

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

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No. 27

An Orator and a Teacher

DAY is an orator, and Night a teacher. A shepherd lad made the discovery when he was tending his father's sheep on Judean hillslopes. He reported his finding in the nineteenth psalm, when he wrote, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Day shared with him the secret of its persuasive eloquence, so that he could declaim such a sentence as this into the enraptured ear of the centuries: "He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." And when Night rings the schoolbell, and begins the teaching of the lesson, we get immediate appreciation of its wonderful curriculum: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Night evidently holds the chairs of Astronomy and Geology in the University of the Universe. Night works its problems by writing in starlight on the blackboard of evening skies.

Ezekiel followed David to the same school, and learned that "the glory of God came from the way of the East." He did come from the Orient, did he not, when the wise men saw his star there? And his next trip will be by the same route. The glory of God likes to travel the beaten paths. Stephen, in the stress of martyrdom, "saw the glory of God, and Jesus" rising, in welcome, at the right hand of Power. Paul left Gamaliel for a course in this school; and learned that man "is the image and glory of God." Thank God for these twin twelve-hour Solons — Day, a diurnal Demosthenes, persuading us in sunlight tones of the dignity of toil in the behalf of God and man; and Night, a diurnal Socrates, the pedagogue who leads us through the ivory gate of dreams, first pointing us to redeeming grace, star-spelled in twilight skies. Time is fleeting, life is speeding, — just a Day and a Night at a time! — *Howard A. Banks, in the Sunday School Times.*

From Here and There

Every day that the weather is favorable, Mrs. Mortimer Armitage, of London, who is eighty-six years of age, takes a morning flight with her son, Dr. Armitage, who is over fifty years of age.

A five-day week for brain workers on the London Times has been inaugurated by Lord Northcliffe. It includes editors, copy readers, and reporters. The system shortly is to be extended to the Daily Mail and his other daily publications.

The final goal of all the ambitions which flying men have ventured to dream since the Wright brothers first rose from earth in a heavier-than-air machine was realized on June 15, when two young British officers, Capt. John Alcock and Lieut. Arthur W. Brown, landed on the Irish coast after the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic Ocean. They were in the air sixteen hours and twelve minutes, and covered a distance of more than 1,900 miles. Think of being able to dine in Newfoundland one day and in Ireland the next!

This year, which marks the one hundred tenth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, will witness the completion and dedication of the magnificent memorial in honor of the great emancipator in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C. The memorial, which will cost \$3,000,000, is at the river-side extremity of the axis passing through the national Capitol and the Washington Monument. It contains a colossal statue of Honest Abe, flanked by panels bearing his Gettysburg and second inaugural addresses. The superstructure of the building is patterned after the style of the Parthenon at Athens, and will be of white Colorado marble, surrounded by thirty-six massive marble columns.

Java's Troubles

JAVA, said to be the most densely populated island on the globe, has just experienced a second terrible catastrophe within a few months. The first was the influenza epidemic, which carried off 2,000,000 people, about one twentieth of the 40,000,000 inhabitants. Now comes news of a terrible volcanic eruption, occurring on May 20, resulting in the death of 15,000 persons and the total destruction of thirty-one villages.

For its size Java has more volcanoes than any other country in the world. Kalut, the one responsible for the recent disaster, is one of its fourteen active craters. The last serious eruption of this volcano occurred in 1901, when 181 persons were killed. Much of the island has been laid waste by the various eruptions which have occurred. One of the most noteworthy is the eruption of the great Krakatoa volcano in 1883, "probably the most cataclysmic in the history of the world, which caused darkness so intense that one hundred fifty miles away lamps were needed at noon, which scattered dust and ashes over almost the entire face of the earth, and which caused enormous loss of life by floods resulting from the increased wave action of the ocean.

"No sound waves have ever before or since carried so far as the sound waves from the Krakatoa eruption, the four tremendous blasts being heard three thousand miles away."

The World League

ON Friday, June 6, following the convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, a World League against Alcoholism was organized. Permanent headquarters of the league will probably be established at our national capital. The four presidents of the world league are: Howard H. Russel, founder of the Anti-Saloon League, Westerville, Ohio; Leif Jones, London, England; Dr. Robert Hercod, Lausanne, Switzerland, and Emil Vandervelde, Brussels, Belgium. Ernest H. Cherrington was made general secretary of the new body. The first general meeting of the league will probably be held at Edinburgh, Scotland, in the fall of 1920. The expected signatories to the prohibition "league of nations" are the United States, England, France, Canada, Mexico, Japan, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia.

"Historic Shrines of America"

THIS is a new book of more than 400 pages by John T. Faris, author of "Old Roads out of Philadelphia." It is full of interesting matter relative to the subject treated, and is a valuable book for private or school libraries. Price in cloth, \$3.50. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

Friendly Words

AS I read the recent Temperance number the thought came to me that its perusal would bring gladness to the heart of every woman who is the wife of a temperate man, and to every mother of temperate sons. It is the best of all the issues.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

We enjoy the INSTRUCTOR next to the Review.

MRS. W. E. BAXTER.

We enjoy the INSTRUCTOR very much indeed. Our neighbor boy was asking the other day if we had any copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and of course we were pleased to lend him some. Another neighbor takes great interest in the Temperance Annual, and considered this number especially fine. May its editors be kept in health and strength to continue the good work for the young people. VIDA V. YOUNG.

The Youth's Instructor

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

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WAITING

HATTIE TOWNE PURVIS

SADLY waiting for an answer to my oft-repeated prayer;
Doubt defying with the promise that He holds me in his care;
Lonely waiting, while my trials cloud the sunshine everywhere,
And my grief
Finds no healing balm of Gilead for relief.

Waiting for a promised blessing from my heavenly Father's
hand;
Waiting for a saintly patience that I cannot now command;
Waiting for a revelation that will help me understand
Why delayed
All the longed-for, needed helps for which I prayed.

Yet I have a secret comfort, for I know my sins forgiven,
And earth's trials cannot bar me from the pearly gates of
heaven;
He will wake me and will take me where the crowns of life
are given,—

Even me,—
And the cares of life will all forgotten be.
Blessed hope! though heavy burdens on my troubled spirit roll,
It is like a candle burning in the chamber of my soul;
I shall hear the angel music when the heavens like a scroll
Pass away,
And rejoicing, see the light of endless day.

A Woman's Dream Symbolized

E. F. COLLIER

IN the heart of the great mid-Western metropolis stands a maiden, through rain and storm and winter's cold, giving ceaseless vigil to a worthy cause. Few of the many who throng her way, who have brushed against the foundation upon which she stands, have taken thought to inquire how she came to be there and for what purpose. But there is a silent, penetrative suggestion in the attitude of this girlish figure that has accomplished more, perhaps, than men may realize. What a demonstration here of wordless preaching, of patient, Christian example to the rest of us who say we love a righteous cause!

The swirl of dusty winds that seek egress from the cañon streets; the downpour of rain, fouled in passing through Chicago skies; the leer of drunken men who cannot comprehend her meaning; the shadows (for the sun never shines in the place where she stands) — these have not served to discourage this loyal child since she was first appointed to her lonely task a quarter of a century ago.

The story dates back to the time of the World's Columbian Exposition and Congress of Religions. At that time the white-ribboned Woman's Christian Temperance Union was beginning to exert a tremendous

influence in this country. The name of Frances E. Willard was sacred on the lips of every noble, God-fearing woman in the land. Then it became the dream of this worthy light among women to set up a temple and a fountain that would exemplify in the eyes of the visiting world the abounding hope of all virtuous woman-kind.

Some day, if you should pass by the southwest corner of Monroe and La Salle Streets, take notice, and you will see inscribed on the heavy stones by the entrance of the building —

The Temple
W. C. T. U.

This building was erected with the money collected by the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and was dedicated to the purpose represented in their fond hopes. At the same time many children throughout the land, interested in the same project, gathered a fund for the erection of a

fountain on the north side of the temple. The inscription on the side of this fountain reads as follows:

Willard Fountain
Presented to the
City of Chicago
By the Children of the
World's Woman's Christian
Temperance Union
Columbian Exposition Year, 1893.



The inscription is too dim to be read from the accompanying cut, for, as has been indicated, the shadows are always heavy at the place where the fountain stands, and it is difficult to obtain a good photograph because of this fact and because of the hurrying throngs that are forever passing.

Above the fountain is this maiden, made of bronze, holding out a basin, from which she invites mankind to drink of nature's healthful beverage. Below her is a place where pedestrians may quench their thirst; and within the huge stone itself is a reservoir where thousands of tired horses in years gone by have nosed deep into the cooling fountain and forgotten for a few moments their heavy loads. Horses are growing more scarce now; other means of locomotion have succeeded, other power now moves the heavy loads. A suggestion of this may be found in the background of the picture. The world and its ways have changed much since the fountain was set here, but the maiden still tells her silent story,—drink water, and be good and healthy and glad.

Through many years this has been woman's faithful

prayer,—wafted on the wings of heroic effort, christened in the mist of tears,—that men would leave the fountains of the viler gods and come to nature's own. And now, although the temple and fountain have been unhonored by the city (its administration has always given much more thought and encouragement to the viper nests that infest its streets), and this structure, reared with such glowing hope and at such tremendous sacrifice, has gone into the hands of mere business agents for commercial transaction and mercenary interests, the dream of its founders is at last coming true. Their prayers and vows and incense of labor have gone home to God, and he has spoken. From the far sides of the nation has come a rushing as of many waters. A wrathful storm has broken from the long-suffering hearts of heaven's earthly agencies. The liquor autocracy is being overthrown. Soon the hundreds of saloons standing within a radius of a few blocks from the temple will have ceased to be. Light, truth, prayer, and consecrated effort will again triumph, and the girl of the Willard fountain will smile as she still extends the refreshing bowl.

Notes on British Poets—No. 2

Tennyson, the Poet of Nature

EDMUND C. JAEGER

NATURE and poetry—what two themes lie so closely fellowshipped, so harmonious in beauty, so filled with connections and associations of loveliness! One seems almost to have been made for the express purpose of the other,—nature, that poetry might have a subject; poetry, that nature might have a fitting and sufficiently lofty and lovely interpreter. And so the great and memorable poetry, the living, classic poetry, is filled with descriptions of the life of the field, the mountain, and sea, and flowery meadow. Indeed, the poet is nature's high priest.

One cannot long read the poets until he becomes convinced that among those poets who dealt with nature themes most beautifully,—Browning, Arnold, Wordsworth, Bryant, Longfellow, Keats, and Van Dyke,—Tennyson stands as a peer, with few contestants for his honor.

Among his nature themes a round dozen occupy the center of attention. It is of the following aspects and things of the outdoors that he speaks oftenest, the flowing brook, the mountains with their pines, the lordly trees, the gorgeous colors of the morning and evening sky, the still noon, the rugged storm winds, the songs of merry birds, the daintily tinted flowers, the moon with her silver light, the ocean wave, and the breezes that blow from the swelling ocean. In his "Claribel" he engages all of them to sing the sweet melody.

Tennyson knew the brook. The many references show that he loved to listen to the tinkling of the merry waters and learn their message. No poem on the brook ever equaled Tennyson's. "The Brook" verily talks in living words as it says,

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance,
Against my sandy shallows."

Other beautiful brook descriptions are found in "The Miller's Daughter," where the poet says,

"The deep brook groaned beneath the mill;"

and in "Enone," where he tells of

"The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

The next most favorite famous nature subject is the day with its morning of freshness, its still noon, and gorgeously tinted evening. It is when

"... the day
Was sloping toward his western bower,"

or when

"Sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy fields,"

that the poet seems to know nature best as color artist. Such lines as,

"The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West, through mountain clefts and dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow dawn
Bordered with palm,"

make us know his love of the evening time.

I cannot refrain from commenting on Tennyson's charming word compounds describing nature. They are so rich in content, so meaningful and choice. Here are a few I have noted at random: Rosy-white, rosy-bosomed, violet-embroidered, dew-empearled, ivy-crowned, purple-spiked, sun-steeped, star-strewn, green-glimmering, crimson-hued, moon-loved, flower-interwoven. How it must have delighted John Muir to have read Tennyson! Somehow I have a faint surmise that Muir got the inspiration for his wonderfully beautiful nature word-compounds from our beloved Tennyson. Surely these two men were kindred spirits, the one expressing his admiration of the rugged mountain and beautiful flower in prose that is almost poetry, and the other in metric line.

It is not remarkable that the English bard sang of the ocean wave; he lived so near the mighty rolling deep. What description of his ocean waves is better than that found in "The Coming of Arthur:"

"And then the two
Dropped to the cove, and watched the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged,
Roaring."

One almost feels as if that wave, so mighty, would engulf him. Almost he steps back, not remembering or being conscious that he is but seeing its coming through the word-picture of the book.

Only those who have been in the mountains in winter and have seen the breaking of the storm at night can fully appreciate those lines in the same poem when it is told of how

"... presently thereafter followed calm,
Free sky and stars."

Yes, Tennyson speaks most to those who know nature most. One who has not been lost in the darkness in the thick woods cannot appreciate when he speaks of

"... a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost."

Nor can he really appreciate the poet's description of the desert unless he has been alone upon the wide, cactus-strewn "land of sand and thorns."

It was not only the mighty powers manifest in the realm of nature that took the laureate's interest. Bees, "yellow-banded bees, booming beetles," "creeping mosses," "the silvery marish-flowers that throng, the desolate creeks and pools among," "gray linnets" wrangling for the seed, and even the little fishes that "come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand," are noticed as if not one small thing had escaped his observation. All of nature was Tennyson's theme; that is why we like him. He was acquainted with nature, and there is scarcely a poem in which she does not contribute something to us,—some word to cheer us, some lesson to teach us, and some song to make us glad.

Tennyson's words showing his conception of the poet's mind, disclose to us where he found his inspiration. He says:

"Clear and bright it should be ever
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light and clear as wind. . . ."

"In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder.
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder:
It springs on a level of bowery lawn
And the mountain draws it from heaven above."

The "dark-browed sophist" he begs not to come near, for all his place is holy ground. It is his mission to pour holy water

"Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it round."

And indeed Tennyson has done this. And nature "never did betray" this "heart that loved her." Freely she lent him every gift, freely and gladly she opened to him her book. She trusted him in her richest secret places, knowing that when he was shown the rich treasures within there would be no spoiling of her temple of loveliness or rude hands placed upon the treasure chests.

Preparation for Camp-Meeting

EVER since the first camp-meeting held by Seventh-day Adventists, on the farm of Elder James Root, at Wright, Michigan, in the summer of 1866, I believe this annual Feast of Tabernacles has meant a great spiritual uplift to our people.

As the perplexities and perils of the last days thicken about us, so much the greater is our need of a real living experience for ourselves.

The coming camp-meeting season is one which should appeal to every believer in this message. No period in all the history of the world has been marked by so many fulfilling prophecies as the past few years. And yet the church is confronted with the gravest peril. There is great danger that there may set in a reaction after the terrible ordeal of bloodshed, which will mean a letting down of ideals, a surrendering of principle. If ever the church of God should hold fast to high ideals it is now.

Begin now to plan for the camp-meeting. You say you cannot afford to attend, rates of travel are so high and the cost of living so exorbitant? You cannot afford to stay at home.

God has an appointment with his people at this time. He will keep his appointment. You cannot afford to disappoint him.

Empty the Soul Temple

The following words from "Testimonies for the Church," Volume V, pages 163-165, clearly and most earnestly point out our line of duty in preparation for this appointment with God!

"While preparing for the meeting, each individual should closely and critically examine his own heart before God. If there have been unpleasant feelings, discord, or strife in families, it should be one of the first acts of preparation to confess these faults one to another and pray with and for one another. Humble yourselves before God, and make an earnest effort to empty the soul temple of all rubbish,—all envyings, all jealousies, all suspicions, all faultfindings. 'Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.'"

Yield Yourselves to God's Service

"The Lord speaks; enter into your closet, and in silence commune with your own heart; listen to the voice of truth and conscience. Nothing will give you such clear views of self as secret prayer. He who seeth in secret and knoweth all things, will enlighten your understanding and answer your petitions. Plain, simple duties that must not be neglected will open before you. Make a covenant with God to yield yourselves and all your powers to his service. Do not carry this undone work to the camp-meeting. If it is not done at home your own soul will suffer, and others will be greatly injured by your coldness, your stupor, your spiritual lethargy. . . ."

"Here is a work for families to engage in before coming up to our holy convocations. Let the preparation for eating and dressing be a secondary matter, but let deep heart-searching commence at home. Pray three times a day, and like Jacob, be importunate. At home is the place to find Jesus; then take him with you to the meeting, and how precious will be the hours you spend there. But how can you expect to feel the presence of the Lord and see his power displayed, when the individual work of preparation for that time is neglected?"

Clothes the Soul with Righteousness

"For your soul's sake, for Christ's sake, and for the sake of others, work at home. Pray as you are not accustomed to pray. Let the heart break before God. Set your house in order. Prepare your children for the occasion. Teach them that it is not of so much consequence that they appear with fine clothes as that they appear before God with clean hands and pure hearts. Remove every obstacle that may have been in their way,—all differences that may have existed between themselves, or between you and them. By so doing you will invite the Lord's presence into your homes, and holy angels will attend you as you go up to the meeting, and their light and presence will press back the darkness of evil angels. Even unbelievers will feel the holy atmosphere as they enter the encampment. Oh, how much is lost by neglecting this important work! You may be pleased with the preaching, you may become animated and revived, but the converting, reforming power of God will not be felt in the heart, and the work will not be so deep, thorough, and lasting as it should be. Let pride be crucified, and the soul be clad with the priceless robe of Christ's righteousness, and what a meeting will you enjoy! It will be to your soul even as the gate of heaven."

Bringing Evil Angels to the Camp

"The same work of humiliation and heart-searching should also go on in the church, so that all differences and alienations among the brethren may be laid aside before appearing before the Lord at these annual gatherings. Set about this work in

earnest, and rest not until it is accomplished; for if you come up to the meeting with your doubts, your murmurings, your disputings, you bring evil angels into the camp, and carry darkness wherever you go."

If all will come to the camp-meeting after having applied the foregoing principles, there will be experienced such a revival as this people has never known. For the sake of lost souls about us, for the sake of our loved ones, for our own soul's salvation, let us break up the subsoil of the soul. Let us invite the Spirit to search the heart as with a lighted candle. Let us bring to the Lord clean and empty vessels that they may be filled when the refreshing showers come.

C. A. RUSSELL.

Nature and Science

Our Winged Messengers

DEAR soldier birds, your work is o'er,
 No more o'er battlefields to soar;
 But oh, the memory of your name
 Will evermore be linked with fame!
 A love there was for home, so strong
 No flight could be too hard or long.
 For through the shot and shell you came,
 And even risked the battle flame.
 With fear your quivering heart did beat,
 But oh, the thought of home so sweet!
 The soldiers hoped and prayed that you
 Would bring their message safely through;
 By no stray shot your fate be sealed,
 And fall upon the battlefield.
 Dear little bird, do tell us, pray,
 How did you ever find the way,
 Without a compass or a guide,
 To take your flight so far and wide?
 To guess the secret all men try:
 That power was given from on high.

Mrs. J. L. VAUGHAN.

A Forest of Stone

IN some places near the earth's surface there lie buried whole forests which have been converted, by the elements surrounding them, into huge masses of solid rock. These are called petrified forests. The word "petrify" is derived from the Greek word *πετρα*, or *πετρος*, meaning a stone. Hence, when any organic matter, such as a tree or an animal, turns to stone, we say it has become petrified.

One of the largest of these petrified forests is located in the beautiful hills of northern California, not very far from my home.

One delightful afternoon early in the summer of 1915, in company with friends I visited this wonder spot, and viewed these fallen giants of antiquity.

The trip from St. Helena to the "forest" was a pleasant one, indeed. After leaving the broad and fertile Napa Valley at its northernmost point, we followed the winding road which led us through prettily wooded hills, by the side of murmuring brooks, and through fields of waving corn, until, after a run of about eighteen miles, we reached a large rustic sign bearing the inscription, "Petrified Forest." Leaving the car by the roadside, we made our way up the steep hill to the house, which was set back about three hundred feet from the road. After paying our entrance fee, and having secured the services of a guide, we set out on the rocky trail to the "forest."

As we had never before seen a petrified forest, we conjectured, on our way, as to how it would look.

"I think," said one, "that we shall find this forest of petrified trees still standing upright. Am I not right, my friend?" was asked of the guide.

"Wait and see for yourself," answered the latter.

"I am quite certain that you are wrong," said Henry, one of the party, who had once read something in regard to the causes of petrification. "You remember that any organic, living substance will not petrify under ordinary conditions. It must be first encased within an impervious wall, and entirely shut away from the putriferous organisms present in the elements, which are the causes of decay. I believe we shall find that these trees have been excavated; and that they were originally buried, by some great cataclysm of nature."

"You are on the right track," observed our leader.

And so it proved, for very soon we came upon the gigantic form of a mammoth petrified fir. Its top for hundreds of feet was buried deep in the mountain side, while from about sixty feet of the trunk the volcanic rock and earth had been carefully dug away, leaving in perfect form the beautiful bark, which was now as hard and brittle as the granite rock lying by its side. Going on still farther we found many more of the fallen monarchs, members of a vast forest which existed ages in the past. Among these were giant pines and massive oaks, some of which were more than seven feet in diameter, and nobody will ever know how tall, for they are only partially exposed.

After wandering about over the hillside for more than an hour, admiring the wonders of this "forest primeval," and gathering trophies to carry home with us, we, in company with our guide, returned to the house. Here, while seated on the broad veranda, we were shown many relics which had been gathered from the "forest." In one piece of wood we found a large worm which had the appearance of beautiful white marble. On showing this to our friend, the guide, he told us the story of the "petrified snake," which had been found here.

"In 1858," he said, "this farm was owned by a woodsman, who, one day while digging in the hillside where the 'forest' lies, found in the rock a snake, coiled up as if ready to spring. On picking it up, he found that it had turned to stone. Not realizing its value as a relic, he allowed his children to have it as a plaything, until a traveler happened to come that way, who stopped at his home to refresh himself. While here he observed the children playing with the snake, and for a few cents purchased it. He took it to San Francisco, and was there offered many thousands of dollars for it. Finally he sold his trophy, and it was placed in a museum where it can be seen today as an invaluable relic."

On our way home that lovely summer evening, I wondered if that little petrified snake could not be likened to our opportunities, which in our youth often appear of little or no value to us. But later in life we are made aware of the fact that we have lost untold wealth by our lack of appreciation of them.

HERBERT C. WHITE.

Lumpy and Bumpy Air

IT is said that the aviation problem now is not "how to make airplanes fly, but how to keep them from falling." Airplane machinery has been so perfected that were it not for unfavorable aerial conditions accidents would be much fewer. Frequently the air has "holes" and "bumps" besides eddies, whirls, cascades, and fountains. The airman meeting these unexpectedly is likely to lose control of his machine, and fall to the earth.

The so-called holes are not really holes, but are downward currents of air which cause the machine to drop suddenly. Bumps are just the opposite of holes, and are due to upward currents of air. These are more readily discerned than the downward currents; for large, billowy, cumulus clouds usually mark the upper part of such a current.

Out of the cocklebur, which sticks to the clothes of the passer-by and has generally been considered a pest, is now made a valuable oil available for use in paints and varnishes, and adaptable for food. It is rich in protein.

The Correct Thing

Don'ts

DON'T be afraid of yourself, for if you are, everybody else will be afraid of you. Grant's soldiers loyally followed him because he wasn't afraid of his own leadership.

Trust yourself.

Don't think that because everybody else has failed in a project, you will. The late George Westinghouse was called a fool by Commodore Vanderbilt. But his air brake won, and he died one of the wonderful men of his time.

Don't allow friends or influence or circumstances to color your courage and your aims. Walk right out of ease and away from the applause of the crowd, if necessary. Be firmly independent.

Stand alone!

Don't let yesterday's blunders or failures darken today's sunlit opportunities. Start your life anew with the starting of every hour.

Be an initiator.—“*Take It.*”

For the Timid

THE same Word that teaches us that “without me ye can do nothing,” also says: “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” While many fail by trying to do things without him, many others make sad failure and become discouraged by failure to grasp and appropriate the truth that in him they can do all things. “Trust also in him; and he will bring it to pass.”

Among the young people who are graduating from our schools there are many whose faith has laid hold on this assurance, and they face their future life-work with strong confidence and courage, entertaining no thought of failure.

Some may not be so confident. Doubts and fears arise in their minds, and they look into the future with grave apprehensions. It is easy for them to believe in the success of their fellow graduates, but they do not feel so certain of their own success. Such may find some helpful suggestions in the following paragraphs from a recent magazine article:

“A man can tie a race horse with a very small cord and make him practically powerless. He cannot show his speed or strength till he is free. On every hand we see people with splendid ability tied down by some apparently insignificant thing which handicaps all their movements. Like the race horse, they cannot show their ability and power, cannot go ahead until they are free.

“Timidity is one of these little cords that has held

many an able man and woman in thrall all their lives. Thousands of young men and women in this country today are ambitious to make the most of their powers, but are held back by an abnormal timidity. They feel the stirrings of an unused force within them struggling for expression, but do not dare to push out lest they may fail. The fear of being thought forward or egotistical seals their lips, palsies their hands, and drives their ambition back upon itself to die of inaction. They are afraid to step out from the crowd, to push ahead with the vim and self-assurance that compels success. They wait and wait, hoping that some mysterious power may liberate them and give them the courage and confidence that will enable them to go ahead like other people.

“Those timid, self-effacing persons suffer so much from chronic fear about trifles of all sorts that their health often becomes impaired. Many of them lack vigor, virility, the magnetism of health—all of which play so large a part in the average successful career. Everywhere we find men and women struggling along in poverty and obscurity who might have been in infinitely better circumstances but for their extreme timidity. This closes the door of self-expression, the channel of all growth, and the natural outlet to their ambition.

“It is a mistake to think that there are no diseases but the physical. Many of the worst diseases are mental. Timidity is as truly a disease as smallpox or typhus. Its effect in robbing its victims of strength and will-power is often quite as bad as, if not worse than, that of physical disease.

“The timidity sufferers cannot see things in their proper proportions, nor can they make the wisest choice in a perplexing situation, because their disease blinds their judgment and kills their courage, so that they are in no condition to decide what they can do, or to attempt a thing they may be amply qualified in other respects to carry to a successful issue.

“In these days men have no time to hunt about in obscure corners for retiring merit. They prefer to take a man at his own estimate until he proves himself unworthy. The world admires courage and manliness. It has little use for the timid, self-effacing young man who goes about ‘with an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable sin of being in the world.’

“The Bible says: ‘Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.’ It does not say, ‘Blessed are the timid, for they shall inherit the earth,’ for the timid self-effacers will not inherit much of anything but humiliating experiences and disappointments. The great prizes of life are hidden from the timid, the sensitive, those who efface themselves.

“The biographies of successful men, those who have made good in any large way, show that it is positiveness, aggressiveness, the aggressive faculties that win; that it is the man who dares to branch out, the man who has assurance and self-confidence, that gets ahead. Timidity does not win out, because the timid mind is a negative mind.

“It is true that great ability is often found in timid natures, but these people never do great things until they overcome much of their timidity, until they develop in some measure, at least, aggressive methods. But they are at a disadvantage until they completely conquer timidity. John C. Fremont closed in almost forgotten obscurity his career as a man whose scientific attainment gave him the seat left vacant by the death of Humboldt in European academies; whose wonderful enterprise gave California to the Union,

and whose position was once among the foremost in the political world. 'He has been ignored,' said an opponent, 'simply because he is utterly lacking in self-assertion. He has a positive talent for effacing himself.'

"The timid heart has held the world down, has kept it centuries behind what it would be if all hearts had been as brave as many are. What has the timid man ever accomplished until he has overcome his timidity? Even when he has the ability, he doesn't dare to break away from the old to start any great new movement. The timid man does not dare to push his way through the world; he waits for favorable conditions, waits for outside help, waits for advice. He never leads; he is always the trailer, always behind. He is always bound to the beaten path; he never blazes a new path.

"'Why, sir,' said John C. Calhoun, in Yale College, when a fellow student ridiculed his intense application to study, 'I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress.' A laugh greeted this speech. Then he exclaimed: 'Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national Capitol as a representative within the next three years, I should leave college this very day.' That is the sort of spirit that wins in everything it undertakes.

"All shrinking timidity, all suppression of one's real self, is due to a lack of faith in the God who has sent us here to do his work. Why should we hamper ourselves in doing this work by covering up what God has implanted in us, burying our talents by refusing to express ourselves freely, fearlessly, courageously, to the full limit of our ability? Why should we shrink and apologize and fear to be natural, to do our best before any human being, when we know that that is just what we are here for? Shrinking from meeting people or allowing ourselves to be oppressed with a sense of fear of what they will think of us only increases our timidity, belittles us in our own estimation, and limits our self-expression.

"There is nothing that will do more to stiffen the backbone of the timorous soul, that will so quickly give him assurance and a sense of his rightful place in the world of men, as to repeat to himself continually until the conviction of it is woven into the very fiber of his consciousness: 'God and one make a majority. And I am one with God. Timidity, unbelief in oneself, cannot exist in presence of the thought, I and the Father are one.' N. Z. TOWN.

The True Story of Charlie Brown, Gentleman

AN old man slipped through the door and wandered up to the information desk of the Colorado Midland office in San Francisco. He asked many questions about different routes East and the various trains. He was very insistent on knowing the exact leaving time, and other details. Finally he bought a ticket to a point in Massachusetts. Then he wanted help with his baggage. The clerks voted him the worst nuisance they had seen in many days—all save one clerk, Charlie Brown.

"Charlie Brown, gentleman," they had nicknamed him. It was partly in fun and partly in real admiration of his unfailing courtesy, his tireless patience, and his constant good nature. He was never too busy to smile; nor could the most impertinent traveler make Charlie forget that he was a gentleman.

And so, because he was the best man they had at the information counter, Charlie Brown was kept there even after the others went "outside" to better paying positions. That happens sometimes, in business, but in the end justice always takes a hand.

One day a telegram came to the office from some man in the East, requesting Brown's address. No one remembered the name signed to the telegram. Brown replied, and in a few days received a long letter. It was from the old man who had been such a "nuisance." He was the president of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the United States. He had not forgotten Charlie Brown. He stated that men who were always courteous, tactful, and pleasant when dealing with the public were hard to get. He offered young Brown a position with his firm.

There followed more correspondence—and a month later a letter came to Charlie Brown offering him a salary nearly five times what he was then getting from the railroad company.

Brown was greatly tempted to put on his hat and walk right out of the office; but he didn't. He knew it wouldn't be the right thing. So he went to the head of the office and told him of the offer.

"I know all about it," said he, much to Brown's surprise. "He has been looking you up for some time. Well, he won't get you. We, too, know the value of an employee who is always courteous, tactful, and pleasant,—always a gentleman,—and we are prepared to pay for it. The head office has a place for you at a salary equal to what this letter offers you."

So Charlie Brown, gentleman, stayed with the old firm, but at a salary he had not expected to receive for many years. And the railroad clerks who know the story, recall the incident when they find their patience overtaxed by a thoughtless public—and they keep smiling.—*Lemuel L. De Bra, in Boys' Comrade.*

The Richest Gift

SPRING brings many rapturous things,
Blossoms, new creatures, and life on the wing;
But to me,
Fairer to see,
Are the happy human faces.

Tulips and lilacs and pansies are fair,
Butterflies' wings show colors most rare;
But none of these
Seem to please,
As the happy human faces.

Blithe are the glories and treasures of May,
Aiding the trembling soul on its way;
But may I say,
Best of the gay
Are the happy human faces.

Summer breezes play on the seas,
Warbling birds build nests in the trees;
Nevertheless
They cannot bless,
As the happy human faces.

Holding the choicest place in the heart,
Life's earliest treasure and last to depart,
Present or past,
Surest to last,
Are the happy human faces.

So along life's roughest strand,
Blessings are brought by the human hand;
Comrades sweet,
While billows beat,
Are the happy human faces.

RACHEL HOPE HALL.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

1. ON what occasion was there a "sound of a going" in the tops of the mulberry trees?

2. *a.* Why was Uzza smitten by the Lord because he attempted to keep the ark from falling?

b. What lesson should we learn from this experience?

3. The first letters of the answers to the following couplets spell the name of a famous queen, while the last letters together spell the name of a relative of the queen. Give the answer to each couplet, and name the queen and her honored relative.

"*a.* 'Tis the loving friend of David who prepared
Stone and timber for the temple ready squared.

"*b.* 'Tis the brother of a priest whose hasty touch
Cost him his life, and grieved King David much.

"*c.* 'Tis the king of Eglon hiding in a cave,
Where he quickly found his ruin and his grave.

"*d.* 'Tis his threshing floor that once became the scene
Of such a mourning as in Canaan had not been.

"*e.* 'Tis she that with the Marys stood amazed
When into the empty sepulcher they gazed.

"*f.* 'Tis Eliakim's grandson in the line
Of a king whose last descendant was divine.

"*g.* 'Tis the fifth of those great chamberlains that stood
To fulfil whate'er the Persian king thought good.

"*h.* 'Tis the chamberlain who did the maidens bring,
In their order, to the presence of the king."

Part II

Vacation

[Choose for the missing word one ending in *ation*.]

OH, how joyous is —
Cheerful time of —
Free from toil and —
Full of life and —
When, with feelings of —
We abandon our —
And enjoy the sweet —
Of entire —
When we quit, for —
The old wearisome —
That we've had to —
Lay aside all —
In our daily —
Cease from harsh —
And in some approved —
Yield us to the —
Of complete and sweet —
Or in welcome —
From our usual —
For our simple —
Seeking no one's —
Asking not —
With a scorn of —
We incline to —
Rumination, —
Following our —
Free from any —
Far from any —
Loafing without —
Filled with thoughts of —
At our —
From the worry and —

From the ceaseless —
That is found in any —
Seeking pure —
Pleasure and —
Energy, —
That's the sweet joy of —

— *Somerville Journal*.

In Other Lands

An Aymara Indian Sister

SISTER MAITA is only an Aymara Indian woman with nothing especially handsome about her brown face, yet one glance at the smiling countenance shows that she has in her heart that peace "which passeth all understanding." She does not possess earthly riches, in fact, she is very poor and is often sustained from the poor fund of our church. In her little one-room mud hut she lives alone, for her husband, Andres Maita, is dead.

This dear old woman, for she is now quite old, had a very sad experience in her life. Her husband

was a chief for many years, and was highly esteemed by his tribe because he dealt justly with all people. At this particular time the Spanish officials had become more cruel and exacting with the Indians than ever before. The Indians were robbed of their sheep and llamas, were forced to work without pay, and for small offenses were thrown into jail and made to pay large sums for their liberty. Times were bad, and the poor Indians were in desperate circumstances.



SISTER MAITA

At last the old chief called for a meeting of his tribe to see what could be done. In this meeting it was decided that Andres Maita, together with other of the leading men, should make the long and dangerous journey to Lima to present their injustice before the president. After more than a month of privations and hardships on the road, for the journey was made on foot, they arrived at the capitol and were graciously received by the president. He assured them that he was their friend and was ready to help them in receiving justice from their officers. It was with light hearts that the travel-worn men were returning home, not suspecting the fate that awaited their chief at the end of the journey.

A few days after their return home, Andres Maita was summoned to appear before the subprefecto of this district. Here he was brutally whipped and then thrown into prison without food or water. His wife, on bended knees before the officer, plead for her husband's release, but she too was cruelly beaten, and told to return home, without being permitted to see her husband or even give him the food she had brought

for him. Over and over, Andres Maita was whipped and made to endure other persecutions until he was freed from his persecutors by death. The officers had received notice from the president that because of their cruelty and injustice in dealing with the Indians, they must lose their positions, and in their treatment of Andres Maita, the leader of the tribe who went to Lima, they sought to get revenge for their loss.

At this time the news of the coming of the evangelists was just reaching this part of the country, so Sister Maita started on the two days' journey to Plateria to see these evangelists, who it was said were friends of the Indians and had medicine that could cure their sicknesses. When she arrived in Plateria, she told her story to Brother Stahl, and showed her torn and bruised body as evidence of the cruel treatment inflicted by the Spanish officials. Her wounds were dressed, and her body made comfortable; but more than that, she was told of the true God who hears and answers prayer, and of the holy Sabbath day. With these new truths stored in her mind she returned to tell her people the things she had heard. From village to village she went, bearing the good news she had received from the evangelists. In the meantime she occasionally visited Plateria, where Sabbath meetings were being held, to get more light to carry to her people who were in the darkness of Catholicism. At the first opportunity she, with others from Pomata who had accepted the third angel's message, was baptized.

On one of her visits to Plateria she heard the announcement that there would be quarterly meeting the next Sabbath. At once she laid her plans to attend this new and wonderful meeting in which she would be allowed to take part. She decided to start on her two days' journey from Pomata to Plateria early Friday morning, and by walking all night she could arrive in Plateria Sabbath morning in time for the services. When she arrived at the church early in the forenoon of what she supposed was Sabbath, to her surprise and sorrow she was told that she had come on Sunday instead of Sabbath, and had missed the meeting she had so longed to attend.

From the little beginning made by this one faithful Indian woman the work has spread here in Pomata station, until we now have a church of two hundred members and a large number awaiting baptism. Nor has Sister Maita ceased her missionary work even now. Each week, as we make our visits to the different villages to hold meetings, she goes before us to gather the brethren together, that not one may lose the blessing of the meeting. She also takes her San Lucas (the only part of the Bible which is translated into the Aymara) and goes into new villages where our work is not known, and teaches the people in her simple but effective way. Even though she must work for her daily bread, she still has time for missionary visits.

At times when my husband has been called away and I am left alone, I find her a pleasing caller, even though she cannot speak a word of Spanish. She sits on the floor in my kitchen while I work, and talks continuously—I do not understand what she says, but I know from her many gestures that she has something very interesting to relate. She is also a great help to us when milk is scarce, for she takes her little bucket and goes among the people and gathers milk for us. In the picture she has just brought the milk for the day. One day when she came with the milk she found me in bed sick, at which she

seemed much grieved, and tears came into her black eyes as she expressed her sympathy in her own simple way. By her manner she signified that she wanted to help me, so she took the milk to the kitchen, strained it and set it away just as she had seen me do, then came and sat by my bed to keep me company until my husband's return.

We are sure that at the great judgment day the Judge will place upon her head the crown of gold, and welcome her with the words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

LILLIAN SHAFER-FORD.

Why Awai Was Ignorant

A POOR old Chinese beggar had died beside the rock pile in front of the compound that morning soon after sunrise. It was fortunate too that it was early, for the intense heat of the tropical sun would have intensified the agony of death. There he lay, stiffened almost in a knot, uncovered, and baking under the sun's direct rays. His relatives had passed the same way and were not. His friends had deserted when his friendship cost them something.

Four hours of great humidity had passed, and still the corpse had been untouched. Who would give him a burial? The ghastly scene in front of the missionary's house had become so horrifying that she called her servant, Awai, to her.

"Awai, you know where the *daypow* lives, the one that buries the dead."

Awai looked up from the floor with an innocent, ignorant expression and said,

"I never see him. I don't know where his shop is."

"But, Awai, you have been past his shop, just three blocks north."

"No! No! I don't know anything about him or where he lives. I don't believe there is such a man as the *daypow*."

The language teacher who was in the house had overheard the conversation, and said,

"Seni, you have a very ignorant servant. Why do you have such an ignorant servant in the house?"

"Mr. Liew, I do not know what has come over Awai, he has been the best servant I have ever had, and has saved me a great deal of unnecessary expense."

Awai served the dinner about two o'clock that afternoon, but never said a word about the morning's conversation. He went about his work of clearing the table after dinner in a dignified, gentlemanly way.

The missionary arose from the dinner table and went to the front veranda expecting to see the ghastly corpse still there, but it had disappeared.

"Awai! Awai! Where is the corpse! Did you have it buried?"

"No, no; the *daypow* always buries the dead when he sees that no one else will. If I had gone and asked him to bury the beggar, he would have charged you for his burial; and besides, it would have been winded about, and all the beggars in the city would have come here in front of your house to die."

STANLEY ANDERSON.

"WHEREFORE do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55:2.

SENIOR COURSE No. 13

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By W. H. Anderson

We travel with Elder Anderson to Africa, seeing the things that he saw. We journey on the Cape to Cairo Railroad, then six hundred miles farther by ox team, and finally stand with him on the site of the first Seventh-day Adventist mission station in Africa.

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Simple stories of mission life in India; not the pleasant side only, but the hard things as well, the real situations that must be met, the life that has to be lived, many times alone, surrounded by heathen darkness, superstition, and devil worship. Price, \$1.

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What They Are Doing for Us and
What We Are Doing for Them

By Leila Allen Dimock

The life of the great foreign population of this country and their relationship to us. In the coal mines of Pennsylvania we study the life and problems of the Slavic people in order that we may know how to help them, and comfort and teach them.

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PRIMARY COURSE No. 3

The Doers

By William John Hopkins

"Once upon a time!" How the heart of every little child thrills when in answer to a plea for a story these words fall upon his ears. In "The Doers" every one of the chapters begins just that way, as the story of the building of a house is fascinatingly told. Little David, the hero of the story, watches the building process from the time the cellar is dug until the happy day when the house is finished and a family moves in.

The reading of this book will give the child a surprising fund of useful knowledge, and at the same time afford a delightful story treat. Price, 60 cents.

Boys and Girls of the Bible

By Harvey Albert Snyder

No stories are so wonderful as those selected from the Book of books, and every boy and girl who reads this fine collection will agree that this is so. The book consists of thirty-nine stories about heroes and heroines of the long ago, each story being alive with interest. It is seldom that one finds a book of Bible narratives adapted to primary children; but the author of this book seems to understand thoroughly the art of writing for younger boys and girls. "The Boy Who Ran Away from Home," "Faithful Ruth and Her Good Fortune," "The Nameless Boy Whom Jesus Knew," and "The Lad with the Loaves and Fishes" are among the unusually interesting stories which the book contains.

The book is attractively bound and well illustrated. Price, \$1.

Club price, \$1.45
Camp-meeting price, \$1.35

JUNIOR COURSE No. 12

Red, Yellow, and Black

By Sophia Lyon Fahs

Not fairy stories or myths, but stories of real people, some of whom are living today.

We eagerly follow the Negro boy with his vision of service and his burden for the red men, preaching in the light of the council fire.

Suddenly we are transported across the sea to China, with its peculiar customs, its great need of Christianity, and its little girls that are not wanted.

Then the scene changes to darkest Africa, and we eagerly follow the lives and experiences of the Withey family as they seek to carry the light to the heathen. Price, 75 cents.

Stories of Brotherhood

By Harold B. Hunting

This little book carries the reader into a variety of experiences, from the policeman on his beat, and the city worker in the slums of our Eastern cities, to the cotton fields of the South and the coal mines of Pennsylvania; from the homeland where we live, to the heathen lands beyond.

You will read about Jacob Riis and his sunshine and pure-air campaign; of Colonel Waring cleaning up a dirty city; of the judge who befriended the small offenders; of the farmer who made two ears to grow in place of one; and many others equally interesting. It will help you to be helpful. Price, 75 cents.

Stories Worth Rereading

Beginning with "Their Word of Honor," which describes the implicit obedience of the sons of the president of a great railway system, even when the orders seemed to be unreasonable and foolish, the seventy-two stories in this book cover a wide range of subjects, and bring out many lessons which will be of great benefit in after-life; such as honesty, temperance, faithfulness, truthfulness, and bravery. Price, 75 cents.

Jack of All Trades

By Margaret T. Applegarth

What a wonderful world we live in, and yet hardly realize what it all means. We wear something, we eat something, and we live somewhere, but we rarely stop to think how many people have had a hand in preparing these comforts for us.

This little book gives us a glimpse into how "the other half" lives, and comes to us with an appeal for these people, many of whom do not know Jesus Christ. Price, 40 cents.

Club price, \$2.30
Camp-meeting price, \$2.15

The Best Revenge

MAMMA, what can Paul be doing? Almost every afternoon for a long time now he has gone into his workshop, locked the door, and refused to let us in."

"Indeed, I cannot tell; but if he prefers you should not know, it is quite rude to be curious and to trouble him with questions."

Just at this moment Paul entered, looking flushed and warm, though the day was cool and bracing and a bright fire burned in the grate. Bell turned toward him with an inquiry in her large brown eyes, but her mother's words silenced the inquisitive sentence rising to her lips. In a few moments papa joined them, and the little sisters were diverted from the subject of curiosity.

The next day, and for a number following, Mrs. Manfield observed that Paul went immediately to his workshop after returning from school in the afternoon, and remained there alone for half an hour, entering the house later with the same flushed, eager face as upon the evening when the matter was first mentioned. What could it be? the mother queried. Nothing wrong, surely; but her boy was not wont to withhold anything from her ever-ready sympathy, and there was an unacknowledged sense of disappointment day after day as he continued his practice; yet he never alluded to the subject.

One afternoon Paul entered the sitting-room, heated as usual and quite excited, and with a sudden impulsive gesture exclaimed, "Mother, just feel my muscle! I am ever so much stronger than I used to be." She clasped her slender fingers about his arm

as he drew it back and forth. "Yes, indeed, it is becoming quite full and firm. I am glad to see you more robust."

He had been somewhat delicate, was of light build, and had always been an object of solicitude. She passed her hand caressingly over his soft chestnut curls. "How warm you are, dear!" She had never asked a question regarding his occupation in the workshop. She would not force the confidence of her children, but now her eyes looked into his with an unspoken inquiry.

"Well, yes, mother, to tell the truth, I've been at hard work, and I do believe I'll tell you all about it." With a sudden burst of boyish confidence he dropped upon a chair at her side, took her hand, and began eagerly, "Now, mother, you mustn't stand in my way, because it's got to be done, Cham Nevis says so." He paused a second.

"What, Paul, what must be done?"

"Why, I must whip Ed Chamberlain; I just can't stand him any longer. Ever since school opened he has been as mean to me as one boy could be to another; he hides my hat, my books; he spills my ink; indeed, I can't tell you what he doesn't do. I have struck him several times, but he laughs in the most aggravating way and says he will not fight a boy under his size. So two months ago Cham Nevis lent me a pair of dumb-bells and helped me hang a sandbag in the workshop. Since then I have practised faithfully, and now,"—with a look of defiance he sprang to his feet, doubled one hand and struck it violently against the other,—“now I am ready for him.”



ATTAINMENT CLASS OF A DETROIT, MICH., CHURCH, WITH THEIR STANDARD OF ATTAINMENT CERTIFICATES

Upper row, left to right: Edward Goodman, William Cunningham, E. Josef Myers (Instructor), Talmage Turner, Alfred Benjamin.
 Second row: Mrs. J. D. Culbreath, Mrs. W. H. Green, Mrs. A. Benjamin, Mrs. Noonan, Mrs. William Cunningham, Mrs. Earle Steele.
 Front row: Louise Cunningham, Edna Goodman, Margaret Bush.
 Absent members: Mrs. Cynthia Bush, Mrs. Mabel Lawrence, Helen Lawrence, Mabel Lawrence, Jr., Leona Lawrence.

"What do you purpose doing?" asked his mother with a peculiar quietness in her voice that the children always understood and unconsciously dreaded.

"Why, I intend to whip Ed Chamberlain; then I guess he'll find himself mistaken, and let me alone. Tomorrow we are to go out nutting, you know, and when he tries some of his usual tricks I will 'open fire,' as the boys say."

He looked into her eyes somewhat anxiously. "Now, mother, doesn't he deserve it?"

"That is possible, Paul; I suppose we all deserve severe punishment sometimes; but can you think of no other way to exhibit your strength—a better, nobler, more manly and Christian way?"

A look of great disappointment crept into his face. "O mother, don't talk that way; I've been thinking about it so long and just waiting for the time to come. I want to let the boys see what I can do with him."

"Well, dear, let us think; it may sound very unreasonable in your present frame of mind, but is there no great service you could perform for him, is there no feat of strength which you could accomplish and by which you could prove your ability to punish him, but show your unwillingness to do so? Do you remember the message sent to Zerubbabel—'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts'? By that Spirit you can overcome the giant of revenge and mortified pride which has built a stronghold in your heart."

Paul sat with bowed head and dispirited face, his eyes averted. "O mother, you can't know how a boy feels about these things!"

"Indeed, dear, I think I can; and above all, God knows." They were interrupted, as some one entered, and nothing more was said upon the subject, except in mother's prayers.

The next morning a merry party of boys called for Paul, and with a hasty kiss on her cheek, a glance for one moment into her earnest eyes, he was gone. The day dragged heavily; the fond mother's heart followed her boy through all the long hours, and many times the petition, "Strengthen him, O Lord," found its way to the ever-listening ear.

At last, just as the twilight gathered, she heard the merry voices returning, and hastened to the door with a faint sensation of anxiety that would not be banished nor give way before her abiding faith. The party of boys was just pausing at the gate, and (could she believe her eyes?) Ed Chamberlain was standing very close to Paul, both hands on his shoulders, saying, "Old fellow, we are friends for life; you will never know how ashamed I am of the past."

Then Paul came bounding in, threw his arms about her, and leading her to a seat, exclaimed:

"O mother, how thankful I am we had that talk yesterday evening! He was treating me all the morning just as usual, but I could not find it in my heart, after what you said and the way you looked, to carry out my plan, so kept putting it off."

"Late this afternoon we were all on the shore of Fox River, near the landing, when the steamer came up. As she moved off, Ed exclaimed, 'I dare you to untie that skiff and ride the waves in her wake!' 'No,' I answered, mother would not be willing; it is dangerous.' He gave a loud laugh, exclaiming, 'Hear that, boys! Mother wouldn't be willing!' Only two of the little boys were near, as the others had just gone up the bank; but he and I were standing on the pier. He laughed again, and stepped forward as if

to push me in; his foot tripped, and over he went. The water is very deep there, and the current made by the boat drew him under. For a second I was stunned. But I jerked off coat, vest, and shoes, and when he rose farther out in the water, I plunged in. Then—I can't tell you just how I did it—it was hard work, but I got him to the shore; and just think, mother, I never could have done it but for this—this—muscle. I couldn't have done it but for our talk. I will surely tell you everything from this day."

"Thank God! Thank God!" Mrs. Manfield murmured, pressing a kiss upon Paul's forehead.

"And now, mother, we shall be the best of friends; I can't tell you all he said to me."

"O my darling, not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, may you vanquish all the foes that will arise in this life."—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

In the Air, on the Sea, under the Sea

OUR young people in New York City have been placing sets of our books in the libraries of battle-ships. One hundred twenty sets were recently placed in this way. The sets consist of "The Desire of Ages," "Heralds of the Morning," "Bible Footlights," "Ministry of Healing," and "Our Paradise Home." They have also used 2,500 copies of the Army and Navy edition of "Steps to Christ" among the soldiers. Ten of the library sets were placed on submarines.

A story is told of how a few years ago Archduke Ferdinand, of Austria (the one whose assassination was the occasion for starting the World War), was about to ascend in an aeroplane when it was suggested that he should have something to drop down from the sky. There was lying on a table in the police court where he was, a package of Seventh-day Adventist literature which the police had taken away from one of our workers, forbidding it to be circulated. That was offered to the duke, and he took it, saying that the people would think it a message from heaven. In this unique way the literature was distributed over the city. Doubtless since that time some of our literature has been sent by air-mail routes.

So it can now truthfully be said that the truth is going in the air, on the sea, and under the sea.

M. E. K.

Our Counsel Corner

HOW can a Missionary Volunteer member be persuaded that he is able to give a talk or to take other part on the program?

D. E. V.

Pray. Pray definitely that this member may help and be helped. Self-expression is an underlying principle of the Missionary Volunteer movement.

Talk. Talk briefly to the society about the duty of every one to lift. Talk earnestly to the member about his duty to himself to develop his powers of expression and his duty to help the society.

Ask. Ask him to do something; something easy at first, if he is really diffident,—to read a scripture or a quotation, to take some simple part on the program. Assign something a little harder next time. Get your member interested in the society, and thus take his mind off himself. Get him to praying for the society, for the programs, and for you. Make him your yoke-fellow in service. Expect something of him.

M. E. K.

Just for the Juniors

"Characters"

CAN'T we think up some new game?" asked Eudora. "I am so tired of the old ones."

"Yes, and something that will not make us race around so, either; it's turning so warm," sighed Alice.

"I can't think of anything so very new," said Beck; "but why can't we play an old game that mother told me she used to play when she was a girl? Perhaps it is new to the rest of you; it was to me."

"What is it?" Maidie asked eagerly.

"Characters! It can be played in two ways. One goes out of the room, and then the rest of us agree upon some character that we are going to have her represent. When she comes in we will talk to her, just as if she were that person, and from what we say she has to find out who she is. The other way to play it is this: the one who goes out decides on some character for herself; and when she comes in, we question her and find out from her answers whom she is impersonating. But I think the first way is more fun."

"It sounds fine," agreed the others. "Who will go first? You, Beck, because you suggested it." So Beck went into the next room, and closed the door.

"How about Christopher Columbus?" suggested Maidie.

"Or George Washington?" asked Alice.

"Why not make it right up to date, and have her be Mr. Hoover?" This from Eudora.

"That's the very thing," chorused the others. "Come in, Beck."

As Beck appeared, the others arose with great and effusive politeness, and pressed forward to shake her hand.

"I am sure this is an honor," said Maidie; "after reading so much about you we certainly feel deeply honored that you should come to call upon us."

"I am sure the honor is mine," answered Beck, trying not to giggle.

"I should think he would feel almost worn out, having so much responsibility resting upon him," remarked Alice in a very audible aside to the others.

"Yes, indeed," said Eudora promptly. "But it is a good thing that people are standing by him all the time, trying to help him carry out his ideas."

"President Wilson!" guessed Beck in a flash, but the girls shook their heads. "No!"

"Don't make your remarks too leading, girls," cautioned Alice.

"You need not worry about that; I am thoroughly mystified," said Beck.

"One thing I like about you," remarked Alice frankly: "I understand you 'practise what you preach;' you do not ask other people to do what you are not doing yourself, and all your family with you."

"I always try to be consistent," said the mystified Beck. Then in an undertone, "But who am I, anyway?"

"You must have seen so much that was terribly sad before you came back to this country," sighed Eudora.

"Yes, indeed," added Maidie, "and you have made other people see it, too."

"O girls," Alice exclaimed suddenly, "what will he think of that—over on the table?"

"It is made with corn sirup," Eudora reassured her promptly. "We make our candy with that now, and the cookies haven't a bit of wheat in them, and they are sweetened with molasses!"

Then with a little shout of laughter Beck "saw."

"Oh, I must be Mr. Hoover!" she said. "That is splendid. I got my main clew from you, Eudora; so you will have to be the next one to go out and let us think up some character for you."

"All right," said Eudora. "It is certainly a fine game, and I do not see why we might not try it at our next Junior social."—*Bertha Gerneaux Woods.*

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

III — The Tares

(July 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 24-30, 36-43.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." Matt. 13: 30.

Questions

1. What other parable did Jesus speak on the same occasion that he gave the parable of the sower? Matt. 13: 24, first part; 36, last part.
2. In this parable, to what did he liken the kingdom of heaven? Verse 24, last part.
3. After the good seed was sown, what did the enemy do? When? Verse 25. Note 1.
4. When did the tares appear? Verse 26.
5. What questions did the servants ask the householder? Verse 27.
6. How did the householder answer them? Verse 28, first part.
7. What further question did the servants then ask? Verse 28, last part.
8. What answer did the householder give? Why? Verse 29. Note 2.
9. Until what time were the wheat and the tares to grow together? What would the reapers then do? Verse 30.
10. After Jesus had sent the multitude away, what request did the disciples make of him? Verse 36. Note 3.
11. Who did he say is the sower of the good seed? Verse 37.
12. What is the field? the good seed? the tares? Verse 38. Note 4.
13. Who is the enemy that sowed the tares? What is the harvest? Who are the reapers? Verse 39. Note 5.
14. In gathering a harvest what is usually done with tares? When will the same be done with those whom the tares represent? Verse 40.
15. What will the angel reapers gather out of the kingdom? Verse 41.
16. What is done with the doers of iniquity? How completely will they be destroyed? Verse 42; Mal. 4: 1. Note 6.
17. What glorious experience awaits those who are represented by the wheat? Verse 43. Note 7.

Notes

1. The "tares" here mentioned are a kind of plant called darnel. The darnel is named from a supposed intoxicating quality of the plant. The name is akin to a word that means to *infatuate*. During growth it is very similar to wheat. It has a bearded fruit, but its seeds are black and are considered poisonous. The seeds are easily distinguished from grains of wheat.

How like the work of the enemy are the tares, with its infatuating, intoxicating, poisonous effects!

2. It is said that the roots of the darnel often grow so closely intertwined with those of the wheat that it is impossible to pull up the one without rooting out the other. So in this life the good and bad are left together, both alike receiving the mercies and blessings of heaven.

3. For "declare," the Revised Version has "explain."

4. The good seed in the parable of the sower represents the word of God. In this parable, the good seed represents those who are born of the word of God.

5. "In the East, men sometimes took revenge upon an enemy by strewing his newly sown fields with the seeds of some noxious weed that, while growing, closely resembled wheat. Springing up with the wheat, it injured the crop, and brought trouble and loss to the owner of the field. So it is with enmity to Christ that Satan scatters his evil seed among the good grain of the kingdom. The fruit of his sowing he attributes to the Son of God. By bringing into the church those who bear Christ's name while they deny his character, the wicked one causes that God shall be dishonored, the work of salvation misrepresented, and souls imperiled."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 71.

"The world has no right to doubt the truth of Christianity because there are unworthy members in the church, nor should Christians become disheartened because of these false brethren. How was it with the early church? Ananias and Sapphira joined themselves to the disciples. Simon Magus was baptized. Demas, who forsook Paul, had been counted a believer. Judas Iscariot was numbered with the apostles. The Redeemer does not want to lose one soul; his experience with Judas is recorded to show his long patience with perverse human nature."—*Id.*, pp. 72, 73.

6. The wicked are compared to worthless material—chaff, stubble, briars, thorns, etc. Their destruction, terrible though it be, will be only an act of love and mercy on the part of God. They have chosen the companionship of Satan and the evil angels, and would be miserably unhappy and wretched if compelled to live in the presence of a pure and holy God. Furthermore, to perpetuate their lives would only be to perpetuate sin and misery and death.

7. "Amid the tempest of divine judgment, the children of God will have no cause for fear. 'The Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel.' The day that brings terror and destruction to the transgressors of God's law, will bring to the obedient, 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' 'Gather my saints together unto me,' saith the Lord, 'those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice. And the heavens shall declare his righteousness; for God is judge himself.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 341.

Intermediate Lesson

III — King Ahab; God's Care for Elijah

(July 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 16: 29-33; 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5: 16.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 114-132; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 129-133.

"Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew.
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

"For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee."

Questions

1. What wicked kings succeeded Jeroboam as rulers over the ten tribes of Israel? Note 1.

2. Which was the most wicked king of them all? Besides walking in all the evil ways of Jeroboam, what additional wickedness did he do? 1 Kings 16: 30-33. Note 2.

3. Since appeals and warnings had failed to bring Israel to repentance, how must the Lord now speak to them? Note 3.

4. Who appeared before the king with a message from the Lord? What message did he boldly speak? 1 Kings 17: 1. Note 4.

5. To what place was Elijah directed to go? How was he to live during the period of famine? How was the promise of the Lord fulfilled? Verses 2-6.

6. What test of faith came to Elijah? How did the Lord still show his care for him? Verses 7-9.

7. When Elijah came to the gate of the city, whom did he see? What requests did he make? Verses 10, 11. Note 5.

8. What great test of faith came to the widow? Verses 12-14. Note 6.

9. How did she meet the test? How was her faith rewarded? Verses 15, 16.

10. What great trial next came to the poor widow? To whom did she appeal? Verses 17, 18.

11. Where did Elijah take her son? Upon whom did he call for help? Verses 19-21.

12. What did the Lord hear? How did he answer? What did Elijah then do? Verses 22, 23. Note 7.

13. What did this experience cause the woman to acknowledge? Verse 24.

Interesting Points

How does this lesson illustrate the truth of the memory verse?

How did Jesus express the same thought? John 15: 7.

How many recorded instances of raising the dead to life can you recall?

Who only can raise the dead and give life? John 11: 25.

Notes

1. Six kings in order succeeded Jeroboam as ruler over the kingdom of Israel. They were Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, and Ahab. Of each of these it may be said, "He did evil in the sight of the Lord."

2. "Through the influence of Jezebel and her impious priests, the people were taught that the idol gods that had been set up were deities, ruling by their mystic power the elements of earth, fire, and water. All the bounties of heaven—the running brooks, the streams of living water, the gentle dew, the showers of rain which refreshed the earth and caused the fields to bring forth abundantly—were ascribed to the favor of Baal [the sun] and Ashtoreth [the moon], instead of to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The people forgot that the hills and valleys, the streams and fountains, were in the hand of the living God; that he controlled the sun, the clouds of heaven, and all the powers of nature."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 115, 116.

3. "Of repeated appeals, remonstrances, and warnings had failed to bring Israel to repentance. The time had come when God must speak to them by means of judgments. Inasmuch as the worshipers of Baal claimed that the treasures of heaven, the dew and the rain, came not from Jehovah, but from the ruling forces of nature, and that it was through the creative energy of the sun that the earth was enriched and made to bring forth abundantly, the curse of God was to rest heavily upon the polluted land. The apostate tribes of Israel were to be shown the folly of trusting to the power of Baal for temporal blessings. Until they should turn to God with repentance, and acknowledge him as the source of all blessing, there should fall upon the land neither dew nor rain."—*Id.*, p. 120.

4. "The prophet's words went into immediate effect. Those who were at first inclined to scoff at the thought of calamity, soon had occasion for serious reflection; for after a few months the earth, unrefreshed by dew or rain, became dry, and vegetation withered. As time passed, streams that had never been known to fail, began to decrease, and brooks began to dry up. Yet the people were urged by their leaders to have confidence in the power of Baal, and to set aside as idle words the prophecy of Elijah. The priests still insisted that it was through the power of Baal that the showers of rain fell. Fear not the God of Elijah, nor tremble at his word, they urged; it is Baal that brings forth the harvest in its season, and provides for man and beast."—*Id.*, pp. 123, 124.

5. "This woman was not an Israelite. She had never had the privileges and blessings that the chosen people of God had enjoyed; but she was a believer in the true God, and had walked in all the light that was shining on her pathway. And now, when there was no safety for Elijah in the land of Israel, God sent him to this woman to find an asylum in her home."—*Id.*, p. 129.

6. "In this poverty-stricken home the famine pressed sore; and the pitifully meager fare seemed about to fail. The coming of Elijah on the very day when the widow feared that she must give up the struggle to sustain life, tested to the utmost her faith in the power of the living God to provide for her necessities. But even in her dire extremity, she bore witness to her faith by a compliance with the request of the stranger who was asking her to share her last morsel with him. . . . No greater test of faith than this could have been required. The widow had hitherto treated all strangers with kindness and liberality. Now, regardless of the suffering that might result to herself and child, and trusting in the God of Israel to supply her every need, she met this supreme test of hospitality by doing 'according to the saying of Elijah.'"—*Id.*, pp. 130, 131.

7. "The widow of Zarephath shared her morsel with Elijah; and in return, her life and that of her son were preserved. And to all who, in time of trial and want, give sympathy and assistance to others more needy, God has promised great blessing."—*Id.*, pp. 131, 132.

I Will

I WILL start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine.

— Selected.

Why Attend Our Own Schools

THERE are two main reasons why our young people should attend our own schools: First, to save them; second, to enable them to help save others. Religion and education cannot be separated. The minister who preaches to the people seeks to educate them in the truth, and when they have sufficient knowledge of it they accept it.

If our young people are to remain in the truth, they must learn to love it; and nothing will do more to increase the desire for the Christian life than constant contact with those who live it. The boy who associates with mechanics wants to be a mechanic; the one who associates with those of other trades is inclined to follow in their footsteps. This is also true of the spiritual life.

Too often we are more concerned about the physical and mental welfare of the young people than about their spiritual good. In our schools students have the privilege of associating with men and women of Christian ideals, of noble aspirations,—men and women who have given their lives to the closing work of this message; and by their daily contact with these characters, the young people imbibe the same spirit and love for the truth.

F. R. ISAAC.

Gospel Preparedness

I DREAD to give out these tracts we brought along," said Amelia. "I know it is better to hand them to people personally, but somehow I'm so scared that I usually just lay them on the seat in the trolley car and trust that some one will pick them up and read them."

Did you ever feel that way? The girls had gone to Willow Grove Park to attend the afternoon concert; it was Decoration Day, and an especially good program was advertised. They arrived early, and while waiting for the concert sat in the back part of the great open-air auditorium, Florence crocheting while Amelia and Gladys took turn about in reading an interesting article from a magazine.

Directly in front of the girls was a plain-faced, middle-aged woman, sitting alone. During the reading of the article the girls noticed that she sat with her head turned partly toward them, listening intently to catch every word, and smiling now and then at some good point. Evidently she was an intelligent woman, and a lover of reading. When the article was concluded, she presently looked about her, and seeing a newspaper lying on the next seat, picked it up and began reading it.

"There is a woman who would be interested in our tracts," thought Gladys, and selecting two from her package, "The New Testament Sabbath" and "Is the End Near?" she handed them to the woman with a

smile and kindly word as she passed out at the close of the concert.

You should have seen the pleased expression on the woman's face. Why was she pleased? First, because a personal interest had been shown in her. Second, because she was a woman who enjoyed reading. I have no doubt that she read every word in those leaflets before the day was over. What the result will be no one can tell, but it is our work as Missionary Volunteers to watch for such opportunities and to step into the open doors. Our blessed Master will water with his Spirit every effort made, and give the increase in his own good time and place.

Is the King's Pocket League thriving in your society, and are you an active member? Carry tracts with you wherever you go, and ask the heavenly Father for tact and good judgment in your seed sowing. He will bless you in this as well as in the big things which you attempt for him. ELLA IDEN.

King Albert as Sentry

MRS. RALPH C. NORTON, who with her husband has been in Europe throughout the war distributing Bibles among the soldiers, and doing personal soul-winning work, was recently commanded to appear at the royal palace of Belgium. The queen received her alone, and after decorating her, they visited together for a half hour. Just before leaving, Mrs. Norton related the following true story of a Belgian soldier who later fell on the battlefield:

"The soldier had received a Gospel at the front. He read of God, but because he could not see him he could not believe in his reality and in his omnipresence. But he longed to believe. One night at the Yzer, he was on sentry duty. Alone in the presence of danger, his thoughts turned again to God. If only he could believe!

"As he thought, he was aware of some one behind him. He knew some one was standing there, yet did not dare to turn his head to see. At last, ever so little, he did turn his head, and he saw *his king!* Yes, it was his king!—standing sentry duty with him—sharing in the every experience of his soldiers. For two hours behind him, motionless, stood his monarch, and in that interval, as he thought and prayed, came faith, faith in God through Christ. The presence of his king, silent, yet so near, the marvel of the whole experience, had brought to him faith in the presence and personality of God."

"When I had finished," said Mrs. Norton, "there were tears in the eyes of the queen, and she said to me softly: 'I shall tell it to the king.'" F. D. C.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Waiting (poetry)	3
A Woman's Dream Symbolized	3
Notes on British Poets—No. 2	4
Preparation for Camp-Meeting	5
A Forest of Stone	6
For the Timid	7
An Aymara Indian Sister	9
Why Awai Was Ignorant	10
Why Attend Our Own Schools	16
Gospel Preparedness	16
SELECTIONS	
An Orator and a Teacher	1
The True Story of Charlie Brown, Gentleman	8
The Best Revenge	12