

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 31



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BOXING ORANGES, JOPPA, PALESTINE



# From Here and There

A "pocket wireless" telephone, which weighs only twelve pounds and costs but fifteen dollars, has been perfected.

New York, the sixth State to ratify woman suffrage, went on record with a unanimous vote in both houses of the legislature.

At the date of the signing of the peace treaty by Germany and the Allies, twenty-three wars were still going on in various parts of the world.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, for years the leader in the cause of woman suffrage in the United States, was buried in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 5.

The great World War, which was formally ended with the signing of the peace treaty at Versailles June 28, lasted five years, less thirty-seven days.

Enterprising farmers now spray their cows to prevent their being annoyed by the common stable fly. The result is a marked increase in milk production.

It is said that a million dollars' worth of goods is lost every month through express shipments. This is due to the carelessness of shippers in packing and addressing packages.

The American Federation of Labor has opened its doors unconditionally to the Negro. This means that the Negro will have a far better chance than heretofore to enter the skilled and better-paid trades.

The transport "Leviathan," largest of all steamships, arrived from France recently with 14,300 persons aboard, the greatest number ever carried, and a round-trip speed record of 15 days, 6 hours, and 4 minutes.

French flags, captured by Germany in 1871, which according to the armistice terms were to be returned to France, were taken from the Berlin Museum by an angry mob and burned in protest against the terms of the peace treaty.

American cigarettes have become very popular among Orientals. The number exported to the Orient in the present fiscal year will exceed 8,000,000,000, worth \$16,000,000. This invasion of China by the tobacco interests is to be regretted.

President Wilson signed the Railroad Appropriation Bill, the Indian Bill, and some other minor documents which needed signature to become law before July 1, in mid-ocean. Technically the ship on which the President was homeward bound was American territory. The bills for his signature were sent out on an east-bound transport which met the "George Washington" in mid-ocean June 30.

Great Britain's superdirigible R-34, the first lighter-than-air machine to cross the Atlantic Ocean, anchored July 6, at Roosevelt Flying Field, Mineola, New York, after an aerial voyage of 108 hours, covering 3,600 miles from East Fortune, Scotland. When the big ship landed, she had only enough petrol to keep her moving for ninety minutes longer. There being no hangar in this country large enough to shelter this aerial giant, she began the return voyage July 9, after being thoroughly overhauled.

Who knows the meaning of "blimp" as used in referring to the R-34? According to Webster's New International Dictionary it is "a small dirigible balloon consisting of an elongated gas container with a suspended fuselage, like that of an aeroplane, which carries the power plant, propeller, etc., as well as the pilot and several passengers."

The naval seaplane NC-4, which made the first transatlantic flight, has been brought back to this country from England. It will be on exhibition for some time in Central Park, New York City, and then will be transferred to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., as a permanent exhibit.

In the temple courtyard at Kioto, Japan, lies a great cable reverently regarded by thousands of visitors. It is made of human hair, gifts of poverty-stricken women who had not even the smallest coin to contribute toward the erection of the temple.

A workman on Alexander Hamilton's mansion, "The Grange," was paid \$424.50 for three and one-half years' work. At the present price of good carpenters, he should have received nearly \$9,000, and Mr. Hamilton's mansion cost less than \$8,000.

The Indiana and Northern Railroad, running one mile from Myler to South Bend, Indiana, is said to be the shortest railroad in the United States. It has been in operation since 1881, is a traffic connecting link, does a big business, and is prosperous.

The letters "NC" so frequently used in connection with the names of the airplanes undertaking trans-Atlantic flights, stand for "Navy Curtiss," meaning that those airplanes were Curtiss machines, and in the naval aviation service.

A new "pretender" has arisen to claim the presidential chair in Mexico, adding another to the long list of our neighbor's supply of first-class troubles. He is Gen. Felipe Angeles, and has started a brand new revolution of his own.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

## The Youth's Instructor

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## Nature's Answer to Man's Conceit

E. F. COLLIER

AND this is my recompense for toil! Ingrate nature, now "I know you are no friend of mine!" I stood in the midst of my field of drooping corn. With jaw set, fists tight clenched, and with bitterness in my heart, I gave utterance to the rebellion that seethed within me. The sun blazed down upon the scorching earth, sending myriads of heat waves dancing about like so many malicious imps, and everywhere they touched, the vitality of plant life was dying out. My hope and determination in life was all centered in this effort of mine to win from the soil the wherewithal for future days.

The spring had been slow and cold, chilling the early growth of crops. Floods had covered the meadows and destroyed the first planting of corn. Blight had partly destroyed the wheat. And now came this heat, burning the life from the carefully cultivated corn and stirring up a wrath within me as great as the wrath which seemed to blaze from the sun above. I felt my faith in providence all vanishing, and all gratitude for past blessings dying out within me.

I was angry, and I wanted the world and the heavens to know it. For days of toil and nights too full of weariness for rest, for calloused hands and blistered feet, for merciless urging of tired muscles, matching wits against inclement weather and disastrous conditions over which I had no control, hoping still against hope—for all this I was to be repaid with loss of crops and the maddening serenity of the forces about me that ordered my ruin.

Wearily I dragged my feet through the clods. I climbed through a fence; the barbs pricked me. A viper in the grass hissed at me. Angry insects darted repeatedly at my face. Oppressed by the wanton cruelty that thrust itself at me from every side, I cared for little now except to rest and forget if possible that I lived. In the shadow of a giant sycamore I lay down with the heart of an enemy within me. I forgot even to appreciate the cooling comfort of the shade to which I had come. But it did not forget me. With soft, cool fingers it reached down and touched my heated brow. It fanned my cheek—gently, lest I might resent. It released the tension of obstinate muscles, and in gradual, unconscious contentment I fell asleep.

And then—

In that mysterious way in which dreams are born I began to see new things. It was a woman who stood before me—a woman who was wondrously fair. Her feet were set upon the sea, and her hands stretched out to touch the wooded hills. A triple rainbow spanned the sky about her, whose blending hues were clearly outlined against the darkened purple of rearward mountains. A star and crescent gleamed in the rich glory of her hair. A fragrance sweeter than roses and more subtle than jasmine breathed in the air about her, like a zephyr from the borderland of heaven. And everywhere, from near and far, I heard the sound of singing birds and rippling waters.

But her dress!—human hands never made such apparel—raiment to make the daughters of Babylon writhe with envy. It typified the united glory of earth and sea and sky. Its marvelous colors changed continually, melting and blending into masses and effects that stupefied with their intense beauty. It scintillated and burned with varicolored lights; prismatic flashes of living color spread themselves abroad. It shimmered in transparent purity; it grew brilliant in crimson and purple and gold, and then hastened to soft maroon and opalescent quiet, till I wept outright in visioned delight. Entranced, I beheld its folds and drapery form into pictures of lakes and rivers and seas and hills and falling cascades. There were fields of ripening grain that gleamed in the distance like burnished gold. There were fertile valleys and plains that invited men to come and gather their wealth. There were forests of spruce and fir and oak and mahogany. There were mines that yielded without stint their precious ore and gems. Cerulean skies, fair draped, with snowy clouds, smiled back to the earth beneath; and all was beautiful, all was perfect, all was inviting.

Then out of it all she spoke. It was not her lips, it seemed to me, that spoke; it was her soul, her self, her whole radiant being.

"Have you seen?" came the voice. "Have you seen? Then be ready to hear."

Now I knew why men and nations had worshiped her in ages past and dead. I too fell at her feet to worship.

"O queen of beauty!" I cried. "Mother of earth and sky—"

But she checked my driveled speech with a finger pointing upward; and when I had risen, she said, still pointing:

"There is the One whom I worship and serve. Do thou likewise, and listen. What your eyes have been permitted to see in miniature has all been. In the beginning God made and pronounced all things good, and no man could even think to ask for better. Under the blessing of my hands, which he created and ordained, the earth gave forth her strength and riches. The sun sent forth his energy, the earth drank in her dew, and there was no curse. But man, for whom I lived and labored, first broke the covenant of peace and service. He mocked my good things and turned to that which I abhorred. Rebellion such as you have known even this day, arose in his heart without just occasion, and he did violence to the laws of Jehovah, which also are mine. In the Holy Book it is written, the reason for all thy sorrows: 'The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate.'

"O, man of little wisdom and mighty conceits, hearken to me! The things you so condemn are thine



own rebuke. The scorching heat, the lack of dew and rain, the floods of ungoverned rivers, the ruthless winters, the curse of brier and thorn, the sting of reptile and insect,—of thine own madness, too,—they are but the fruit of thine own transgression. Convert the heart that is within thee, and the heart of thy fellows, and I will convert the earth. Renew the covenant between us in righteousness, and I will renew my handiwork. Make thy goings as pure as that newborn day when God first spoke life to all, and I will make all things new before thee, and thy desert places shall bloom again like Paradise. But until thy heart is as God's, and thy way as pure, and thy love as perfect, condemn me not; for as you give, it shall be given unto you again."

Whether asleep or in vision I know not, but I call upon my recording angel to witness that I turned to God. I prayed, I acknowledged my foolish conduct and my rash words, and a benediction fell upon me sweeter than I can tell. When I came to myself, a gentle rain was falling. Stray drops sifted through the leaves of the sycamore tree that spread its branches above me, touching my face and mingling with my tears. Somehow that rain was very beautiful, like drops of dew from the tree of life. I stretched out my hands to that sycamore tree, and to the rain, and to the winds, and I thanked God for them all. And in after months when I walked through that same field of corn with its rich harvest of gold, I considered more and more that my ways had not been God's ways, nor his ways mine. It was a great lesson, a revelation, one that I shall never forget; for I see always before me that pictured glory of the hoped-for day when righteousness shall kiss the earth; when the redeemed shall walk only in a land of blessings, and there shall be no more curse. Meantime, in God's providence I am content.

#### "The Hand That Intervenes"

We hear so much about the prayers unanswered,  
Burdens of longing that the tired heart bears;  
We cannot help but wish some faithful brother  
Would tell us more about the *answered prayers*.

—Adapted.

AND now our wish is granted, for Elder W. A. Spicer has prepared us a book on "answered prayers," "The Hand That Intervenes." Sometimes we feel that it was all quite natural in Bible times for God so miraculously to deliver Daniel from the lions' den and Paul from prison chains, but in *our* day—well, somehow things don't seem exactly so *real*. But as I have read the many instances related in this book of miraculous answers to prayers, both at home and abroad, somehow my heart has *known* just a trifle more definitely that the Almighty does make use of human agencies, and directly intervenes in human affairs in our day as he did in days of old. "In the profoundest sense there is no unanswered prayer. The closet of prayer is God's distributing station. He turns no one away empty-handed."

"It is not the Bible alone which furnishes us with evidence and illustrations of divine interference; modern history and everyday experience and observation bear witness that He 'is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.'" This book is a collection of the "everyday experiences." Some of the chapter headings will give you an idea of the interesting things contained within: "Angels the Messengers of Providence," "Heathen Agents of Deliverance,"

"Deliverance from Armed Hosts," "Deliverance in the Scottish Covenanter Days," "Deliverance of Old-Time Gospel Witnesses," "How the Elements Worked Deliverance," "Deliverance by the Spoken Message," and many others. Oh, I am sure you will be interested and will read on and on to the very end of the three hundred thirty-four pages, if once you get a glimpse inside the cover of "The Hand That Intervenes"!

Do you like to attend a real, live, stirring testimony meeting—one in which every one is anxious to praise his Saviour? Well, to read the many definite answers to prayer in trouble, in illness, in poverty, in loss and trials of every description, is *like* attending a large testimony meeting where every one is full of praise for his saving grace and for the Hand that supplies our every need. Truly his is "the Hand that intervenes"—ever intervening for the sake of the best interests of his children.

But you say you do not have much time to read, and then when you have another opportunity to take up your book you have lost the connection and must read back. But "The Hand That Intervenes" can be taken up from time to time, a few of these thrilling accounts read, and then you can go about your work. When you have a few more moments to spare you will not have to read back to get the connection; each experience is a "praise service" in itself, separate, but still connected, united by one great link that witnesses how truly God is in touch with his children on earth. As you go about your daily tasks, somehow these things will come to mind, and soon you yourself will be seeing the hand of God in many things that before looked like only natural happenings for good or for ill.

The other day a friend saw on my table a copy of "The Hand That Intervenes." At once she picked it up, and glancing through it, exclaimed: "How interesting this does look! I have heard so much about this book and have wanted to see one; surely I shall have to purchase a copy for myself!" Have *you* heard about this book? If you have heard even *half*, you will not be satisfied until you have procured a copy and read it from cover to cover. Then, you will want your friends to have a copy too, or perhaps you will lend them yours, and by the time it comes back to you you will be anxious to read it again. One thing I am sure of, you will never regret that you sent \$1.50 to your tract society and obtained a copy of "The Hand That Intervenes." You are going to order a copy this very day, aren't you? EMMA HOWELL.

#### Moral Backbone

A BOY was reading a delightfully thrilling novel. Right in the midst of it he stopped, and said to himself, "Now this will never do. I have work to do in real life." And he flung the book into the river. That boy became the great philosopher, Fichte.

It takes courage to lay aside an interesting story without finishing it, and with no intention of finishing it at a later date. It requires backbone to break off any bad habit. But which will afford the greater satisfaction in the end, the memory of the story-books you have read or the realization that you are prepared for life's obligations and opportunities because you used to good advantage your spare moments? Cultivate moral backbone. Have the will-power to cease the most pleasurable of pastimes, if it is hindering you from making the most of your life.

ELLA IDEN.



## A Chapter of—Accidents?

HE had planned with care a three-day trip, and he had prayed to God for his blessing on the plans made. On paper everything looked promising for a combination of business and pleasure that would make these days stand out in the record of the year.

In the morning he would go to Washington. There he would have opportunity to see in one of the departments a man whose help in an emergency would prove invaluable. At four in the afternoon he would leave for Cincinnati. By taking this train he would miss a bit of scenery at Cumberland which he had hoped to examine, that he might check up on a bit of historical writing he was doing. This could not be helped, however, for by the train he would be set down in Cincinnati in good season for the important one-day session of a committee, his primary object.

To be sure, he would have to miss another important committee meeting at home, unless he should forego the Washington stop. But would it not be worth while to miss the home meeting when he did not see how he could well arrange for both?

The ticket was bought and reservation was made, when interruption number one came. Most unexpectedly there was a call from a neighbor—one over whom he longed to gain an influence—to render such a service as can be given but once in a lifetime. Yet that difficult service must be rendered at the moment when, according to program, he would be taking the train for Washington.

Of course there could be no question as to his course. Instead of going to Washington and seeing the man with whom conference would mean so much, he must take a train by a route more direct. This would enable him to reach Cincinnati in season for the committee meeting. And it would enable him also to attend the committee meeting at home which he had decided to put aside for the sake of the Washington opportunity.

After serving his neighbor and attending the home meeting—this turned out to be so important that to miss it would have been little short of a calamity—the direct train for Cincinnati was taken, though not without a sigh for the lost opportunity in Washington.

Yet the sigh was forgotten when on that train he became acquainted with three fellow passengers who gave him some new and needed glimpses of life.

A study of time-tables showed him that he could return by way of Washington, and before the hour came for completing the homeward journey could have two hours for the interview there.

After a successful committee meeting in Cincinnati, the importance of which proved to be even greater than had been expected, the train for Washington was taken at the Cincinnati terminal. At the moment when his train was due to leave, there drew in on an adjoining track cars from which weary, anxious-looking passengers alighted. "What train is that?" was the question that came to his lips.

"Number two, boss," the porter replied.

And this was the train he had planned to take after finishing his business in Washington! If he had taken it, what of his touch with the Cincinnati meeting?

In thankful spirit, and with the resolve renewed that he would cease to question God's wisdom in thwarting his little plans, he went to his berth. First, however, he included in his evening prayer a petition that the train might not be late in reaching Washington, since the time there would be short enough at best.

Three hours later he roused with the start so apt to come with the intense silence that marks a long night wait of a train between stations. The delay was prolonged, until there was a loss of three hours.

"There's my Washington plan broken a second time!" he thought.

There was one consolation, however. In addition to seeing Cumberland and noting certain facts concerning the configuration of the surrounding mountains, he would be able to pass, for hours of daylight, through the incomparable mountains of West Virginia.

The unexpected blessing was forgotten when the train drew into the Washington station so near the close of the afternoon that the traveler thought he might as well go home at once. Later on, perhaps, he might be able to make a special trip to the capital. "And I might have finished my program without all that expense and trouble," he thought.

During the moments before the train homeward was scheduled to leave, he telephoned to the man whom he had hoped to see that afternoon, to explain his failure to keep the appointment.

"Perhaps it is just as well," was the word from the other end of the wire. "I have been afraid that the time set aside for our work this afternoon was altogether too short. What do you say to coming to me the first thing in the morning? Then we can devote to our program all the time that is necessary."

So he remained overnight. The evening gave him the chance, sought for a year, to spend an evening consulting authorities at the Congressional Library. Next morning the real business of the stop-over was attended to. Then he learned why it would have been impossible to receive the afternoon before the attention given to him during the morning hours. He knew, too, that it would have been out of the question to seek a second interview on the same business; he would have had to rest content with the results of the first conference.

The time came to take the train for the final stage of the journey. On that train his seatmate, a man whom he had never seen before, perhaps never would see again, gave him much vital information on the very business that had led him to Washington.

Now let it be remembered that the man had prayed about the plans for his trip, as he always tried to pray about every plan. He had asked that prosperity might attend his schemes, every one of which he thought was blocked. He did not get his way in anything so far as processes were concerned. He did receive in results all that he asked for and more.

Was his prayer answered?—*Rev. John T. Faris, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### Among the Rocks of Parahybuna, Brazil

PARAHYBUNA is one of the most picturesque places I have ever visited. Mighty rocks raise their heads high in the sky, and seem to testify to the truthfulness of the Bible statement that here was a mighty catastrophe which tore out the very bones of the earth and left them on the outside.

Among these rocks live a poor, simple, and ignorant people. Their houses are made of mud, and covered with long grass, and their shoes are the same that God gave them in the beginning. They are relatives of



one of our brethren who lives in the city of Juiz de Fora. This man heard the truth, and was glad to give the message to his more unfortunate relatives. In this way the truth was planted in that town.

When I arrived there, accompanied by this brother from Juiz de Fora, I found that a number of the people had already been baptized, and a Sabbath school organized; but the majority could not read. Those who could read a little were unable to teach the lesson to the others. Notwithstanding this, they have the patience to stumble through these important lessons without understanding them, and by their home missionary work are gaining many souls to the truth. They are faithful in paying tithes and offerings; they seek to carry out the principles of health reform and of the law of God.

Two of these mighty mountains of rock come together in the shape of a V. We heard of an interested family who live on the very point of the V, and we decided to visit this family. We climbed that hill, winding around and jumping from one rock to another until we were exhausted; but we were well paid for our trouble by finding three families instead of one, all of whom had heard something of the new faith and were anxious to know more.

One woman showed us a very curious volume, curious indeed to this people. Her father had bought the book twenty-eight years previously when he was in the city of Barbacena, but no one could read and understand it. They had lent the book to neighbors, but they could not read it; so she brought it to me to see if I could understand it. It was clean and in perfect condition, and when I began to read, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," they soon began to understand the mysteries and importance of the most wonderful of all books.

As she told me the story of how this volume had found its way up in this obscure place among these mighty rocks, and how it had waited these twenty-eight years for a human instrument to explain its mighty truths, I wondered at the patience of the angel who had guarded it all these years. I resolved that that angel should not have to wait any longer, but that I would do what I could to make him rejoice. After we had endeavored to make them understand the Word, we committed them to God by prayer, and began to descend the mountain to the home of our brother where we were staying.

This church, notwithstanding their unlettered condition, is prosperous spiritually. They are gaining new members through their missionary society. Some of the young girls are selling our Portuguese *Signs of the Times* with good success. We have two good colporteurs who came from these rocks, and who by their faithfulness have proved that their faith is built on the eternal Rock.

One of these poor brethren asked me what the Bible means when it speaks of the tithe of the tithe. I explained to him that it was the tithe that the priest paid on the tithe he received from the people. He said, "Oh, that is it? I thought it was tithe that the people had to pay, and I wanted to be sure, for I do not want to take any of God's money. Ever since I have paid a faithful tithe, I have never lacked food in my house." Now, this last statement may not mean much to the people in the United States; but it meant much to the man who said it, for he had not always had enough; but since he has been paying tithe

he has had plenty. Now that is faith that God rewards.

It not only pays to work for such souls, but it is a pleasure; and when God makes up his jewels, there will be some from Brazil that will shine just as brightly as any of them.

J. E. BROWN.

### A Desert Trip

A YEAR ago last September my mother, my sister, and I started on a six-thousand-mile automobile trip. We traversed the very picturesque Western country, turned south at St. Louis to Nashville, and returned by way of Vicksburg, Dallas, El Paso, Phoenix, and Yuma to our home in San Diego.

We had varied experiences, and some of our desert trip might be of interest to others.

The first night out we slept on the ground on the edge of the desert at the foot of the Cajon Pass, some twenty miles north of San Bernardino, California. Early the next day we entered the Mohave Desert. As far as our eyes could distinguish to the east and north, nothing appeared but barren, waste land. As soon as the sun came up, everything seemed to begin to dance on account of the heat, and the hills seemed not to be able to keep still, since the scorching sun burned their feet. From ten o'clock in the morning until dark the temperature is usually quite constant. At Barstow our thermometer registered one hundred twenty degrees in the car, and it was quite a little cooler in the car than in the sun. As we turned east from Barstow, we soon passed through the station of Daggett, to which the twenty mule teams used to bring borax from the mines in the surrounding mountains.

That entire afternoon we were traveling through a volcanic country. East of Daggett a few miles, we drove very close to some huge black mountains; in fact, not only these but all the mountains in the vicinity were black. The rock over which we were traveling was of the same color, as was also the landscape in all directions. The rocks were large, but were quite porous in character. Finally we came to rock formations which looked as if they had been in motion. These lava flows, being readily recognized as such, were just like the ones I had seen in pictures. At the terminus they were eight feet or more in height, and somewhat resembled a waterfall. We crossed these flows continually. More than any other place in this world, the traces of the flood and the great upheavals which took place at that time are here brought to mind. In those desolate regions it is impossible for one to forget God, and I believe that it is on account of the spiritual influence of the desert that John the Baptist and Jesus spent much time in the solitary regions of Judea.

A little while before dark we passed the crater which many centuries before had caused such great desolation in all directions. I was surprised at the size of this crater. It was not more than two hundred feet high, but very large in circumference. The crater was easily seen from where we were on the road. From the appearance of the surrounding country the explosion must have been terrific beyond description, since very little lava seemed to be deposited near the crater. If there ever was a mountain where the volcano now is, it was entirely blown away. The largest lava flows were deposited to the north and west for about fifteen or twenty miles over a practically level country.



At Ludlow, a water station on the railroad, we met some travelers who had been without water for a day, and had been in mortal danger on this account. The lack of water on the desert is the greatest peril that has to be met, and many hundreds of persons have died from that cause. We could see many skeletons of animals along the road—a striking reminder of what the people who came to California over the old Santa Fé trail had to contend with in the days of '49.

We camped that night on the sand about two miles from Bagdad. The desert nights are beautiful almost beyond description, and as we looked up at the stars the entire heaven seemed as full of stars as the Milky Way had in less favored localities, and the Milky Way resembled one solid mass of stars more brilliant and numerous than I had ever seen before. The desert nights are quite short. Even in September the light did not fade from the sky until between eight and nine o'clock, and when we started on our journey at three o'clock in the morning the first gray streaks of dawn were creeping into the sky. It was quite warm all night, the thermometer never registering below a hundred, and yet we could sleep quite comfortably, owing to the low humidity of the atmosphere.

As the sky began to be light, we passed over a very level plateau covered with huge boulders. Here we met a prospector. I asked him about the condition of the roads before us.

"They are fairly good," he answered.

"This is certainly a rough country around here," I said.

"Sometimes the wind blows from the north, and goes over this plateau so swiftly that not only is the sand carried into the air, but the huge boulders are moved, and automobiles which happen to be here at the time are turned over," was the man's reply.

In "Patriarchs and Prophets" it is stated that God caused a mighty wind to blow to dry up the waters after the flood. It blew all the dead bodies into heaps and then covered them with rocks by blowing off the tops of mountains. We still have small reminders of the velocity at which the wind must have blown by the way it blows on this plateau at certain times.

The desert is a reminder of that portion of the history of antiquity which is such a great stumblingblock to many scientists and great men. But to the person who believes the Bible, the scenes which only the desert can reveal will strengthen the faith in God's holy words, and conclusively show that there was a flood of waters which did cover the earth.

If more people would go to the desert and learn its lessons as did John and Jesus Christ, they would be benefited spiritually, and have their faith in God's Holy Word strengthened. HERBERT TINDALL.

### Following Trails

IT is not alone in the mountains where one finds trails; nor on the desert sands; nor on the open sea where the great ships travel their watery ways. Life is traveled on trails, and few there are who have the courage to step over the border of these beaten highways and make new paths for themselves. If there are some such adventuresome creatures, those of lesser faith look upon them scornfully, calling them unconventional, fanatical, skeptical, or willy-nilly.

But looking back down the record of history leading into the forgotten past, do we see the masses who contented themselves by placing their feet in the

crevices from which their brother had just removed his? "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," seem to have been swallowed up in these broad trails. No predominate figure looms up, for all is jostle, wrangle, and push. The only persons of interest to us are those we find leaning against the walls of these broad trails and looking longingly into the open country on either side. They start to step over the border, but the stern hands of tradition and convention pull them back into the stream of humanity, where they are crushed and choked. Our heart bleeds for them, for who among us has not felt that longing in his breast to break away from the trail and wander alone through the smiling land? What has kept us from it?—The ties of custom and fashion that bind us to our narrow trail like prison chains.

But the broad trails are not the only trails. Who are the makers of these little paths that the drifting sand has almost covered? They are the more adventuresome spirits. If we follow in their footsteps we find the strong, rugged, virile characters who have no fear of pain and hunger, no dread of unexplored wastes, no shrinking from fevers and pestilences. They are the ones who strove to wrest from nature her dearest secrets, who gained the summits of the snow-clad cliffs and looked into the promised land, who successfully battled with disease and death, mayhap going unshrinking to a martyr's grave.

To these adventuresome ones, we in America owe our happiness. Where would we be had Columbus traveled the way of his fathers? George Washington could have argued that the government of his fathers was good enough for him. Thomas Jefferson might have employed his literary ability in other ways than writing a Declaration of Independence. The committee that drew up the Constitution would have had better crops if they had remained at home to tend them. Marcus Whitman did not have to leave a comfortable home to save Oregon for his government; they did not thank him for it. Abraham Lincoln might have made a living for his family by splitting rails. These men were trail breakers and not trail followers.

In the medical profession, the lives that have counted have been those who sacrificed all on the altar of service, not those who followed the easy trail. How many thousands would be dying annually of tuberculosis had not Dr. Trudeau been willing to sacrifice his life to find a cure for the dread malady! That he himself had only a few years to live before becoming a victim of this same disease, did not matter. He gave himself in beating out a new trail that others have followed to health. Likewise the lives of the young men who sacrificed themselves to discover the cause and cure of yellow fever, might have taken an older trail to wealth and fame. Louis Pasteur could have spent his time in pleasure resorts, which might have been easier than studying bacteria.

And so we might enumerate on and on the names and deeds of those who have stepped off the old trail. During the last four years of war, hundreds went this new way, many laying down their lives by the wayside to mark the trail for future generations.

There is a maze of small trails that we have not time to follow to their conclusion, but those down which we do catch a glimpse of something great are enticing. There will always be a multitude on the old trails; we shall not be missed. Come, let's leave the trail, and so live that others following us will come to victory!

MARY HELEN COLBY.



## The Barefoot Girl

BLESSINGS on thee, little lass,  
With thy curls in tangled mass;  
With thy sunbonnet thrown back,  
Hung by strings about thy neck;  
With the sunlight in thine eyes,  
Rivaling the blue of skies;  
With thy merry, rippling song

Bursting forth the whole day long;  
From my heart, rich joys unfurl  
To the blessed, barefoot girl.  
Queen thou art, the woods thy realm,  
Swinging 'neath the shady elm,  
Crown of flowers upon thy head,  
Throne of leaves beneath thee spread;  
None could wish for more than this—  
Inward joy and happiness.  
Thou hast more than all the world;  
Blessings on thee, barefoot girl!

O for girlhood's happy days,  
Tripping o'er the wooded ways,  
Lightly as the wild deer tread,  
Leaves a-dancing overhead;  
Stopping just to hear the trill  
Of a robin on the hill,  
Or to watch it swiftly fly  
Upward toward the azure sky;  
Winding round among the hills,  
Wading in the cooling rills,  
Breathing with the balmy air  
Sweet spring odors everywhere;  
Trudging through the vales below  
Where the royal violets grow;  
Resting by the rocky spring  
Where the birdies drink and sing;  
Learning how the busy bees  
Gather honey from the trees,  
How straight and swift they fly back  
home

To store the sweet in honeycomb;  
How the wise ants build with sand  
Castles wrought by ne'er a hand,  
Yet, indeed, complete and grand;  
How the beaver dams are made,  
Where the ground hog seeks the shade.  
Free and happy as the squirrel,  
Thou art blest, O barefoot girl!

O for girlhood's joyous hours,  
Filled with sunshine and with showers,  
When I, with childish heart of pride,  
Trudged along by brother's side,  
With my hand held tight in his,  
To learn school's artful mysteries;  
Then again, such joy to be  
Out in clover meadows free,  
Where the lilies stately stand,  
And the phlox with colors grand;

To live as gently as I can;  
To be, no matter where, a man;  
To take what comes of good or ill,  
And cling to faith and honor still;  
To do my best, and let that stand  
The record of my brain and hand;  
And then, should failure come to me,  
Still work and hope for victory.

To leave some simple mark behind  
To keep my having lived, in mind;  
If enmity to aught I show  
To be an honest, generous foe;  
To play my little part, nor whine  
That greater honors are not mine.  
This, I believe, is all I need  
For my philosophy and creed.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Where the breezes wave the grain  
Freshened by the falling rain;  
Where the willows by the brook  
Made for me a shady nook,  
Their blending branches gave to me  
Pony rides in childish glee!

Ah, that brook with waters cool  
Was for me a fishing pool,—  
Down upon my feet I sat,  
And caught the fishes in my lap.  
Could I but change things in this  
world  
I'd leave the busy city's whirl  
And be once more a barefoot girl!

O for those glad days of yore,  
With grandma standing in the door,  
Bidding me to come right in  
And try the apples in her bin!  
Then to the buttery she would go  
And bring her choicest cookies too.  
Out upon the steps I'd sit,  
Waiting for a chance to eat  
The crumbs that fell—such tiny  
bits!

Turkey gobblers in the yard,  
Ducks and geese and guinea bird,—  
Coaxing, scolding, such a quarrel,—  
Talking to the barefoot girl!

Happily, then, my little lass,  
Enjoy thy pleasures ere they pass;  
Live and smile for others, too,  
Thou canst not know their love for  
you.

Whilst thou art in thine happy lot,  
Grandmother's old,—forget it not.  
Be gentle thou, in all thy ways,  
Strengthen her, for few her days;  
Send her flowers and bits of rhyme,  
Smooth the wrinkles brought by  
Time.

All too soon will pass thy years  
And thou must bear life's sterner  
cares,

Looking out upon the world

At some other barefoot girl.  
If thou wouldst ever happy be  
Through life and through eternity,  
Live thou each day of happy youth  
Ever in the way of truth;  
Share thy love with all the world,  
And thou'lt be blest, sweet barefoot girl!

[The author's name became disconnected from this manuscript. If the author of the poem will write the editor, due credit will be given.]

## My Creed

To have no secret place wherein  
I stoop unseen to shame and sin;  
To be the same when I'm alone  
As when my every deed is known;  
To live undaunted, unafraid  
Of any step that I have made;  
To be without pretense or sham  
Exactly what men think I am.

"We cannot, of course, all be handsome,  
And it's hard for us all to be good;  
We are sure now and then to be lonesome,  
And we don't always do as we should.  
To be patient is not always easy,  
To be cheerful is much harder still,  
But at least we can always be pleasant,  
If we make up our minds that we will.

"And it pays every time to be kindly,  
Although we feel worried and blue;  
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,  
The world will soon smile back at you.  
So try to brace up and look pleasant,  
No matter how low you are down;  
Good humor is always contagious,  
But you banish your friends when you frown."



## Are You a Prima Donna?

**C**HARLES L. WAGNER, the present manager of the famous musical artists, Galli-Curci, John McCormack, Emmy Destinn, Frances Alda, and others of wide fame, writes in a well-known magazine of recent date concerning prima donnas. Mr. Wagner in his informing article does not, however, refer to the real musical artists that are rightfully accorded that title; but refers to any person who possesses certain unacceptable characteristics, which he includes under the term "prima donna" in its traditional meaning. His unique use of the term, he explains, comes not from its application to the real prima-donna temperament; but to the traditional prima-donna temperament "which grew up largely through mistaken press agents, who tried to get publicity for singers by spreading stories of their eccentricities and whims and tantrums. In that way, people got to thinking of prima donnas as vain and irritable persons who had to be coddled and coaxed, kotowed to and flattered, to keep them in good humor. That is the prima-donna idea."

Mr. Wagner by the term "prima donna" therefore refers to both men and women who possess unbecoming characteristics that are a hindrance to them in their business or social relations. According to Mr. Wagner, the prima-donna person always wants to be in the spot light.

"If he is the head of a department, he can't bear to have any of his subordinates get any credit. If he is the president of a concern, he wants the vice-presidents to stay in the background. If he is nothing more than the head stenographer, he feels his importance, and resents it if orders don't go through him.

"The prima donna is abnormally sensitive. His feelings are always being hurt. A good many women stenographers have acute cases of prima-donna temperament. You can't speak to them about mistakes without having them burst into tears or flounce out of the room in a temper. I prefer temper to tears, but either one is irritating. It shows an exaggerated sense of ego, which is the unfailing characteristic of the prima-donna person. If you find that you can't take criticism and meet it squarely, you'd better write 'P. D.' in large letters on a nice white piece of paper, and put it where your eyes will meet it every time you look up.

"When you see it, just say to yourself, 'Don't be a prima donna!'"

"Of course the prima donna's inseparable companion is the green-eyed monster, jealousy. If you find yourself getting sore because good luck, as you probably call it, comes to the men and women around you — look out! That's a pretty sure sign that you have the p. d. temperament. You are wanting to monopolize the applause. You don't like to see anybody else take 'curtain calls' and have bouquets handed to them. That sort of spirit is just as common in business as it is behind the footlights."

"As for the home, happy is the family which does not include a domestic prima donna among its members. There is the only son, petted and spoiled by his parents and sisters. There is the father who makes everybody stand around and wants the whole household to realize that his word is law. There is the husband who thinks his wife does nothing but 'sit around all day,' and who 'can't stand' the children, and 'can't be bothered' with family matters,

and 'can't understand where the money goes,' and 'won't discuss this,' and 'won't listen to that.' He's a fine example of a prima donna, if he only knew it.

"And of course there are the women, too. The wife who takes refuge in tears if a long-suffering husband complains of her housekeeping. The daughter who has a tantrum if she doesn't get the hat she wants, or the automobile. Oh, there are plenty of prima donnas in homes where the only aria ever sung is to the refrain of 'I want.'"

"Of course you have met the prima donna in sports. If his game goes well, he is always looking around for a 'gallery' to applaud him. He is constantly complaining about his luck if he runs behind. If he slices his ball, it is because his foot slipped. And his foot slipped because the grass was wet, or dry, or too long, or too short. If he sends his ball into a hazard, it is because the sun or the rain was in his eyes, or the wind was blowing. The point is that he seems to think he is the only one affected by these things. Just as if the grass, the sun, the rain, the wind, were not the same for everybody."

"I have had some funny experiences booking musical artists. Not with the artists themselves, but with certain persons in the towns where the concerts were to be given. And I have come to the conclusion that there are two very common prima donnas at large in these towns. One is the president of the local woman's club and the other is the social leader. They seem to think they are the arbiters of taste for their fellow citizens. If they sniff at anything, that ought to settle it. If they put the seal of their approval on it, they treat with patronizing scorn the people who don't attend. Suppose you want to book Giulio Brown for a concert. They say:

"'H'm'! Of course he's popular with the ordinary person. But among the musically critical — well, my dear, everybody knows about his technique!'"

"Naturally, the people to whom she says this want to show that they 'know about his technique' and that they belong among 'the musically critical.' It is a case of prima donna, all over again, of a person who thinks she knows it all, that wants to walk at the head of the parade. That type of woman always wants 'the leading booth' at the hospital bazaar and never wants to be in the kitchen at the church supper. There isn't any spot light on the workers in the kitchen! They put on aprons and wash dishes and get warm and uncomfortable making coffee and frying Saratoga chips. The prima donnas do not want that rôle."

"I have concluded that prima donnas are just about the most widely distributed species of the human race. And their distinguishing marks are these: they are so sensitive that they imagine slights where none is intended; they cannot take criticism without having their feelings hurt; their heads are turned by praise or success; they are jealous if anybody else receives credit; they get terribly excited if anything goes wrong; they like to be flattered or kotowed to; they can't endure to be contradicted; their lack of success is always due to 'bad luck,' never to any fault of theirs; they are excitable and lose their heads in an emergency. No one prima donna has all of these traits. But every prima donna has some of them. Are you a prima donna?"

F. D. C.



## For the Finding-Out Club

### What Country Is It ?

**I**T is always wet. It is always warm. It is a land of bloodless social reform. It is said to be a land where there is too much happiness and too much comfort. Here the women have the right of suffrage, and are paid the same wages as men are paid for the same work.

Boys under sixteen and girls under eighteen are not allowed to work in mills, factories, or workshops. The widows and the aged are pensioned. Those injured at work receive wages and medical care from the company for whom they work.

Estates above 5,000 acres containing unimproved land, are bought from the owners by the government, if the demand is sufficient, and rented for a twenty-two-year period in allotments of not more than 360 acres to a tenant.

It is a land "where the high cost of living has no terrors," for the government keeps prices down. It is a land where one out of every two persons has a savings' bank account; where there is each week a Saturday half-holiday for all persons; where few women work for wages; where fewer babies die out of a thousand than in any other land; where the man who does not support his wife and children is imprisoned and forced to work to maintain the family; where there is less illiteracy than in any other country, at least 99½ per cent of the population being able to read and write.

It is a land carrying the heaviest per-capita national debt in the world, because the railways, telegraph and telephone lines, the land, and the coal mines belong to the government, and are run for the best interests of the people. It is said to be "a land with no trusts and no poor." Name the country; but do not plan to emigrate there at once, for it is small, and we are not sure that immigrants are desired.

F. D. C.

### What Is It ?

**O**NE enters it through a gateway about which are the words: "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." Congress set it apart for this purpose March 1, 1872. It is sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide. It is in three States. It is shaped like a great bowl, with towering mountains for its sides. It contains geysers, boiling springs, cataracts, cliffs, petrified trees, hills of sulphur, deep cañons, forests in which many wild animals are found, imposing waterfalls, and shining lakes. Across one of these lakes beavers years ago built a dam six hundred feet long. Among the geysers, perhaps the most famous is Old Faithful, which plays regularly once every hour.

This great natural bowl also contains the Continental Divide, or watershed of the Rocky Mountains. Two small streams, having their source within a few feet of each other on this great divide, flow down opposite sides of the mountains, and finally become mighty rivers, one emptying into the Atlantic Ocean, the other into the Pacific. The coloring on the sides of one of its most famous cañons is said to look as if "a rainbow had fallen from the sky and lay scattered on the rocks." This cañon, the river which flows through it like a green and silver thread, and the falls which leap over a height three hundred sixty feet above the bottom of the chasm, take their names from

that of this large national resort. The place is a favorite rendezvous for tourists, and its popularity greatly increased during the period when travel in Europe was impossible and there was a nation-wide movement to "see America first."

L. E. C.

### Answers to Questions Printed

June 24

What Is She?

Surinam toad.

The Electric Woman

When she talks too long.....	Interrupter
If her way of thinking is not yours.....	Converter
If she is willing to come halfway.....	Meter
If she wants to go farther.....	Conductor
If she wants to go still farther.....	Dispatcher
If she wants to be an angel.....	Transformer
When she is sulky and will not speak.....	Exciter
If she gets too excited.....	Controller
If she proves your fears are wrong.....	Compensator
If she wants chocolates.....	Feeder
If she sings false.....	Tuner
If she is in the country.....	Telegrapher
If she is a poor cook.....	Discharger
If she eats too much.....	Reducer
If she is wrong.....	Rectifier
If she is cold to you.....	Heater
If she gossips too much.....	Regulator
If she fumes and sputters.....	Insulator
If she becomes upset.....	Reverser

— F. M. Graw.

July 1

1. Geneva, Switzerland, has been chosen as the seat of the League of Nations, and thus becomes the capital of the world.

2. Pogroms are organized massacres of the Jews carried on in Russia and Poland. On May 26, the United States Senate protested against these slaughters, and the State Department dispatched a note to the Polish government demanding it to desist from these inhuman practices against the Jews, stating that the American Government will take drastic steps if necessary to prevent their recurrence, among others being the refusal to grant offending nations either material or moral support.

3. Harry Hawker and Mackenzie Grieve were the daring aviators who failed in their attempt to cross the Atlantic in a Sopwith airplane. They were rescued some eight hundred miles from the Irish coast by a Danish tramp steamer, after being given up as lost, since they had been missing for six days.

Albert C. Read was the commander of the American seaplane which made the first successful transatlantic air flight in history.

Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau was head of the German government to sign the treaty of peace.

Archangel is the largest and northernmost seaport in Russia. It has been of special interest to us because United States troops have been stationed there, and with the other Allied armies have been in frequent conflict with the Bolsheviki in this vicinity.

Versailles is the birthplace of the peace treaty and the League of Nations.

The Azores are a group of islands situated in the Atlantic Ocean about 800 miles from Portugal, to which country they belong. It was here that the seaplanes attempting the transatlantic air flight made their first stop after leaving Newfoundland.



The NC-4 is the seaplane, commanded by Mr. Read, which made the first successful transatlantic air flight, landing without mishap in the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal. This machine was designed, built, and manned by Americans.

4. Fiume is pronounced fē-ō'me. This port has been the cause of serious discussion and misunderstanding at the Peace Conference, since Italy demanded it as a part of the spoils of war, and the majority of the Allied statesmen in council at Versailles favored making it a free port. The feeling at one time became so intense that the Italian delegates left Paris, returning to Rome.

5. The old-time governments have been completely overthrown in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Greece.

1. G-at-h. 2 Sam. 21:22.
  2. I-r-a. 2 Sam. 20:26.
  3. D-eka-r. 1 Kings 4:9.
  4. E-lih-u. Job 32:1, 6.
  5. O-phra-h. Judges 6:11, 14; 8:32.
  6. N-e-p-(heg). Ex. 6:21; Numbers 16.
- Gideon and Phurah.

### J. T.

A LITTLE monkey, captured during the Akeley African Expedition and named J. T., for J. T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, who was a member of the party, proved to be a great pet of Mrs. C. E. Akeley, who also was one of the explorers.

Our porters made a basket-like trap and baited it with corn, writes Mrs. Akeley, and the monkey was only frightened when the basket fell snugly over her. We judged she was about eight months old; and she surely was as saucy as she could be.

She was so pretty that when we left the Tana River camp three or four days later, we decided to take her along with us. She rode on top of a porter's load. When we got into a new camp that night she jumped on my lap—her first acceptance of friendship—and sat there and ate a banana. After a while I began to brush her hair tentatively. She made a face at me; then she decided that she rather liked the brushing, and after that she expected it every day.

She soon dropped into our ways without any training. She learned things quickly, but most quickly the things she liked best. For example, she liked to take a bath. The black boy would bring her tub of water into the tent every day. She liked the water hot, and would always put her hand in to test the temperature before she jumped in. If it was either too hot or too cold she would fly at the boy. She played with the soap like a child, and got in and out of the water many times. When she had had enough, she always climbed to the top of the tent and sat in the sun.

Her vision for small objects, as well as her delicate sense of touch, was shown in the care with which she ripped fine stitches from cloth. Sometimes, when I was sewing or reading and wanted to get rid of her, I would give her some old garment, and she would rip out the stitches without tearing the smallest corner of it. I am afraid that, in spite of the dolls she played with and her strong attachment for us, she was lonesome, for we did not have other monkeys for her to play with.

Patch proved to be J. T.'s best companion, but he

did not enter her life until we were on the boat coming back to America. He was a little yellow monkey from South Africa. The passenger who owned him left the boat at Port Said, but could not pay the fare for the monkey, which fell into the hands of the captain. It was just after Patch had been down in the coalhole that J. T. first saw him, but she immediately put her arms round him, and so the captain said that she could have him. After that Patch and J. T. were inseparable.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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

"IN regard to the Reading Course work," writes Miss Edna Walker, "West Michigan has done in five months of this year what it took us all of 1918 to do. We are way over the goal, and we shall 'keep a goin'.' At Battle Creek Academy twenty-seven Juniors in the eighth grade took Junior denominational history this month, twenty-three passing. They have school grades in Bible doctrines."

### Statistical Reports — Why Have Them?

IT is a mystery to me," a young man was heard to remark, "that a whole page of the INSTRUCTOR should so often be given up to a dry statistical report when there is so much else that the young people would enjoy more." Have you ever had the same thought, though perhaps not voicing your sentiments to others? Did you think it today when you saw our quarterly summary for December 31?

It is so easy for us to form our opinions from appearances. "I don't believe I should like him," we say. "He dresses so peculiarly." Or, "That book doesn't appeal to me, it looks dry and prosaic." And it may be that if you were acquainted with the man you would find him a friend worth having, and the book, when you had plunged into it, might prove to be fairly bristling with valuable information. So it is with these reports—a casual glance at a page full of figures reveals little of interest; but if a bit of study is given to it, what a fascinating revelation it may prove to be. The value of statistical reports is well illustrated by an account given in one of our papers. This is what the writer of the article says:

"Sometimes our reports have an unexpected value. In the early days of our mission work in South Africa some of the missionaries of other denominations desired to keep us out of their territory. They sent in to the government a request that our missionaries should be forbidden to open any missions for the natives in South Africa. As this part of the country was controlled by Great Britain, the request went to London. There statistics are kept of the work done by every denomination in the British Empire; and these were called for and looked over by the officials who had to consider this request. The result was that it was refused, and the reason given for the refusal was that Seventh-day Adventists were doing more missionary work than any of the other denominations.

"You see how the Lord used the reports of his



people . . . to help his work. If all the Sabbath keepers in the British Empire had neglected to report, as you have done, there would have been no statistics for the officials to study, and doubtless the results would have been the reverse. Even suppose a few Sabbath keepers had reported, but most of them, like you, had neglected to do so, there would then have been no large amount of work to impress the British officials. The value of these reports at the time when the Lord wanted to use them depended upon the faithfulness of those who gave them, though they little thought what use would be made of them."

Missionary Volunteers, isn't there a lesson in this for us?

E. I.

### Smoothing Ruffled Spirits

THE Greene Endeavorers had divided their society by sexes for the betterment of the weekly young people's meeting. The girls rendered a program early in April, and the boys followed a week later with one of their own. Considerable time was taken for preparation, and in each instance the program was original. Each was exceedingly good, too, not only proving the ability of the young folk, but accentuating in the spirit of the exercises the purpose of the society in pushing the undertakings of its organization.

A mission theme was selected by the girls for their evening's activities, and five posts in the foreign field — China, Japan, India, Mexico, and Italy — received attention. A young woman represented each land, and was garbed as nearly as possible after the custom of the land whose life she sought to portray. Each gave a touchingly realistic story of her own experience in her native land — told of the struggles, the superstitions, the hopes, the possibilities, of the girlhood of the land. There were appropriate songs, and modest attempts at reproducing the instrumental music characteristic of those countries. At the close, a luncheon was tendered the audience, and each girl participant served an edible peculiar to the people whom she had portrayed. There was a large attendance, with much favorable comment upon the unusual worth of the program.

The young men Endeavorers had the advantage of one week's additional time for arranging their exercises, but it must be confessed that with true masculine acuteness, they had waited until their sister members performed before deciding what the second evening's program should be. Also they had the valuable publicity which the completion of the first half of the contest and the consequent awakening of a spirit of rivalry among participants and spectators brought about.

And then the boys announced that they had decided upon a "secret" service. No knowledge of what was to be attempted could be obtained in advance, save that the boys modestly stated that their program would "far outshine" the first. Again the spirit of rivalry shot upward.

The young people's room could not contain the audience which gathered for the second service; so the meeting was transferred to the church auditorium. The congregation waited until five minutes past the time for beginning the service, but nothing happened. The girl Endeavorers, who had been quite happy over their success of the previous week, began to titter and comment roguishly upon the supineness of their brothers. The audience plainly enjoyed the apparent triumph of the young women.

Then a harried-looking boy appeared in the pulpit, followed by two others, equally perturbed. The first was speaking as he entered the room, informing his companions that the plans for the evening seemed to have failed, "and the girls certainly will have the laugh on us fellows."

The other two agreed that the situation was humiliating to their sex in the society. "Why wasn't a program prepared that could not fail?" asked one accusingly of the others. "Who ever invented such a thing?" was the uncheering response. Then followed a brief exchange of just such compliments as may occur at such a time, even among church members, young or old.

At this point a fourth boy arose in the audience. "If there can be no regular program," he suggested, "why not get up one informally? We must not disappoint our audience, especially when we have the largest gathering ever seen at a meeting of our society."

"Who will take charge?" disconsolately asked one of the lads in the pulpit.

"I will if there is nobody else brave enough," replied a boy in the crowd, and he immediately made his way to the pulpit and faced the audience. "Now," he began, "we want volunteers tonight. Who will lead the singing?"

"I will," called out another young man in the assemblage, "and I'll sing a solo, too, if nobody laughs." The people promptly expressed their mirth, and the boy, unabashed, added, "Well, I'll sing, anyway." So he came forward and took his place with the others.

Then the self-appointed leader called for some one to lead the devotional service, and the first lad to appear in the room took the post. A speaker on the Scripture lesson, a loyal member to present the Endeavor work briefly, a violinist, and another vocalist, then half a dozen boys each to give a reminiscence of his experience in the departmental work of the society — all these were called for quickly and were as speedily obtained. The audience had ere this "seen a light," of course, and the big church auditorium was abuzz with the zest of the occasion.

The service went along with a swing and a snap; and there was true earnestness, moreover, in all that was said and done. Before the exercises had been half finished it was apparent that the "secret program" was to be even more successful than its predecessor. Youths in the audience made known this fact to their girl friends, and the inevitable ruffling of spirits ensued among some.

Then the program came to an end — apparently. A moment later, however, a young man made his way to the pipe organ and a soft, tender melody was heard. Then an earnest-faced Endeavor officer arose in the pulpit and made his way to the front of the platform, pausing in silence for a brief interval. The room grew so still that the sweet air, although played in a decidedly minor key, filled all the room. The Endeavor officer was not a singer; yet it seemed that he was to give a vocal selection, and every one wondered how he would succeed.

But he spoke instead. "The greatest earthly influence," he began, "and the one whose achievements are most marvelous, is the power of womanhood."

He paused a moment, and the audience gasped. The more militant of the young women Endeavorers listened breathlessly. Then to the soft accompaniment of the organ the speaker delivered a beautiful tribute to woman's work in the world and particularly in the



church. When he was well under way, the door of the pastor's study behind him opened, and six of the youngest boys of the society stepped out, their arms filled with pink chrysanthemums. They made their way quietly past the speaker and down into the auditorium; and, as the tender address continued, they handed a long-stemmed blossom to each member of the feminine sex present. So well planned was this pretty feature of the program that the speaker finished at the moment the last flower was given out; and then the organ swelled suddenly into the glorious "Blest be the tie that binds." The audience—boy and girl Endeavorers, men and women spectators, one and all—stood instantly, and sang under the inspiration of the fine service.

"Yours really was the loveliest program," girl after girl told the boys a few moments later. But the wise ones of the congregation knew that it had required both to make the contest a spiritual as well as a spirited undertaking.—*Selected.*

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## Our Counsel Corner

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**Q**UITE a number of children from four to seven attend our Junior meeting with older brothers and sisters. They seem to enjoy coming immensely; but the children twelve or thirteen years old say they will stay away if I permit these younger ones to come. What should you advise?

A JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENT.

Divide at once. No five-year-old can possibly do work a thirteen-year-old is interested in. Don't lose the recruits. They are your future Junior leaders. Have a superintendent for them with one assistant. A girl of fifteen or sixteen makes a fine assistant. Have their own little prayer service and their Bible drills; give them object talks, blackboard talks, and other material adapted from the Junior programs in the *Gazette*; have them do Christian help work, etc. You can train a wonderful little Junior society if you take them alone, but never with the older Juniors.

M. V. D.

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## Just for the Juniors

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### Stick to Your Post

**A** MUNITIONS ship is on fire and is heading for Pier 8. Good-by."

This was the message that came over the wires a minute before the explosion which wrecked the city of Halifax. Hours later they found the charred body of the brave operator in the ruins of the telegraph office. Had he chosen to look out for himself he could probably have saved his life, but he did not. He stuck to his post.

Every day of your life you are running up against chances to desert your post. There is the inducement to quit the post of conscience, for one thing.

"Oh, come on," somebody says; "don't be a coward. There's no harm in this. All the fellows do it. Don't be tied to your mother's apron strings."

Thus you are tempted to do something that deep in your heart you know is not just the thing to do.

Or, you may be tempted to quit the post of honesty to your employer.

"Say," the tempter urges, "Mr. — is out this

afternoon. Why not go to the ball game? He will never know."

One of these days you will be doing a problem in school or preparing for a test, and you will be pretty sure to hear a voice that talks something like this:

"Now, see here, what's the use of working so hard? You're a pretty bright scholar, and you'll get on if you don't work so strenuously. Suppose the lesson isn't prepared so well as you'd like to have it; it's better than the rest of the scholars', anyway, so let it go."

Then, if you are not careful, you will be found deserting your post by failing to do the best school work of which you are capable.

When the warm spring days come along and the out-of-doors feeling possesses you, then may come the temptation to desert your post of duty to God and the church.

"This is a glorious morning, isn't it?" your tempter will whisper; "just great to be alive a day like this. Of course you're not going to shut yourself up in church today and listen to a lot of dry things that you don't care much about. Come out into the fields and woods; you can worship God out there, and they won't miss you this once."

When these and other voices begin to call away inside of you, don't be deceived by them. They are trying to get you to play the coward and desert your post. Don't listen to them. Think of the telegraph operator at Halifax and stick to your post.—*Selected.*

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## The Sabbath School

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### Young People's Lesson

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#### VII — The Prodigal Son

(August 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 15: 11-32.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." Luke 15: 31.

#### Questions

1. In this parable, what request did the younger son make of his father? With what result? Luke 15: 11, 12. Note 1.
2. After receiving his inheritance, what did he do? Verse 13.
3. What was the result of his following his own inclinations? Verse 14. Note 2.
4. What occupation was he forced into, in order to earn a living? To what extremity did his hunger bring him? Verses 15, 16. Note 3.
5. What effect did this experience have on him? Verse 17, first part.
6. As he thought about his foolish course, who did he conclude were better off than he was? Verse 17, last part.
7. What did he decide to do? What did he determine to tell his father? Verses 18, 19. Note 5.
8. As he was returning home, when did his father see him? How did he show his love for him? Verse 20. Note 6.
9. Before he could finish his confession, what did the father tell the servants to do? Verses 21-23. Note 7.
10. What reason did he give his servants for his joy? How did they all feel? Verse 24.
11. Where was the elder son at this time? As he returned to the house, what conversation did he have with one of the servants? Verses 25-27. Note 8.
12. How did he feel and act? Verse 28, first part.
13. How did his father try to quiet his angry feelings? Verse 28, last part.
14. What did he say to his father's entreaties? Verses 29, 30.
15. In what kind and wise words did his father reply? Verses 31, 32. Note 9.

#### Notes

1. "This younger son had become weary of the restraint of the father's house. He thought his liberty was restricted." He thought the desire of his heart would be reached if he could do just as he pleased, going here and there and spending



his money as his fancy should dictate; if he could get away where no one would say, "Do not do this, for it will be an injury to yourself;" or, "Do this, because it is right." Thus it often is in our relations to our heavenly Father. We are "weary of seeing 'Thou shalt not's' over the gates of so many a temple of pleasure and seeming paradise." Our foolish hearts rebel against the very restrictions and laws that are for our highest good and without which we would be thrust into untold distress.

2. "Every life centered in self is *squandered*. Whoever attempts to live apart from God, is wasting his substance. He is squandering the precious years, squandering the powers of mind and heart and soul, and working to make himself bankrupt for eternity."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 200, 201.

3. The "husks" were the fruit of the carob tree, a kind of pulse.

"In this experience a hint is given "of that awful mystery of the downward progress of souls, by which he who begins with using the world as a servant to minister to his pleasures, must submit in the end to a reversing of the relations between them, so that the world uses him as its drudge, and sin as its slave."—*French*.

4. The Bible represents sin as a course of folly and madness; repentance is represented as restoration to sound sense.

5. "Little did the gay, thoughtless youth, as he went out from his father's gate, dream of the ache and longing left in that father's heart. When he danced and feasted with his wild companions, little did he think of the shadow that had fallen on his home. And now as with weary and painful steps he pursues the homeward way, he knows not that one is watching for his return. But while he is yet 'a great way off,' the father discerns his form. Love is of quick sight. . . .

"In his restless youth the prodigal looked upon his father as stern and severe. How different his conception of him now! So those who are deceived by Satan look upon God as hard and exacting. They regard him as watching to denounce and condemn, as unwilling to receive the sinner so long as there is a legal excuse for not helping him. His law they regard as a restriction upon men's happiness, a burdensome yoke from which they are glad to escape. But he whose eyes have been opened by the love of Christ, will behold God as full of compassion. He does not appear as a tyrannical, relentless being, but as a father longing to embrace his repenting son."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 203, 204.

6. The prodigal had received and spent his inheritance and could, therefore, claim nothing more. He was unworthy to be called a son; his only claim was that of a servant. We too, because of squandered righteousness, are unworthy to be sons, yet when we return to our Father's house, he welcomes us as "sons" and "friends."

"His father saw him." How long and how anxiously he had looked for the return of the wanderer! Like any true parent, this father's eyes could see away in the distance; so our heavenly Father sees our inmost thoughts, our most distant yearnings after him. "Thou God seest me" (Gen. 16:13), is evidence of his constant, loving watchcare. With a father's tender compassion and pity, he hastens to meet him, and kisses him again and again, which is the real thought in the expression "and kissed him." A kiss was the pledge of reconciliation and peace.

7. "'I have sinned.' Once, when he was fretting against the discipline of home, and planning a way of escape, he called his conduct *independence*; in the far country, when bright eyes were shining on him and soft arms encircling him, he called it *pleasure*; later, after he had run through his means, and friends and lovers had forsaken him, he called it *ill luck*; even when he commenced his reflections in the course of coming to himself, he only called it *folly*; but now he has found the right name, when he confesses, 'I have sinned.'"—*Stalker*.

"The father will permit no contemptuous eye to mock at his son's misery and tatters. He takes from his own shoulders the broad, rich mantle, and wraps it around the son's wasted form, and the youth sobs out his repentance, saying, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' The father holds him close to his side, and brings him home. No opportunity is given him to ask a servant's place. He is a son, who shall be honored with the best the house affords, and whom the waiting men and women shall respect and serve."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 203, 204.

"The 'best robe' was the garment which was laid by, to be used only on birthdays or festival times. The seal ring and the shoes are to show that he was recognized as a free man—slaves usually went barefoot."—*Clarke*.

8. Some authorities say that the word translated "dancing" in our version really means a *choir of singers*. This thought brings to mind the scripture that says of the repentant sinner, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Zeph. 3:17.

9. In speaking of the prodigal, the elder son said contemptuously, "This thy son," thus refusing to recognize him as any relative of his. In a spirit of tender reproof, the father replies, "This thy brother."

## Intermediate Lesson

### VII — The Poor Widow; the Shunammite's Son

(August 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." Ps. 145:18.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 237-241; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 156-159.

#### Questions

1. Who came to Elisha one day, in great distress? What was the cause of her trouble? 2 Kings 4:1. Note 1.

2. What questions did Elisha ask? How poor was this widow? What did Elisha tell her to do? Verses 2-4.

3. How did this poor woman show her faith that the Lord through his prophet would help her? How many vessels were filled with oil? What was she instructed to do with the oil? Verses 5, 7. Note 2.

4. Through what village did Elisha occasionally pass in his journeyings? What hospitality was given him at this place? Verse 8. Note 3.

5. What addition was built to the house of these people, for Elisha's further comfort? How was his room furnished? Verses 9-11.

6. How did Elisha seek to reward those who befriended him? Verses 11-13.

7. When Elisha's servant called attention to the fact that this was a childless home, what promise did Elisha give the Shunammite woman? Verses 14-17.

8. When the child was old enough to run about, where did he go one day? After being out in the sun for a time, of what did he complain to his father? Where was he then taken? How rapidly did the child grow worse? Verses 18-20.

9. What did this mother do with her dead son? What did she say to her husband? With what haste did she proceed on her journey? Verses 21-24.

10. Where was Elisha? When he saw the woman coming, what did he tell his servant to do? What shows that she was unwilling to tell Gehazi her trouble? Verses 25, 26. Note 4.

11. How did the stricken mother show her earnestness when she came to Elisha? What did Gehazi wish to do? How was he restrained? What did the woman say to Elisha? Verses 27, 28. Note 5.

12. What directions did Elisha immediately give to Gehazi? After the servant had gone, what did the mother say to Elisha? What did Elisha then do? Verses 29, 30. Note 6.

13. What did Gehazi do? With what result? Verse 31.

14. What shows that Elisha was not trusting in his own power to raise the child? What shows that in this instance the return to life was gradual? Verses 32-35.

15. Whom did Elisha have called? How did the mother show her gratitude? Verses 36, 37.

#### Interesting Reading

The further history of the Shunammite woman. 2 Kings 8:1-6.

#### Notes

1. The law provided that a debtor and his children could be taken as bond servants until a debt was canceled by their labor, or until the year of jubilee. See Lev. 25:39-41.

2. "The method of giving was a test of faith, and an aid to more faith. The aid was given in such a way as to benefit her and her sons in character and spiritual life. The number of the vessels she borrowed would be the measure of her faith in the prophet's word and in the God he served. As each vessel was brought home by her sons, the question would arise as to whether they should go after more. The results were according to her faith. Every vessel she borrowed was filled with the miraculous oil. Then the flow stopped. She put her own limit to the amount she received."—*Peloubet*.

3. There were no hotels in the East, and travelers were largely dependent upon the hospitality of the people.

4. Mt. Carmel was sixteen or seventeen miles from Shunem. "The cautious mother wishes to have no words with the servant; it is his master that she is in quest of. So she parries Gehazi by the simple and customary salute, 'Shalom!'—that is, 'Peace!'"—*Theodore Cuyler*. Of the same expression in verse 23, the *Cambridge Bible* says, "the woman appears to use it as a means of putting aside further questioning."

5. The poor mother says to Elisha, "Did I desire a son?" meaning, Did I ask for a son? This blessing was freely given to her, and now she questions why the same power should take it from her.

6. "'If thou meet any man, salute him not.' The Jewish salutations, like those in common in the Orient today, were elaborately formal, and occupied so much time as to be a serious hindrance when there was reason for haste. It is said that a complete formal salutation between two persons may consume from one to three hours."—*Lyman Abbott*.



## Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending December 31, 1918

Conferences	Number of Societies	Present Membership	No. Members Reporting	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Articles Clothing Given	Value of Food Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledges	Bouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	Conversions
ATLANTIC UNION																								
E. New York	13	143	124	132	62	48	14	5	2086	1979	110	67	100	688	340	40	\$10.10	18	6	22	76	\$ 300.19	\$326.20	15
Gr. New York	12	423	96	463	219	1362	339	21	4624	4060	299	270	228	2972	1095	244	46.67	145	41	154	544.85	333.10	1	
Maine	16	198	170	264	108	317	111	5	56	3563	884	155	73	187	553	95	69.75	48	19	47	60	568.45	290.64	—
Massachusetts	21	460	410	492	207	898	137	50	3007	5241	463	348	2005	3302	871	177	19.85	267	10	225	98	1588.81	146.83	23
N. New Eng.	8	200	115	617	116	135	43	1	146	457	52	50	105	319	432	100	4.20	97	—	2	—	54.29	54.00	—
S. New Eng.	16	137	71	51	18	135	17	—	70	1168	16	54	17	527	537	31	27.90	17	15	33	30	295.46	145.19	3
W. New York	11	179	156	327	82	142	24	1	1504	1972	124	92	10	319	1039	87	32.00	23	—	17	12	723.56	499.55	30
Bermuda Miss.	1	16	8	19	12	93	11	2	46	58	5	10	2	55	21	8	6.00	—	—	—	10	24.06	6.00	3
CENTRAL UNION																								
Colorado	14	72	72	163	94	155	14	8	148	3879	229	169	4	708	1405	82	7.65	67	2	46	10	145.70	12.50	—
Kansas	43	800	80	224	99	246	21	9	208	1168	187	50	63	450	427	39	32.41	26	—	19	71	1061.02	10.15	55
Missouri	16	340	160	114	23	143	41	4	682	726	97	41	—	682	1724	77	38.44	205	—	20	91	954.71	88.36	86
Nebraska	40	658	326	573	275	1753	153	35	535	5323	296	293	—	960	1972	259	15.95	117	—	71	115	1805.99	37.31	2
Wyoming	10	160	96	148	60	196	50	78	176	1548	135	70	6	338	399	82	29.85	33	50	20	47	127.22	36.16	54
COLUMBIA UNION																								
Chesapeake Dist. of Col.	6	—	—	120	46	41	21	71	1710	1284	1091	44	66	259	113	72	1.25	6	—	7	162	112.95	345.42	—
E. Pa.	15	201	82	141	59	121	25	17	1571	1716	707	197	144	558	4394	200	116.40	52	167	4	2	536.90	87.84	1
New Jersey	21	312	232	276	139	335	70	3	1948	4176	328	226	78	1532	1274	165	30.60	19	—	16	71	909.36	516.65	35
Ohio	26	490	386	412	198	522	104	74	1685	8756	1672	427	28	3127	830	151	40.85	125	52	87	20	1808.66	92.79	42
Virginia	7	159	—	110	28	49	43	2	51	193	253	41	49	67	129	14	22.25	35	—	4	—	11.55	5.68	—
W. Pa.	7	176	176	169	70	606	263	8	1458	3503	270	91	73	775	492	106	8.40	150	—	15	397	320.28	44.03	—
W. Virginia	5	55	40	131	86	87	24	37	820	576	286	97	80	119	133	44	12.40	41	1	4	—	35.26	34.52	—
LAKE UNION																								
E. Michigan	19	387	131	284	100	1066	87	—	630	6085	310	151	259	2639	987	116	57.00	17	8	35	58	209.61	20.68	—
Indiana	21	420	54	53	36	89	46	—	1982	738	90	47	—	538	174	60	11.15	34	2	12	240	201.56	74.49	—
N. Illinois	42	735	468	899	558	4787	727	131	8776	9073	1205	424	587	3759	3038	578	69.10	505	167	95	583	2634.14	958.51	50
N. Michigan	6	41	34	21	3	51	1	8	22	854	—	27	4	24	60	17	2.75	—	—	13	—	37.61	17.28	22
N. Wisconsin	22	230	128	112	24	111	22	6	49	1305	58	83	27	332	655	28	1.05	1	25	19	36	523.92	18.09	4
S. Illinois	16	260	79	27	20	100	29	—	70	521	649	170	1	307	185	61	3.00	13	—	8	12	322.10	—	2
S. Wisconsin	25	444	252	179	76	541	181	59	966	3177	149	160	75	1032	515	207	66.87	160	2	33	253	606.48	1324.51	5
W. Michigan	53	1133	806	272	143	787	153	19	1785	6685	478	644	373	1849	1310	583	88.55	123	26	201	185	4367.24	849.71	70
NORTHERN UNION																								
Iowa	19	319	81	93	39	764	98	12	230	2726	116	77	6	715	629	198	18.70	42	—	35	26	868.56	107.40	4
Minnesota	34	589	231	502	145	992	381	124	1392	7545	960	255	81	5833	1706	310	42.35	127	38	90	68	1196.11	296.79	51
N. Dakota	18	404	79	125	50	235	203	59	308	1524	426	549	100	726	141	45	28.85	73	1	1	—	423.39	474.67	4
S. Dakota	8	123	96	57	11	50	2	8	—	842	7	72	102	617	135	113	—	13	16	7	4	68.64	—	—
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																								
Montana	2	21	21	8	2	21	8	6	—	45	—	8	—	10	138	2	—	135	—	—	—	—	—	—
S. Idaho	—	270	—	40	19	147	102	—	348	1179	117	106	5	1841	318	120	3.05	7	7	5	—	6.71	8.00	5
S. Oregon	8	125	47	36	6	10	22	—	16	974	140	36	19	120	63	2	7.75	—	—	36	—	99.02	63.30	—
Upper Colo.	27	803	323	82	37	112	7	1	360	1228	20	24	41	523	165	76	6.10	35	—	131	208	819.49	275.80	—
W. Oregon	14	324	45	185	60	194	17	110	417	4352	6	68	22	98	424	73	26.65	75	—	19	158	494.07	285.93	3
W. Wash.	17	353	75	123	30	95	13	—	228	2263	19	63	—	520	292	59	8.50	6	—	95	10	569.88	32.77	8
PACIFIC UNION																								
Arizona	2	30	—	4	—	20	—	—	—	365	—	4	—	250	—	10	—	—	—	15	—	17.50	6.66	—
California	15	340	210	241	67	249	21	2	166	3893	355	124	4	682	814	156	20.20	7	2	47	123	234.73	649.39	4
C. California	33	768	320	127	24	132	18	4	480	2062	42	67	26	498	832	73	7.15	28	1	5	23	254.53	680.55	17
Int.-Mountain	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Nevada Miss.	3	66	33	37	27	68	24	6	—	1020	20	69	—	211	135	232	60.90	—	20	10	—	89.75	—	3
N. California	22	401	99	89	39	308	67	9	419	2910	55	126	21	742	1098	69	2.50	41	1	51	24	437.55	778.29	2
N. W. Cal.	19	488	169	154	57	238	33	13	6216	1768	471	56	—	1159	323	44	35.70	131	2	66	68	218.32	750.44	16
S. California	20	430	112	121	97	1256	305	12	1727	10858	1091	124	—	5933	311	588	27.65	44	44	7	129	340.82	650.77	28
S. E. Cal.	15	460	300	322	111	449	125	—	1106	2910	65	209	—	1697	365	243	—	—	—	—	—	471.38	—	—
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																								
Carolina	17	364	95	139	75	355	88	25	459	783	484	55	34	114	243	41	31.05	86	—	20	—	246.21	99.67	11
Cumberland	15	172	—	208	125	146	42	32	428	389	40	47	600	155	321	11	1.39	107	56	4	8	293.45	20.90	1
Florida	18	267	121	146	42	204	46	3	455	2756	145	16	47	375	1775	80	12.33	101	—	59	129	76.05	273.39	5
Georgia	9	178	147	459	234	1431	211	30	2059	1343	880	220	839	1165	1371	215	40.80	94	3	53	39	494.25	243.84	12
SOUTHERN UNION																								
Alabama	4	95	—	100	54	201	28	—	346	663	404	61	2	47	99	18	2.00	26	11	—	—	152.53	8.50	6
Kentucky	5	74	74	72	45	127	51	17	265	999	239	58	25	303	236	52	.33	12	1	4	1	392.30	—	27
Louisiana	5	71	34	91	60	45	15	—	15	296	157	53	76	1006	38	26	3.90	17	—	—	—	126.96	26.76	10
Mississippi	4	51	18	66	27	89	17	10	44	370	23	27	—	77	57	47	4.95	9	—	—	20	275.16	.85	9
Tenn. River	16	233	196	124	78	225	30	1	541	801	66	88	9	191	337	175	20.75	44	—	27	177	672.15	19.15	13</



## A Junior Book

THE book, "I Wonder-Why Stories," is composed of more than forty short talks, given by Mr. George Adam to the children of Emmanuel church, Montreal. These stories are unusually interesting and helpful. They each present a lesson in character building. The book is alike helpful to minister, parent, and teacher in providing material for instructive talks to children. It is also a readable Junior book.

Some of the chapter headings are: "Wireless Messages," "Submarine Chasers," "Floating Mines," "Up in an Airship," "If the Sun Went Out," "Chasing Witches," "Our Great White Army," "The Postman," "T. N. T.," "Carrier Pigeons in War," "Winding up the Clock," "Our Summer Holidays," "Christmas Presents," and "Gramophone Records." Price, \$1.25. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

## Praise to Whom Praise Is Due

I NEED praise," says one, "as an auto needs gasoline. I must get a big dose of compliments from time to time; otherwise I cannot work." The craving of the human heart for appreciation is natural. Perhaps the author of the foregoing statement will admit that he has rather exaggerated his desire for appreciation, or else that the degree indicated is more than is really salutary. We must work from principle; we cannot lay our task aside or slight it because our effort seems to be unappreciated. "He that doeth good for praise only, meriteth but a puff of wind," says an old proverb. But an honest expression of appreciation from time to time quickens the spirit and intensifies effort.

An officer in the late war was exceedingly unpopular with his men, not because he was a bad man, or an incompetent or exacting officer; but he was cold, distant, ready to censure, but never appreciative of the best efforts of those under him. His men therefore came to hate him, and did much to annoy and to express their dislike. On their home-coming parade he refused to march with them, lest he be insulted by their friends.

The Lord, the Perfect One, did not hesitate to tell poor fallen man when his work pleased him. And surely if we look for opportunities to express appreciative words to those who serve us, we can find them. It is far easier to take corrections and suggestions from those who have expressed their appreciation of our work, or perchance of the difficulties under which we labor. It is wise, it is kind, to seek to place ourselves in the position of the one serving us, and then do by him as we would wish to be done by.

"It is worth while for every one to remember how genuine appreciation and just words of praise lubricate our relations with others. They are as necessary as oil on the bearing of an automobile. The father who never praises his children when they deserve it, the employer who never expresses his appreciation of a workman who has done an especially good job, the mistress who never says a good word to her maid when the biscuits are especially light or the cookies particularly crisp, will never be loved, but will often be hated, while the future cookies and biscuits will be the worse for it."

"Applause is the spur of noble minds."

F. D. C.

## Character Hints

[The following paragraphs are taken from "Steps to Christ."]

## The Truth Should Be Spoken in Love

JESUS did not suppress one word of truth, but he uttered it always in love. He exercised the greatest tact, and thoughtful, kind attention, in his intercourse with people. He was never rude, never needlessly spoke a severe word, never gave needless pain to a sensitive soul. He did not censure human weakness. . . . While he ever bore himself with divine dignity, he bowed with the tenderest regard to every member of the family of God. In all men he saw fallen souls whom it was his mission to save."

## No Man Can Save Himself

"It is impossible for us, of ourselves, to escape from the pit of sin in which we are sunken. Our hearts are evil, and we cannot change them. 'Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one.' . . . There must be a power working from within, a new life from above, before men can be changed from sin to holiness. That power is Christ."

## Christ, the One Source of Help

"But in vain are men's dreams of progress, in vain all efforts for the uplifting of humanity, if they neglect the one source of hope and help for the fallen race. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift' is from God. There is no true excellence of character apart from him. And the only way to God is Christ. He says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.'"

## Right Impulses Come from Christ

"Christ is the source of every right impulse. He is the only one that can implant in the heart enmity against sin. Every desire for truth and purity, every conviction of our own sinfulness, is an evidence that his Spirit is moving upon our hearts."

## Love Should Prompt Service

"There are those who profess to serve God, while they rely upon their own efforts to obey his law, to form a right character, and secure salvation. Their hearts are not moved by any deep sense of the love of Christ, but they seek to perform the duties of the Christian life as that which God requires of them in order to gain heaven. Such religion is worth nothing."

## Stand for Your Rights

"ESTABLISH the right to be afraid of the things you wish to avoid."

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