

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

April 1, 1919

No. 13



Photo, R. & H. Pub. Assn.

PRESIDENT WILSON IN THE WELCOME-HOME PARADE

From Here and There

Korea declared her independence of Japan on March 1.

American troops have arrived in Berlin to guard the food supplies sent in by the Allies.

The Allies have recognized the government of Poland, which is headed by Ignace Paderewski as premier.

Sessue Hayakawa, the popular Japanese movie hero, has recently translated Shakespeare into his native tongue.

A seventeen-year locust invasion of Eastern United States is due this spring, according to Department of Agriculture experts.

Admiral Peary, the man who made the north pole by dog sled, is an enthusiastic airman, and says his successor will make the pole by airplane.

"Sweethearts' Monument" was erected at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts, by the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the soldiers trained at that camp.

Service chevrons are being conferred upon the various ships which were on duty in foreign waters during the war. These are placed upon the huge funnels of the vessel.

Gotham honors its sea heroes by placing a huge clock and a bell at Pier A, the Battery, New York, as a solemn remembrance of that city's heroes who went down with their submarined ships.

Rumor has it that Herbert Hoover, the American food administrator, and lately appointed director-general of the interallied relief organization, is to resign his work next July, in order to look after private business interests.

Arthur Woods, former police commissioner of New York City, has been appointed special assistant to Secretary Baker in the War Department for the purpose of securing employment for discharged United States soldiers and sailors.

The liquor people are making a great campaign to find some way to get the people of this country to repudiate what has been done toward giving the nation prohibition. The temperance people should be more energetic than ever in scattering temperance literature to counteract the evil of the liquor propaganda.

An Italian physician advances a cure of tuberculosis on an entirely different angle from any so far made public. Instead of directly going after the tubercle bacillus itself, he aims at destroying its home—namely, the bronchial secretions. He asserts that sugar injected into the organism in the form of saccharose solution has a marked effect on the bronchial secretions. They diminish rapidly, and finally cease altogether, leaving no environment or habitat for the dreaded bacillus. Without this bronchial secretion the tubercle bacillus cannot propagate. The surrounding tissues cease to degenerate, the cavities already made heal over with scars, and gradually the lungs resume the normal state.

At the final inspection of the famous Princess Pat Regiment in London, before its return to Canada, only two officers and forty-two men of the original organization remained to take part. Their comrades have been either killed or wounded. The colors of this regiment, which were worked by Princess Pat herself, are said to be the only regimental colors carried in action by British troops during the war.

The second largest royal palace in the world is said to be the Hofburg of Vienna, Austria. Under the present republican régime it is occupied by officers and men of the Austrian guard. The Schönbrunn, another very beautiful palace near Vienna, has 978 rooms, most of which are exposed to the sunshine. This palace is to be used as a home for poor orphans.

It is reported that a way has been found to keep airmen warm at great altitudes by clothing them in electrically heated garments. If this method proves practical, "warm clothing" will become a literal expression, and the heating engineer will be a tailor.

Frederick H. Gillett has been chosen by the Republicans, now the majority in Congress, to act as Speaker of the House in the Sixty-sixth Congress, succeeding Hon. Champ Clark, the Democratic statesman.

The Bible Speaks in Nyasaland

A PARTY of missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Church were sent to a distant part of Nyasaland to seek a suitable spot at which to establish a new mission. After traveling for many days, they came upon a native reading a book. On their approach, they found the man was reading a copy of the New Testament in the Nyanja language. This man was the village chief. When asked how he came into possession of such a book, he told the astonished travelers of his long journey on foot to work in the Johannesburg mines and of his surprise to find there that a book could speak. At one of the night schools of the mines he learned to read, and better still had learned of the gospel, so that when he returned to his far-away home he took with him a copy of the Nyanja Testament. There he was, studying the Word of God 1,800 miles from the place where it was bought. He joyously received the missionaries, and offered his village as a center for the new mission.—*Missionary Review of the World*.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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LXVII APRIL 1, 1919 No. 13

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75
Six months - - - - - 1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$1.25
Six months	.75
Three months	.40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

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The Value of Goals

ENNIS V. MOORE

T-HE essential foundation of real
H-heavy burdens are easily
E-ach member will be inspired to have a part in the

V-aluable aid will be given the
A-ll may have a part in the proclamation of this
L-ife is ennobled as Christian habits are
U-nity of purpose makes the work
E-ncourages the highest and most noble

O-nly the best is stimulated in the Missionary Volunteer
F-osters correct ambitions and true

G-oals to be attained should never be
O-utlines the necessary work to be done by
A-nalyze your motive and work for the real
L-ost souls will be won for Christ if we are
S-ystem always spells

A-chievements.
C-arried.
C-ause.

O-rganization.
M-essage.
P-racticed.
L-ighter.
I-deals.

S-ociety.
H-appiness.

M-isrepresented.
E-ach.
N-eeds.
T-rue.
S-U-C-C-E-S-S.

Two Pictures

MRS. M. E. CADY

Bessa

LONG ago — almost as long ago as when meat trimmings were saved, and the ashes from the wood fire were leached out for lye for the homemade soap — lived Bessa. She was the second and last child in the family. The first little daughter had an affliction which prevented complete mental development, so when little Bessa grew from a rosy, happy baby into an unusually bright, wide-awake, likable little girl, the joy and gratitude of the parents knew no bounds. In her centered the hopes and ambitions of her fine, scholarly father, and she was the cherished idol of her somewhat worldly mother. No shadow was ever allowed to darken, for long, the happy life of little Bessa.

Just when this little lady decided that a definite purpose for her small life was inconvenient and unnecessary, is not on record. Probably it wasn't long after she left babyhood, and began her somewhat checkered career as a student in the big primary school in Vine Street; for it is true that in spite of her quick, keen mind, she never applied herself sufficiently in any study to merit approval in any grade, though she managed to "pass" with her class from year to year.

When she was of grammar school age, the first real cloud appeared on the horizon of the sunny, cloudless sky, — a cloud that was to grow so big and black as to darken the whole world for her ambitious and loving father and mother.

At this time they decided Bessa should begin the study of music, for which she had early shown a talent and liking. Numerous visits to various music houses were made, where the alert salesmen brought forth sweet and alluring tones from the expensive instruments. To these the parents apparently listened, but in reality the mind of the father was often busy with little sums in mental arithmetic.

Finally, however, a "baby grand" was installed in the parlor of their home, and when Bessa saw it for the first time, her dark eyes fairly outshone the highly polished mahogany case. At recess next day its grandeur and magnificence were amply described to her admiring but less fortunate schoolmates.

Next came the all-important question of a teacher. It was agreed that a beginner, and especially one who showed so much promise, should have the "best." So as soon as the popular Professor Benson, recently returned from Europe, could arrange an hour, she was placed under his tuition. She was a most satisfactory pupil, too — until she came to the lessons in "Number One of the Two Part Inventions by Bach."

That was a trying time for Bessa, and incidentally for her teacher also, for he insisted on her mastering every difficult passage. After that she seemed less interested in her music, and when the wilting dog days of August came, her parents decided that she needed a rest. Soon the mother and Bessa were settled in an airy little cottage at a near-by summer resort. Here she could row, and bathe, and roller skate from morning till night, — too late at night, sometimes.

Occasionally the mother felt a little worried, but there were plenty of other mothers there to reassure her with, "O, well, a girl is young only once, you know!" We must do Bessa's mother justice, however, to say that she did cut her vacation a little short, and hurried back to town, hoping that the opening of school activities would engage the rather disconcerting tendencies of her fast-developing daughter.

But the year passed with unsatisfactory progress in both her school work and music. Winter developed the fact that cold stiffens the fingers, especially those of a young musician, and practice hours were often passed over if the parlor happened not to be at the right temperature, or if an afternoon had been spent

on the ice. But the fact remained that the *will* to do was lacking more often than the *way*. Bessa failed in arithmetic and grammar that year.

Then vacation time came again. The mother, remembering the experiences of the summer before, decided to stay at home. But Bessa had now arrived at the age when she acquired a girl chum, Mildred, unfortunately too much like herself, with whom she must be constantly. She had also acquired the habit of evading every disagreeable task of housework assigned her. Dishwashing made her fingers less supple, preparing vegetables made them unpresentable, and ironing made them swollen and sensitive.

So, thanks to her indulgent mother, she had an abundance of leisure that summer, which she spent lying in the hammock with her chum, consuming ice cream from the corner store, and reading storybooks from the city library. Mildred had recently been dabbling in painting and doing a little embroidering. These appealed to Bessa as far more acceptable hot-weather occupations than music, so she persuaded her parents to let her take lessons in painting, with the result that her music was sadly neglected. Then Professor Benson returned to Europe, so she had a good excuse for dropping it entirely, for "I just couldn't take lessons from any one else," she declared.

When the next year was about half gone, the conscientious principal of the grammar school reluctantly informed her parents that unless Bessa's work showed a decided improvement, she could not possibly make her grade that year.

In sadness and disappointment her parents tried, in a very gentle way to be sure, to talk with Bessa about her failures, but to their surprise, she showed so much irritation and made the task such a disagreeable one for the loving parents, that they withdrew for a private consultation with each other. They finally decided that her associates were to blame, and the very wisest plan would be to change schools. So they made a few plans, and hastily departed in January for a far-distant boarding school. Here it was arranged for her to enter the grade she should have finished the year before. A private tutor, in addition to the class teacher, was engaged, and the anxious parents hoped for improvement. Here, too, she was started again with her music. Then, with many gentle admonitions, many secret prayers, and some misgivings, they left her,—their idol, their treasure. When they drove away through the beautiful, well-kept grounds of the boarding school, the father's strong features grew a trifle sterner, and into the mother's pale, high-bred face flamed two red spots as she turned for the last look.

But all this was lost on Bessa. She was all aquiver with excitement. What a truly delightful place! What wonderful things she would have to write back to Mildred!

Really, Bessa caused quite a flurry in the life of the quiet boarding school, for she was a born leader. She was sixteen now, but looked twenty, and she was undeniably beautiful. Have you ever seen the picture on the cover of "Girl Wanted," and noted the lithe, graceful figure, the delicate oval face, the sensitive mouth, the broad intelligent forehead, and the fine dark eyes? That picture always reminds me of Bessa, or would, had I ever seen shining in Bessa's face the steady, fixed purpose, the fine intelligence, and the moral and spiritual aspirations that shine in the face of the picture girl.

And because Bessa was so pleasing in general appearance, I felt a sense of disappointment to find that her qualities of mind did not equal her outward charms. Unconsciously we love a girl who is bright, blithe, and beautiful, and the world would give her every charming quality of mind and heart to match the grace of face and figure. But alas! how lacking was Bessa in the fine, firm character which should have accompanied her really strong, beautiful face!

She found the evening "study hour," when all visiting was forbidden, especially irksome, and even stooped to little underhanded schemes to evade the regulations and disturb the study hour of others. But at last she found a way of amusing herself.

As a child she had taken but lukewarm interest in the wholesome diversions of her playmates. Even in the early days when she had lived with her parents in Briarwood, and hung on the fence with Mary, the freckle-faced daughter of the corner grocer, she had cared little for dolls or the healthy, lively games of the boys and girls. Her mind was filled with the wonderful princes and princesses she had read about in the books from the city library. Even then her delight was to dress up in her mother's best skirt and play,—not "house," but "lady." The taste had outlasted childhood, and had been fostered and developed by the novels which followed the fairy stories.

So while the other girls were studying, her deft fingers fashioned a very *décolleté* evening waist. Donning this, and decking herself in the jewelry and ornaments which she bought and borrowed, with painted face and rouged cheeks and lips, she passed many an evening hour. Over and over she would practice the same pantomime, watching herself approvingly, admiring the dusky shadows in her hair, the flash of her teeth between her smiling and reddened lips, the curve of her throat as she passed from one attitude to another in her imaginary conversation with an imaginary circle of admirers.

And then, under the loving, helpful ministry of Christian teachers, there came a time when it seemed that the cheap and superficial in her were giving way, and little gleams of the pure gold of an unselfish, stable character were seen. But again she was a disappointment. The unfortunate habit of hastily reading light literature and fiction, formed in the innocence of childhood, when the mind is wax to receive and marble to retain, held her in its grip. Her mind seemed to have lost its power to grasp and hold. I learned afterward that in the unusually plump, but wholly innocent-looking letters that came so frequently from her far-away chum, Mildred, were inclosed those pernicious stories that were sapping the strength of her mind and searing her conscience.

Her teachers, recognizing her splendid capabilities, redoubled their efforts, and tried in every way to awaken an interest in the worth-while things of life. They tried to interest her in the teaching profession. She dismissed it with a shrug of her shoulders. Then they enlisted her splendid musical ability in an evening with favorite composers, hoping to awaken an ambition to excel in that line. She gave excellent help in the preparation and rendering of the program, but to the suggestion that she perfect her talent, she answered only with an enigmatic smile. They suggested writing. Her father was an author of some note, and that his daughter become a writer, had always been his ambition. But she laughed a careless laugh, and said, "What shall I write about?"

It seemed impossible to believe that the strong will, the keen, logical mind, could always be prostituted to worthless, ignoble purposes. But all efforts to enlist her interest in the higher things of life were in vain.

Sometimes Bessa found herself in embarrassing situations as a result of her lack of education and of good reading. The social standing of her parents, as well as her own charming, well-bred ways, for a time assured her a place among the finest young people. It was about this time that a young man, of fine physique and masterly intellect, Mr. Ridgeway, became attracted to her. One evening they, with others, were guests at a little dinner given by a lifelong friend of Bessa. As they lingered around the table after dinner, the young man started a little "Current Events" game. The first question that came to Bessa was, "What is the meaning of the term 'vodka'?" "It is one of the early Bibles," replied Bessa quickly, probably confusing it with the word "Veda." She joined in the laugh that followed, but not in comprehending the joke. The questions again went around the circle, nobody missing until her turn came once more. "What is the Russian Duma?" was the question, and her surprising answer was, "A kind of prehistoric monster found in the steppes of Russia."

This was too much for the company, and when the laughter finally subsided, the scholarly young man, who was majoring in history, turning to his hostess, said, "Doubtless the majority of Russians, at least, would agree with Miss Barrows."

But Bessa, with splendid poise, was always master of the situation, and she skilfully adjusted matters more to her advantage. The significant fact remained, however, that Mr. Ridgeway soon found it convenient to discontinue his correspondence with her, which at first he had deemed a privilege. This was a little disconcerting to Bessa, and I doubt if she ever fully understood the reason. A few years later he married a young woman whose intelligence and goodness of heart will always beautify and ennoble her plain features.

But it seemed that nothing would cause Bessa to think seriously or work perseveringly for any length of time. She seemed destined to have written after her name what Jacob wrote after that of his first-born, "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*"

So at last she left school—a failure. At least everybody except her father and mother knew she was a failure. Again, and more decidedly, they talked with her, trying to show her the better way; but the respect she showed her teachers under similar circumstances was lacking toward her parents. The ominous sparkle in her black eyes was discouraging. She disliked to feel the least crease in the smooth surface of her existence. She had always been what her parents called "sensitive."

Once more their love found another opportunity for her. In one of the largest and best of our great universities they placed her, and again her studies were carefully selected, so as not unduly to embarrass her, for she was no longer young.

One writer has said, "A great purpose unifies all our powers, binds together what was separated and scattered, in one strong, tremendous cable." For the inspiration of such a purpose, Bessa's father still hoped, but in vain. In the middle of the year she gave up her studies, and again returned home.

The call to service, unselfish service for the unenlightened and unfortunate, heard and answered by her classmates, stirred her but for the moment. With

unwavering aim and unfaltering purpose her oftentimes one-talent associates have found their place and work in the great needy world, while she of the five talents, lacking the great aim, lacks all.

A few words will suffice to complete this disappointing story.

Because her mind had so constantly dwelt on that which was cheap and commonplace, cheapness seemed to pervade her whole personality. Two years after leaving the university, Bessa married one of the proprietors of a small jewelry shop. Slowly she gravitated to his level. Ugly lines of discontent marred the vain, selfish face. In a few years this item of news came in a letter from a far-away city: "Bessa—has just been divorced by her husband. The usual charges were made." Aimlessly, uselessly, she passes her days while the once-brilliant mind finds occupation, if not satisfaction, in the latest novel and the very latest fashion magazine.

Doris

Now I shall tell you about another girl. She was not gifted, like Bessa, neither was she handsome. Doris was just an ordinary little girl,—chubby and freckle-faced, with red hair and a disposition to match. If any one crossed her childish will, she would stiffen out on the floor, and kick her small heels in angry protest.

When she was about ten, she became fast friends with Alice, a girl a few years older than herself. Alice had an unusual and mature mind. When Alice was very small, her mother died and she lived with her grandmother, a woman of few words but of deep personal piety. Having almost no other associates, Alice had found a constant companionship in books, and fortunately she loved the good books her grandmother had read to her from childhood.

One of her favorite Sabbath delights was to arrange her family of dolls in a stiff little row, and then relate, in great detail, the story of her favorite missionary.

From her friendship with Alice, Doris traces her first longing to have a part in Christian work.

One never-to-be-forgotten summer Doris's mother invited Alice to spend the summer with them at their cottage on beautiful Maple River. What fun the girls had awakening each other for their morning dip in the clear cold water, in boating, and in gathering the fragrant azaleas, the dainty Mariposa lilies, and the sweet-smelling forget-me-nots!

There, amid the beautiful things of nature, their souls reached out for a closer touch with the Creator of all things beautiful as naturally as their hands reached for the fragrant flowers. Each day it was their custom to take their books and go to "Brooknook" to read. These books, Alice's favorites, were semireligious in character, and naturally led them to emulate their heroes and heroines. They wanted to pray. But "Brooknook" was not secluded enough for this, so hand in hand, they started on a delightful tour of exploration. Finally they found a spot just suited to their needs. With a small hatchet they cleared a little place among the hanging vines and ferns. And there, in their wooded chancel, they knelt. In their simple, girlish way they prayed that God would meet with them there; and it was in this consecrated spot that one day they discussed that most fascinating of all topics, "What I shall do when I am grown up." Presently Doris announced, with an air of finality, "I shall be a Christian teacher."

The following year Doris was baptized.

Then came the excitement of her last year at high school, and the selecting of a normal school.

Because of her unconverted father it seemed impossible for her to attend our own good normal, in — College, so she reluctantly entered a popular State normal. Here the busy routine of work seemed never to let up. She was away from home from early morn till late at night. Not much time for Bible study those days. After a little there was not much desire for it, either. A review of geology under a noted teacher aroused strange questionings in her mind about the Bible.

The influence of her years spent in the public schools was beginning to bring the almost sure result. Statistics prove that ninety out of every one hundred of Seventh-day Adventist young people who receive their education in the schools of the world go into the work of the world. Doris seemed destined to be numbered among the ninety. Under the influence of her father, she fully decided that on finishing her normal course she would teach in the public schools.

With what anxiety the angels must have watched over Doris during those fateful days!

She was a different girl now. Her religious aspirations were chilled, her spiritual life darkened. But underneath the worldly, pleasure-loving exterior still lived the high Christian ideals formed in the impressionable years of her girlhood. She was vaguely uneasy, dissatisfied with herself. Phillips Brooks well expressed the feeling when he said, "We feel the thing we *ought* to be, beating beneath the thing we *are*."

About this time a woman moved to the city where Doris lived, and became a member of the same church. She had worked with young people all her life, and it did not take her long to discern the splendid capabilities lying dormant in Doris, now grown into an attractive young woman. An acquaintance ripened into friendship. Happy indeed is that girl who recognizes her need of an older friend, some one whose relationship is different from that of the girl friends who can look at life only from the same viewpoint as herself, a woman in whom she will find a fulness of life she has never known, one whose goodness, graciousness, and intelligence will help her truly to *grow up*. What delightful visits they had, the while this woman, with tactfulness born of love, sought to reawaken in the bright, ambitious girl a desire for that greater work which calls into activity the finer, diviner qualities of the mind.

Finally the good triumphed. Whole-heartedly, Doris gave her life to Him who had so wonderfully kept her through the most dangerous period of her life. She became a positive force for good among her relatives and acquaintances.

Once she visited friends in a near-by city. As juniors they had all been baptized together, and were members of the same little Missionary Volunteer band, but all had backslidden, and gone to the world. The last evening of her stay they made a party for her. Not realizing the complete change that had taken place in Doris, they thought to spend the evening in a form of amusement in which the world indulges with reckless abandon. It was a trying time for Doris. They coaxed her to take part, begged, grew impatient. Even her hostess suggested that it wouldn't hurt her just once. But she would not yield, she would not compromise, she would not retreat a single inch. She *would* be a Christian.

As a result of her stand that evening, several of that company are now Christians. Again and again she was tested, but her answer was always ready, "How can I do this thing, and be a Christian worker?"

Her last busy year at normal passed quickly. Soon they were getting ready for commencement. This was celebrated on Sunday by a most elaborate service. The graduates and undergraduates were all in Greek costume, and from the moment the heralds announced the processional in the great theater until the hundreds of teachers chanted their creed and pledge to the State, the scene was one to charm the eye and satisfy the most esthetic.

Doris was chosen to sing in the ladies' quartet, and for months they had practiced faithfully and drilled continuously for the varied and elaborate exercises. On Friday the principal announced the rules governing their last and most important practice on the next day,—Sabbath. Among the hundreds of young women Doris was the only one who remembered the "Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

She went to the principal, under whom she had worked for two years, to explain why she could not practice on that day. Perhaps that lady was tired. Perhaps the all-wise Father wanted Doris to make a final decision between the pomp and glory that attend the world's work and the simplicity that marks Christian labor. Anyway, this is what she said: "Your ideas are rather narrow and extreme along some lines, Miss Allison. I believe in the Bible, too, but sometimes I have to adjust my views to the circumstances about me. I shall have to insist that you drill with the others tomorrow or forfeit your place on the program."

The announcement was short and crisp, and the interview was over. Disappointed and hurt, Doris hurried home. She took out her graduation dress, the graceful Greek costume of soft, creamy nun's veiling, and silk the color of the sunshine's gold. "For about an hour it seemed to me that I couldn't stand it," was all she ever told about that hour, even to the woman of the understanding heart. The next day she was in Sabbath school, calmly and quietly discharging her duties with added power and efficiency.

On Sunday afternoon a little group of invited friends met her by appointment in the theater. Most of them brought her gifts. They sat down among the thousands of spectators, and she never omitted one item of interest that could add to the enjoyment of her guests.

A few weeks later a letter of recommendation was received by the union educational secretary where she lived. This, in part, is what it said:

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR CUMMINGS:

"As requested, I am writing you in regard to the qualifications of Miss Allison as a teacher. Miss Allison came to us from the Longview High School. Her recommendations from that school were very good, and during the two years she has been with us she has proved herself a young woman of good mind, fine character, strong purpose, and good teaching ability.

"She has been unusually successful with backward pupils, and we rate her a good disciplinarian.

"I should like to emphasize her fine, womanly character. I am glad to recommend her to you.

"Very truly yours,

"BLANCH E. STEVENS,

"Dean of the Faculty."

Doris is now realizing her childhood ambition to be a Christian teacher. The results of her work cannot be measured in this life, for the great principles of righteousness she seeks to establish in the lives of her pupils are eternal. Her life furnishes one more

example of what a definite purpose will accomplish in forming a strong, noble character. "The power of a great purpose to unify life is marvelous. An all-absorbing purpose gathers up all the scattered rays of your ability, and focuses them on one point," says one writer.

Try it, you who have been frittering away the splendid strength and energy of your youth in empty and purposeless dreams. Geikie says, "Some things God gives often; some he gives only once. The seasons return again and again, and the flowers change with the months, but youth comes twice to none." Let us wisely use these precious moments, which are freighted with eternal consequences.

The highest womanhood and manhood can be developed only when we are inspired by the highest purpose; that is, the constant determination to make the most possible of ourselves and to render the greatest possible amount of service to others.

Nature and Science

Study Birds

BUSY man or busy housewife, wearied with the humdrum and monotonies of life, take down from the shelf one of the many volumes of the books of nature, and there find rest and wisdom. Select the volume on birds, and you will have a book which will prove to you a never-ending, never-failing source of interest, knowledge, and entertainment.

Birds stand for joy, freedom, and contentment. Watch the airy, fairy wingsters, flitting, flirting, and fleet as spirits in the air, or floating like autumn leaves in the November breeze. "Who knows the joy a bird knows when it goes a-fleeting?"

Birds stand for skill, industry, and quickness of perception. They also stand for wariness and wisdom. Note the industry and skill of the barn swallow, as it spends about fourteen hours a day flying to and fro from a mudhole or a creek, with mouthfuls of mud which it dexterously molds into a secure hanging nest, with a tiny opening just sufficient for entrance and exit. Note how, like a weaver, the Baltimore oriole, with a skilful tuck here and a braid there, weaves in and out bits of cord in the formation of its nest, which always takes definite shape and form, almost as exact as the hexagon of the honeybee.

The sagacity of the common crow will surprise you. In his sylvan home, in the tall trees of the timber, he gathers together in council, where he organizes and debates domestic and foreign issues of crow land, or plans a raid on Farmer Smith's cornfield. A company, led by their black general, start on their foray, when "caw" warns them that a man is standing on the bridge; "two caws," "he is unarmed;" "three caws," "he has a gun; circle."

The wariness and the wisdom of birds is illustrated by bobwhite and the killdeer. How Bob delights to mislead you, as he calls you on your right hand; and as you turn and go in the direction of his call, in a moment he will call you from your left. With heads down, followed by brothers and sisters, father and mother quail have quickly passed through the meadow grass and have skilfully evaded you. Thus by the hour will they play hide and seek with you, or if in nesting time, and you are found aiming in the direction of their nest, father bird will call you on your right, alternating with mother bird calling you on

your left. The plover lays her eggs in the middle of a bare pasture land, and hides them so skilfully in some little ridge of ground abutting a weed, or in some dead grass, that try as you may it is almost impossible to find them. If you approach her nest, she will circle dangerously about your head, or flutter deceptively at your feet, as with a broken wing.

Birds stand for domesticity, from the red-winged blackbird among the reeds and rushes in a swampy land, to jenny wren building her nest in the eaves of your porch, enjoying a sweet home life all their own. Many birds love to be near the habitation of man, partly from fear of birds of prey, and partly from the kindness shown them by man.

The earliest bird of domestic tendencies, harbinger of spring, like a splash of blue, is our dainty bluebird. He is the earliest to come and the latest to go. He loves an apple tree and orchard land, and will boldly flit about your doorway in search of crumbs, provided Tabby is not there. Like the wren, robin, or flicker, Master Bluebird feels at home upon your lawn, and claims it for his own.

Birds love to vocalize the morn. At the first gray streak of dawn, a sparrow chirp or twitter soon grows into a vast orchestral song that wakes the light of day. They are singing, it seems, their thankfulness for life and motion, and are thanking the great Provider for the feast they are soon to enjoy. And among our winged songsters, from chanticleer to chipping sparrow, it would be hard to find one unhappy bird.

Birds are good providers. The wide, voracious mouths of baby birds that seem ever open are filled hundreds of times a day with some tiny morsel that otherwise would have been destructive to plant life. Were it not for the birds' protecting care over us in thus keeping down insect life, in a few years plant life would all but perish from off the face of the earth. Many thanks to these kind protectors, our happy birds.

Birds are sociable. A company of goldfinches, purple grackles, or red-eyed vireos certainly make life interesting for each other. The catbird and the brown thrasher are great imitators. They will mock almost any bird, rivaling the wonderful Southern mockingbird that nearly bursts its throat in song.

Any bird can be coaxed to be very friendly. A bird lover who tented one summer on the edge of a woods tells of a catbird that would come to the rear of his tent every morning and call to him, and would not depart until he had answered. This catbird and a brown thrasher would, when he started on his morning walks, run along ahead and call to him. One morning in October the catbird came to the tent and seemed more excited than usual, calling more loudly than she was wont to do, and the next morning she did not appear. Evidently she came to bid him a long farewell, as it was the time for flying southward, and she must now leave him. In a short time after this I spent the day with that "bird" man, and he expressed himself as being so lonesome for the bird that he desired to return to the city.

To win the comradeship of birds, dispose of your cat, curb the small boy, and feed the birds. Provide them grain and suet, and a bird home, and many of them will stay with you throughout the winter. Like men and animals they must have water to drink. In summer time provide them a bathtub and turn on the faucet daily, and your rear yard will be transformed into a miniature bird Eden.

There are bird curiosities. Such was the hoopoe, which had the reputation of being a clown or dunce among birds on account of its strange antics. This bird is now extinct. The laughing jackass, of Australia, brays like a donkey in the early morning hour, much to the annoyance of the sleepers in the vicinity. Then we have luminous birds, not a few. The night heron is said to possess a two-candlepower light on its breast, a phosphorescent spot. This is also said to be true of the cranes; and the kirombo, of Madagascar, has a large luminous patch on each side of its rump. Other birds mentioned that are more or less luminous are the bitterns, boatbills, the true herons, and certain night hawks. As the herons stand motionless in a stream of water, this phosphorescent light doubtless serves the purpose of attracting fish, which they readily capture.

But the subject of birds is just begun. Again we say, "Study birds." A. W. HERR.

Diamond Cutting

NOTHING but diamond can cut diamond. Even the finest tempered steel cannot do it. Emery and carborundum are inefficient.

The cutting process is imperative, as the stones brought to the cutters are square, round, irregular, spherical, cubic, or cylindrical.

The first step in this work is to reduce all stones to the rounded form, then when the shaping process is completed, the cutting of the facets is begun. There are usually fifty-eight facets, so large a number being necessary to make the stone scintillate or sparkle from whatever angle viewed.

Whether shaping, sawing, or cutting diamonds, the work is done by rapidly revolving machines charged with a paste made of diamond dust and sweet oil.

Sometimes months are required to saw a stone, though the average time is eight hours. The time for grinding the facets varies from twenty-five minutes to two or three days, according to the quality of the diamond.

Usually sixty per cent of the stone is lost through the cutting process.

Holland has been the great diamond-cutting country of the world. At the beginning of the European War there were not more than a dozen full-fledged diamond cutters in America. Today there are more than six hundred skilled workers, and several schools teaching the art. New York City has superseded Amsterdam and Antwerp, the two great prewar cutting centers.

During the war eighty-five per cent of the product of the South African mines were imported to this country; and our importations from Brazil increased five hundred per cent.

America will be slow to relinquish her present supremacy in the diamond business. F. D. C.

A Belgian Boy Who Sacrificed

MANY years ago there lived in the little town of Tremeloo, Belgium, not far from Louvain, one of the towns that has been destroyed by the enemy in this war, a young boy named Joseph de Veuster. He was a happy lad, always laughing and joking, and yet, with all his fun, he was serious and very studious. He could not bear to see any one sick or suffering without trying to help him, and he made many friends, for he was kindly and sympathetic and generous.

The father had planned for Joseph to be a business man, while his older brother had left home and was in training for a priest; but on Joseph's eighteenth birthday he suddenly changed all his father's plans for the future. On that day he went with his father to visit the older brother. The father left the two boys to dine alone while he went to do some business. When he returned, his younger son said:

"Father, I cannot go home with you; I wish to study for the priesthood. If I go home with you, it will only be two painful farewells. Give my love to mother and tell her I must obey the voice of my heavenly Father, and prepare myself to do his work."

The father saw that the boy was determined, and was obliged to go home alone. Some time afterward, when young Joseph had a vacation, the lad went home to visit his mother.

He took the name Joseph Damien as his religious name, worked hard at his studies, and had a very happy life during these years of preparation.

His brother was studying to be a missionary, but when he was taken ill, Joseph went in his place. In 1864, he reached Honolulu and was ordained a priest, although he was only twenty-three years old.

One day, when he was present at the dedication of a chapel in the island of Maui, he heard the bishop tell of the sufferings of the poor lepers at Molokai. Father Damien listened to the stories of these poor stricken creatures, and although he had everything to live for, was young, strong, and rugged, he instantly offered his services. The bishop accepted the offer of the enthusiastic young man, who, without any farewells to friends, went on the first ship to the leper settlement; and here was the supreme sacrifice—greater than leaving his home and mother to become a priest, far greater than giving up his mother country, Belgium, and going out to preach to the savages—for now he was going to live among, and minister to the wants of, those stricken by a loathsome disease; and he knew also that he would probably catch this disease and die.

These poor people were outcast, shunned by all mankind, living no better than beasts, their hovels dirty as pigsties, their bodies unclean, and their minds and souls also diseased and evil.

When Father Damien came to them, he felt such sympathy for their suffering that he did not shrink from them, but went at once to work to improve their condition. The water supply was bad, and Father Damien went with some natives on a trip of exploration, and found some clear cold water not far from the colony. He did not rest until the water pipes were laid and pure water was brought to the people.

After living at the leper settlement nearly ten years, Father Damien began to suspect that he himself had the disease. One day he spilled some boiling water upon his foot, but felt no pain. A doctor confirmed his suspicion.

"It is no shock to me," said Father Damien calmly, "for I felt sure of it."

He wrote many brave letters home and said, "Whenever I preach to my people I do not say, 'My brethren,' as you do, but 'we lepers.' People pity me and think me unfortunate, but I think myself the happiest of missionaries."

And so he labored on until he was obliged to give up. He was only forty-nine years old, but he knew that he had done his best, and he was happy in the thought.—*Youth's Companion*.

Value of the Testimonies in English Study

IN the INSTRUCTOR of Aug. 13, 1918, Brother Ernest Lloyd tells of a lecture at the San Diego Exposition, by George Wharton James, in which high tribute was paid to Mrs. E. G. White. In Mr. James's book, "California, Romantic and Beautiful," page 319, he has this to say of Mrs. White and the St. Helena Sanitarium:

"Near the town of St. Helena is the St. Helena Sanitarium and the home of Mrs. E. G. White, who, with her husband, practically founded the church of the Seventh-day Adventists as it is governed today. Mrs. White was also the inspiration and guide of the early-day movement toward more hygienic living, and the treatment of disease by what are known as the Battle Creek Sanitarium methods. While the development of these methods is owing to the genius of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the superintendent, the germ of them began with Mrs. White. These sanitariums are to be found in every corner of the civilized world, and most of them are direct tributes to her power and influence as an organizer. Every Seventh-day Adventist in the world feels the influence of this elderly woman who sits quietly in her room overlooking the cultivated fields of Napa Valley, and writes out what she feels are the intimations of God's Spirit, to be given through her to mankind. This remarkable woman, also, though almost entirely self-educated, has written and published more books and in more languages, which circulate to a greater extent than the written works of any other woman in history. They are shipped by the carload."

Familiar as we are with the fact of the large output of our publishing houses, yet have we before realized the place in literary history held by Sister White as here stated? In her writings we have not only the God-given instruction for the remnant church in these perplexing times, but also a standard of English prose style well worth the attention and emulation of students in our schools, and our young people and workers everywhere. The seal of divine origin of these writings is discernible not only in the subject matter, so harmonious with the Bible, but in the clear, simple, direct, dignified, powerful, and sincere style.

The English Bible has been for centuries the conservator of the language and literature of the Anglo-Saxon race. The languages and literature of other of the powerful nations of Europe are based upon the influence of the Bible in molding common speech. No higher places in world literature are filled by other writings than by the succinct wisdom of Proverbs, the profound reasoning of Job and Ecclesiastes, and the sublime rhapsodies of Isaiah. Coleridge said that no writer will have "a mean style" who is a daily student of the Bible.

So, too, the messages of the spirit of prophecy are not only true and profitable in meaning, but in style they are admirable. The psalmist says, "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. So those who desire training in the use of good English and effective style, may well study such books as "The Desire of Ages" and "Steps to Christ." In them they will find that which will cultivate thought and speech, together with soul and character.

Much is said in "Counsels to Teachers" about the value of training in public speaking. In our schools great need is felt of material for study, practice, and presentation in classes in public speaking and expression. There are passages in "The Desire of Ages," such as in the chapter, "To My Father and Your

Father," and in "Steps to Christ" which, given by the earnest student who is prayerfully trying to honor God, will deeply impress those who hear. There are Bible passages which may be given as recitations which will be more than mere memory drills. The fortieth of Isaiah means much more to me ever since in college I heard it recited by a reader who used her best powers to interpret the awful solemnity of verse 9, "Behold your God!" the tender sympathy of verse 11, "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom;" the grandeur of verse 12, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand?" the irony of verse 23, "That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity;" the comfort of verse 29, "He giveth power to the faint;" and the triumph of verse 31, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Among our most consecrated workers we find those who deplore their lack of early schooling and training in English. Let me commend to them the Testimonies Reading Course. Is it not significant that the unlettered Galileans came out of their three years' association with Jesus, masters of good grammar and effective style? So, also, Mrs. White, although deprived of schooling, wrote with excellent language, because she was fully consecrated to the teaching of the Holy Spirit and the study of the Bible.

Our workers and young people by study of the Bible and the Testimonies can purify their own style and improve their diction, and thus commend themselves to those who may hear their message.

MARY H. MOORE.

April Antics

"APRIL Fool!" "April Fool!"
All the day, in home or school,
Trick and prank did Johnny play —
"April fool" he thought so gay!
Now that April well is past,
I will tell you how, at last,
Johnny proved the greatest fool
Ever sent to any school!

Just to fool, just to fool,
He would break 'most any rule;
So his lessons were not learned,
And all his tasks to mischief turned;
Things that made the teacher trouble
Shook his sides or bent him double;
Cheating, even, was no sin,
If by it he caused a grin.

Such a fool, such a fool,
Johnny proved in life's hard school!
When his April days were past,
And his real work came at last,
Naught had he to pay his way —
All his strength he'd spent in play.
Fun is fun, but, children dear,
April comes but once a year!

— Cora M. Cratty.

The Teacher's April Fool

IN reply to an inquiry for the date, I said, "It is March thirty-first." Then, almost unconsciously, I added, "and tomorrow is April fool." A smile went around the schoolroom, and eyes twinkled. I reproached myself for having called attention to the fact, as if children ever allowed the day to pass unrecognized.

I was mischievous during my school days, and can recall more than one episode that precipitated trouble. In fact, during those days I was often blamed when innocent, for, "It is just like —," some one would say. Perhaps that is why I was apprehensive when,

at recess, I saw one of the girls gather a crowd around her and whisper something. The listeners nodded their heads affirmatively, and seemed delighted. The next day, before school opened, there were more whispered conversations. The more I watched the children, the more I felt that I was likely to reap something of what I had sown.

Once I felt I should demand of the children their plans, but this seemed hardly necessary or wise. I felt sure they knew their bounds, and would hardly overstep them. Then I tried to think of some April-fool prank that would not go beyond the bounds of propriety, but I could think of none.

School was called together on the eventful morning, and the flush of excitement was on each face. The children were happy, but I was perplexed. Time for recess came at last. Immediately on dismissal I was waited upon by a committee of most trusted girls whose business it was to decoy me from the room. I

tative of the spirit of gratitude that is prevalent throughout the land—that America's men saved world liberty, and that all honor goes to them."

Long before the hour scheduled for the start of the parade crowds began to gather along the line of march. At 12:45 P. M., street car traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue was suspended, and fifteen minutes later the procession started, in step with music furnished by the Marine Band, veterans of many a demonstration.

President Wilson received an almost constant ovation as he walked from the Peace Monument to the reviewing stand in front of the White House. As he entered the stand, a men's chorus, one thousand strong, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It is estimated that fully fifteen thousand persons were in the marching columns. Every branch of military and naval service was represented, and officials and civilians of many callings also participated.

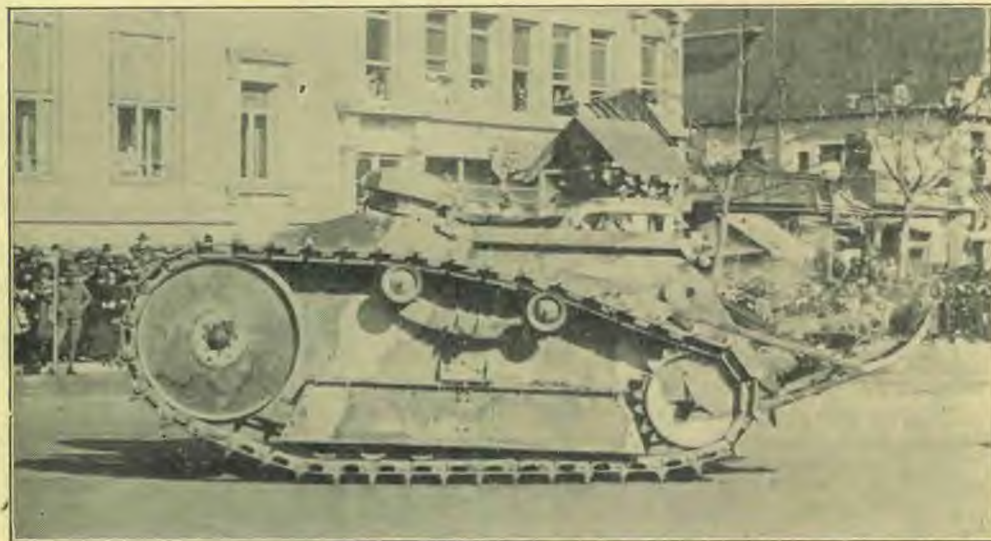
Baby tanks puffed along, and one of the famous French "75's," towed by a huge caterpillar tractor, and wearing real war paint of green and yellow, was of special interest. Immediately following the District men, the honor contingent, came a caisson banked with flowers, over which floated a large silk banner containing a single gold star and bearing the inscription, "The Boys We Left Behind Us."

Simultaneously with the start of the procession,

there began a "sky parade" in which twenty-three airplanes, including a huge dirigible, the C-3, took part. The aviators "did every stunt in the bird-man's bag of tricks, and in addition to the straight parade formations, there were mimic combats, loops, reversements, spirals, wing covers, and long, difficult dives." Lieut. Charles E. Ford, in charge of this aerial display, furnished many thrills by whizzing low over the tops of buildings. Engine trouble finally forced him to make a "false landing" on the Monument grounds, and his plane was slightly damaged.

Perhaps no spectators enjoyed the Welcome-Home Parade more than did the three hundred wounded men from the Walter Reed Army Hospital, who, as guests of the city, occupied seats just opposite the reviewing stand.

L. E. C.



A ONE-MAN TANK MAKING ITS WAY UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

decided I would risk their knowledge of our school requirements, and so allowed myself to be lured away from the scene of special activity.

At the close of recess the children were eagerly expectant. I revealed no curiosity, and from the rear of the room I could observe nothing unusual. I began to think that maybe they were going to fool me by doing nothing, or that perhaps the plot was deeper than I had suspected. Finally, as I approached the front of the room I found that my desk was laden with various kinds of flowers, fruit, and cookies, hitherto hidden by a row of books. The children looked very happy, and I am sure it was the jolliest April fool I ever had.

A TEACHER.

The Welcome-Home Parade

THE District of Columbia troops, returning from overseas, were accorded a reception at the national capital typical of the cordial welcome which will be extended to returning local units by other cities the country over. Washington, however, gaining added impressiveness from the fact that President Wilson led the parade.

Originally the "Welcome Home" was designed as a joint tribute to Mr. Wilson and the home-coming soldiers, sailors, and marines, but he preferred to participate as a private citizen, "with the idea of making the capital's celebration one that should be represen-

To Every One His Burden

To every one on earth
God gives a burden, to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes,
And all may see its form and weight and size.
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it there unguessed.

—British Weekly.

An Ideal Missionary Volunteer Society¹

"As for God, his way is perfect." Ps. 18:30.

THE purpose of this article is not to set down a great number of rules and regulations, but simply to state a few principles upon which an ideal Missionary Volunteer Society is founded.

In order to make these principles clear let us use an analogy. Let us compare an ideal society to a locomotive.

In the first place, the locomotive must have a good, solid roadbed; and the rails must be straight and firmly joined and fastened together. So the Missionary Volunteer Society must have a good foundation laid in its executive committee. "Every activity of the society is represented on it; and, in a general way, directed by it. The spirit generated in this committee permeates the whole society; and it should be a spirit of deep consecration and perfect harmony; of wisdom and enthusiasm."

Then the mechanism of the locomotive must be perfect, each joint fitting exactly, each lever working properly, and each part capable of running in complete harmony with the other parts. The same is true of the society. The organization of an ideal society is up to the mark; each officer and band leader knows his duties perfectly, harmony and unity existing between all; and then there is co-operation between the members and the officers.

But of what value is this complete and perfect engine if it is unable to move? Are we only to behold it and admire it? or are we to use it for some practical purpose? But one essential thing it lacks to be of practical use — that is, *fuel*. We supply it with fuel because it is absolutely necessary that this huge machine have fuel. With this coal and water it is now able to run. Now is it possible for the machinery of a Missionary Volunteer Society to run without some sort of power? Let the organization be absolutely perfect, let the members plan and work out plans for the society, but will the society actually be powerful and accomplish God's purpose? Ah, it is imperative, to be successful, that the society receive the power of the Holy Spirit through that mighty agency of prayer! In that little book, "Alone with God," we read on page 71:

"The great freight and passenger trains are never too busy to stop for coal and water. No matter how congested the yards may be, no matter how crowded the schedules are, no matter how many things demand the attention of the trainmen, those trains *always stop* for coal and water. But why do they spend time stopping for coal and water when there is so much to do? Oh, those men *know* they cannot run without these supplies. Coal and water are the source of power. The trains just *must take time* to be supplied with power. If they did not, the railroad traffic would tie up. 'Dead engines' with their trains would be strewn along the road, and traveling would be not only dangerous, but impossible. So the trains *take time* to be supplied with power enough for efficient service. But have you ever stopped to think how seriously the work of God's church is blockaded by the 'dead' Christians who are not willing to stop long enough to get power from God to serve him acceptably?"

Dear young people, what we need is to realize the value, the importance, and the absolute necessity of

prevailing prayer. We must come to Jesus as did Peter, with the expression on our lips, "Teach us to pray." We need to learn as humble servants how to prevail with God in prayer. Then when we have such power with God, the power of the society will be unlimited if used to God's glory. And a spirit of consecration, love, enthusiasm, and unity will be seen to prevail at all times. Now let us each individually seek this power, and be in all sincerity and earnestness, that we as a society may reach the ideal — power along with a perfect organization.

Now as a result of the good roadbed, the perfect engine, and the supply of fuel, the locomotive is able to push its way along and perform its work. But if something is out of order, if the rails are weak, if the machinery of the engine is defective, or if the supply of fuel runs out, then the locomotive fails in its purpose. Again, how true this is of the society. When the executive committee and the entire society are working in unity with the power of the Holy Spirit and prayer, then great missionary efforts can result. The light from the society will spread far and wide; all missionary activities, such as the magazine campaigns, the King's Pocket League, correspondence work, and others, will carry with them a power and an influence that will be wonderful. But if there is a lack of Christian love among the members, if there is a feeling that one is above the other in any respect, if there is a spirit of discord, envy, jealousy, hatred, pride, or domineering, then what shall we say the result will be? Many times the result may look as if it were success, but the inevitable result in God's sight is failure. Consecrated individuals in the society may obtain excellent missionary results, but the society as a whole will be "dead" and formal.

When such a condition exists in a locomotive, suitable repairs or remedies are made and the locomotive is restored to its usefulness. That is what a Missionary Volunteer Society ought to do. Repair the organization, if it needs it. See that the executive committee is doing its part, see that the officers are fulfilling their duties, see that the programs given each week are given in the most interesting way possible, and see that the entire organization is the best. Then never forget to seek God in prayer. The society must above all have power from on high. A praying society will be effective in missionary work and enthusiastic over laboring for others. A praying society will be an ideal society.

Now let us consider the educational features of an ideal society. Under educational features are included the Morning Watch, the Standard of Attainment, the Reading Courses, and the Bible Year. Every member will be an observer of the Morning Watch with God. "Bonar, from whose poetic pen have flowed many heaven-sent messages, in these words testifies to the importance of the morning prayer:

'Begin the day with God,
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.
Take thy first meal with God,
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on him, he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.
Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy day be love.'

Then, too, every member will be either a member of Attainment or studying for it. The Standard of Attainment is one of the grandest and most helpful

¹ Read before Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Cleveland, Ohio, Friday evening, May 31, 1918.

features in the society, and all the members of an ideal society will realize the value of it. The next two features, the Reading Courses and the Bible Year, will be taken up by many enthusiastic members. All told, these four privileges present to the Missionary Volunteers wonderful advantages toward education. An ideal society will neglect none of them, but will seize the God-given opportunities for advancement.

In conclusion we may say that an ideal Missionary Volunteer Society, first, has a good organization; second, prevails with God in prayer; third, does effective missionary work; fourth, is strong and enthusiastic along educational lines; and last but most important of all, has a spirit of harmony, unity, and love prevailing among all the members. H. B. HANNUM.

Where Granite Statues Keep Watch O'er Sleeping Kings

BENEATH yon mound silent as lifeless clay
A king's proud form lies motionless and still,
Nor hears the pulse of life that throbs today,
Nor children's shouts that echo from the hill.

The acres broad that groaned beneath his reign,
On which he levied rice and silk and gold,
Have heard the call of God — nor heard in vain —
Their sons find shelter in the Christian's fold.

They've caught the glorious songs that freemen sing,
Have glimpsed the gates of morn beyond the gloom,
And yet their joyous songs reach not the king
Sleeping within the silent tomb.

The ever silent statues, could they hear
From where they watch beside his mortal clay,
Might catch glad songs of Christians ringing clear
Where chants to idols dumb once crowned the day.

Still forms, watch on a little longer o'er your kings;
The harvest days are hast'ning on apace
When God shall speak the end of earthly things
And men once dead shall look upon his face.

EDWARD J. URQUHART.

Seoul, Chosen.

Loving Righteousness for Righteousness' Sake

UNTO the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a scepter of uprightness is the scepter of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Heb. 1:8, 9.

This is a wonderful revelation of scripture. It is more than a statement of fact, even though this fact, or truth, is in itself a wonderful one. We find here disclosed the secret for the exaltation of the Son of God. There is a reason for it beyond the fact that Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of God. He is exalted to the highest place because he loved righteousness wholly for righteousness' sake, and hated iniquity because of the inherent misery bound up in iniquity. He was anointed by his Father with the oil of gladness above his "fellows [us, for he partook of our humanity, and while bearing this was anointed]," because he loved righteousness above any who had ever lived in our world. And as it was for happiness and joy and gladness that man was created upon the earth in the first place,—this being the design of the loving heavenly Father in giving birth to the race,—this Son of his outstripped us all in conforming to the purpose of God, by loving and doing righteousness beyond any of us. Rightfully, therefore, he is accorded the highest place.

Joy and gladness are inherent in righteousness, while misery and bitterness and wretchedness are

bound up with iniquity and sin. The elements of heaven are within right-doing itself, while iniquity incloses within itself heaven's very opposite.

It is the admitting into the heart of iniquitous thoughts, blossoming into like acts, that makes people miserable. It is the loving and doing of righteousness that makes gladness within. And this gladness for each person is in proportion to the intensity of the love for righteousness and the exercise of its loving-kindness in deeds of benevolence and helpfulness to others. There is no other limit to its fulness and completeness — this cup of joy.

This truth is beautifully expressed by Thomas Chalmers, D. D., in a treatise entitled, "The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man." He says:

"He [God] hath so constituted our nature, that in the very flow and exercise of the good affections there shall be the oil of gladness. There is instant delight in the first conception of benevolence; there is sustained delight in its continued exercise; there is consummated delight in the happy, smiling, and prosperous result of it. Kindness, and honesty, and truth, are of themselves, and irrespective of their rightness, sweet unto the taste of the inner man. Malice, envy, falsehood, injustice, irrespective of their wrongness, have, of themselves, the bitterness of gall and wormwood. The Deity hath annexed a high mental enjoyment, not to the consciousness only of good affections, but to the very sense and feelings of good affections. . . .

"There is happiness in the very wish to make others happy. There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment, even in the first purposes of kindness, as well as in its subsequent performances. . . . There is a triumphant elevation of spirit in magnanimity and honor. In perfect harmony with this, there is a placid feeling of serenity and blissful contentment in gentleness and humility. . . . In a word, by the constitution of our nature, each virtue has its appropriate charm; and virtue, on the whole, is a fund of varied as well as of perpetual enjoyment, to him who hath imbibed its spirit and is under the guidance of its principles."—*"Half Hours with the Best Authors," Vol. I, pp. 339-341.*

This is why God gathered all the virtues into the concrete form as expressed in the ten commandments. Enjoyment, perpetual happiness, in everlasting and accumulating measure of joy and gladness for man and angels, are bound up in the doing of them. They are not arbitrary commands. This is why Jesus found his pleasure in the keeping of his Father's commandments. And as the counterpart it is because there is wretchedness and misery inherent in disobeying them that God in his loving-kindness points out that we should let sin alone.

How slow we are in grasping the lesson! How infinitely patient is our God with us while we seek to learn it! One day there will be a unanimous vote of all the universe, expelling the inherent miseries and pain and woe found in transgression; because those who participate in this vote have been anointed with the oil of gladness, having tasted and themselves learned to feast upon the pleasures of right-doing, like Christ himself, for righteousness' sake. T. E. BOWEN.

"JUST as a plant dies without water, so does a brain die unless it is fed with good reading, study, and observation."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

I EXPECT to finish college this spring, and should like to know whether it is right for me to take up work in a university.

B. D.

This question cannot perhaps be answered by yes or no. However, the "Testimonies for the Church" have spoken very decidedly on the dangers of a worldly education. Mrs. E. G. White wrote:

"The light has been given me that tremendous pressures will be brought upon every Seventh-day Adventist with whom the world can get into close connection. We need to understand these things. Those who seek the education that the world esteems so highly, are gradually led farther and farther from the principles of truth until they become educated worldlings. At what a price have they gained their education! They have parted with the Holy Spirit of God. They have chosen to accept what the world calls knowledge in the place of the truths which God has committed to men through his ministers and prophets and apostles."

The North American Division Committee in October, 1916, passed the following recommendation:

"That our young people be encouraged to complete their education in our own schools, and to keep their eyes continually on the field, planning to enter immediately some branch of the cause on leaving the school."

The Educational Department of the General Conference has recognized the danger to our young people in attending universities of the world, and has approved of the plan of our colleges offering some post-graduate work for the benefit of a few young people who should do further work beyond their college course.

All our young people should read the articles which have appeared in the *Review and Herald*, beginning in the issue of February 13, taken from the *Sunday School Times*, and also others which will appear from our own educators.

M. E. K.

Letter Queries Answered

EVEN though I waited till the last opportunity, I am glad that I talked with you. I was almost ashamed to ask you again to tell me the secret of the victorious life, for you had explained it so carefully before, and I could not see why I did not understand it, and yet I did not. I really feared you could not explain it so that it would be clear to me.

Of course I understood your words, but they sounded to me like theory, and nothing more. When I came out of the after-meeting, the first one I ever attended, I felt worse and more discouraged than I ever had before. I determined that I must get peace. When you told me that Christ's presence could be realized the same as my mother's, the whole thing seemed very clear. Really, I had never asked Christ to be my constant companion every moment, and that is why I fell when temptation came. I now know that God does not ask us to do things that are impossible, and that the victorious life is possible even for me. It looks so clear to me now that I wonder why I did not see it before. One slang expression that I had tried so long to stop saying, Christ has taken away, and there are so many things that are different. Jesus does not seem the same to me as he used to. I am so thankful that he is anxious for us to become acquainted with him, and I am determined to know him better day by day.

But there are several questions in my mind which you did not have time to make plain.

Is there such a thing as being too extreme? Since coming back to school I have heard one teacher say that it is impossible for us to live victorious lives every day; that we could not live above known sin every day. Even the Bible recognizes the fact, for it says that we have an Advocate with the Father. He said that we could not expect to be better than Moses, and he sinned nearly the last thing he did. We are to do the best we can, and God will accept us. Now if that is the view we are to take, mine is entirely wrong. My teachers have a great deal of influence over me, but I cannot believe that. If we ever expect to live with Christ, I believe we shall have to live victorious lives now. Am I wrong?

When I read this letter I was impressed with the thought that we should not be impatient because people do not always grasp at once what we are teaching. To many people the most simple and fundamental truths are obscure and confused. The world is full of human ideas and notions about religion, and when the plain, simple truths of the Bible are presented they seem unreal and sometimes startling to them. They cannot understand them at once.

Again, how important it is for us to persevere in our purpose to know the truth. The Scripture says, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

In answer to your last question, "Am I wrong?" I am glad to answer, No, you are quite right. The "Testimonies for the Church" say:

"I saw that none can share the refreshing unless they have gained the victory over every besetment, over pride, selfishness, love of the world, and every wrong word and action."

It is confusing and certainly unfortunate to bring in Moses as our example. Note what the spirit of prophecy says of that transgression which seems to have been used as an argument to justify us in known sin.

"All who profess godliness are under the most sacred obligation to guard the spirit, and to exercise self-control under the greatest provocation. The burdens placed upon Moses were very great; few men will ever be so severely tried as he was; yet this was not allowed to excuse his sin. God has made ample provision for his people; and if they rely upon his strength, they will never become the sport of circumstances. The strongest temptation cannot excuse sin. However great the pressure brought to bear upon the soul, transgression is our own act. It is not in the power of earth or hell to compel any one to do evil. Satan attacks us at our weak points, *but we need not be overcome*. However severe or unexpected the assault, God has provided help for us, and in his strength we may conquer."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 421.

The secret of this life of victory is suggested on the same page:

"There is not an impulse of our nature, nor a faculty of the mind or an inclination of the heart, but needs to be, moment by moment, under the control of the Spirit of God."

M. M.

Just for the Juniors

From the Junior Bookshelf

LADYBUGS—daddy longlegs—doodle bugs—fleas! You have heard of all of these, of course; but how little most boys and girls really know about just such common, everyday things! "Knowing Insects Through Stories," a new book just out, tells you about these "little people," as the author calls

them, and also about a score of others just as interesting. And each chapter is a real *story*—that's the charm of the whole book. It is just so interesting that you won't want to stop when you once begin to read.

If you have finished the latest Reading Course, and want a good book to use as a "fill in" until the new 1919-20 Junior course is ready, try "Knowing Insects Through Stories."¹

If you would like to take a trip around the world, seeing wonderful sights and enjoying the companionship of fur-clad Eskimos, friendly Japanese boys and girls, and ever so many other entertaining children, read "Around the World with the Children."² The trip is personally conducted by a man who understands what he is about, and who will see that you have an opportunity to enjoy all the most interesting things to be seen. Think of visiting the great Sahara Desert, riding on camels, and sleeping on the sand at night! Shouldn't you like to try it?

"The Happiest Girl in Korea"³ is the title of a charmingly interesting book of mission stories. It is really too bad that our Juniors should read so many books of fiction from the libraries when there are such delightful *true* stories to be had. Just the other day a boy was showing an older friend some books he had been reading. "Of course these stories are impossible," he said apologetically, "but a fellow has to read something." Yes, you do have to read something, but you do not have to read "impossible" stories when there are so many other splendid books. Get "The Happiest Girl in Korea," and see if you do not thoroughly enjoy it.

Friendship's If

THIS world is full of what is known as friendship,
But when tested often proves untrue;
You ask if I'm a friend most faithful,
In answer I dedicate this IF to you.

If I can see your faults and tell you of them,
And when you need me lend a helping hand;
If I can trust you still when others doubt you,
Because your life they do not understand;

If I can hear reports when proof is lacking,
And refuse to believe until the truth I know;
If I can act the same through changing fortunes,
Whether you be rich or poor or high or low;

If I can stand unchanged through idle gossip,
Count all as false until 'tis proved true;
If I can treat you as I would be treated,
Were you to take my place and I were you;

If I am just the same when you are absent,
As when we talk together face to face;
If you can count on me when others fail you,
Knowing I will help you win the race;

If I will always be to you a comrade,
Fighting by your side for what is right;
If I will lift you up when you fall wounded,
And as a brother make your burdens light;

If I will be true to you as Jonathan to David,
As true as steel through life unto the end;
Then I've stood the tests that prove true friendship,
And I am your friend.

TAYLOR G. BUNCH.

YES, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

—Frances Havergal.

¹ "Knowing Insects Through Stories," Floyd Bralliar. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, \$1.60.

² "Around the World with the Children," Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Company, New York City. Price, 60 cents.

³ "The Happiest Girl in Korea," Minervah Guthapfel. Fleming H. Revell, New York City. Price, 60 cents.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

[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.]

II — Conversion (Repentance)

(April 12)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. 51: 2, 10.

STUDY HELPS: "Steps to Christ," chapters "Repentance" and "Confession."

Questions

1. What benefit did the Gentiles reap from the preaching of the gospel? Acts 11: 18.
2. What two essentials did the apostles preach to both Jews and Greeks that resulted in their conversion? Acts 20: 21.
3. How does Peter say that repentance is secured? Acts 5: 31. Note 1.
4. In what attractive way does God present the gift of repentance? Rom. 2: 4; John 12: 32.
5. In what other way is the gift of repentance sometimes presented? Rev. 3: 19. Note 2.
6. Before one can repent of sin, of what must he have a knowledge? What gives this knowledge? Rom. 3: 20.
7. If he is honest, what will he do when he has a knowledge of sin? Ps. 51: 3. Note 3.
8. Having acknowledged his sin, how will he feel? 2 Cor. 7: 9; Ps. 38: 18, last part. Note 4.
9. What powerful incentive appealing to an honest heart leads to repentance? Rom. 2: 4.
10. What will his sorrow and his view of God's goodness lead him to desire and to pray for? Ps. 51: 2, 10.
11. What will his surrendered will lead him to do? Luke 15: 18, 20. Note 5.
12. When he comes to his Father, what will the sinner say? Luke 15: 21; Ps. 38: 18, first part; Luke 18: 13. Note 6.
13. Having confessed his sin and asked for mercy, what does God the Father do? 1 John 1: 9. How does he show his joy at receiving his son back? Luke 15: 20, 22-24.
14. What step in conversion follows confession? Prov. 28: 13; Isa. 55: 7.
15. What is the outgrowth of true repentance? Acts 2: 37, 38. Note 7.

Notes

1. "Just here is a point on which many err, and hence they fail of receiving the help that Christ desires to give them. They think that they cannot come to Christ unless they first repent, and that repentance prepares for the forgiveness of their sins. It is true that repentance does precede the forgiveness of sins; for it is only the broken and contrite heart that will feel the need of a Saviour. But must the sinner wait till he has repented before he can come to Jesus? Is repentance to be made an obstacle between the sinner and the Saviour? . . .

"It is the virtue that goes forth from Christ, that leads to genuine repentance. . . . We can no more repent without the Spirit of Christ to awaken the conscience than we can be pardoned without Christ."—"Steps to Christ," pp. 29, 30.

2. The gift of repentance, whether presented to the sinner through the attractive character of the Saviour, or through rebuke and chastisement, is at all times a gift of God's love and goodness.

3. "I acknowledge my transgressions." This statement is definite and personal, two evidences of an honest heart. I offer no excuse, I blame no one else, I hide behind no personal weakness, no condition or environment. My life is out of harmony with the requirements of God's Word. I only am to blame. In sin did my mother conceive me. Wrong influences surround me. I may be as good as some one else, yet I have sinned and I only am to blame. "I acknowledge my transgressions." This must be the attitude of the sinner if he is to follow on to know the Lord.

4. "There are many who fail to understand the true nature of repentance. Multitudes sorrow that they have sinned, and even make an outward reformation, because they fear that their wrong-doing will bring suffering upon themselves. But this is not repentance in the Bible sense. They lament the suffering, rather than the sin."—*Id.*, p. 26.

5. "Many are inquiring, 'How am I to make the surrender of myself to God?' You desire to give yourself to him, but you are weak in moral power, in slavery to doubt, and controlled by the habits of your life of sin. Your promises and resolutions are like ropes of sand. You cannot control your thoughts, your impulses, your affections. The knowledge of your broken promises and forfeited pledges weakens your confidence in your own sincerity, and causes you to feel that God cannot accept you; but you need not despair. What you need to understand is the true force of the will. This is the governing power in the nature of man, the power of decision, or of choice. Everything depends on the right action of the will. The power of choice God has given to men; it is theirs to exercise. You cannot change your heart, you cannot of yourself give to God its affections; but you can choose to serve him. You can give him your will; he will then work in you to will and to do according to his good pleasure."—*Id.*, pp. 51, 52.

6. "The poor publican who prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' regarded himself as a very wicked man, and others looked upon him in the same light; but he felt his need, and with his burden of guilt and shame he came before God, asking for his mercy. His heart was open for the Spirit of God to do its gracious work, and set him free from the power of sin. . . .

"If you see your sinfulness, do not wait to make yourself better. How many there are who think they are not good enough to come to Christ! Do not expect to become better through your own efforts. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.' There is help for us only in God. We must not wait for stronger persuasions, for better opportunities, or for holier tempers. We can do nothing of ourselves. We must come to Christ just as we are."—*Id.*, pp. 35, 36.

"True confession is always of a specific character, and acknowledges particular sins. They may be of such a nature as to be brought before God only; they may be wrongs that should be confessed to individuals who have suffered injury through them; or they may be of a public character, and should then be as publicly confessed. But all confession should be definite and to the point, acknowledging the very sins of which you are guilty."—*Id.*, p. 48.

7. The ordinance of baptism is the outward ceremony by which we publicly declare that we have trodden the pathway to conversion step by step, that we understand and acknowledge our sins, that we are truly sorry for them, that with surrendered will and earnest prayer we have confessed our transgressions, that God has forgiven and cleansed us, that we have utterly forsaken our past life and have entered upon a new life—the life in Christ. Rom. 6: 2, 4, 6-13. It is the ceremony that announces to our friends and to the world the death and burial of the old man of sin and our union with Christ in a new life of righteousness.

Intermediate Lesson

II — The People Ask for a King

(April 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 7: 15-17; 8; 9: 1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "They have rejected me, that I should not reign over them." 1 Sam. 8: 7.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 603-610; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 53-55.

"Thou canst not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee."

Questions

1. How long did Samuel act as judge of Israel? What regular circuit did he make each year? What did he build at Ramah? 1 Sam. 7: 15-17. Note 1.

2. When Samuel became too old to attend to all these duties himself, whom did he appoint to help him? How did his sons show themselves unworthy? 1 Sam. 8: 1-3.

3. What did the elders make this an excuse for asking? Whom did they wish to be like? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.

4. How did Samuel look upon their request? What did the Lord say the people had done? What instruction did he give to Samuel? Verses 6-9.

5. What would a king demand of them concerning their sons? their daughters? their fields? their servants? their flocks? Verses 10-17.

6. What experience would they have on account of these troubles? Verse 18.

7. After hearing all these things, what did the people still demand? What three reasons did they give for desiring a king? Verses 19, 20. Note 3.

8. When Samuel heard the final decision of the people, what did he do? What did the Lord tell him to do? In what way did Samuel dismiss the elders who had come to him? Verses 21, 22. Note 4.

9. Who was Saul? Describe his appearance. 1 Sam. 9: 1, 2.

10. In his search for lost animals belonging to his father, near whose home did Saul and his servant come? Verses 3-6. Note 5.

11. What conversation did Saul and his servant have about the matter of calling on the prophet? What did they decide to do? Verses 7-10. Note 6.

12. How were they further directed on their way? Verses 11-14.

13. How had Saul already been introduced to Samuel? That there might be no mistake what did the Lord now tell Samuel? Verses 15-17. Note 7.

14. When Saul came to Samuel what did he ask? What was Samuel's reply? Before Saul could inquire for the lost animals, what did Samuel say of them? What other surprising information did Samuel give him? Verses 18-20.

15. How did Saul show surprise and modesty at the prophet's words? Verse 21. Note 8.

16. What hospitality did Samuel extend to Saul and his servant? What indicates that special preparation had been made to show honor to Saul? Verses 22-24.

Lesson Side Lights

Instead of being like other nations, what far better plan had the Lord for the children of Israel? Deut. 14: 2; 26: 18, 19.

Was there any need of a battle better fought than the last one "by Samuel's prayer and God's thunder"? 1 Sam. 7: 7-11.

How could so good a man as Samuel have such disappointing sons? See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 604.

Notes

1. "Since the days of Joshua, the government had never been conducted with so great wisdom and success as under Samuel's administration. Divinely invested with the threefold office of judge, prophet, and priest, he had labored with untiring and disinterested zeal for the welfare of his people, and the nation had prospered under his wise control."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 603, 604.

2. "The injustice of these judges caused much dissatisfaction, and a pretext was thus furnished for urging the change that had long been secretly desired. . . . The cases of abuse among the people had not been referred to Samuel. Had the evil course of his sons been known to him, he would have removed them without delay; but this was not what the petitioners desired. Samuel saw that their real motive was discontent and pride, and that their demand was the result of a deliberate and determined purpose."—*Id.*, p. 604.

3. "God does the best he can for us. If we will not seek his ideals, and accept the best life he has planned for us to live, he will give us the second-best blessings. He grants our request, and teaches us by hard experience the better way. The tuition is high in the school of such experience, but we have to pay it, and blessed is he who is wise enough to graduate and take no postgraduate course."—*Peloubet*.

4. "With deep sadness, Samuel listened to the words of the people; but the Lord said unto him, 'Hearken unto their voice, and make them a king.' The prophet had done his duty. He had faithfully presented the warning, and it had been rejected. With a heavy heart he dismissed the people, and himself departed to prepare for the great change in the government."

"The Lord foresaw that Israel would desire a king, but he did not consent to a change in the principles upon which the state was founded. The king was to be the viceroy of the Most High. God was to be recognized as the head of the nation, and his law was to be enforced as the supreme law of the land."

5. Saul was the son of a powerful and wealthy chief, yet in accordance with the simplicity of the times, he was engaged with his father in the humble duties of a husbandman. Some of his father's animals having strayed upon the mountains, Saul went with a servant to seek for them. For three days they searched in vain, when, as they were not far from Ramah, the home of Samuel, the servant proposed that they should inquire of the prophet concerning the missing property."

6. It was the custom of those times for a person to offer a present or some money as a token of respect when approaching one who was a superior in office or in rank.

7. This lesson is especially interesting as showing how seemingly the small affairs of life are controlled by the Lord, and made to contribute to the working out of his plan. Saul was guided to Samuel in the most natural way. As a slight movement of a railroad switch decides the destination of a train, so the little things in life are often of vast importance when measured by results. It is said that an ax accidentally placed near the compass of the "Mayflower" changed the direction of the vessel and caused the landing to be made at Plymouth instead of New York.

8. "On whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee, and on all thy father's house?" The listener's heart thrilled at the prophet's words. He could not but perceive something of their significance; for the demand for a king had become a matter of absorbing interest to the whole nation. Yet with modest self-depreciation, Saul replied, 'Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? wherefore then speakest thou so to me?'"

'Twas Night When the Lord Was Born

It was not in the glow of the noontide high,
Or the tender grace of morn,
But shadows were over the earth and sky;—
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God molds his deeds—
In silence and out of sight;
They hide in the dark like the precious seeds,
Then suddenly rise in light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing
Folds darkly o'er our way,
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say when we sit in darkness long,
With an aching heart forlorn,
'Twas night when the angels sang their song,—
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

For all the glad days that had rolled in light
Since the first glad day had birth,
Were not half so bright as the one dark night
When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,
With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the path of time,
Were the brightest days we knew.

— Selected.

An Explanation

A POEM, "The Best That I Can," is referred to in the April *Gazette* as appearing in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR. By mistake it was printed in the INSTRUCTOR of March 11, page seven.

Boy with a Conscience

YOU were advertising for a boy?" asked a lad, in neatly brushed, threadbare clothes, of the manager of Peten's store.

"We did advertize for a boy and hired one this morning," answered the man, rather gruffly. He was exasperated, for he had been disturbed many times that morning by undesirable applicants.

"Couldn't you use one more?" questioned the boy.

"No," snapped the man.

Disappointed and discouraged, Reuben Myrick walked from the office, leaving the door ajar.

"Hello, there," greeted another boy as Reuben stepped from the office into the store. "What were you doing in there? I landed that job an hour ago."

"Oh!" exclaimed Reuben, glancing up and down the boy's stylish clothes, and wondering why he could have such things and still get work that to a boy like himself would mean food and the cheapest of clothes. But, gaining control of his feelings, he extended his hand. "I'm glad you got it, Wayne. It's a good job."

"I guess it's all right," remarked the other without the least enthusiasm. Then resuming his old gay tone: "Come 'long with me. I'm off for the ball game and then for a skiff ride on the lake. Nothing doing there," pointing toward the office.

"I should like to go with you, but I can't. Promised mother I'd come back as soon as I did a few errands."

"Ah, shucks!" sniffed the boy. "Tell her they kept you waitin'."

"I wish I could come, but I can't," said Reuben.

"You'll have a jolly time, I know, but I can't tell mother a story, because my conscience would not let me."

"You ninny; I wouldn't let my conscience bother me," scoffed the boy, skipping down the aisle.

The manager was not in the habit of listening to conversations outside his office, but the voice of his

new boy outside the door when he should have been busy in another part of the building had made him pause and listen.

Reuben Myrick turned to purchase some trifles, which his mother had requested him to buy, and did not hear any one coming behind him.

"Young man, I want to tell you that I made a mistake a few minutes ago in turning you out," the manager announced. "There's a place for you if you'll take it. There is always a place for boys with consciences like yours."

"Oh, thanks," said Reuben, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Can you report at one o'clock?" asked the man.

"Certainly I can," answered Reuben, his face shining.

"He'll do it, too," confided the manager to the clerk, when Reuben had left. "He's a boy that will always do the right thing, and I came near missing him." A smile which the clerk had never seen on his employer's face softened his hard features.— *Selected.*

Captain Robert Dollar

WHETHER or not Captain Dollar's name has had anything to do with his ability to coin dollars, he is at present one of the kings of the industrial and commercial world. He was once a penniless lumber jack; now he is the foremost business man on the Pacific, creator and owner of the famous Dollar Steamship Lines. Only recently he was commissioned by this Government to arrange a \$30,000,000-ship-building contract with the Chinese government.

Out of his long, successful business career, he gives the following counsel to youth:

"Avoid the easy, lazy job. Shun the position that calls for little or no exertion, that does not put your powers to the test, that does not keep you constantly on tiptoe in an effort to fill it well—better, in fact, than it was ever filled before. Don't run away from difficulties, from hard work, from hard knocks, if need be. Hammering hardens and strengthens a young man. It tests his mettle. It develops him. It teaches him self-reliance, self-confidence, grit. It drums out cowardice or timidity, and makes him unafraid to stand up and fight until he learns how to win out."

"THE doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our ignorance. He cannot learn aright who has not first been taught that he knows nothing."

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