

*Agelen Saw...*

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

May 6, 1919

No. 18



"The ideal mother is the product of a civilization that rose from the manger of Bethlehem."



# From Here and There

Sir William Crookes, the famous chemist and physician, died in London on April 4.

Pike's Peak will be ascended by a battle tank as an advertising feature of the Victory Liberty Loan before the loan campaign opens.

President Poincaré has commuted to ten years' imprisonment the death sentence imposed upon Emile Cotton, who attempted to assassinate Premier Clemenceau.

According to the Associated Press, the Koreans are confident that President Wilson will come to Korea in an airplane, and listen to their pleas for independence from Japan.

Announcement has been made that Mr. Rockefeller contributed \$250,000 to a fund being raised by the national committee of Northern Baptist laymen to care for aged ministers and missionaries.

By a majority twice as large as that by which they voted the State "dry" in 1916, Michigan voters recently rejected a constitutional amendment modifying the State's prohibition laws to permit the sale of beer and wine.

When the duke of Monmouth lost his head on the scaffold after a vain attempt to wrest the throne of Great Britain from his uncle, James II, his widow, Duchess Anne of Monmouth and of Buccleuch, caused the top of every oak in the great park to be lopped off in sign of mourning.

Army nurses are to demand military rank, under threat of refusing to serve in another war. They base their demand upon the fact that without rank they had great difficulty in having hospital orders carried out and even in obtaining satisfactory living conditions for themselves.

Government officials find that moonshining is rapidly shifting from its traditional habitat in the mountain fastnesses of the South to the homes of the people in the cities of the East. The surest and quickest way of preventing the extension of this evil is by educating the people. If there was ever necessity for scattering temperance literature broadcast, it is now.

## A Beautiful Christian Service

SABBATH, April 5, will be long remembered by many of the congregation of the Takoma Park church, not merely because on that day eleven young persons were received into church membership, for there have been times when a much larger number of persons, a larger number of young people, have joined the church; but never a day when the receiving of people into the church was made so impressive, so ideal.

Sometimes a person is received when only an announcement of the name and a formal vote to receive him, constitute the entire ceremony. There is no hand of fellowship, no word of real welcome given. Sometimes the candidate is asked to rise in his seat, that those who can see him may have some idea who it is that is joining the church. But neither of these methods are indicative of the real true Christian love

and fellowship that should be felt and manifested on such an occasion.

At the service referred to in the opening paragraph the young people who had been baptized the previous evening were asked to occupy the front seats. Then the acting pastor left the platform, and taking his place beside the candidates, presented each in turn to the church, accompanying the presentation by a brief personal sketch of the candidate's experience, an earnest word of exhortation to him, and a warm handshake that betokened a full welcome into the service of the church.

First, two sisters were asked to rise. The few words sketching their experience at once brought the church into sympathetic relation with them. The young women were living in Florida, when, at the beginning of the war, they answered our country's call for war workers, by coming to the national capital and securing work in a department of the Government. When they were children, their parents kept the Sabbath, but some years ago gave up the truth for this time.

The young women were invited by former acquaintances to attend the lectures being given by Elder C. B. Haynes at a theater in the city of Washington. These, with the Missionary Volunteer meetings which they attended, soon led them to give themselves to Christ and his service. They hope to be able to reclaim their parents.

After the pastor had passed down the line, with an appropriate word concerning each, and had himself extended to all the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the church, the congregation sang while elders, deacons, deaconesses, and all other officers of the church, with the parents of the young people, passed to the front and spoke an encouraging word and gave a general welcome to the new members.

Surely this method is worthy of being substituted in all our churches for the cold, formal method now in vogue in many places. Its virtue is apparent, for there is no doubt that the young people so received are bound by firmer cords to the church than when received in the more formal way. F. D. C.

Baron Roman Romanovitch Rosen, former Russian ambassador to the United States and Russian delegate at the Treaty of Portsmouth, arrived here recently on the Swedish liner "Stockholm." The baron, with his family who accompanied him, fled from Russia last May, and made his way to Sweden on a British steamship.

# The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

LXVII MAY 6, 1919 No. 18

## Subscription Rates

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

## Club Rates

	Each
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.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 6, 1919

No. 18

## A Dream

A STATELY church was at my right,  
And at my left, a cottage small;  
The air was calm, the sky was clear,  
And sunshine flooded all.

Above me, in an apple tree,  
A little bird was fluttering;  
One moment still, the next astir,  
With restless, tireless wing.

Just then, from out the church door, came  
The peal of music, full and grand;  
Sweet voices, loudly chanting words  
I could not understand.

I raised my eyes; the tranquil air  
Above my head had not been stirred;  
The little bird was restless still,  
It had not heard a word.

And then this knowledge came to me:  
Vile hidden discords lurk within  
Those singers' hearts, and as they sing,  
A jarring chorus din.

And so their songs which, otherwise,  
Would rise, like morning mists in air,  
Fall fainting to the earth, and die,  
Nor leave an echo there.

A moment, and from out the door  
Of that small cottage, floated low  
A tender song—a lullaby,  
Sung lovingly and slow.

A flutter overhead! and lo!  
The little bird began to sing!  
The clear notes bubbled from its throat  
Like water from a spring.

And looking up, behold! the gates  
Of distant heaven were opened wide,  
And white-robed angels thronged to hear  
The songs from every side!

And then I heard a sweet voice speak:  
"Full well, today, thou hast been shown  
How hardly songs can rise to God,  
With one discordant tone.

"If thou wouldst sing, first let thy heart  
Be free from envy, pride, and hate;  
For they are discords which will cause  
Thy songs to jar and grate.

"But welcome love; for when love dwells  
Within a heart, it can but sing:  
And when it sings, e'en heaven itself  
Bends earthward, listening."

—Addie F. Davis.

## Young People in the World's Work

GENEVIEVE E. HANSEN

NATURE in spring brings forth her choicest gifts—the flowers arrayed in their brilliant robes, and the trees adorned with buds and blossoms. At this season the birds sing their sweetest, and the old earth seems fairly radiant with happiness.

Youth is the springtime of life. It abounds in vigor, and possesses a keenness of mind, with varied channels of thought which lead to marvelous discoveries in all realms of knowledge. Then, as at no later period of life, does the heart overflow with joy and throb with zeal and enthusiasm.

It is to this enthusiasm of youth that the world owes a lasting debt of gratitude. "The world in all its affairs," says Geikie, "is mainly what young men have made it. Manhood and age have taught, but it is the youth that makes the disciples and spreads the doctrines."

Like the romanticists of literature, youth is dominated by an adventurous spirit and a dislike for set rules. Combined with courage and fearlessness, these characteristics urge them to depart from old traditions and explore new fields. The youth are easily influenced, either for good or evil. This is proved by the fact that more persons take their stand for Christ during the period of youth than at any other time in life.

What can be accomplished by youth who put forth the effort is exemplified in the lives of great men of the past. Cortez was only thirty when he conquered Mexico. Dr. Chalmers was famous at the age of thirty-seven. When only thirty, Reynolds was the greatest portrait painter in England. Ruskin tells us that nearly all the beautiful masterpieces of art were accomplished during the youth of the artists. Not only are there many individual examples, but the lines of activity represented are numerous.

### Leadership

King Josiah at about the age of twenty brought about a reformation in Palestine. Joseph as a youth, by his splendid spirit and brilliant statesmanship, guided Egypt through a national crisis, at the same time saving the lives of his kinsmen. Daniel in his youth, though a captive, was appointed third ruler of

the kingdom of Babylon. Alexander the Great crossed the Dardanelles and conquered Asia at the age of twenty-one. George Washington was a major in the army at nineteen, and acquired a power of leadership which enabled him to create the Union. Farragut was but a boy of fourteen when he took part in a battle where he performed "the duties of captain, quarter gunner, and powder boy." Napoleon Bonaparte had revolutionized the map of Europe at the age of twenty-eight.

### Music

Many musicians became famous in youth. At the age of seventeen Mozart had gained distinction in the courts of Germany. Beethoven's name was a household word when he was twenty-one. Frederic Chopin was only nine years old when he captivated the great lords and ladies of Poland; and although he died at the early age of forty, he contributed more to the musical world than many who have long outlived him.

### Science

The name of Rudolph Hertz ranks high in the world of physics. In spite of his early death at the age of thirty-seven, he made notable contributions to the theoretical phase of this science. James Watt invented the steam engine when only thirty-two, and the inventor of the cotton gin was only twenty-eight when he made his discovery. And there is Thomas Edison! In youth, by his accuracy and persistent toil, he began to give to civilization the greatest number of valuable inventions contributed to the cause of progress by any man.

### Literature

Milton, the "sublime poet," produced many of his great works while young. Shelley is counted a great poet, though he died at thirty. Byron lived only thirty-six years. At the age of nineteen Ruskin had reached the heights of fame in literature. Before John Keats finished his life at the age of twenty-four, he had written poetry which immortalized his name.

### Religion

In this, the most important field of all, are found numerous examples of high youthful achievements.



Luther, at the age of thirty-five, had kindled the fires of the Reformation throughout Germany. The first missionary society in this country was founded as the result of a haystack prayer meeting held by Samuel Mills and three other young men. His work still lives, though he died at the age of thirty-five, on board the ship which was to take him to his mission field. Zwingli, when only nineteen, became convinced that the church needed a reformation. His fearlessness and boldness in expressing his views had far-reaching results. William Carey, "the consecrated cobbler," is a striking example of fidelity to God. He was a poor young man, and it was necessary for him to cobble shoes for a living, but on one side of his workbench he kept a New Testament, and on the wall a map of the world. He recorded on this map, which he himself had made, all the information he could gather concerning the different countries. Thus, when the opportunity came for him to go to a foreign land, — India, — he was well acquainted with his field. His words, "My business is to save souls; I cobble shoes to pay expenses," show his earnestness, and his whole life was significant of the spirit which prompted him to say, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

#### The Call to the Youth Today

Christ, the Master Missionary, completed his life work at the age of thirty-three. He it is who today is knocking at the heart of every young person, pleading for a dedicated life. How can we resist his pleading? The greatest thing in the world is the third angel's message; and the highest service is the giving of that message. The opportunities which this service offers are world-wide, and we are told that the youth must be the burden bearers and carry the heavy responsibilities. But the one requisite for effective service is a Spirit-filled life. John says: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

#### Answering the Call

Never were there greater opportunities or possibilities before the youth than now. The men and women who achieved success in the past were not prodigies. They merely grasped opportunity and turned possibilities into realities by actual accomplishment. Now, as the work of God is reaching its culmination, and the world is entering upon the most enlightened period of its history, God is opening avenues of usefulness hitherto unknown. This is the day of opportunity for us as young people. Let us

grasp the strong hand of God and work valiantly, saying with David Brainerd: "I care not where or how I live, or what hardships I go through, so that I can but gain souls for Christ."

#### The Soul of a Bell

OF all heroic deeds none can compare with the voluntary yielding of a life to save that of another. In the past the apparent apathy of the superstitious Chinese to assist in saving the lives of strangers in peril was due to a belief that to do so would interfere with Fate, that elusive and heartless thing by which the lives of all are ordered, and conflict with which would result in bringing dire calamities upon

the head of the would-be rescuer. Even in recent years the government of Hongkong has found it necessary to insert a clause in the junk-clearances issued in that colony, by which the boatmen are bound to assist to the utmost in saving life.

However, Chinese history and tradition have preserved stirring instances of personal sacrifice, especially when the one in danger was a near relative. The paragraphs which follow give an outline of a fascinating story preserved and narrated by the priests in the famous Bell Temple of Nanking.

A little more than five hundred years ago the Yuan dynasty was succeeded by the famous Ming dynasty in China. The first Ming emperor, a wise and efficient ruler, extended the boundaries of the Middle Kingdom to their widest extent,

and through his wise policies of government, caused the empire to prosper.

At one time this emperor conceived the desire of having several immense bells made. Accordingly, he ordered from a famous bell maker of Nanking, at that time the nation's capital, three bells, which were to be larger than any bells that had ever been cast in the empire. The bell maker hastened to fulfil his emperor's wishes, but on account of their great size, repeated attempts to turn out perfect bells were fruitless. At last, fearful of the spoiling of his property, or perhaps of the loss of his head, he petitioned the gods for aid in his endeavor. He was advised by the local priests that in a case where the bells were so large the gods would require the sacrifice of one of his daughters for each perfect bell completed.

He returned to his home, prepared again his molds, heated the metal, and at the right moment opened the sluices which carried the glowing stream from the furnace to the first mold. According to tradition,



The Tower That Contains the Bell



which is firmly vouched for by the Chinese to this day, one of his daughters, standing near by watching the fiery liquid with its attendant column of smoke and hissing gases, suddenly leaped to the edge of the mold and cast herself headlong into the molten mass, quickly to be carried by it into the forming bell.

Two more bells of the same size were cast, and in like manner two other daughters of the bell maker voluntarily sacrificed their lives that their father might have success in his endeavor to meet the demands of the emperor.

In later years one of the gigantic bells was carried down the Yangtze River to the sea, there to be cast in as an offering to the gods. The second bell was destroyed during one of China's revolutions. Today, inside the great walls of Nanking stands the Da Djung Ting temple, in the courtyard of which is a bell tower. Here may be seen the third of the large bells which, if we can rely on Chinese tradition, contains a human sacrifice. It is constructed after the peculiar pattern of all Chinese bells, which custom has decreed shall be of uniform width from top to bottom, not increased in size at the lower end, as are those with which we are familiar. Sixteen feet in height, eight feet in diameter, and approximately eight inches in thickness throughout, the mammoth bell testifies that its construction was a difficult and wonderful piece of workmanship.

Of more interest than the bell, perhaps, is a small room in the temple before mentioned. Here are three

wax figures, life-size, representing the girls who gave their lives to save their father. They are dressed in royal apparel and have crowns upon their heads. They present a most dignified appearance as they sit before a table upon which is kept an abundant supply of food and fresh fruits. To this room come the Chinese women to bow down before the images and worship the spirits of these who verily lived up to the tradition of filial piety, so dear to the Chinese heart.

To these simple worshipers, and the countless millions in China, who worship they know not what, are we sent to tell the story of the love of God and the great sacrifice of his Son, Jesus Christ; and the part of the story which appeals the most is, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

And the gospel is finding a response in the hearts of many of these dear Chinese people, who after long years of serving their wooden gods, are for the first time finding that real joy and peace which comes to those who serve Jehovah, the God of love. Friends, pray earnestly that in the short time remaining, this saving message may be carried to every soul in this dark land who is seeking for light, and that the workers may have divine wisdom and strength to labor in the most effective way.

HAROLD L. GRAHAM.

## Fruit of Our School Work

DELLA STEVENS

**H**APPY indeed was the New Year's Day that ushered in 1919. The boys and girls of our Bengali school assembled at the baptismal font in the girls' school compound to witness the baptism of several students.

After a very helpful New Year's sermon by Pastor Burgess, six girls and one boy were buried in baptism.

During the past two years thirteen girls and fourteen boys have been baptized. Other girls are wait-

ing for their parents' consent before taking this step.

This year two of our young men have been sent out as evangelists. Last year one was sent out as a colporteur, in which work he has proved a real success. Another has been employed in our tract society office. One of our girls went to our Karmatar dispensary to help in the work. Thus our schools are already bearing fruit.

We feel to praise God when we remember that three



BAPTISM AT THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST BENGALI GIRLS' SCHOOL, CALCUTTA



years ago our Bengali young people were growing up without a knowledge of present truth. Our girls were lost to us through marriage, whereas this year one of the schoolgirls married a young man engaged in the printing work at Lucknow.

By the blessing of God we hope many of our young people will receive a training that will fit them to give the message to their own people.

### The Dedicated Threepence

**T**HESE believers in the islands have the spirit of sacrifice for the work of God," said Mrs. George L. Sterling, at the Australasian Conference. Then she told the story of a sister of the Cook Islands and her dedicated threepence for missions.

"Papa, was her name," said Mrs. Sterling, giving the *a* the short sound. "She was a sufferer from elephantiasis. It was hard for her to walk.

"She was poor; and the care of three children was a heavy burden upon her. Some friend gave her threepence.

"I am going to put this away for the Sabbath school," said Papa.

"But her little girl was hungry one evening.

"I want some bread," said Ruth; 'give me the threepence.'

"No, my child," said the mother; 'that threepence is to go to the Sabbath school for missions.'

"The little girl cried.

"Don't cry, Ruth," said the mother. 'I cannot help it. That money is given to the Lord. You just go to sleep, and the Lord will send us some bread.'

"So little Ruth went to bed, and early next morning the missionary came along to visit them, bringing a loaf of bread. When old Papa saw it, she burst into tears.

"The Lord sent it to us,' she said; and then she told the experience of the night before and of her prayer to God for some way of getting the bread without having to touch the money dedicated to the missionary collection."

As our missionaries talk of the newly found brethren and sisters of ours in the island fields, it is plain that the plant of genuine faith grows strong and hardy wherever rooted in hearts in these regions where the isles have been so long waiting for his law.

W. A. SPICER.

### Lessons from the Storm

**O**NE rainy day in early spring, while walking along an old abandoned wood road that wound its way through the dripping forest, I became deeply interested in reading, as from an open book, a few of nature's testimonies to the presence of One whose wisdom is revealed in his created works.

The tiny life-giving raindrops, falling so thick and fast, and making a soft pitapat, as if millions of little feet were tripping through the evergreens and over the dead brown leaves, testified that a God "great in power," whose "faithfulness is unto all generations," "who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields" (Job 5:10), had opened the windows of heaven. Each pearly drop contained a blessing, and a promise for seedtime and harvest.

As I stood alone in the dim lights and deep shadows of the rain-swept forest, listening to the voices of the storm, wonderful and marvelously beautiful seemed the works of this great Master Artist. With heart

filled to overflowing with gratitude to the Author of every created thing, I softly repeated the words of the psalmist: "O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." Ps. 104:24.

Balanced on the topmost branch of a vine maple that stood far up on the mountain side, an early bluebird began singing his spring song in notes so loud and clear that the gloomy aisles of the wood fairly rang with sweet melody. The wind was cold, and I knew that ice would yet spread a thin covering over the still pools, and that probably white snowflakes would whirl thick and fast through the fields and meadows and load the evergreens once more. Yet swinging there in the chilly breezes, this little songster bravely lifted his head to the dripping heavens, and poured out his soul in a ringing testimony to the tender love and watchcare of Him upon whom "the eyes of all wait," who opens his hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing. (See Ps. 145:15, 16.) It is easy to sing when the sun is shining, but quite a different matter when the low-hanging clouds of trouble or discouragement shut out the brightness.

The noisy mountain stream dancing down the hillside gave testimony of the One who "sendeth out his word" and "causeth . . . the waters to flow." Ps. 147:18.

Standing beside an old log that was covered with thick green moss, I gathered several long, dainty pussy-willow whips, and these testified of the love of Him who first planted the "willows by the water-courses."

The wonderful book of nature contains rare treasures. Let us study it more frequently, and learn more and still more of the wisdom and love of the Creator.

GRACE E. BRUCE.

### Honesty

**D**ID you ever let a drop of black ink fall into a glass of water? If you have not, try it. You will find that the ink spreads slowly until the entire glass of water is colored. Add another drop of ink. The water gets darker. Two or three more drops will make the water appear as black as the ink itself.

It is the same with dishonesty. One small dishonest act may appear very small indeed, yet it makes a mark on our characters. Another dishonest act makes a greater mark. Two or three more will have the same effect as the drops of ink in the glass of water.

There were once two little boys who lived next door to each other. They were great friends. They went to school together and played together. Apparently they had the same opportunity for a very successful life, for they were both bright lads.

One day on their way home from school they passed a fruit stand, where many kinds of fruit were attractively displayed. Neither of the boys had ever stolen anything, or had even thought of doing such a thing, but the temptation to eat one of the big oranges they saw was too strong to overcome. They waited until they were sure no one was looking, and each of them took one, and ran around the corner as fast as he could go.

The boys waited until they reached home to eat the stolen fruit. Thinking they were safe there, they were not careful where they threw the peelings, and their mothers found them. One mother laughed, and called her son clever. The other took her son back to the fruit stand and made him tell the owner what he had



done, and pay for the orange. It was a lesson he never forgot. Whenever he was tempted to steal again, he thought with shame of the time he had paid for the orange he had stolen, and of the attitude his mother had taken toward dishonesty.

Many years later a prisoner was on trial. He was brought into the courtroom and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for attempting a daring robbery. After pronouncing the sentence, the judge looked at the prisoner, who was a very young man, and asked him if he would tell how he first learned to steal.

The prisoner looked at the judge, and then at the people in the courtroom who had assembled to hear his trial. This was his testimony: "When I was a boy, I stole an orange. I was called clever. I have been stealing ever since."

His mother never knew the result of her attitude toward that little dishonest act. But it had its effect, and that boy's life, which might have been an honor to the world, was ruined and made worthless.

To be honest is to be sincere, fair, frank, and open, not only in the big things, but in the little things as well. We admire honesty in every one, but we do more than admire it; we consider it an essential trait of character which every one must have. If we know any one who is guilty of a dishonest act, even though it be small and no one else knows it but ourselves, we do not trust that person very far, do we? Therefore we should be honest ourselves.

Our lives are like that glass of water. Every dishonest act adds a drop of ink, and soon our lives become darkened by the many little dishonest acts we allow to creep in. Perhaps we would never steal, but we might do other things that are just as dishonest.

Dishonesty is always found out; if not at the time, it will be later. Be honest at all times. Be sincere. Be true. If you are honest, sincere, and true to yourself, you will also be to others.

RUTH M. EVERETT.

### A Definition of Bolshevism

**B**OLSHEVISM is derived from the Russian *bolsheviki*, meaning the majority, as contrasted with the *mensheviki*, or minority. These terms began to be used in a political sense in Russia in 1903, when the Social Democratic party split into two factions. The radicals being in the majority were the *bolsheviki*, while the conservatives, or state socialists, being in the minority, were the *mensheviki*.

Bolshevism instead of being anarchistic, as many have imagined, is the very antithesis of anarchism. "Anarchy" means without a head; and as applied to a political philosophy, it means opposition to all government. Bolshevism is a political doctrine of philosophy that teaches that government should be administered by the majority; and further, that as the proletariat, or the whole body of the working people, constitute the majority, they, and they only, should administer government. Further, Bolshevism, which is the most radical form of Socialism, teaches that the only way to avoid class rivalry and strife is to abolish classes, and so have but one class, necessarily the proletariat, or working class. It is to the ruthless determination of the *Bolsheviki* to put into practice this particular tenet of their philosophy that the reign of terror in Russia is due. They believe that the end justifies the means, therefore they stop at nothing that seems to them necessary to destroy the middle and

upper classes, that only the proletariat, or working class, may remain.

This does not necessarily mean the death of the bourgeoisie individually, nor even of the aristocrats, for either or both may join the working class, but it does mean the utter extinction of the middle and upper classes, as classes.

As Leon Trotzky himself explains it, to do less than this would be to fail utterly of changing conditions. He says: "If Socialism [by which he means Bolshevism] should attempt to create a new human nature within the limits of the Old World, it would be only a new edition of the old moral Utopias. The task of Socialism [Bolshevism] is not to create a socialistic psychology as a prerequisite to Socialism, but to create a socialistic condition of human life as a prerequisite to a socialist psychology."

In other words, Mr. Trotzky would by reducing human society to a single class, set the whole world to thinking in the terms of that class. This he believes would forever abolish class rivalry, and make life not only tolerable but easy for all. C. P. BOLLMAN.

### When We See and Understand

A LITTLE noisy stream,  
Whose waters dance and whirl;  
A little stretch of wood;  
A little boy and girl.

Beside them on the grass  
A trap most deftly set,  
To catch within its walls  
A squirrel for a pet.

One saucy frisker's play  
They watch with eager eyes.  
O what a joy to them  
To capture such a prize!

With nuts and grains and things  
That surely squirrels love,—  
Sir Frisker watching all  
From leafy bough above,—

They bait their trap with care;  
Then hide themselves awhile,  
In hopes the tempting feast  
The creature will beguile.

A little elicking sound —  
So faint it scarce was heard;  
But when they went to see,  
They found they'd caught a bird.

A prison flutter wild,  
And sharp, distressed cries,  
Confront their eager haste  
To view their captured prize.

"O brother, hear it cry!"  
The little maiden said.  
Her tender loving heart  
In quick compassion bled.

"Do let it go again!  
It trembles, too; just see!  
What if some great big man  
Should shut up you and me!"

Another elicking sound —  
And off had flown the bird,  
With quite the gladdest notes  
That they had ever heard.

The scene was still the same:  
The brook went dancing on;  
But boy and girl were changed,—  
Their selfish plans were gone.

And Frisker overhead,  
So happy and so free,  
Just whisked his bushy tail  
And chattered in his glee.

EUGENIA BALSTON.





# THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best;  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you."



## Daddy's Money

SOMETIMES my daddy likes to tease,  
And takes me by surprise;  
I can't always tell his jokes,  
Unless I watch his eyes.

The other day he said: "My boy,  
Where did you get those clothes?  
Who bought that hat that you have on,  
Who gave you the shoes and hose?"

"Who bought the food that gives you life?  
Who bought this house and lot?  
Who paid for furniture and rugs?  
Who gave you your little cot?"

"Why, you did, daddy," I answered back;  
You bought it all — and more."  
"Then — don't you love me better'n mother?"  
But I looked down at the floor.

Then I looked up at mother,  
And she looked back at me;  
And, somehow, before I knew it,  
I was up on mother's knee!

And daddy's eyes just crinkled up —  
I saw he would understand —  
'Cause he had a mother once, himself;  
He ain't always been a man.

'Course, I don't love my mother best;  
I love them just the same.  
But there's something 'bout a mother  
That a boy just can't explain.

It's something sorter tender —  
You can't tell it if you try.  
It's things that mothers do for boys  
That daddy's money cannot buy!

— Anna Kilpatrick, in *Christian Observer*.

## A Mother's Day Meditation

I DO not remember when my eyes first looked upon her beautiful face. I have heard that she went down to the valley of deep darkness to bring me from God's everywhere into the here. When I found myself in the country home, she was with me. She drew me close to her warm bosom and spoke gentle words. I have not found those words in my books; but I knew their meaning from the first, and they comforted me.

I soon learned that a low cry brought her to me; and when she came near, hunger and cold and fear vanished. Often, when she looked down into my eyes as I lay in the cradle, her lips moved, though I heard not a word. Whether baking or sewing or spinning or reading, she was never out of reach of the high chair. It is written: "He shall give his angels charge over thee."

For a long time I was not farther from her than the length of her apron string. It reached to the yard. She watched me from the porch as I played on the carpet of soft grasses and gathered posies and listened to the song birds in the trees that shaded our home. That narrow strip of gingham reached to the school-house across the bridge. She gave me a basket lunch, and I walked through the snows in the little boots with red tops and copper toes. Seated near the teacher's desk, for reasons good to the pedagogue, I looked through the windows of the "Elementary Spelling-book," by Noah Webster, LL.D., into Wisdom Land.

That apron string stretched out to the village church. When the great bell rang on Sunday morning, she took me to the services. Sometimes, as the good man prayed or the people sang, she shouted. I did not know why she said "Glory" and "Hallelujah," but her face was bright, and she said she loved everybody. At such times I thought she might go away into the blue skies, and was glad when she became quiet and put her arms about me, saying: "God bless my boy!" She gave me money with which to buy a New Testament. My sister taught me the "Blesseds" by heart; and, because she did, I know more about humility and penitence and mercifulness and

singleness of purpose, for those gracious words spoken by Jesus on the mount have never left me.

The time came when I heard somebody say: "A fellow shouldn't always be held by an apron string." I was sorry to hear anybody say that, because, at the other end of one apron string, was the best friend I ever had. The slightest pull at my end of the string brought her to my side, day or night. She bound with soft bandages and balm all my hurts of hand and head and heart.

Later on I heard about a land of gold and sunshine and flowers, beyond the village and church steeple, on the western sky line. One foggy day, when I did not see clearly, I slipped my hand from the loop of the apron string and wandered far in that twilight country. I saw many strange and interesting things, yet I was not happy. I had money in my purse, but it did not buy the things I needed. When I prayed, the only answer was a voice saying: "They love and miss you at home." Something kept tugging away at my trunk until I started back to the home of my childhood. It was bright and cheery at the old fireside. A new life began to course through my veins. I slipped my hand into the loop of the apron string, to remove it again never, please God. Since then, I have journeyed far at the call of duty, but again and again a slight tightening of the apron string has brought me into companionship with the guardian angel of my whole lifetime.

As I write, she sits in an easy-chair in a sunny room in my home, reading the church hymn book. It is her ninety-third birthday. The Lord has been her sun and shield. He has given her grace. He will give her glory. Soon she will leave me to visit again the old homestead. If the switchman should turn the train into the air-line tracks, I shall find her by the gentle drawing at my heart. Of course I have been thinking about my mother. I do not forget that my children have a mother. I am almost sure there will be a Mother's Day in that sweet and blessed country.

— Charles Dehaven Bulla, in the *Adult Student*.



## The Mother Age

TWO little girls were talking one day. "How old is your mother?" the blue-eyed one asked.

"Why, she's just the age all mothers are," replied the brown-eyed one.

Blue-eyes was full of scorn.

"They aren't all one age, goosey! There's your mother and mine; but there's old Mrs. Ray, and she's Miss Althea's mother, and she's awful old."

Brown-eyes meditated upon this.

"No," she replied, "you couldn't go to her and tell her things the way you can to real ones. The mother has all gone out of her. She's just an old lady."

Poor old Mrs. Ray, who had lost her motherhood somewhere down the years! For the child was right. The mother had gone out of her. She had grown querulous, exacting, self-centered, indifferent to the pulsing life about her. And when a woman reaches that place, no matter what glory her past may have held, she has lost it; she is no longer a mother in the great and splendid fulness of the word.

But there is another side to it. The child was speaking deeper truth than she could know. True motherhood is ageless, because its essence is love, and love is eternal; once a mother, always a mother, to those who have the mother heart. The hair may grow white and thin and the figure bent and frail, but the children know, and, careless of outward appearance, go straight to the heart of the matter. So do many others — all the little neighborhood, whatever it may be. She has her finger upon its pulse — joys with its joys, sorrows with its sorrows, holds them all in her heart. There is no age for such as these.

The truth goes deeper still. There are mothers in the world — many of them — who never have known the touch of children of their own; so they mother others. They are "old maids," some of them, — born too early to know the freedom of a generation that has discarded the label; they are women whose lives have put duty before the woman dream; women imprisoned by hard circumstance. Yet, if they carry a mother heart, they always come to their own, because the world needs them so much. There never are mothers enough to "go round." All, from the "little mother" of the tenements to the oldest and frailest, are so terribly needed! They meet hardships, sorrows, perplexities, but always, too, they meet great joy; and, as the child said, they have nothing to do with age. Years cannot touch those who understand because they love.

— *Youth's Companion*.

## How the Boys' Brotherhood Class Kept Mother's Day

IT was Sabbath morning early in April, and the Boys' Brotherhood Class was just finishing the Sabbath school lesson when a tap at the door of the classroom sounded, and in came the superintendent.

After pleasantly greeting their teacher, he said: "Boys, I have a proposition to make to you. We have had several programs given on special subjects lately in the school. Only a few weeks ago, you remember, we had a fine program on Home Missions given, as most of the other exercises have been, by the Junior girls and smaller boys. You boys haven't

helped on a program since you were promoted to this class. Now May 9 will be Mother's Day this year, and we must by all means observe this day in our school. I want this class of boys to take entire charge of the program, and do anything you and your teacher, Miss Willie, see fit. It seems to me that a boy would be glad of a chance to do honor to his mother, if there was much real manhood in him. What do you think about it?" Now this almost took away the

breath of these boys who had been feeling of late that "they were getting too big to do anything in public any more," and yet the way the superintendent put it, it did seem as if, to use their own words, "it was up to them" to do what he asked. They looked at one another with questioning faces, and then a fine, earnest-faced boy, the only one of them who did not have a mother, with a little tremble in his voice, said: "Mr. Smith, you can count on us to do the best we can to honor our mothers by giving

that program, can't he boys?" and they readily assented, nodding their heads in approbation.

The superintendent thanked them, and later announced to the school that "the Boys' Brotherhood Class would give a Mother's Day program on the second Sabbath in May, and that all were urged to be present that day to honor the memory of mother."

This announcement caused several teachers to gasp in astonishment and relief. They were the ones upon whom the work and responsibility of getting up most of the special programs rested.

The boys plied Miss Willie with questions as to what they should do first.

She answered, "Boys, let's be thinking about it for a few days, and then you meet at my house next Tuesday night and I will lay before you my suggestions, and we will consider yours."

Each boy when he went home that day looked at his mother in a new light. To think that one day should be set aside all over the country to talk of



## THE MADONNA OF THE CURB

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I  
ON THE curb of a city pavement,  
By the ash and garbage cans,  
In the stench and rolling thunder  
Of motor trucks and vans,  
There sits my little lady,  
With brave but troubled eyes,  
And in her arms a baby  
That cries and cries and cries.

II  
She cannot be more than seven;  
But years go fast in the slums,  
And hard on the pains of winter  
The pitiless summer comes.  
The wail of sickly children  
She knows; she understands  
The pangs of puny bodies,  
The clutch of small hot hands.

III  
In the deadly blaze of August,  
That turns men faint and mad,  
She quiets the peevish urchins  
By telling a dream she had —  
A heaven with marble counters,  
And ice, and a singing fan;  
And a God in white, so friendly,  
Just like the drug-store man.

IV  
Her ragged dress is dearer,  
Than the perfect robe of a queen!  
Poor little lass, who knows not  
The blessing of being clean.  
And when you are giving millions  
To Belgian, Pole and Serb,  
Remember my pitiful lady —  
Madonna of the Curb!

— *The Ladies' Home Journal*.



mother and what she means to us! Why, heretofore they had just taken mother for granted! Of course everybody had mothers to wait on them, and do hundreds of little things for them every day,—that's what mothers are for; and then suddenly each one thought of Jack. He didn't have any mother. What would it be like not to have a mother? That afternoon more than one mother of the brotherhood boys wondered what had come over her own boy that he was so thoughtful and gentle with her. Already the leaven was beginning to work as the wise superintendent had intended it should.

The next Tuesday night, when they gathered at their teacher's home, every boy was present. Then Miss Willie began to talk with them about the program.

"Boys," she said, "you know we have had Mother's Day programs before, consisting of recitations and songs by the smaller children; but as you are boys, and older, suppose we have something a little more substantial and more suitable to you. You know there are so many fine incidents in history of the honor paid to mothers by their illustrious sons. For instance, you remember about President Garfield's inauguration; how after he had taken the oath of office as chief executive of this great nation, he went over and kissed the brow of a little gray-haired woman, and gave all the honor to her, his mother. We can find numbers of such stories as these. We will have these interspersed with several songs. Jack, you have a good voice, and I want you to sing 'My Mother's Prayer.' Fred, you read well, and you must give a beautiful poem entitled, 'The White Carnation.' By the way, you know that the white carnation is the flower for Mother's Day, and we must order some flowers, so that each one of you may have two, one for yourself and one for your mother, and each boy must see to it that his mother comes with him that day. I am sure that we can arrange a delightful program, and we must all be on the lookout for anything that will add to the interest."

The boys consented to all this, and after a pleasant social evening, they separated for the night. As the days slipped by, each boy thought often of the approaching service, and carried the part assigned him on the program in his breast pocket so that he could consult it daily and be well prepared.

And in their awakened interest in the subject, many little poems and stories about the devotion of mothers in all ages and countries held their attention, and unconsciously deepened their appreciation of what their own mothers meant to them.

Several evenings before the eventful day, they had met at Miss Willie's to rehearse together, and they began discussing the other programs that had been given, and the various activities of the Sabbath school. Frank Brown, one of the liveliest boys in the class, then remarked: "Miss Willie, you know we have had 'Work Day for Thornwell,' 'Work Day for Missions,' and 'Clean-up Day' for the Woman's Club, and I've been thinking and wondering why we couldn't have 'Work Day for Mother.' I think some of our mothers would be 'most paralyzed if we were to go and actually suggest working for her a whole day, but let's try it for once. What do you boys say?"

Frank was the one who was always proposing some mischievous prank, which they usually assented to; and now the boys all agreed that if Frank wanted to do this, they would stand by him.

One fat, lazy-looking boy muttered something about its "being too hot in May to work," but the boys turned on him indignantly. "Why, Ralph," they said, "you know your mother is the best woman in town about letting us boys come into her house any time we want to and play games and make candy, and here you try to sneak out of helping her just one day!" Ralph flushed and said all right he would "work like a Turk" if they said so.

So the boys all "shook hands on it," that they would devote themselves entirely to their mothers the following Thursday, and would dispense with their usual afternoon baseball game. They all agreed, however, that they would say nothing about it to any one, only Miss Willie would know, because they were not doing it for notoriety or for praise from others.

It was just to be a spontaneous effort on the part of each boy to show his mother that although he might have seemed unappreciative and selfish in his demands upon her, at heart he loved and honored her more than any one else in the world.

So on Thursday morning bright and early each of the ten boys bounded from their beds, eager to begin for one day at least, willingly and gladly to do anything he could for her whom he was just beginning to appreciate.

We have not time to tell of all that happened in the various homes. Joe Carter found his mother regretting the fact that though getting late in the season she had not been able to get a garden planted. Joe said, "Mother, behold a farmer lad," and putting on his overalls and getting a horse, he plowed and planted all day long. He showed so much pluck and intelligence in laying off the garden and in overcoming difficulties that his mother's heart swelled with pride, that she had such a self-reliant, capable son. It seemed as if that day together strengthened the tie between mother and son as nothing had ever done.

Fred White rose to find his mother suffering from one of her frequent attacks of sick headache. But this time, instead of thoughtlessly leaving her as usual, not realizing that a boy could do anything to help, he went softly into her room, closed the blinds, brought her some crushed ice, and rubbed her aching temples with soft, regular strokes, which proved very soothing. He then picked up his noisy little two-year-old brother, who was fretting and clambering over his mother's bed, and said:

"Now, mother, I am going to take the baby and go down to grandpa's and get our old horse and buggy. You try to go to sleep. When we come back, if you are better we will go out to Mineral Spring and spend the afternoon. You need fresh air; you stay in the house too much anyhow."

And as he leaned over to kiss her hot forehead, she reached up her hand to his head and said, "Bless my dear boy, what should I do without you?"

But as he went out of the house with the fretful little brother, he thought to himself, "How mean and selfish I have been never to have done this before for her when she has been sick."

He put the baby astride of his shoulders, where he was soon laughing and driving and clucking to his "orsie."

Passing a group of boys playing ball they taunted, "Hey there, nurse, want a cap and apron?" But Fred answered good-naturedly, "No, thank you, fellows, I'm a horse, not a nurse."

A couple of hours later, returning with the old



family horse and buggy, he found his mother just waking from a long and refreshing sleep, and the headache very much better. With Fred's help she was soon dressed, a simple lunch packed, and they were out on a country road leading to Mineral Spring, a delightfully cool, quiet little spot, about three miles from town.

Here the mother rested, made comfortable with pillows by Fred, and lovingly and smilingly watched her big boy so unselfishly entertaining her little one, and her heart also swelled with pride, that in her widowhood she had a son on whom she could look for the same care and protection his father would have given her.

During the long afternoon the mother unburdened to her boy, as she had never done before, all her anxieties about the future of her two boys, and Fred confided in her also the hopes and plans that were just forming in his mind. And both were helped by the loving interest of the other.

These are only two examples of the joy that came this day into the hearts of the Brotherhood boys and their mothers,—to the boys, the sweet consciousness of service to the one they loved best; and to the mothers, the greatest happiness that can come to any woman, the knowledge that she has a noble, honorable son. When the boys met in the evening for some final arrangements each one's face shone with a smile, and Miss Willie, who had quietly slipped from home to home that day and caught the light in each mother's

eyes, was quite as happy as the boys themselves, for, next to mother, the faithful Sabbath school teacher is responsible for molding the character of the boy, and rejoices when he proves worthy. Sabbath morning was as fair and bright as only a May morning can be.

It must be confessed that some of the older members of the school felt a little apprehensive, and some a little skeptical, as to what the boys could do. But when those ten manly boys marched in on the eventful morning, each with a white carnation in his button-hole, and took his place, every one realized that these boys were "masters of the situation."

They had chosen the most interesting selections about mother to be found, and gave them in clear, unfaltering voices, and everything was in perfect harmony; and when at the close they grouped themselves under a white banner with the words, "Mother, Home, and Heaven," upon it, and in their sweet, boyish voices softly sang, "Home, Sweet Home," there were tears in many eyes.

The superintendent was much elated over the morning's exercises, and pronounced this the best program ever given in this school. "I want you people," he said, "to give these boys a rising vote of thanks, though from the expression on their faces I think they have already had their reward."

The school arose as one person to show its appreciation, and then each boy went and sat beside his mother during the morning sermon.—*Mrs. Lee McWilliams, in the Christian Observer.*

## Cherries for the Boy Who Rode

EVERYBODY worked on the farm where Roy Anderson lived. Roy himself brought in the kindling, gathered the eggs, and helped to feed the chickens and water the garden.

Now that it was cherry time, Roy climbed far up in the big trees to pick the fruit that grew too high for heavier people to venture after. Of course every boy likes to climb trees; but lately Roy had got to thinking that he worked too hard, so he even grumbled about picking cherries!

This afternoon he had climbed to the top of the very tallest cherry tree on the place. Roy did not admire the fine view nor the thick clusters of luscious ripe cherries that hung all around him. He was watching a boy in a pony cart, who was riding along the road.

"That boy doesn't have to pick cherries or do any other kind of work. I've seen him 'most a dozen times now," muttered the cross little cherry picker. "He just rides and rides and rides anywhere he wants to in that cute brown pony cart with the jolly-looking black boy to drive for him. He can keep his hands clean."

Roy's own hands were brown and scratched and a little stiff now, and dirty looking where they had clung to the rough bark of the cherry limbs.

"I say, Roy, can't you break off that long branch that hangs so full?" called his father. "I'd like to have you bring it down carefully and take it out to that boy in the pony cart. Stay and visit with him awhile if you want to."

The jolly-looking black boy saw Roy coming and stopped the pony. He and the other boy both smiled and stared at that limb of great black cherries.

"Oh, but those look good! I saw you when you were away up in the tree. It must be great fun to

pick cherries and climb about like that," said the little white boy. "My name is Donald, and this is Chester," he added.

Roy bowed shyly. "It is sort of fun to pick cherries, and they taste lots better when you eat them up in the tree. Don't you want to get out and go up there with me?"

"Yes, I want to," said Donald with a funny, twisty smile. He jerked the dust robe from his knees, but he didn't start to climb out of the pony cart.

"Oh," was all that Roy could say, but he thought a great deal. It looked as if the queer steel box on one of those thin legs must hurt. Anyway, it didn't let a fellow climb trees or run or do any one of the dozens of things that Roy could do any minute.

"The rest of me's pretty much all right," spoke up the boy in the pony cart cheerfully. "I can do lots of things with my hands."

"That—that's good," said Roy. He couldn't make his voice sound very hearty, because even Donald's hands looked thin and weak beside his own sturdy brown fists.

"You stop next time you come by and I'll bring down another branch of cherries," he said, slowly.

"Thank you, we will," promised Donald gayly. "Maybe I can stay and watch you for a while if we don't take such a long drive next time. We've been clear to the river today."

Roy hadn't been to the river for more than a month. But he felt no envy of the boy who had been there today. "He gets tired just from riding!" was what Roy thought as he clambered back to his tree top.

That night Roy Anderson surprised his mother by something new that he put in his prayer. He said, "Dear God, I thank you for good hands and feet."

"That is a wise, true prayer, son," said his mother.



"It is going to take a whole lifetime for you to learn how wonderful your hands and feet are. They are four priceless gifts."—*Mary S. Stover, in the Sunday School Times.*

#### Mother

MOTHER is a little girl who trod my path before me;  
Just a bigger, wiser little girl who ran ahead—  
Bigger, wiser, stronger girl who always watches o'er me,  
One who knows the pitfalls in the rugged road I tread.

Mother is a playmate who will always treat me kindly—  
Playmate who will yield me what true happiness demands.  
She will never let my feet stray into brambles blindly—  
Mother's just a bigger little girl who understands.

Mother is an older little playmate who'll befriend me—  
Yesteryear she traveled in the path that's mine today!  
Never need I fear a foe from which she might defend me—  
Faithful little pal who ran ahead and learned the way!  
—*Strickland Gillilan, in Good Housekeeping.*

## For the Finding-Out Club

### Bible Quiz

1. WHAT prophet said to Israel: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you"?

2. How many left-handed warriors could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss the mark, and of which tribe were they?

3. Under what circumstances was this statement made to Israel: "I am the Lord that healeth thee"?

4. What man had four virgin daughters who prophesied?

5. In the time of a certain harvest the Lord sent thunder and rain to convict his people of what great sin?

6. Who is considered the first founder of a system of idolatry?

7. Whom did the Lord command to portray Jerusalem upon a tile?

8. Whose three daughters were the fairest women in all the land?

9. The captivity of what king fulfilled two apparently contradicting prophecies?

10. Who stood upon a pulpit of wood, and read the law of Moses to the people?

ELLEN OXLEY.

### Who is He?

TWO farmers stood outside the general merchandise store in the little town of West Branch, Iowa, discussing crops, the weather, and neighborhood happenings.

"Wall, I say it's too bad Bert's father died. Now he'll have to be a farmer instead of a blacksmith!"

"Yes, he's a right hefty lad, and would 'a' made a good blacksmith under his father's trainin'."

Thus the kindly, sympathetic country folk disposed of the future for a little lad who, with his brother and sister, was left alone in the world at the age of ten.

Bert was rather a quiet youngster, and had spent many hours by the old forge playing "traveling round the world." In imagination he visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as the islands of the sea. But with all his daydreaming he was cheerful and energetic, and always on hand when there was work to do.

After his father's death the blacksmith shop was sold for \$300 and the money divided between the children. Then the family was scattered among va-

rious relatives, and Bert, with his little fortune of \$100, went to live with a farmer uncle. He worked hard and faithfully; and as the years passed, the prophecy of his agricultural career seemed certain of fulfillment. But Bert had other ideals. Never for a moment had he planned to be either a blacksmith or a farmer, but he said very little about his aspirations, and worked steadily at the task in hand, looking forward to the time when his dreams might come true.

Now it takes money to travel, and this was Bert's ambition. Therefore he saved every penny.

"Yer a regular miser," complained his schoolmates.

"Ain't a miser," stoutly declared Bert. "I'm saving my money to go out West!"

When he was fourteen, he decided to start on this long-anticipated journey.

"Uncle, I'm going West."

"All right, Bert. If you get stranded, you always have a home here."

"I don't think I'll get stranded," answered the boy. For in four years he had saved enough money to pay his railway fare to Salem, Oregon, and support him for a week or so while he looked for work.

"Oh, you'll come trampin' back all the way afoot," prophesied his schoolmates; but they were sadly in error, for when Bert did come back to the old home town he had plenty of money in his pockets, and all his daydreams had come true. He had been around the world, had had adventures numerous and varied, and had fraternized with royalty.

Arrived in Salem, Bert secured work as errand boy in a real estate office, where he was able to spend part of his time in school. He still saved all the money he could spare above actual necessities, and gradually the purpose to become a mining engineer took hold of his ambition.

Leland Stanford University, near San Francisco, California, was an infant institution in those days, but it offered a substantial course along the lines of his interest; so the boy packed his few belongings in a little black valise and is said to have been the first student to arrive at the great Western university. As most of his money was used in the journey, he immediately went out to look for work. The job of waiting table for his meals filled the inner man but was not particularly remunerative, so Bert cast about for something better.

There was need for a laundry at the university, and he was prompt to grasp this opportunity. His outfit consisted of two tubs, some soap, a clothesline, and three flatirons. The enterprising young student had no notion of doing the work himself, for Chinese help was plentiful and cheap. Soon his laundry was bringing in a good income, and he had cornered all the university work and enlarged his borders.

This laundry enterprise brought to him local fame as an organizer, and he was asked to organize the university publication and athletic teams. Then the need appeared for a leader of the student body, and Bert suggested that some one be appointed to look after student interests and handle the money for different funds, being paid a salary for this work. His colleagues chose him for the position, and he accepted, but refused the salary, though his successors have all received remuneration.

Bert was graduated with honors as a mining engineer, and spent a year and a half in actual mining work. Then he went to San Francisco and applied to an engineer of national reputation for employment.

"All I want is a typist," said the great man.



"Give me the typewriter," answered the ambitious applicant.

His promotion was rapid, and by the time he was twenty-seven years of age he was reckoned a millionaire, though he has never in his life been ambitious for wealth. He has superintended mining and engineering projects in almost every country in the world, and at one time while engaged by a London firm had 125,000 men under his control.

When the tempest of the European war broke upon the world this man was in London, and his genius for organization manifested itself in the material aid he gave thousands of his fellow countrymen who were stranded abroad and anxious to get home. Then came the invasion of Belgium, and his name became a household word in connection with the relief work which was carried on in that stricken country under his direction. When the United States declared war upon the Central Empires, this loyal son was called by the Government to a position which made him the best-known and most-respected man in our country, next to the President himself. This capable dollar-a-year man is serving in an international capacity at the present time, using his wonderful powers of organization and attainment to conserve the food of a hungry world. Rumor has it that he will retire to private life this coming July, but be that as it may, his name will ever after be a synonym for thrift and economy. And it is —? Now who can say dreams do not come true? But everything depends upon their practicability.

L. E. C.

#### Answers to Questions Printed March 25

1. "THAT the United States should avoid entangling itself in the politics of Europe was a policy recommended by Washington. The counterpart of this, that European powers should be prevented from taking a controlling share in the politics of the American continents, grew gradually as the importance and influence of the United States increased. This American attitude toward the European powers became crystallized in what is known as the Monroe Doctrine, since it was first announced officially in a concrete form, though not originated, by President Monroe. His declaration was the result of American apprehension that the combination of European powers known as the Holy Alliance, would interfere in South America to restore the Spanish colonies, which had asserted their independence of the crown of Spain."

The League of Nations is a plan for settling international difficulties by adjudication or arbitration rather than by war. The fundamental principles of the league guarantee the maintenance of peace through a community of interests among the nations without impairing the sovereignty of any nation. This international agreement provides that there shall be a "common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, and that the military power of any nation, or group of nations, shall not be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force."

The Fifth Liberty Loan is known as the Victory Loan, and the money thus raised will be used to pay our national debts of honor. The Government is spending at the rate of two billion dollars a month to meet its commitments. "The Victory Loan will bring our boys back from France, pay our national outstanding bills, take care of our widowed, our or-

phaned, and our wounded, and set us straight with the world and ourselves."

The Bolsheviks are "Russian Socialist Democrats. They are not a new party, but, on the contrary, one of the older political factions of Russia. The men who now call themselves Bolsheviks were originally the very radical element of the Russian Socialistic Democratic party, representing, in a broad way, the political principle that the proletariat [the lowest class] must rule, and that the fight of the proletariat was not merely against an autocratic government, but that it was also against the middle class — the class that, wishing to cling to its own possessions, even though these might be meager, must necessarily always oppose the proletariat's demand for communal ownership." You will be interested to read in this connection the definition of Bolshevism written by C. P. Bollman, printed on page seven of this issue.

The Army of Occupation is made up of various units of the Allied troops, stationed at present in German territory, known as the Area of Occupation.

The Peace Conference, consisting of the Allied delegates, convened at Versailles shortly after the signing of the armistice, for the purpose of dictating terms of peace to the Central Powers. As a supplementary issue the delegates are drafting the covenant of the League of Nations.

2. Carter Glass is Secretary of the Treasury.

A. Mitchell Palmer is Attorney General; during the war he was Custodian of Alien Property.

James R. Mann has been the Minority leader in the House of Representatives for several years, and was recently defeated in the race for the Speakership of the Sixty-sixth Congress.

Walter V. Hines is director-general of the railroads.

Champ Clark is the ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Samuel Gompers is the president of the American Federation of Labor.

Frederick H. Gillett has been chosen by the House of Representatives as Speaker for the next session of Congress.

3. The Sixty-fifth Congress came to an end through Constitutional limitation on March 4, 1919. It left the calendar crowded with unfinished business, and the Government seriously embarrassed through the failure of several important appropriation bills.

4. The Sixty-fifth Congress "passed the greatest tax law in parliamentary history, levying \$10,000,000,000 in taxes in two years; passed the selective service law, and raised by draft the greatest American army; was addressed by President Wilson nine times, more than any other Congress; authorized Government control of railroads and communication agencies; created Federal control of food and fuel; and conducted twenty-six Congressional investigations."

5. Because of the part the country which he represents took in the great World War, and because he outlined the "fourteen points" upon which the armistice was based, and as the suggester and promoter of the League of Nations, President Wilson is attending the Peace Conference in response to the earnest invitation of leading European statesmen.

God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to Heaven again.

— Longfellow.



## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

### Our Counsel Corner

**A** CORRESPONDENT sends in a letter containing the following questions:

*"Are the Scriptures alone sufficient to guide those who believe the special truths for this time?"*

Yes. The apostle Paul says: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

The Lord has given in his Word full and complete instruction concerning the plan of salvation, and how by faith in Christ we can avail ourselves of the great provision made for our eternal redemption. But being made dull of comprehension by sin, we are slow to lay hold on all that God has provided for our perfection.

To aid in understanding the truths of his Word, the Lord has given to the church the spirit of prophecy. By means of this gift of the Spirit, great light is thrown upon the teaching of the Word. By means of a magnifying glass the smallest object is made clear and plain to the human eye. The magnifying glass does not create the object; it simply enables us to see it more clearly. A telescope will bring a distant object to our feet, so to speak, and enable us to see and examine it in detail. But the telescope does not bring the object into existence. So with the spirit of prophecy. It is not new or additional light from what is found in the Bible, but it enlarges, or magnifies the wonderful truths of the Word so that our minds can see the truth. The Testimonies themselves state this:

"The Word of God is sufficient to enlighten the most beclouded mind, and may be understood by those who have any desire to understand it. But notwithstanding all this, some who profess to make the Word of God their study, are found living in direct opposition to its plainest teachings. Then, to leave men and women without excuse, God gives plain and pointed testimonies, bringing them back to the Word that they have neglected to follow."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. V, p. 663.

We must dig in the Word for light, and in our study of the Word we should study carefully the Testimonies; they are the greatest commentary in the world upon the Holy Scriptures.

The Bible is the sword of the Spirit. The writings of the Spirit help greatly in understanding this Word.

*"When the spirit of prophecy speaks of the 'Bible,' are the sixty-six accepted books alone referred to, or are the Apocryphal books included?"*

Whether in the spirit of prophecy or in any other writings, when the Bible is mentioned, it means simply the sixty-six books, known as the "Bible" or "Holy Scriptures." If it is desired to refer to the Apocryphal books, special mention is made of this.

*"How may we avoid being in the Laodicean condition mentioned in Revelation 3:14-18?"*

The Bible and the spirit of prophecy warn us against this last-day condition which is to prevail everywhere. Men who are professedly looking for the Lord to come have fallen into this cold, backslidden condition. True faith in God, and a forsaking of all known sin, and being faithful and active in the work of God will deliver us from this condition. Read "Testimonies for the Church," Volume IV, pages 81-89; Volume III, pages 252-260. G. B. THOMPSON.

### Just for the Juniors

#### Modesty

**I**F I were asked to name one quality above all others, which older people like to see in boys and girls, I should say it is modesty. There are many names by which the opposite quality is called in these days. A young person is said to be "brazen," "cheeky," or "fresh;" and though these names sound slangy, they are very expressive, and are easily understood by all boys and girls. If there is any quality most older people detest, it is this, just in proportion as they like modest and deferential young people.

I remember very well an American boy I once met in traveling. He felt his importance so much that on all occasions he would break in upon the conversation of older people with his own observations. He always had an opinion, and was always ready to express it. He could never take a hint or understand that his room was better than his company and his silence better than his speech.

His parents were more to blame than he, for they thought his impertinences were smart, and encouraged him in them. At last he got so unbearable that one of the passengers threatened to box his ears if he said anything more. This was an extreme case, but a good many American boys might well take from him a lesson of how not to act.

If boys must be modest in order to commend themselves to older people, still more must girls cultivate this quality. An immodest girl is an abomination. She is laughed at by her companions, and pitied or disliked by her elders. A girl who puts herself in the way of boys, who allows herself to be caught and held by them, even in play, who shows that she has no maidenly dignity and reserve, is not only lowering herself in the eyes of all, but running grave risk of moral evil. The bloom cannot be brushed off a peach nor a rose leaf be crushed more easily than the bloom can be carelessly rubbed from the heart of a young girl.

Immodest dress is another means of lowering a girl in the eyes of people whose opinion is worth having. Even if society women do set the fashion of immodest dress, it is no reason why it should be followed by pure young girls. It is so much the worse for society women, and is only something to be avoided.

I need not speak of immodest talk or anything that verges on it. This is a sin in the sight of God, as well as an offense in the eyes of every decent man, and is the extreme act of bad manners. Remember the historic anecdote about General Grant when a brother officer was about to tell an immodest story. He began by saying, "There are no ladies present." "But there are gentlemen," replied General Grant, and walked out of the room.—*Dr. Francis E. Clark.*



# The Sabbath School

## Young People's Lesson

### VII — Union with God and Christ

(May 17)

GOLDEN TEXT: John 6: 63; John 15: 4, 5; or John 10: 28, 29.  
STUDY HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 385-391.

#### Questions

1. What close union exists between God and his children? John 14: 20, 21; Eph. 5: 30; John 3: 6, 7. Note 1.
2. What figure does John use to illustrate this union? John 6: 32, 33, 35.
3. How may we be "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones"? "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" John 6: 52, 55, 56, 58, 63. Note 2.
4. What other figure is used to illustrate this union? John 15: 4, 5. Note 3.
5. How strong is this union? Rom. 8: 35-39.
6. What is the only thing that can break this union? Isa. 59: 2. Note 4.
7. What effect does this union have on our outlook on life? 2 Cor. 5: 17.
8. What do we obtain through this union? Phil. 3: 9.
9. What else shall we be partakers of? Verse 10.
10. What intimate fellowship with our divine Lord does this union bring? Rev. 3: 20.
11. Because of this union, what relation will exist among all the disciples of Christ? What influence will this spirit have on the world? John 17: 21.
12. Through whom are the believers of all time and in all places united into one body? Eph. 2: 19-21.
13. So long as the believer does not allow sin to break his union with Christ, how safe is he? John 10: 28, 29. Note 5.
14. What final change seals this union for eternity? Phil. 3: 20, 21.

#### Notes

1. Just as every child is flesh and bone of its earthly parents, so he who has been born of the Spirit is a partaker of the spiritual life of the heavenly parent.

2. "To eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ is to receive him as a personal Saviour, believing that he forgives our sins, and that we are complete in him. It is by beholding his love, by dwelling upon it, by drinking it in, that we are to become partakers of his nature. What food is to the body, Christ must be to the soul. Food cannot benefit us unless we eat it; unless it becomes a part of our being. So Christ is of no value to us if we do not know him as a personal Saviour. A theoretical knowledge will do us no good. We must feed upon him, receive him into the heart, so that his life becomes our life. His love, his grace, must be assimilated."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 389.

3. "I am the Vine; ye are the branches," Christ said to his disciples. Though he was about to be removed from them, their spiritual union with him was to be unchanged. The connection of the branch with the vine, he said, represents the relation you are to sustain to me. The scion is ingrafted into the living vine, and fiber by fiber, vein by vein, it grows into the vine stock. The life of the vine becomes the life of the branch. So the soul dead in trespasses and sins receives life through connection with Christ. By faith in him as a personal Saviour the union is formed. The sinner unites his weakness to Christ's strength, his emptiness to Christ's fulness, his frailty to Christ's enduring might. Then he has the mind of Christ. The humanity of Christ has touched our humanity, and our humanity has touched divinity. Thus through the agency of the Holy Spirit man becomes a partaker of the divine nature. He is accepted in the Beloved."—*Id.*, pp. 675, 676.

4. As the food we eat and assimilate becomes a part of bone and nerve and muscle which cannot be separated from the body so long as life lasts, so the spiritual food assimilated into our lives gives us spiritual life. Nothing from without can ever destroy this union, nothing but sin that springs from within our own hearts can ever separate us from Christ.

5. "Though now he has ascended to the presence of God, and shares the throne of the universe, Jesus has lost none of his compassionate nature. Today the same tender, sympathizing heart is open to all the woes of humanity. Today the hand that was pierced is reached forth to bless more abundantly his people that are in the world. 'They shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.' The soul that has given himself to Christ is more precious in his sight than the whole world. The Saviour would have passed through the agony of Calvary, that one might be saved in his kingdom. He will never abandon one for whom he has died. Unless his followers choose to leave him, he will hold them fast."—*Id.*, p. 480.

## Intermediate Lesson

### VII — Saul Persecutes David

(May 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 18: 1-16; 19.

MEMORY VERSE: "The fear of man bringeth a share: but whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." Prov. 29: 25.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 649-654; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 67-70.

"In his hands we are safe.

We falter on through storm and mire;

Above, beside, around us

There is One will never tire."

#### Questions

1. How did Jonathan, the crown prince, come to regard David? How did Saul honor him? How did Jonathan show his friendship for David? 1 Sam. 18: 1-4. Note 1.
2. What position of trust did Saul give to David? What circumstances aroused the jealousy of the king? Verses 5-9.
3. What did the evil spirit in Saul lead him to do? Verses 10, 11. Note 2.
4. What caused Saul to feel afraid of David? What change did Saul then make in David's work? What caused Saul to continue to fear him? How did the people regard David? Verses 12-16.
5. What further step did Saul's hatred and jealousy lead him to take? What evidence of true friendship did Jonathan now give to David? 1 Sam. 19: 1-3.
6. How did Jonathan plead for David? What was the effect of this plea? Verses 4-7. Note 3.
7. What service did David again give against the enemies of Israel? What did Saul's evil heart lead him again to attempt? How did David escape? Verses 8-10. Note 4.
8. What danger threatened David even in his own home? How did his wife assist him to escape? Verses 11, 12.
9. How did David's wife manage to delay those who would have taken him? Verses 13-17.
10. With whom did David seek refuge? Verses 18, 19.
11. What caused the failure of Saul's attempt to capture David while he was with Samuel? Verses 20-24.

#### Topics for Thought and Discussion

The evils that spring from jealousy.

The fine qualities of character shown by David.

The fine qualities shown by Jonathan.

Tests of friendship.

#### Notes

1. "In the East such a gift of an article of clothing has in all ages been held as a supreme sign of favor."—*Geikie*.

"Possibly the gift was suggested by the need of the country lad for some dress appropriate to his entrance into court."

Jonathan's act of giving David his robe and girdle, sword and spear, seems to be suggestive of the coming time when David should take Jonathan's place by becoming king, and should thus wear his crown and robe.

"Jonathan, by birth heir to the throne, yet knowing himself set aside by the divine decree; to his rival the most tender and faithful of friends, shielding David's life at the peril of his own; steadfast at his father's side through the dark days of his declining power, and at his side falling at the last,—the name of Jonathan is treasured in heaven, and it stands on earth a witness to the existence and the power of unselfish love."—"Education," p. 157.

2. "At Saul's hand was a spear, which served as a scepter, and was the symbol of royalty. The king held it in his hand when he sat in council (1 Sam. 22: 6) or in his house (1 Sam. 19: 9); it was kept by his side when he sat at table (1 Sam. 20: 33); stuck in the ground by his pillow as he slept in camp (1 Sam. 26: 7)."—*Peloubet*.

3. "With the impulsiveness that always characterized Saul, the king was moved by the unselfish appeal of his son—the one who would lose the most if David obtained the throne. He was stricken with remorse, his better nature asserted itself, and his former love for David came back, at least for a time. He swore that David should not be slain. Ushered by Jonathan, David returned to Saul's presence, and things went on as before the king's outbreak."—*Idem*.

4. "Again war was declared between the Israelites and the Philistines, and David led the army against their enemies. A great victory was gained by the Hebrews, and the people of the realm praised his wisdom and heroism. This served to stir up the former bitterness of Saul against him. While the young man was playing before the king, filling the palace with sweet harmony, Saul's passion overcame him, and he hurled a javelin at David, thinking to pin the musician to the wall; but the angel of the Lord turned aside the deadly weapon. David escaped, and fled to his own house. Saul sent spies that they might take him as he should come out in the morning, and put an end to his life."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 652, 653.



More Fires Needed

THE recent destructive fire at Beechwood Academy burned up many belongings of the students; but the losers were none the poorer for the fire. There is a withholding that tendeth to poverty, and there is a giving that does not impoverish; so there are fires that enrich while they destroy. Such was the Beechwood fire. It was of incendiary origin, the students themselves setting fire to "their light popular music, useless magazines, their frivolous books and games."

With this unique burning, ascended the prayer of the students for strength to remain true to the high ideals that were responsible for the cleansing fire.

We are told that the basis for separation of the good music from the bad was their choice of what they would play to Jesus were he their guest, desiring to hear them play and sing. And I suppose a similar standard separated the wheat from the chaff in the case of books and magazines. It is not a bad basis for division, do you think? Why not try it yourself?

F. D. C.

Excuses

HOW easy it is to make excuses — for ourselves! Were we half so ready to excuse others, the world would be far brighter. This proneness of the human heart to excuse itself is depicted by Amos R. Wells in the following simple illustration:

"We say, 'It fell,' when we ourselves let it fall and broke a cup. We say, 'It got wet,' when our carelessness leaves a book out in the rain and it is spoiled. We say, 'It struck a nail,' when our dress is torn because of our heedlessness; and we say, 'It tipped over,' when we ourselves tipped over the ink bottle. We blame inanimate objects and the impersonal 'it' for what is our own fault."

We do all this, and much more. Perhaps you do not, but can you produce bona fide witnesses to that effect?



Excuses are not a product of the twentieth century, but came with the first breath of sin. The two have since been inseparable.

If once we could get our own consent to the truth that "excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garment of failure," we would see that the patch does not help in the least, but makes the unsightly garment all the more unpleasing.

Failure cannot be repaired with excuses. Let us then determinedly divorce ourselves from the excuse habit. If we do not, some day we shall attempt to give the great God of heaven an excuse for not heeding his invitations and commands. Herein the futility of excuses reaches its climax. Excuses from another are unsavory to us; they must be an abomination to Him who comprehends all things.

F. D. C.

Queen of the World

"THE mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man:  
Then crown her queen of the world."

God always sends his angels, in some form, in one's sorest affliction.—*Mary Howitt.*

Drug Traders Flood China

ALL the civilized powers contributed to rid China of the blight of opium, which had sapped the energy and the strength of her 400,000,000 people for centuries. That was a big achievement. But while the Great War has been in progress and the vigilance of the Western powers has been relaxed, advantage has been taken thereof to flood the country with morphia and with cocaine.

These drugs are being manufactured by the ton in Korea, in Formosa, in the Philippines, and in certain districts of Japan, especially around Osaka, in defiance of the prohibition of her government, and are being disseminated all over China. The European and American managers of the huge Kailan mines and of those of Tong-shan complain that the output of the mines and of the workshops, also of the workshops of the Peking-Mukden Railroad, is suffering very seriously from the morphia curse. There is hardly a native shop in China where morphine and cocaine cannot be purchased over the counter, while an enormous trade is being carried on by peddlers.

Missionaries of all denominations, foreign merchants, consular officials, mine managers, etc., are all alive to the phenomenally rapid growth of the evil, which is completely taking the place of the opium curse, and is infinitely more injurious in its effects. The Chinese government is in such a condition of confusion and chaos that it is hopeless to rely upon it to do anything efficacious to arrest the evil, no matter how much it may deplore it. The only way in which to deal with it is to impose drastic penalties upon those caught illicitly manufacturing these drugs in Korea, Formosa, the Philippines, in Japan, and in the Dutch possessions, and to confiscate every vestige of the drug openly imported or smuggled into China, where the great customs service founded by Sir Robert Hart is still officered by foreign officials, is well-managed and far-reaching in its activities and operation.—*Washington Post.*

"WAY down deep within their hearts  
Everybody's lonesome;  
Far within their secret parts  
Everybody's lonesome;  
Makes no difference how they smile,  
How they live or what their style;  
Once in every little while  
Everybody's lonesome."

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
A Beautiful Christian Service .....	2
Young People in the World's Work .....	3
The Soul of a Bell .....	4
Fruit of Our School Work .....	5
The Dedicated Threepence .....	6
Lessons from the Storm .....	6
Honesty .....	6
A Definition of Bolshevism .....	7
When We See and Understand (poetry) .....	7
Excuses .....	16
SELECTIONS	
A Mother's Day Meditation .....	8
How the Boys' Brotherhood Class Kept Mother's Day .....	9
Cherries for the Boy Who Rode .....	11
Drug Traders Flood China .....	16