ourselves with the topography, customs, languages, and needs of every country.

If we are to evangelize the world, shall we not definitely prepare for that work? The gift of song must be developed. Somewhere, sometime, awaits a discouraged heart that your song of cheer and gladness will lift out of the slough of despond and elevate to the plane of hope. Some poor sick body must be treated, perhaps washed and made clean. But because *you* understand nothing of the delicate mechanism of the body, and have no knowledge of simple treatments, must that suffering body go down to death? Let us prepare while it is called today, for the opportunity comes to every person, and it does not tarry long after coming.

Definite Aims and Definite Problems

Ours must be no haphazard, half-and-half training. With a definite aim before us, and definite problems to be worked out, a definite object to be achieved, we must work every problem with exactness, make every drawing true, read every paragraph understandingly, spell every word correctly. "Many a little makes a mickle," say the Scotch. *Today's* apparently uneventful happenings help to make up our life.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Young man, you need not feel so unimportant. That temptation you resisted yesterday has put lines of strength into your face, and has added dignity to your bearing. Young woman, those gewgaws of finery you thought so pretty, but laid aside willingly for Jesus' sake, will soon appear as cheap and tawdry to your maturer eyes as they do now to others'. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world's being better for it, without somebody's being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

A Broad Field Before Youth

Young people have such a broad field for missionary endeavor. When the life and buoyancy of youth are coupled with Christian courtesy and good cheer the power for good is unending. Louisa M. Alcott once said: "It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life, and let the dismal shift for themselves." Cultivate this rejoicing spirit, and scatter the sunshine of God's love wherever you go. Also cultivate the "tract habit." Think what it will mean to have ten thousand Missionary Volunteers in this country, scattering the truth daily!

Be kind in the home. This is where the proving of conversion takes place. If you would put a character to the severest test, see whether it can bear without faltering the common ills of everyday life.

Work for your associates. Bring them to Christ. But you cannot do this of yourself. He who abides closest to the heart of God, will get nearest to the hearts of men. Be found faithful! Let not your life counteract the influence of your words and teachings. O young people, it is a terrible thought that every act and word of our lives is leaving its indelible impress somewhere! "We are not writing in the sand. The tide does not wash it out. We are not painting our pictures on the canvas, and with a brush, so that we can easily erase the error of yesterday, or overlay it with another color today. *We are writing our lives with a chisel on the marble*, and every time we strike a blow we leave a mark that is ineffaceable."

God gave *all* for us. We must give *all* for him.

"How shall our lips claim fellowship with thine,
And yet be silent when thy cause is scorned?
How shall our feet walk in thy steps divine,
Yet idle wait, leaving thy world unwarned?"

"Touch thou the silent lips, O God, with fire,
Till in thy triumph-song of truth they sing.
Lead on the languid feet to struggle higher,
On Zion's mountains, heralding the King."

"How shall our hands be thine, nor yet unclose,
While souls about us faint in need and loss;
Our hearts live in thy life, nor turn to those
For whom thy heart was rend on the cross?"

"O Christ of God! nerve thou the hands to move
As in their touch thy healing might were shown;
Quickened the hearts thou claimest, Lord, to love,
With that eternal love which is thine own."

ROSSLYN ELEANOR GALLION.

"What Did You Give for It?"

SAY, but that's a fine knife, Tom! What did you give for it?"

Jimmy in his short life had begun to see what some men never learn — that there is nothing to be obtained without giving in return a price commensurate with its value.

Young man, you have a college degree. What did you give for it?

I gave twelve years of study and work. I gave up idle habits, worldly pleasures, frivolous companionships. I gave my days to industry and my evenings to thought and books.

But you got it cheap at that price.

Sir, you have a wide reputation for business kindness and integrity. What did you give for it?

I gave the best years of my life to trying to build up a business that would stand. I gave patient study to the needs which my goods supply. I gave up opportunities to make large sums by sharp dealing or undue advantage. I gave up what some would call personal success, for the good of my patrons.

A big price — but you got a bargain.

And you, madam, with that look on your face of peace perfected through suffering, which makes it more beautiful than youth, you have noble sons wielding power for good in the lives of men; you have daughters whose unselfish lives make many call them blessed among women; you have the name of being one of the godly mothers in Israel. What did you give for these?

All I had. The love of my mother heart and the labor of my hands. The cherished dreams and the ambitious hopes of my girlhood — I was to be a great singer, you know. I gave my strength in caring for my children and in visiting the sick and the needy. I gave many anxious days to watching and many long night seasons to prayer.

You paid the heaviest price of all. But the Master will say, when to each one shall be given according as his work has been, that yours shall be the greatest reward.

EUGENE ROWELL.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

For the Finding-Out Club

[Every person sending to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR a neatly written correct list of answers to any set of questions within four weeks after date of the paper containing the questions, becomes a member of the Finding-Out Club. The INSTRUCTOR will present a copy of any book printed by the Review and Herald Publishing Association to the one sending in the largest number of correct lists during the year.]

A Quiz on Current Topics

1. DEFINE:

The Monroe Doctrine
The League of Nations
The Victory Loan
Bolsheviki
Army of Occupation
Peace Conference

2. IDENTIFY:

Carter Glass
A. Mitchell Palmer
James R. Mann
Walter Hines
Champ Clark

Samuel Gompers

Frederick H. Gillett

3. When and under what circumstances did the 65th Congress adjourn?

4. Mention five distinguishing features of this War Congress.

5. Why is President Wilson now in Europe?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of

February 25

Part I

Houston B. Teehee, Register of the Treasury.

Part II

1. The Bible says of Enoch and Noah that they "walked with God." Gen. 5:24; 6:9.

2. Noah was the great-grandson of Enoch.

3. Abraham prayed six times that Sodom might be saved. Gen. 18:24-33.

4. Hagar left Abraham's house twice on account of Sarai. Gen. 16:8; 21:14.

5. Isaac's place of secret prayer was "in the field at the eventide." Gen. 24:63.

6. The Philistines expressed their envy of Isaac's prosperity by stopping up the wells that his father, Abraham, had dug. Gen. 26:14, 15.

7. Isaac and Rebekah are the first parents of whom it is recorded that they were grieved by their son's choice of a wife. Gen. 26:34, 35; 27:46.

8. Moses and Aaron walked unharmed through a fearful thunder-and-hail storm when every one else so exposed was killed. Ex. 9:27-33.

9. The Passover lamb was a type of Christ, and since when he should die upon the cross no bone of him was to be broken (John 19:32, 33), the paschal lamb, representing his sacrifice, was slain and served without one bone being broken.

10. The first-born of both man and beast were killed when the children of Israel left Egypt. Since the Egyptians worshiped certain animals, such as the cow, and considered it a sin to kill them, the judgment executed by the angel was "against all the gods of Egypt." Ex. 12:12.

11. When Moses recounted to the children of Israel the wonderful promises of the Lord, "they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." See Ex. 6:2-9.



WHY DOES THE LAD RUN?

A Really, Truly Ghost Story

GRANDPA, tell us a really, truly ghost story," said ten-year-old Marjorie, as she cuddled down in her grandfather's lap. It was an ideal time for storytelling, for it was a stormy October night; the wind was rustling the bare branches of the trees and whistling a merry tune around the corners of the house.

"All right," said grandfather, "I know a true one that happened when I was a boy, just a little older than your brother, Donny. I'll tell it if you will promise not to get frightened until I am through with it. Besides, it is all true."

"There aren't any ghosts," said Donald, with all the positiveness and assurance of the superior wisdom he had garnered in the twelve years of his life. "Father says there aren't any such things as ghosts."

With a merry twinkle in his eyes, grandfather continued: "Marjorie wants a truly ghost story: I'll tell her one that happened to me many years ago."

"I lived in Newport, Kentucky, on Saratoga Street. I remember the circumstance as well as if it all happened yesterday. In the neighborhood there was a very large vacant lot that all the children used for a playground, which was nearly as large as a whole city block. In a back corner of this big lot, farthest removed from the street, was an old abandoned dwelling-house that was shunned and looked upon with fear and dread by all the children, for it was said to be haunted. In those days there was much talk of ghosts and hobgoblins, and even some grown people were foolish enough to believe in them. The old house was both windowless and doorless, the old shingle roof had almost fallen in, and the large brick chimney at one end of the house was almost gone. It was indeed a most forlorn and dilapidated-looking place. That part of the lot near the old house was all grown up with tall Jimson weeds, horseweeds, and dog fennel, but the other part of the lot was kept nearly bare and clean of weeds by the busy feet of children, especially that part where the boys played the old game of town ball, which was in use before the game of baseball was invented. It was a most dreary-looking place even in the brightest sunshine, and there were many weird and fanciful stories told about it among the children."

"I, too, had a wise father, like yours, Donald, who told me there were no ghosts, while mother said that the stories told about the old house and its ghosts were not true, and that I must never be afraid, for even though there should be such things as ghosts, which she didn't for a moment believe, they couldn't possibly harm any one."

"One warm and pleasant afternoon mother permitted me to visit my cousins, who lived in a distant part of the town. She told me that I might stay for supper, but to be sure to come home before it became dark. Well, that day we had a jolly good time, and after an early supper we children continued our games upon the lawn. My aunt was busy with her household duties, and we were so absorbed in our play the time slipped by so quickly that it was growing dark before I noticed it. I was only made aware of it by my aunt's coming to the door and saying: 'Why, Thomas, are you still here? You had better hurry home right away. I want you to take a basket to mother,' and going into the house, she returned immediately with a small basket, in which she had stowed a lot of the good cookies which made her famous with all the children."

"Are you afraid to go home alone?" asked auntie. "If you are, I will send some one with you." "Afraid?" I said, as I swelled out my chest and tried to look my very bravest. "No, indeed! There's nothing to be afraid of; besides, it won't take me longer'n twenty minutes to get home."

"Taking my basket, I started briskly down the road. It had grown dark more rapidly than usual, for the sky was overcast with clouds that threatened a storm. The street lamps were already lighted, but there were not many people on the streets, because it looked like rain."

"On my way home I had to pass an old graveyard containing great honey locust trees, where the children came in the fall to gather the large, sweet locust pods and play among the old weather worn and tumble-down gravestones. It was all right in the bright daytime with all the boys and girls together, but in the dark it was quite different. It did look gloomy and lonesome when I reached it, and before I knew it little shivers ran up and down my back. 'Pshaw!' I said to myself, 'there's nothing to be afraid of!' And I started to whistle most bravely, saying to myself, 'Ghosts can't hurt a fellow. Besides, there aren't any ghosts.'"

"So reasoning, I screwed up my courage and, whistling loudly all the way, hastily passed the long square occupied by the old graveyard, but not without many furtive side glances. When I had passed it, my courage came back in full force. I kept on saying, 'I'm not afraid of anything; what's the use of being frightened? I'm not a coward,' until I had left the graveyard far behind and felt ready and bold enough to enter it in the dark and all alone."

"By this time I had come to an alley which connected with the extreme back part of the big lot I told you about, and here I again stopped and hesitated. 'Shall I go through the alley and cut across the lot, and thus save the long way around and get home all the quicker?' I asked myself. 'There aren't any ghosts; what's the use of being afraid?' I said, but still I hesitated, for to go through the lot I should have to pass quite near to the old house by the little pathway through the tall weeds. The alley did look so dark, with a tall board fence all down one side of it, and overhung with big trees which made it all the darker. Grasping the basket firmly, with loudly beating heart and a fierce determination to brave the darkness, I started down the alley on a run. It seemed to be miles in length, when in reality it was only about two hundred feet to the corner of the big lot."

"I had but fairly started when a black animal, in my excited imagination as huge as a tiger, flashed across my pathway, and I felt as if my heart wanted to come right up into my mouth. Ere I could turn to flee, another monster rushed across my pathway, and, frightened as I was, I recognized dear old Tip, a large Newfoundland dog which belonged in the neighborhood, who was out following his usual bent in chasing a cat. Tip was a constant playfellow of the children in the lot, and, recognizing him instantly, I loudly called to him. 'Here, Tip; come here, Tip, old fellow!' when to my intense delight he came to my side. How relieved I was! I now had a companion who wasn't afraid of any ghosts that ever were, so petting and keeping him close by my side, I proceeded cautiously down the alley. In a few moments we reached the little pathway through the

weeds. The house loomed dark, mysterious, and, to my fevered imagination, as huge as a mountain. What was that?

"Suddenly my blood seemed to freeze in my veins, I felt a prickly sensation all over my body, I became paralyzed and couldn't move, and my hair seemed to stand straight up! From the old house issued sighs, groans, grunts, and indescribable noises. The wind had risen, causing the loose clapboards to flap; the thunder of the rapidly approaching storm grew even louder. Suddenly I felt Tip's cool nose rubbing against my hand; it seemed instantly to set my trembling legs in motion, and with all the speed of which I was capable I rushed down through the weeds, dropping my basket, losing my cap, and pursued by the groans, grunts, wails, and sighs, mingled with the muttering thunder of the coming storm. The weeds scratched my face and hands. I rushed blindly on, with the dog by my side. I imagined ghostly hands were reaching out to clutch me; I stumbled over a rut, causing me to fall headlong, with great force, hitting my head on a stone. Then I became unconscious.

"When I again became conscious I found myself on the couch in our sitting-room. Mother was bathing my face, while father was chafing my hands. When I had fallen, Tip, of course, had stopped by my side, no doubt taking it for granted that it was all in play; but when he found that I did not move, he commenced barking furiously, keeping it up so persistently that he attracted the attention of some men on the street who had heard my cry, and who went to see why the dog was barking. They found me unconscious. On picking me up and recognizing me, they carried me home. It was fortunate that the men found me when they did, for very soon the great storm broke, and it was with the noise of this storm in my ears that I came back to consciousness. It was a long time before I could coherently tell my parents the story, and I shuddered as I told them of the ghostly groans and sighs I heard coming from the old house. They put me to bed, where I finally went to sleep. I awoke next morning with the sun shining brightly in my room and the birds singing their morning songs in the trees by the open window. I felt refreshed, though bruised and sore from my tumble, and my head ached furiously. As soon as I could dress and go downstairs, I met and greeted my father, who gravely said to me: 'Thomas, my son, get your hat and come with me: we have ample time before breakfast will be ready, so we will investigate the cause of your fright last night,' and it seemed I detected a twinkle in his eye as he spoke.

"How different things looked to me in the bright morning sun! Together we walked up to the open doorway of the old house, and I gazed upon a scene I shall never forget. There, in the very middle of the big room, on the ground, was a huge mother pig nursing a big litter of cute little piggies, with more pigs, probably a dozen of them of all sizes, scattered around, grunting and squealing, as I had heard the ghosts doing the evening before.

"I hung my head in shame, and my kind father gave me a good lecture then and there which I have never forgotten. He told me how people can actually die of fright, how we all, through the exercise of our will, can and should overcome all tendency to fright."

As grandfather concluded his story, Marjorie again clasped her arms around his neck and said:

"O grandfather, I'll always try to remember never to get frightened any more."

Brother Donny, with his usual bravado, said:

"Huh! I knew all the time it wasn't ghosts, 'cause daddy said there weren't any such things; but, grandfather, did you find your cap again, and were all the cookies spoiled by the rain? My, I wish I had some now!"—*J. A. Knapp, in the Sunday School Advocate.*

Keep Trying

"No one is beat till he quits,
No one is through till he stops;
No matter how hard Failure hits,
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

"Fate can slam him and bang him around,
And batter his frame till he's sore;
But she never can say that he's downed
While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till no longer he tries."

Release the Loyal

THE following word from the editor of *Our Dumb Animals* is of interest, as we know that many conscientious persons are languishing in jail, not because of any disloyal feelings toward the Government, but because they could not do what they were asked to do without violating their conviction of duty toward God. The editor says:

"Nothing has been harder for many an American citizen to bear during this now ended war than the restrictions put upon the freedom of speech and of the press. To do his own thinking, and to be free to utter, without let or hindrance, his sincere convictions, has from the beginning been held by him to be his inalienable right. To see his fellow citizens who, just as honest as he, perhaps far more so, and just as loyal, so far as they can see it, to their country, sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for standing by their consciences, has outraged his sense



A HAPPY HOUR WITH GRANDFATHER

of justice and of what it means to be a citizen of the United States.

"Now that we hope to be allowed once more to hold our citizenship at its face value, it becomes us to see to it that the men now in prison, and under heavy sentence for refusing to violate their deepest convictions, be released in every case where the evidence can satisfy the court that no crime has been committed, but that the sentence fell upon one honestly loyal to the truth as he could understand it, and who neither by word nor deed wilfully incited his fellows to the violation of law."

"LIVE for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true;
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,—
But they drifted with the tide."

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN	Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON {	Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN	
MEADE MAC GUIRE	Field Secretary

Victory and Service

THIS is the first day of the new year, and it makes me feel very solemn when I think of the rapidity with which time is going. I so much want to make the most of my life and my opportunities for Christ. I realize that I have but a short time in which to work, and I have reached the place in my experience where I am anxious to fall in line and work—hard.

I have been a member of the church for some time, but I am far from satisfied with my past life. I have been in school until this year, and now that I am through, I wish to take an active part in some line of the work, which, I think, is necessary to a successful Christian life. I long to become acquainted and associated with people whose interest is wholly centered upon the work in which they are engaged for Christ.

I sometimes feel that I should like to go straight to Africa or China and get down to good hard work. I believe I should be happy—it seems as if I could have a much better experience. Could I but hear from his lips just what he wants me to do, that I might fulfil his purpose in me!

Perhaps you would be willing to offer me some suggestions that will help to keep one's mind upon the things of greatest importance, that will make one's Christian experience a real one—that I may be a Christian in heart as well as in name. Do you not think reading the Testimonies a good plan? And what is a systematic plan of Bible study? We have barely time to get ready if we do our very best all the time. I want to prepare my heart for the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ that my life may draw my friends to Christ and not away from him.

S. D.

You desire a deeper Christian experience, you want to be a soul-winner, and you long for divine guidance. The Spirit of God has put these desires into your heart, and he will satisfy them. Jesus Christ himself wishes to take full possession of your life. He is your Saviour, Sanctifier, and Guide. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

We accept him, confess our sins, receive pardon, and enjoy his blessings; but how slow we are to allow him to take full possession! Paul had this experience. "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Gal. 2:20. Our hope of eternal salvation is to have Christ dwelling within. Col. 1:27.

This life of peace and victory comes through surrender. "Christ changes the heart. He abides in your heart by faith. You are to maintain this connection with Christ by faith and the continual surrender of your will to him; and so long as you do this, he

will work in you to will and to do according to his good pleasure."—"Steps to Christ," khaki edition, p. 62.

The victorious life is a soul-winning life. "Now thanks be unto God who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of him in every place." 2 Cor. 2:14, literal translation.

When Christ abides within, he will guide. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6. The first great requisite of guidance is surrender. "Those who decide to do nothing in any line that will displease God, will know, after presenting their case before him, just what course to pursue."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 668. Yes, when we are willing and anxious to do God's will, we shall know. We should, of course, make every possible effort to gather information that bears on the question. Then we should pray and wait patiently for the Lord, with no selfish motives to cloud our spiritual vision. We may expect that God's providences will be in harmony with decisions arrived at in this way. As one has said: "God's impressions within and his Word without are always corroborated by his providence around, and we should quietly wait until these three focus into one point."

To have all this, you could do nothing better than what you suggest,—read the "Testimonies for the Church," and enter upon a plan of systematic Bible study. Saturate your mind with the messages of God. Listen to his voice in his Word, and he will give you blessings beyond your expectations.

We are asking as many of our young people as can do so to read the Testimonies through in two years. This means about eight pages a day.

If you have read the Bible through, perhaps you would like to take up topical studies. The "Senior Standard of Attainment Manual" will help you. If you wish to study the life of Christ, use "New Testament History" as a guide.

M. E. K.

Our Counsel Corner

IS work that is done for members of the church considered Christian help work? Some of our boys have chopped wood for a widow in the church. Should that be reported as Christian help work?

E. W.

That wood chopping was doubtless prompted by the Christian spirit of helpfulness, and was missionary work. Why should it not be reported? We sometimes get the idea that missionary work is only an effort to turn some one from sin; but missionary work is a service of love performed for those who are in need, be that need spiritual or physical. We are admonished to do good to all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith. Every true act of missionary service is prompted by love. We report the work we do for the encouragement of other young people, and that we may all know whether as Missionary Volunteers we are really following Christ in service.

Of course we should not think of reporting service rendered in our own family. That is our regular duty to ourselves, as it were. Neither would one report meals provided to friends invited to dine. But food given to those who are destitute should be reported.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — Our Hope of Salvation

(April 5)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25.

STUDY HELPS: "Steps to Christ," chapter "The Sinner's Need of Christ."

Questions

1. How many kinds of righteousness are spoken of in the Bible? Rom. 10:3.
2. To what is our own righteousness compared? Isa. 64:6.
3. What will be the result of any effort on our part to cleanse the "filthy rags" of our own righteousness? Jer. 2:22. Note 1.
4. How can we secure the beautiful garments of God's righteousness? Jer. 23:6. Note 2.
5. What prompted God to bring his righteousness to sinful man? John 3:16; Rom. 5:8.
6. What spirit did Jesus show in this provision for our salvation from sin? John 10:14, 15, 17, 18.
7. What had sin done for man? Isa. 59:2.
8. What did the sacrifice on Calvary provide for the sinner? 1 John 4:10. Note 3.
9. How has the sinner been ransomed, or released from sin? What was the ransom price paid? Matt. 20:28. Note 4.
10. What becomes of the sinner's sins when he accepts the ransom? Isa. 1:18.
11. When the sinner accepts Christ, thus availing himself of the ransom provided for him, what change takes place in his attitude toward God? Rom. 5:10. Note 5.
12. For what purpose was Christ raised from the dead? Rom. 4:25. Note 6.
13. What besides the death and resurrection of Christ is necessary to save to the uttermost, to save us "evermore"? Rom. 8:34; Heb. 7:25, margin. Note 7.
14. What element in God's character does this "redemption that is in Christ Jesus" vindicate? Rom. 3:24-26. Note 8.

Notes

1. "Niter" is a name now meaning only potassium nitrate (KNO₃), but formerly applied also to several saline and sodium compounds, including washing soda, a well-known substance, which, added to water, greatly increases its cleansing power. The lesson is that even if it were possible to cleanse our garments of character, they would still be only rags. If our right-doings are but filthy rags, what must our wrong-doings—our unrighteousnesses—be like in God's sight?

Some one has aptly said that we are living in God's great washing and ironing day, for his glorious church is to be without "spot, or wrinkle." Eph. 5:27.

2. There is but one way to receive this change of raiment and that is by receiving Christ who is "our Righteousness." When Joshua the high priest had his filthy garments removed (Zech. 3:1-5), it was because the Lord rebuked Satan, and caused Joshua's iniquity to pass from him. The "fair miter" is called in Eph. 6:17 the helmet of salvation.

Christ's righteousness on us as a robe will be Christ's righteousness—his right-doing—in us as a life. This robe is an inner living robe of which the outer garment of light is but a symbol. It is the dress of the soul, as we sing:

"... His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine."

Peter calls it that adorning of "the hidden man of the heart... even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter 3:4.

It is this same white raiment that is referred to in 1 Samuel 16:7: "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

"The Saviour said, 'Except a man be born from above,' unless he shall receive a new heart, new desires, purposes, and motives, leading to a new life, 'he cannot see the kingdom of God.'" "Steps to Christ," pp. 20, 21.

3. Propitiation means atonement or an atoning sacrifice; that which conciliates. Conciliate means to draw or bring together; to unite.

Sin separates us from God; Jesus by his death spans the gulf made by sin and once more unites man to God. God so loved us, so grieved over our separation from him, that he sent his Son to bring us back to him, to be the at-one-ment, the "propitiation" for our sins.

"The mystic ladder of his [Jacob's] dream represented Jesus, the only medium of communication between God and man."

"This is the same figure to which Christ referred in his conversation with Nathaniel, when he said, 'Ye shall see

heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.' In the apostasy, man alienated himself from God; earth was cut off from heaven. Across the gulf that lay between, there could be no communion. But through Christ, earth is again linked with heaven. With his own merits, Christ has bridged the gulf which sin has made, so that the ministering angels can hold communion with man. Christ connects fallen man, in his weakness and helplessness, with the Source of infinite power."—"Steps to Christ," p. 23.

4. A ransom, according to Webster, is "payment for release from captivity; the money or price paid or demanded for redemption of a prisoner, or of property captured by an enemy."

5. "Reconcile" has in it the same meaning as "conciliate" or "propitiate"—to unite; to bring together; to bring into favor.

6. Justification of sins that are past is the substitution of the righteous life of Christ for the sinful life of man. Justification after the sinner has accepted Christ is the righteous life of Christ in the Christian day by day, for it is impossible at any time for a fallen human being to do right through human effort. So Christ was raised from the dead that he might live in us and be our justification.

7. Christ's death was a single act made necessary to establish the fact that God is just, and to release the sinner from Satan's prison house. His life is a continuous act of intercession for us. Intercession means "interposition between parties at variance, with a view to reconciliation." Jesus lives for the sole purpose, "ever liveth," not only that we may be brought back, or reconciled, to God, but that we may be kept by his abiding presence "evermore."

8. Webster defines the word "just" as "giving to every man his due;... fair; impartial." Before all the universe of God, Lucifer had said that God was not just, that he was partial to Jesus. Lucifer declared that God was unfair to him because he refused to give him, the highest angel in heaven, the honor that he thought was his due. By giving Jesus to die, God proved to the whole universe that he was just, impartial, fair. Jesus chose to take upon himself the sins of the world. But "the wages of sin is death." Will God be partial, will he shield his own Son from the cruel, the undeserved death? Ah, no! Jesus was brought under death because having taken sinful nature, having identified himself with sinners, he with all sinners must receive the wages of sin, death, though he himself did no sin.

Thus he became "the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2 Cor. 5:21.

Intermediate Lesson

I — Death of Eli; God's Care for the Ark

(April 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 4:1-18; 5:6; 7:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods." Ps. 95:3.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 583-593; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 46-50.

"Flitting, flitting ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting by thy side,
Like your shadow all unwearied
Angel beings guard and guide."

Questions

1. During the time when Samuel was the prophet of the Lord, what did the Israelites undertake without seeking counsel from God? 1 Sam. 4:1. Note 1.
2. What was the result of going out to battle in this way? To what did the Israelites lay their defeat? What did they think the ark might have power to do? Verses 2, 3. Note 2.
3. Who came with the ark when it was brought? How was the ark received by the people? What effect did this have upon the Philistines? Verses 4-8. Note 3.
4. What appeal was made to the army of the Philistines? What were the results of the battle? Verses 9-11. Note 4.
5. How was the news of the battle taken to Eli? What effect did it have upon him? Verses 12-18.
6. Where were the Philistines permitted to take the ark? What befell Dagon the first night? What occurred the second night? 1 Sam. 5:1-5.
7. What further experiences did the Philistines have in caring for the ark of God? Verses 6-12. Note 5.
8. After seven months what did the Philistines do? What plan did they have for getting rid of the ark? What did they seek to find out? 1 Sam. 6:1, 2, 7-9.
9. What evidence was given that God was caring for the ark? Verses 10-12.
10. How was the ark received by the Israelites at Beth-shemesh? How did the Lord impress upon them the sacredness of the ark? Verses 13, 14, 19.

11. Where was the ark next taken? Verses 20, 21; 1 Sam. 7: 1, 2.
12. What did Samuel persuade the people to do? Verses 3, 4.
13. While the people were gathered to worship the Lord, what did the Philistines do? Verses 5-7.
14. What preparations did Israel make? Verses 8, 9.
15. What was the result of the battle? Verses 10-13.

Things to Think About

What caused the defeat of the Israelites in the first battle with the Philistines?

What gave them victory in the second battle?

What causes personal defeat in the battle with sin?

What brings victory into the life?

Notes

1. "This expedition was undertaken by the Israelites without counsel from God, without the concurrence of high priest or prophet."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 583.

2. In the wilderness when the ark set forward, Moses prayed, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee." But Moses and the people well knew that it was not the ark containing the tables of the law that gave them success, but that it was God's appearing for them that defeated their enemies. The ark was but the symbol, the sign, the token of his presence.

3. "How could they expect it should bring a blessing when Hophni and Phineas were the men that carried it? It would have given too much countenance to their villainy if the ark had done any kindness to Israel while it was in the hands of those graceless priests."—*Matthew Henry.*

The Philistines would have had reason to be afraid had the Israelites been true to God, but they did not know that Israel had forsaken the God of their fathers.

4. "The most terrifying calamity that could occur had befallen Israel. The ark of God had been captured, and was in the possession of the enemy. The glory had indeed departed from Israel when the symbol of the abiding presence and power of Jehovah was removed from the midst of them. With this sacred chest were associated the most wonderful revelations of God's truth and power. . . . But when they looked upon the ark, and did not associate it with God, nor honor his revealed will by obedience to his law, it could avail them little more than a common box. They looked to the ark as the idolatrous nations looked to their gods, as if it possessed in itself the elements of power and salvation."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 584.

5. *Emerods*: "As to the nature of the disease not much can be inferred from 1 Samuel 5: 9. The Revised Version reads, 'Tumors brake out upon them.' That the disease was externally loathsome is evident from Deuteronomy 28: 27, where it is classed with the boil of Egypt, the scurvy, and the itch."—*Hastings' Bible Dictionary.*

Early Predictions

THE scientific thinking of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was not altogether contemptible. The scientific knowledge of the universities was made practical in many ways, and led to important discoveries and anticipations of what is most novel even in our own day.

It is well known now that Roger Bacon felt quite sure that man would sometime learn to control explosives and direct their energies into useful channels. He even ventured to say that "art can construct instruments of navigation, such that the largest vessels governed by a single man will traverse rivers and seas more rapidly than if they were filled with oarsmen. One may also make carriages which without aid of any animal will run with remarkable swiftness." In these days of great steamships and automobiles, so modern sounding and startling are these statements that were we not able to trace them to their original sources we would think them to be the ideas of some late commentator. Bacon even went so far as to suggest that men would some day be able to fly.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

"REPUTATION is what men think we are. Character is what God sees we are."

"THE scold is a vulgarian, be she at the washtub or upon the throne."

When the Day is Done

WHEN the day is done and the reaping

Has ended forevermore,

Shall you wish you'd wrought less for the Master

As you reckon your labors o'er?

Shall you sigh for earth-pleasures denied you

As you toiled for him early and late,

Or rejoice in the "well done" recorded

And the welcome you have at the gate?

When the day is done! Can you dream it?

Forever our Jesus to see,—

As one 'mong the chosen beloved

To follow wherever he be?

O let us at evening and morning

Be zealous, courageous, and true,

To work with a heart that is willing

And anxious his bidding to do.

—Selected.

My Ideal Roommate

(Concluded from page two)

"He is constantly agreeable, not merely nice when he is in a pleasant mood or in the presence of others. He exercises true Christian courtesy, and never asks anything which he would not himself do. I admire my roommate for his strict adherence to the golden rule and his sweet temperament."

"For a roommate I prefer a boy who respects the feelings of others; some one who does not cause disturbance during study hour; who will not cheat if he has the chance; who will think twice and speak once; who is sensible and upright."

"The qualities most desirable in an ideal roommate are neatness, thoughtfulness, unselfishness, a serene and even temper, good nature, and loveliness."

"I should choose for a roommate one who is thoughtful of others; who studies, or at least is quiet, during study hour; one who is willing to do her share of the room work, and who wears her own clothes."

"The ideal roommate is one who is steady, not mechanical; firm to duty, not obstinate; and religious, not radical. A circle-like character is best, because you do not bump into the piercing corners."

"I like a boy for a roommate who is honest, frank, helpful, and who is not lazy. I should like him to be of a jolly but sensible nature; one who is not apt to have his feelings hurt every little while. I should like to have a roommate who is patient, who will not try to get into a scrap every little while, and who lives up to the rules of the school and does not forget his honor, God, or country."

"I want one who is a friend true enough to tell me of my faults in a kind way; one who is not unkind or impatient; who is neat and clean about her person and room; who realizes that the room does not belong alone to her, and who will willingly do her share of the room work; one who will help me in my Christian experience; in whom I can trust and confide and find her sympathetic when I am in trouble; one who loves God."

Of the eighty answers written, almost every one mentioned a Christian experience as essential; doing a willing share of the room work is the second quality most desired; neatness, tidiness, appeared on thirty-eight papers. Forty-three mentioned love, kindness, consideration, thoughtfulness; while studiousness and quiet during study hour were given twenty-four times. Other qualities entering into the character of this ideal roommate are friendliness, especially shown to the younger students; freedom from sarcasm, hastiness of speech, slang, criticism, and pointing out faults before visitors; conscientiousness, honesty, honor in keeping promises; companionability; gentleness; willingness to share joys and sorrows; uprightness, alertness, promptness, and manliness; brotherliness, not bossiness; willingness to learn; ability to take jokes; sense of justice; generosity; modesty, refinement, freedom from boisterous roughness; patience; joy, good nature, optimism, and cheerfulness; freedom from grudges. One characteristic many times mentioned is that the ideal roommate wear his or her own clothes, and hang them up when removed, instead of throwing them on the floor.

It might be well for young people in schools, and also in their own homes, to take inventory of themselves and see toward how many of these ideals they are reaching.

MARY H. MOORE.

Missionary Volunteer Society *

ALL up and down this land you'll find
Societies of every kind:
Christian associations,
Worldly denominations,
Y. M. C. A. and L. T. L.,
And many others I could tell.
But the one that brings the greatest cheer
Is the Missionary Volunteer.

It helps the missionary work,
It teaches young folks not to shirk.
There are things for you and me to do;
There are interesting programs too.
There is work for little children,
Work for men and work for women.
So let us work and help each year
The Missionary Volunteer.

We have the best of Christian teachers,
And oft we are addressed by preachers.
Sometimes we hear from missionaries,
And of the native where he tarries.
There are the Reading Courses too,
And we should read the Bible through.
In all the meetings we should be
A help to this society.

ERNEST J. FORCHER.

Sabbath School Lessons for Young People

FOR some time there has been a call for lessons for our young people. In response to this call the General Conference Sabbath School Department has provided a set of lessons which we feel assured our young people will greatly enjoy.

It has been remarked that these lessons are more difficult than the senior lessons; but this will only challenge our young people to earnest study.

We trust the Sabbath schools will quickly readjust their organization, so that these lessons will be used by all schools.

A Gift

THERE is a strange fascination attached to a parcel daintily wrapped and securely tied, reaching its rightful owner under the label so carefully addressed. Large or small, round or square, it is always welcome. And if perchance there appears on the outside the significant words: "Please do not open until—" O how tantalizing! And yet the very joy of anticipation increases until the glad moment of realization arrives.

Refusal to receive a gift of love, or carelessness and neglect in regard to it, is considered an unpardonable offense. Such conduct is almost beyond all suspicion of possibility. Instead, keenest disappointment is experienced should there be an oversight in remembrance, or a miscarriage in delivery. A soldier, referring to his experiences in army life as a "conscientious objector," writes: "Packages containing food and delicacies, sent us from home at great expense of time, money, and sentiment, were viciously and wantonly destroyed, and their contents dumped into the garbage cans." Punishment and abuse of a severe nature did not compare with the disappointment and grief experienced at being deprived of the gifts of love which were rightfully his.

To each member of the human family there has been sent a Gift of priceless value—an unfailing Source of rest, strength, peace, joy, companionship, counsel, healing balm for sorrow, and life everlasting. The gift is labeled "Whosoever," which means *you*, and there are no restrictions as to its acceptance, only "now is the accepted time!" This priceless Gift has

been delivered—Jesus, the gift from heaven. Have you accepted the Gift, and returned thanks to the Giver? Delay not to do so, lest you be found speechless at his soon appearing, without hope of escape, having neglected "so great salvation."

GRACE D. MACE.

How George Learned to Drive Nails

GEORGE, what do you mean to be when you are a man?" asked his uncle.

"I should like to be a carpenter," replied George.

Some days later when the lad was visiting this same uncle, he was given a small piece of carpentry to perform. He set about the task with earnestness, not realizing that his uncle meant to give him his first lesson in his prospective life vocation.

George was using the old cut nail, which has now been almost displaced by the wire nail; and he took great pains to drive every nail in in a particular way, having somehow reasoned it out that this was the correct way to keep the board from splitting. But when his uncle inspected his work, he was informed that he was driving the nail exactly opposite to the correct way. He was then shown the proper way, and the reason for it given him.

This unexpected upsetting of his perfect confidence in his ability to drive a nail properly so impressed him that he never forgot the lesson, and found the incident to be of service to him in other relations of life.

F. D. C.

Faced the World with Nothing

TO the ambitious boy, anxious to get ahead in the world and amount to something, Mr. Schwab's life is an inspiration. He started out with nothing at all. He faced the world with empty hands. But within him were locked three glorious assets: A hunger for knowledge, the courage to study and strive as best he could, and the will to throw himself, heart and soul, into his work and to give his best to every task. He gave his all to the little job, and it led to a better; he gave his all to the better job, and it led to one even still better. Step by step he came up from the bottom, not through luck, not through favor. Charlie Schwab worked, and the world has given him a worker's honor.

"I have always felt," Mr. Schwab said recently, "that the surest way to qualify for the job ahead is to work a little harder than any one else on the job one is holding down. To my mind, the best investment a young man starting out in business can possibly make is to give all his time, all his energy, to his work—just plain hard work."—*Boys' Life*.

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* Written by a member of the Missionary Volunteer Society of Dinuba, California, aged thirteen years.