

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

December 16, 1919

No. 50



HER VERY BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

From Here and There

The Working Women's Conference recently held in Washington, D. C., passed a resolution by unanimous action, prohibiting industrial labor by children below the age of sixteen years.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, banker, and founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, recently died at the Massachusetts General Hospital after an operation. He was within a few days of being eighty-five years of age.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass has been appointed to the United States Senate by Gov. Westmoreland Davis, of Virginia, to fill the unexpired term of the late Thomas S. Martin.

Uncle Sam is about to contract to spend \$1,000,000 a year to help the States make self-supporting citizens out of the hundreds of thousands of persons who are injured in industry in this country. A bill has passed the Senate and another the House for this purpose.

Gaza, principal town in south Palestine, the city from which Samson once carried off the gates, lies half ruined by the war, its commercial importance gone, with the romance which has come down from Bible times and the Middle Ages as its only possession.

The unique copy of the first collected edition of Shakespeare, dated 1619, which one might comfortably carry in one's pocket, recently sold for \$100,000. It was owned by a Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island. As far as price is concerned, it is the most valuable book in the world.

Although the Atlantic coast oyster industry extends from Massachusetts to Texas, and has a small rival on the Pacific coast, Chesapeake Bay overshadows any body of water in the world as a home for the oyster. The United States produces each year an average of 32,988,615 bushels, valued at \$15,377,983. Of this total, Chesapeake Bay averages a little more than ten million bushels a year, and collects one third of the entire amount which America pays in winter months for its favorite bivalve. More than 4,000 men work each year aboard the Chesapeake Bay oyster fleet.

The orgy of extravagance, which is so much in evidence abroad, seems to have reached our own shores in an aggravated form. At least that would appear to be a reasonable inference to deduce from the recently published table of taxes on standard luxuries imported through the port of New York during the months of July, August, and September of this year. There are twenty-seven articles of luxury listed, ranging, alphabetically, from beads through furs, millinery, perfumery, silks, and tapestries to uncut diamonds and unfumed wrapper tobacco. The total tax collected on these twenty-seven varieties was \$57,654,446, showing an aggregate increase of 125 per cent over the corresponding period of 1918.

"High flying" has been a favorite stunt for some time, but all former records in that line were shattered when Roland Rohlfs reached an altitude of 34,610 feet, or more than six and a half miles. He says of the conditions up there, it does not seem likely that the region he visited will ever become popular as a resort for tourists. For one thing, it is too cold. The aviator's thermometer registered 43° below zero, which is a temperature enjoyed by few but polar bears and arctic explorers. Likewise the air is too thin. When Mr. Rohlfs was 20,000 feet up he was compelled to call on his oxygen bottle. This gave his lungs oxygen enough to keep him going, but it was far from making him comfortable. The blood pounded in his head, his teeth and his stomach ached, his hands were benumbed, and the slightest exertion was followed by extreme physical exhaustion. "I was as weak as a baby," he told a representative of the New York Sun. "I could hardly raise my hand, the exertion involved tired me so."

An American woman is about to break into the British Parliament. Lady Astor, a native of Virginia, though now of course a British citizen, has been accepted as unionist candidate for the House of Commons, representing Plymouth. She has taken "the stump" in true political style, and is proving a good campaigner. It is a highly historic constituency which Lady Astor wishes to represent, and she emphasizes this fact to advantage. At present she appears to have an excellent chance of being the first woman to take her seat in "that august assembly which is known as the mother of parliaments."

Count Paul Bajnotti, of Turin, Italy, several times a millionaire, who died last spring, included in his will a bequest of \$10,000 to the city of Providence, Rhode Island, "for the creation of a trust fund, the interest of which shall be annually donated to the young woman in that city who, being twenty years old, and a daughter of the common people, will best deserve it by her conduct and family virtues." The count left this fund as a tribute to his wife, who is an American, a descendant of the founders of Brown University of Providence.

When I Shall Fall Asleep

WHEN I shall fall asleep in dreamless slumber,
To wait the resurrection angel's call,
The bending grass, whose blades no one can number,
Will cover me with soft and fragrant pall,
Growing above, with evening dew all wet,
Clinging to me when those I love forget.

The solemn trees will swing and sigh above me —
My friends they seem; they make the earth so fair;
Their tender whispers seem to say they love me,
And love is precious in this world of care.
Oft has their soothing music calmed my grief;
I love them all, from root to clapping leaf.

Sometimes I think, when burdens sorely press me,
And eyes, so tired, grow wakeful in the night,
How Mother Earth would cradle and caress me,
Strewing sweet flowers where I was hid from sight,—
Flowers like my untamed nature, wild yet fair,
To show what sort of clay was hidden there.

Unconscious I would be of nature's grieving,
Unconscious even of my loved ones' tears;
Life and its sorrows all behind me leaving,
I should repose in peace while passed the years.
Grieve not too deeply, you who love me best,
Life has no knowledge of such perfect rest.

And though I slumber long, a hope I cherish —
My Lord will know the corner where I lie,
And send an angel, that I may not perish,
To waken me to rapture by and by.
Life is not ceaseless toil, death endless sleeping,
To one who has this pearl of hope in keeping.

MRS. HATTIE TOWNE PURVIS.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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VOL. LXVII DECEMBER 16, 1919 No. 50

Subscription Rates	
Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00
Club Rates	
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each \$1.25
Six months	.75
Three months	.40

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918

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The Babe of Bethlehem

MRS. J. F. MOSER

WATCHING by their flocks at night
Shepherds saw a wondrous sight.
Quick as meteor's flash it fell;
Whence it came, no one could tell —
Glory, glory everywhere,
Flooding earth and sky and air!

Sore afraid, and sore amazed,
Upward, timidly, they gazed.
There, bright shining as the sun,
Was the Lord's own Holy One!
"Fear not, neither be afraid!"
Were the gracious words he said,
"Tidings of great joy I bring, —
May the whole earth hear it ring, —
Night is changed to glorious morn,
Unto you a Saviour's born!
Christ the Lord from heaven come down,
Down to David's little town,
Down to mankind's weakest state,
Down within a stable's gate,
With the straw beneath his head,
And a manger for a bed!"



"Glory be to God on high!"
Softly floated down the sky.
Louder, louder swelled the strain,
Over hill and vale and plain, —
Multitudes of angels sang,
Till the very mountains rang, —
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, both far and high!"

Darkness settled on the plain;
Angels went to heaven again.
Was it all a dream of night,
That would fade with morning light?

Flocks and fields were left behind
Till their Saviour they should find;
Naught could stay their hastening feet
Till they found the Baby sweet,
Lying in his manger bed,
Just as the bright angel said.

Hastening back, they told abroad:
"Christ is come, the Son of God!"

"The League of the Golden Pen"

"I sent you a letter by fast express,
It reached you quickly, I know;
You sent the answer by freight, I guess,
It comes so exceedingly slow."

THAT'S all there was on the dainty card, — not even a name, — but the postmark was familiar, and alas, the answer had not even started "by freight." Though writing letters is not my favorite pastime, I had been intending to write that particular epistle every "to-morrow" for weeks past, but — well, you know how the days do fly! Anyway, the reminder pricked my conscience effectively, and it set me to thinking, as well.

Letters! Really it is a word to conjure with! Around it cluster choicest memories and hosts of glad anticipations. Letters and friends are really complements the one of the other, for in this old world of chance and change the intimate personal touch is not always possible. Then letters serve to keep the fires of friendship burning brightly, and do much to make life worth living.

And how we all enjoy receiving letters! Each visit of the postman is eagerly anticipated. If we are passed by today, there is always hope that tomorrow

a kind providence will remind our friends to be more generous. But I wonder if we always stop to consider that perhaps others are watching for our letters as eagerly as we are looking for theirs. There is a deal of comfort in a friendly note of greeting; such messages of counsel and encouragement from our fellows

contribute much to the happiness of the trudging years. Paper and pen and ink are easily obtainable, and a small square stamp will take a message anywhere. Really, life is not upholstered for the most of us, and even such a little thing as a friendly letter helps to lessen the jar of disappointments and their ilk.

Several years ago a society known as the League of the Golden Pen was originated by Rev. E. H. Byington, of Massachusetts. The movement received its modern inspiration from a traveling man whose business frequently took him

abroad for several months at a time. But the apostle Paul was a pioneer member, and John, Peter, James, and Jude may be named as "patron saints." This league has no officers, no constitution, no by-laws, no dues — only members, and the following pledge of membership:



"I write a letter
At least once a month,
In the spirit of Christ,
To stranger, friend, or kin,
To give cheer, courage, or counsel."

"You initiate yourself," writes the founder, "when you write your first letter, and you continue in good and regular standing so long as you write at least one such letter a month."

There is no limit to such a ministry,

"For there's never a friend so far from you
That a message cannot reach;
And there's never a heart so full of woe,
That a love word cannot teach.
And there's never a soul in this sad old world,
Crushed under a weight of care,
That will not unbend to a loving friend
Who has paper and ink—and prayer."

And the last is not the least important. Often we do not know just what to say, but the Lord God himself gives us the pen of the learned that we should write a word in season, and the promise reads, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him." Sometimes the mere fact that one has been remembered brings more cheer than the greeting itself.

There is still opportunity for enrolment in the League of the Golden Pen. Shall we all join—even those of us who are prone to shirk the duties of correspondence? A large part of our New Testament is made up of the letters of godly men who recognized the call to this service.

"And he said unto me, Write."

L. E. C.

A Grain of Mustard Seed

THE kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Many years ago I became a member of the Congregational church in —. The building in which we assembled every week to worship Jehovah was a splendid and imposing edifice. Its red-tinted spire towered high above the neighboring buildings. Its premises were sacred to me. The deep and solemn tolls of its bells were always pleasant and welcome to my ears. The association with friends and fellow members was sweet. The hours of Sunday were inviting, and were awaited throughout the week with joy. No sermon was too dry. An hour was too short if during its fleeting moments the story of Calvary was proclaimed.

But this was only my first love. The spark of enthusiasm kindled and awakened by the story of the cross told by men of God was only a spark. It therefore was of no lasting duration, only momentary as it were. It buoyed me for a while in mid-air, uplifted me into the higher joy of faith and trust in the Man of Calvary; but afterward when it left me, or rather when I left it, I was plunged the deeper into the depths of doubt and discouragement. In vain I looked for help from others. Their logic did not satisfy my queries. I did not, of course, voice my sentiments abroad, for I had learned that it was unchristian. But I did long to see again the beauty and harmony in the church that I had seen only a few months before.

Now, characters that I had regarded as angelic in purity were full of flaws. Gradually it seemed to

dawn upon my mind that the godliness they had shown me at the beginning was only a superficial varnish to make a good impression.

Although I had seen all this unlovable side, yet I was determined not to be in discouragement. Unflinching, resolute, and optimistic, I pressed the struggle to maintain and come up to the Christian standard as it was taught me. For months the battle was waged. Finally the archtempter came to me with this subtle question: "Don't you know you are a hypocrite?" That settled the question, for I despised a hypocrite, and I felt I could have been nothing else than a hypocrite when I could not "love my neighbor as myself" but still professed to be a Christian.

I was disappointed in the assumed power of the so-called Christian church to regenerate and to make perfect, characters that were stained with sin. But, nerved to conquer my disappointment, I began to seek companionship with my classmates and other friends who did not profess any religion, for among them I found those who were more truly sincere friends. It was with disgust that I would listen to one who would try to encourage me to go to church.

One day, however, a friend said to me: "Let us go to a program to be given by a church on Kinaie Street."

Although I did not want to refuse him directly, I had no inclination to go. Hence for further details, I asked: "What kind of church is it?"

"Well," he said, "it is a little church on Kinaie Street. They are peculiar people. There are not very many of them. They keep Saturday for Sunday, do not eat pork, nor drink, nor smoke."

"That's good," I said, "but I think I'll not go to-night."

My friend didn't go either. Some weeks later he introduced me to a friend of his. This man invited us to his home in one of the suburbs of the city. "We hear of famine, flood, and pestilence almost every day, don't we?" I said in our conversation during the visit. Picking up a newspaper, my eyes fell upon a column dealing with enormous losses, financial and otherwise, due to pestilence, flood, famine, etc. While perusing the column, the friend with whom I was visiting said: "Do you know all these things are foretold in the Bible?"

"No, I have never heard of it; never knew that the Bible was anything more than a divine book of creeds," I answered.

He picked up a Bible lying on the table and read from the fourth chapter of Amos. A psychological moment! Vividly in my imagination I saw the scenes portrayed by the prophecies of that chapter, and instantaneously those scenes were compared with what I had just read from the newspaper. I was convinced that what I had read in the newspaper was a direct fulfilment of the prophecy of Amos 4. Needless to say, my interest was aroused by this incident, trivial as it may seem, yet freighted with results lasting through eternity. So, to make a long story short, my interest was followed up, and after a few months of study, I was received a baptized member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Indeed, "the kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed"!

Y. L. KUM.

"O LORD, we ask not, . . .
That we may retain;
But give to us,
That we may give again."

Borneo and Its People

MRS. E. P. EVANS-MERSHON

BORNEO, the largest island of the Netherlands East Indies, is the second largest island of the world. Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula lie west of it, Java to the south, the Celebes and the Sulu Archipelago to the east. Its shores are washed by the South China Sea, the Sulu Sea, the Celebes Sea, and the Java Sea. It has an area of 286,860 square miles, being larger than the State of Texas, seven times larger than Java, and one and one half times larger than France. The southern portion of the island belongs to Holland — a territory of 222,850 square miles, seventeen times larger than Holland itself. In 1909, the population of Dutch Borneo was 1,172,800, including 55,520 Chinese, 3,140 Arabs, and 1,382 Europeans. British North Borneo, which occupies all of the north and part of the west, covers a territory of 31,000 square miles with a population of 225,000, including

others. They are found on the west coast and in the interior.

The Dusuns

As yet no complete satisfactory account of the Dusuns, or of the true Dyaks either, appears to have been written. The latter are spoken of as the aborigines of Borneo, but even in them there seems to be a great similarity in many ways to the Chinese, while the Dusuns would seem to be of nearly half Chinese ancestry. The idea is, that long ago, when a large trade was being carried on between Borneo and China, many Chinese — traders, shopkeepers, and sailors — married women of the country and settled down, thus effecting a slow infiltration of Chinese blood, though not of Chinese speech and manners generally.

Difficult as it is to tell how far the Dusuns owe their ancestry to the Chinese, it is still more so to say where



DUSUN WOMEN

They are very nervous at having their picture taken, only one daring to look up. There are two headmen at the side of picture.

a large number of Chinese and about 150 Europeans. Sarawak and Brunei to the west have a combined area of 31,370 square miles with a population of a little more than 300,000.

The Population

The population of British North Borneo is very scanty, so much so that vast tracts on the east coast and in the interior are simply uninhabited forest. On the west coast the population in some districts is fairly large. The scarcity of people on the east coast is due to the ravages, in olden days, of pirates by sea and head-hunters by land.

The native population consists of Dusuns, Bajaus, Dyaks, Ilanuns, Muruts, Kadayans, Bruneis, Sulus, and Bugis. These belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race. The Dusuns, or Sundryaks, constitute the chief portion of the population of British North Borneo. They are divided into many tribes and sections, including the Roongas, Kooroories, Umpoolooms, Saga Sagas, Tunbunwhas, Tingaras, Roomanows, and many

the Dusun ends and the Dyak proper begins. Many of the Dusuns in the interior wear the *chawat* (loin cloth), and the women wear brass waist belts and gauntlets, just the same as the Dyaks, while nearly all the Dusuns have the same veneration for old jars, and most of them have a modification of the head-hunting customs of the Dyaks.

Like the Dyak, the Dusun is very superstitious. He is guided in all his movements and operations by omens and dreams. A peculiar belief, which is found both among some of the aborigines and among the Malays of the peninsula, is also held by the Dusuns, namely, that it is particularly unlucky for anybody to go out into the jungle or to start on a journey with an unsatisfied craving of any kind. For instance, should a man hurt himself, be stung by a scorpion, or meet with any other misfortune, and then remember that he wished to do something before leaving his house and omitted to do so, he would immediately credit his ill luck to his not having satisfied his want. The Limpada tree is regarded with much reverence



Dyak Youth of British North Borneo

by the Dusuns. It is believed to be the habitation of spirits. The sap of the tree is used as a medicine in treating some diseases, but when it is to be collected, the proper name of the tree must not be mentioned; it must be called *gugutakan*.

The Dusuns are like the people of Athens, "very religious." They are also like the Athenians in that they do not know the true God. They worship many things in many ways. Some of the Dusuns have a ceremony called *mengemahow* (brushing). This is performed in order to rid the houses of the spirits of disease. The men brush the inner walls of the house with bunches of flowers and bamboo leaves. Another ceremony, *maulud*, is celebrated in connection with the preparation of wet paddy (rice) land. A fowl is sacrificed to the earth spirit and an offering of rice is made. The larger feathers of the fowl are tied together and bound to the top of a stick set up in the fields. Sometimes two or three of these ornaments are found in one field. The ceremony takes place before the grass and weeds are cleared.

Some villages have a curious custom with regard to the clearing of jungle for paddy. A single tree is left standing in the middle of the clearing, "lest the birds, having no perching place left to them, should curse the crop." Some of the Sarawak Dyaks have the same custom. The tree is left standing as a refuge for the spirits of the jungle which has been felled.

The Festivals

At the festival of the taking of the rice soul, *membaraian*, the ceremony is performed by a woman before reaping begins. The soul consists of seven ears of paddy. When the rice soul has been cut, the general

reaping starts, and continues till the end of the day. On the second day, no work is done. On the third day, reaping is resumed and continues until the crop has been reaped. The rice soul, with offerings of cotton and leaves, is hung up in a hut on the paddy field. On the first day, a religious ceremony, *temimpun*, is held. When reaping is finished, the *membaraian* is taken to the owner's house; a religious ceremony, *sumalud*, is performed; a fowl is killed, cooked, and eaten, and rice wine is drunk. The rice soul is finally hung up in the paddy store, where hang the rice souls of former crops. Sometimes on the wall outside the rice store two human skulls are hung in order to protect the paddy against thieves.

About a month after the taking of the *membaraian*, another festival, *kokatuan*, is celebrated. A religious ceremony is carried out by women. Buffaloes and pigs are killed, and large quantities of rice wine drunk. Dancing is a universal custom. When the rice harvest is abundant, dancing goes on all night until daybreak. Night after night it is kept up. The dance is very primitive. A large ring is formed of men and women — the men together and the women together — holding each other's hands. They circle round and round with a slow, gliding step, singing and chanting in a weird and monotonous way. Sometimes during these celebrations they have a *surmungap* (human sacrifice). For this purpose a slave is bought. He is tied up, bound round with cloth, and after some preliminary dancing and singing, one after another sticks a spear a little way into his body, sending a message to a deceased friend as they do so. In some villages the victim is speared outright. In late years this custom, with that of head-hunting, has been abandoned wherever European influence has reached.

The Dead Embalmed

One of the customs of the Tunbunwhas is embalming the dead with valuable Barus camphor, which grows abundantly in the surrounding woods. The coffins in which they bury their dead are hewn out of a solid piece of ironwood. These are of considerable value. Sometimes the dead of well-to-do natives are kept sealed up in burial jars for a month before interment. Those of the poor are buried on the day of death, or on the day succeeding, either rolled in mats or placed in rough wooden coffins.



Elephant Rock, Sandakan Bay, B. N. Borneo

A Dusun Village

As a rule, a Dusun village consists of one long house known as a *benatong*. If it is a very large village, it will consist of two or three long houses, each house containing ten or fifteen families, each family having its separate apartments, the doors opening onto a sort of covered corridor. The houses are usually built on a hillside, near a stream or waterfall, surrounded by fruit trees such as the cocoanut, tarap, and mango. They are built some distance from the ground, supported by poles of hardwood. The walls are made of tree bark or bamboo planks. The roof is thatched, made either from palm leaves or rattan cane. On account of the height of the houses from the ground, a ladder is used to climb up. This is made of a notched pole which is quite sufficient for naked toes. The space between the house and the ground is usually utilized as a pen for the pigs, goats, and fowls. The Dusuns keep many dogs. They make pets of all their domestic animals, even the pigs and the fowls.

Characteristics of the Dusun

In his daily life the Dusun is a peace-loving fellow. He is not particularly brave, and when he comes in contact with other races and tribes, he is timid and nervous. He is quiet and orderly, with rustic notions. Since coming in contact with civilization, his blood-thirsty tendencies are giving way. The Dusun shows every symptom of thriving and increasing under a firm government, and there is no fear of his melting away and disappearing as so many races have done when brought into contact with the white man. The Borneo government is finding him well adapted to soldier life, and is using him more and more in the constabulary in place of the Indian Sikhs. He readily takes to the drill and routine of soldier life, and makes a smart appearance in khaki.

The only missionary effort put forth among this people is the work that is being done by the Roman Catholics, who claim to have many hundreds of converts. To an observer there seems to be but little difference between the so-called converts and the heathen.

Surely we are debtors to the Dusuns to give them a knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent! They need a Saviour. How much longer shall we have to wait for some one to give himself for service to this people? God grant that it may not be long.

What Grace Can Do

THE promise that the lame shall take the prey indicates what the grace of God can do in overcoming all barriers. The following story comes from E. W. H. Jeffrey, superintendent of the Kafirland missions in South Africa. He says:

"We have quite a strange and yet interesting case here in our home, which I feel sure you would like to hear about. About two years ago, after coming to live here in Alice, we engaged a native gardener to do up the garden. He brought a deaf-and-dumb boy with him to help him turn over the garden. This poor creature, who seemed little more than an animal, dirty and unkempt, was ill used, and received nothing more than a meager meal occasionally, and a few scant rags which barely covered his poor lean body, from his employer, who, we found afterward, was quite a notoriously bad character and a drinker.

"Poor Dummy seemed so thankful to do a few odd jobs for us in the way of carrying water and cutting wood, just for a little extra food. Eventually we employed him for this purpose. He became quite attached to the family, and grew very fond of the children and particularly of Mrs. Jeffrey, who seemed to be able to make him understand what she wanted done.

"By degrees this poor boy was not only taught habits of cleanliness and order, and became a useful and faithful worker in the house and garden, but he has been taught the spirit of this great message we carry. He not only attends our morning and evening worship, but knows exactly when Sabbath evening comes round, arranges his work accordingly, and goes and washes and dresses himself ready for the opening meeting. On Sabbath he faithfully attends the services in all weathers, walking three, six, and sometimes fourteen miles to the nearest place where service is held, never forgetting to drop in the plate his little offering from his meager savings. I often watch his face light up during the lessons and sermons, and wonder just how much the Spirit of God reveals to him in his silent and lonely earthly temple.

"Well, this boy has become quite a blessing to us in these days of restless and uncertain servants, for he is faithful, strictly honest, and seems perfectly happy in his new-found home."

W. A. SPICER.

"Could Ye Not Watch with Me One Hour?"

IT wasn't in the rushing, roaring tornado that rent the hoary, rocky summit of historic Sinai; it wasn't in the mighty earthquake that rocked the mount to its foundations; and it wasn't in the majestic conflagration that raged along its wooded slopes, but with a still small voice, that God talked with Elijah.

He spoke to Moses from the burning bush out in the remote part of the deserts of Midian; to Joshua at sunset on the plains of Jericho; to Gideon by night as he threshed in secret: and in each case he came with a message of deliverance and the power to accomplish.

He speaks to us in our quiet times; when free from daily duties, we can hear his voice more distinctly. As one writer has expressed it, "The shuffling of our feet makes so much noise along the busy thoroughfare of life, that we cannot hear the voice of God speaking peace to our souls."

Stop a moment in the morning, and listen for the message that may come. Keep the Morning Watch with him and know of a surety that he will not fail to fulfil his promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Let the Morning Watch Calendar be not only a guide to your devotions, but an inspiration for every day of 1920.

J. W. MACE.

Texts to Consider

"He hath left off to be wise, and to do good." Ps. 36:3.

"He abhorreth not evil." Ps. 36:4.

"How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." Ps. 36:7.

"With thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." Ps. 36:9.

Business Principles as Given by a Prominent Business Man

IN 1865, the year the Civil War closed, there was born in Wells, Maine, a boy whom his parents named Guy Eastman Tripp. His first business venture was clerking in a village grocery at three dollars a week. When war with Germany was declared, he was chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

"The nation's military program called for an expenditure in three or four years of money equal to all the war and peace expenses of the United States since the Continental Congress. The Ordnance Department's quota alone was more than half this total, or sixteen billion dollars — an amount that at the calculated rate of expenditure would pay for the Panama Canal every thirty days during the estimated duration of the war. The Government scanned the country for a business man big enough to take charge of the entire production end of this mammoth program and weld a thousand industries into a dynamic, unified combination." Guy Eastman Tripp was chosen."

Mr. Tripp was given the title of brigadier-general and placed in charge of the Production Division of the Ordnance Department, one of the most important noncombatant positions in the world conflict. He performed this stupendous task so acceptably that the Distinguished Service medal was given him.

Mr. Tripp's business associates emphasize three characteristics as largely accountable for his success, — "his plain, downright humanness, his New England common sense, and his extraordinary ability to distinguish between essentials and nonessentials — to shake off the nonessentials and develop the essentials to the full!"

Unhampered by Details

Recently in an interview for the *American Magazine*, he disclosed some business principles that must make for the success of all who follow him. One of these is that an employer must not allow himself to be swamped by details. "The average big man," he says, "clears his mind of detail, — turns it over to subordinates, — and contents himself with big general principles. This not only leaves his mind and vision clear for important matters, but it develops the men working under him."

Mr. Tripp does not consider details unimportant; but the man of big business does not allow himself to be mastered by them. He masters the details. "The really wise man," he says, "is the one who gets enjoyment out of his work as he goes along — who does not view happiness as a blessed state that will come only when he gets something he isn't getting now. Those who have constantly to look ahead for happiness, rarely reach it."

Lack of Worry Essential

He was asked if lack of worry was not a great factor in his own happiness; and he replied: "It is in the happiness of any one. Worry has a paralyzing effect on one's efforts — and it is absolutely needless. Suppose you are facing some emergency or have some big problems to handle. Instead of worrying, consider just one point: Have you done your best or haven't you? If you haven't, there's a single course — get busy and do it! But if you can honestly say you have done everything in your power, then dismiss the mat-

ter from your mind. Your conscience is clear, and there's no ground for worry."

Sincerity of Chief Importance

When asked what were some of the outstanding characteristics of the big men he had known, he said: "Well, for one thing, they are sincere in the largest sense of the word. They deceive no one — least of all themselves."

Mr. Houston Lowe, who has carried on a successful business for fifty years in Dayton, Ohio, says on this point of sincerity:

"The quality I look for most keenly from my very first encounter with a man — or with a boy or a girl either — is sincerity. I like a man who looks me in the eye, and who does it because it is the natural expression of a direct and honest personality, not a trick he has tried to acquire because he thought it was a good one."

"You can tell the difference. The eyes themselves may be held steady; but there is something in them that wavers and shifts, if the act is not natural to the man."

"One must always look for character in choosing men, for there are two things which count in a healthy man's work: character and knowledge. He can, to a certain extent, acquire both, but knowledge is gained more easily than character."

"One of my old classmates in New Haven, Prof. A. J. DuBois, once defined character as 'right action become habitual through the voluntary exercise of the will.' I like a man who seems to be forming his character by making 'the right action habitual.'"

Greatness of Mind and Heart

"Most small men are opinionated, and the smaller they are the more opinionated they grow. They think that any one who holds a different opinion from themselves is antagonistic to them, and they resent such opinions. If I can't get another man's point of view and he can't get mine, and each of us be tolerant to the other's thought, that is a man with whom I don't want to do business."

Think in Straight Lines

Mr. Tripp gave as another characteristic of big business men, ability to think in straight lines. "Many folks get stalled early in life because they are muddle-headed. Muddle-headedness comes partly from an attempt to generalize on things of which one doesn't know the particulars, and partly from unwillingness to concentrate. Most lack of concentration is merely mental laziness. It is hard work to concentrate — just as hard as to dig a ditch, and some men are not willing to pay the price. One important point, however, is that one can concentrate much more easily if one is really interested in the problem at hand."

"Pardon a personal reference, but it may illustrate my point. A number of years ago I had to present a matter in court in connection with the old West End Railway in Boston, which afterward became part of the Boston Elevated. In order to handle the subject, it was necessary for me to know the whole history of the road to a date before the Civil War. One afternoon I took home all the reports of the Massachusetts

Railway Commission for years back. The more I studied these reports the more they interested me. I sat up all that night and all the next day into the evening, before I had the material thoroughly in mind. And I felt none the worse for wear the following morning when I went into court, where we won the case. Now, I know perfectly well that if these reports had not genuinely interested me, I could never have stood that long strain the way I did.

"It's important for young men to choose work to which they naturally 'take.' It makes life much easier. The fellow who is interested in what he is doing, and who profits by his mistakes, has a good start. Fuller wisdom will come with experience. The experienced man no longer rushes off to roads where the going looks good until he gets there. He doesn't jump at shadows, for he has seen them before.

"The man who doesn't profit by experience will never get anywhere, anyway. He's in as bad a fix as the old lady with the physical deformity that made it necessary for her to leave a subway train backward. As she tried to get off at each station the guard pushed her back on again. So far as I know she's riding yet."

F. D. C.

'Tis Loving Keeps the Heart Light

OUR world is a world of smiles and tears,
 Checkered with joy and woe,
 Laughter, and frowns, and hopes, and fears,
 Ever in gloom or glow;
 But there's a shining secret
 That every one may share —
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
 And makes it laugh at care.

Our world is a world where all must work,
 Weary, or sad, or worn;
 For the idler gay and the smiling shirk
 Ever there's only scorn:
 But there's a magic secret
 That wintry lives may learn —
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
 And makes the spring return.

Our world is a world where the helper's road
 Is the road to happiness,
 And the task of lightening a neighbor's load
 Will make our own load less;
 And oh, the golden secret
 That every heart may know —
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
 And makes a heaven below!

— Minne Leona Upton.

Disappointment

THE frustration of a purpose, plan, hope, or desire brings disappointment, but when we learn to look at a disappointment as God intends we should, it then becomes a strong influence in right character building. It assumes the aspect of a guide, for it generally brings about a revolution in the life, breaking up unworthy plans, and encouraging the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character.

Certainly disappointment is the lot of man, for from the babe trying to catch the sunbeams that play on the floor, or the small boy running to the end of the rainbow to find a pot of gold, to the silver-haired man of fourscore years wishing he were young again, life is one continual disappointment.

Some there are who are always being disappointed, for they expect too much in return for the effort they are willing to expend. They do not seek contentment from the right source. They will not recognize a guide

when it presents itself. Disappointment is to this class as the brakes are to a train rounding a curve; the application is not pleasant, but it keeps the cars on the track. For there is no disappointment that does not seem to make our lives unhappy; yet there is no disappointment that will not, if borne aright, in the end make us happier.

Is disappointment necessary for the success of man? There never has existed a human being who had all his desires gratified. What seems to be disappointment will but make our success greater. It is contrast that reveals the beauties of life. And whatever our station in life, at any crisis, those of us who live to fulfil our duty, should live on as best we can and accomplish all the good we can in order that our disappointments may be recognized as His appointments.

ENNIS V. MOORE.

Facts About Chicago

THERE is not a single metropolis in the world with a million inhabitants that is as young as Chicago, with her two and one-half millions. Her population is larger than that of the whole State of Kansas, and larger than that of thirty-six other States.

No other place butchers as much meat, makes as much machinery, builds as many cars, manufactures as much furniture, sells as much grain, or handles as much lumber.

Chicago is America's principal piano market, its chief mail-order center, its leading stove market.

The city has the busiest street corner in the world, the most-traveled bridge in existence, the largest department store, and the largest art school in the world.

It has more telephones than Montana has people.

Its sleeping-car industry has entirely revised the geography of travel.

Two million pieces of mail are handled annually, and the receipts are greater than those of any other post office in the world. The business done at this one office is eight times as great as that of the entire postal system of Norway and four times as great as that of the kingdom of Holland. The parcel-post business exceeds that of any other five cities in the United States.

The city spends \$5,000,000 annually for park purposes. There is not a single "Keep off the grass" sign in the entire park system.

Chicago, with half as many people, uses more water than New York, two and one-half times as much per person. This is because of its numerous manufacturing plants.

It averages two conventions a day, and entertains ten thousand delegates a week.

There are more than thirty nationalities within its confines.

Nearly half the railroad mileage of the nation centers here. Some 1,500 trains arrive and depart each day, yet not a single one passes through the city.

More sleeping cars roll into the city every morning than into any other city in the world.

In the rush season this city's greatest mail-order house handles 20,000 orders an hour.

The foregoing are just a few of the things that Mr. W. J. Showalter mentions in the *National Geographic Magazine* as among the things that make the metropolis of the Middle West of such interest.

The Correct Thing

Soiled Laundry

DON'T throw wet towels and wash cloths in with the other soiled laundry. Dry them first.

Saving Possible Future Annoyance

SOMETIMES a guest, an old school-days chum perhaps, overstays her welcome. The hostess grows weary and wishes the guest would depart; the children are fretful, and the host is worried because he sees his wife needs rest and relaxation. Neither one, however, wishes to assume the responsibility of telling the visitor that the clock has struck the hour for her departure; so the atmosphere of the home grows daily more tense and perplexing.

All this uneasiness might have been avoided by very properly including in the invitation the length of the visit. "I want you to come and spend a week with me this summer. The last of July would be a convenient time for me. If this date is not a practicable one for you, tell me when you can come most conveniently."

The Surly Guest

ONE day a man named John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia, set out on horseback to ride to a town that was many miles from his home. The road was strange to him, and he traveled very slowly.

When night came on he stopped at a pleasant roadside inn and asked for lodging. The innkeeper welcomed him kindly. He had often heard of the great John Randolph, and therefore he did all that he could to entertain him well.

A fine supper was prepared, and the innkeeper himself waited upon his guest. John Randolph ate in silence. The innkeeper spoke of the weather, of the roads, of the crops, and of politics. But his surly guest said scarcely a word.

In the morning a good breakfast was served, and then Mr. Randolph made ready to start on his journey. He called for his bill and paid it. His horse was led to the door, and a servant helped him to mount it.

As he was starting away, the friendly innkeeper said, "Which way will you travel, Mr. Randolph?"

Mr. Randolph looked at him in no gentle way, and answered, "Sir!"

"I only asked which way you intend to travel," said the man.

"Oh! Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No, sir."

"Then I intend to travel the way I wish to go; do you understand?"

He turned his horse and rode away. He had not gone farther than to the end of the innkeeper's field, when to his surprise he found that the road forked. He did not know whether he should take the right-hand fork or the left-hand.

He paused for a while. There was no signboard to help him. He looked back and saw the innkeeper still standing by the door. He called to him:

"My friend, which of these roads shall I travel to go to Lynchburg?"

"Mr. Randolph," answered the innkeeper, "you have paid your bill and don't owe me a cent. Travel the way you wish to go. Good-by!"

As bad luck would have it, Mr. Randolph took the wrong road. He went far out of his way and lost much time, all on account of his surliness.—*From "Fifty Famous People," by James Baldwin.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Who Am I?

I AM more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone over \$300,000,000 each year. I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and the poor alike, the young and the old, the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me. I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of every grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me but you heed not. I am ruthless. I am everywhere—in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush, or maim. I give nothing, but take all. I am your worst enemy. I am — ? — *Selected.*

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of November 9

1. The world-famed pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski, has been made premier of his native country.

2. (a) The Battle of the Marne is considered by military critics as the sixteenth decisive battle in the world's history.

(b) It occurred Sept. 6-12, 1914.

3. Premier Clemenceau, of France, is spoken of as "The Tiger."

4. The "Big Four" at the peace table were President Wilson representing America, Premier Clemenceau representing France, Premier Lloyd George of England, and Premier Orlando of Italy.

5. (a) The Battle of Jutland is considered the world's greatest naval battle.

(b) It occurred May 31 to June 1, 1916.

6. Alsace and Lorraine, after nearly a half century of separation from their mother country, have been restored to France.

7. (a) The Peace Treaty closing the late war was signed at Versailles.

(b) In 1783 the armistice preliminary to the Peace Treaty between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Versailles, which bound England to respect the independence of the United States. Then the two countries signed as enemies. In 1919 they signed as friends.

8. The phrase "a scrap of paper," originated with the officials of Germany, when that nation thus desig-

nated the treaty which had been made with Belgium, and disregarded it by entering the country with her troops in the hope of reaching Paris before France could gather her forces for defense.

9. The Chinese delegates at the Peace Conference refused to sign the treaty because it gave 40,000,000 Chinese in Shantung to Japan.

10. President Wilson headed the American delegation.

WAYNE WOOD.

November 11

PART I

1. George Washington
2. Benedict Arnold
Major André
3. Benjamin Franklin
4. Martin Luther
5. John Smith
6. Alexander the Great
7. Thomas Jefferson
8. Amerigo Vespucci
9. General Goethals
10. Moses
11. De Soto.

Nature and Science

No-Tobacco Notes

CALIFORNIA will hold its first No-Tobacco League State Convention Jan. 13, 14, 1920, in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Pasadena. Should not our near-by churches send delegates, and see that the convention is supplied with the Anti-Tobacco Annual?

The great Methodist Church, North, does not allow its preachers to use tobacco in any form. Neither do the Seventh-day Adventist, the Friends, or United Brethren. May the day soon come when no preacher in a Christian church will desire to use the health-destroying narcotic.

Dr. Homer J. Hall, general secretary of the No-Tobacco League of America, attended the Disciples' International Convention, recently held at Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Hall says:

"Of the five to six thousand members present, nearly half of them were men and the majority of these men were preachers.

"Also according to observation and investigation, about one third of the preachers present were users of tobacco. The majority of these tobacco-using preachers were from the South.

"More than once when we invited preachers to become members of the league they replied, 'Why, I use tobacco myself, and it would hardly be consistent for me to try to induce others not to use the weed when I myself am a user.'

Dr. Hall might have asked them if it was consistent for them to preach Christ and then do that which he would not do. One preacher replied to Dr. Hall's invitation to co-operate with the league in its effort to protect the boys, "Why, I raise tobacco myself." Another preacher replied with a pleading voice, not to push a movement of this kind, saying, "It would break up our churches in Kentucky. The majority of the people get their living from raising

and selling tobacco. The most of my salary comes from the sale of tobacco, and I hardly see how we would get along without it."

The temperance board of the Disciples has called for a thousand dollars to fight cigarettes.

La Verne, California, is a college town, with a population of 1,700. Recently the president and vice-president of La Verne College presented the following resolution to the faculty and student body:

"WHEREAS, Experience and investigation demonstrate the fact that the traffic in tobacco is fundamentally wrong,

"Be it resolved by the faculty and student body of La Verne College, La Verne, California, That legal steps be taken at once to prohibit the giving away or selling of tobacco in any form within the corporate limits of the city of La Verne."

The resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote. The matter will now be presented to the city council. If La Verne becomes tobaccoless, as seems probable, it will be the second city to prohibit tobacco, Zion City, Illinois, already having done so.

Granddaddy Longlegs

IN September you will find these queer, long-legged spiders in every field and fence corner. They spin no webs to live in or to help them in catching prey, yet they are really spiders just the same. Their long legs, which make them look as if they were walking on stilts, enable them to travel so far and so rapidly that there is little danger of their not getting all they can eat, although they like to have homes and stay near them as well as any of us.

It is interesting to watch one pounce on his prey much as a cat does on a mouse. The prey is not held by his long legs, but in the handlike palpi, or lips. Granddaddy does not catch very large game, for the reason that his long legs are not fitted for holding prey, and his "palpi hands" are too small to grasp anything large.

We children used to catch a granddaddy, hold him up and then say, "Granddaddy, granddaddy, tell me where the cows are." Of course he was supposed to point one of his legs in the right direction. As we generally knew where the cows were apt to be, it was no wonder that we saw to it that he pointed the right way. In his efforts to get free he often pointed in so many directions that of course he had to point toward the cows, if there were any.

Perhaps you call him "grandfather graybeard," or "harvestman," or just "daddy longlegs." "Harvestman" is not a bad name for him, as it is in the harvest time that he is most numerous. He certainly does a man's work by saving our harvests from the millions of aphids that are so liable to do damage to them." — Retold from "Knowing Insects Through Stories," by Floyd Bralliar.

IN dreams that flush my midnight hours,
When forms of ill assert their powers,
And looms the future with its dread,
I sometimes see in darkness bred
All I might be.

— J. P. Perkins.



Just for the Juniors



Grandpa's Way

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly;
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head, and says, "You see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,

He says, "The corn has grown an inch,
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things a-whirling,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!
The close air needs a stirring."

He says, when drifts are piling high
And fence posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blankets white
The little flowers are keeping."

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly.

— *Youth's Companion*.

The Stamp's Lesson

ELLA IDEN-EDWARDS

CONSIDER the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there." These words I saw upon a little card in a business office one day. "What a good lesson for all of us," I said to myself, "and especially so now that the year is drawing to a close, bringing the finish of many things which we began when the new year dawned."

Let's see; last January in Junior meeting one afternoon, Mamie promised, with six others, that she would take the Junior Bible Year and finish by December 31. And perhaps *you*, too, promised to do the same thing. Is she like the postage stamp, "sticking to one thing until she gets there?" or has she given up and declared, "It's no use, I can't do it"? How about you?

Last June at camp-meeting, Bob pledged five dollars toward the salary of a missionary in India, promising to have every cent of it paid by the close of December. Is he showing the qualities of our friend, the postage stamp? Will he reach his aim?

Then there is the Reading Course that Mattie promised faithfully to complete. She has read all the books but one — "Early Writings." "I can't get interested in that," she says. "It isn't enough like a story." But how about her promise? Promises are sacred things. It isn't too late yet to get to work, and do as she said she would.

In May, Peggy and Harold, Archie and Bess, passed the Bible doctrines test for the Junior Standard of Attainment. They had a fine leader who gave them such a good drilling that every one received a mark of 90 per cent or above. "Will you all study the denominational history next, and take the examination in December?" the leader asked them when in June she moved away to a distant town. "Oh, yes, of course we will!" they all exclaimed together; "For we want our Standard of Attainment Certificates this year. You may write the conference secretary that she can count on us to help reach the conference Standard of Attainment goal." Have these boys and girls been true to their word? I wonder.

Now, suppose Mamie fails to finish the Bible Year, and because she gives up, several of the others do like-

wise. And suppose that none of those who made promises stick to the thing they undertook? Wouldn't it be a pity, a real pity, if the society, and even the conference, should fail to reach its goal because these boys and girls — intelligent and capable ones, too — hadn't the backbone, the dependability, needed to keep their word? Hadn't even the stick-to-it-iveness of a little postage stamp?

The close of the year is only a few weeks away. If you have been lagging behind, step quickly and catch up! Do not let the New Year overtake you with an unfinished task on your hands.

"Say I *will*, and then stick to it,
That's the only way to do it.
Fix the end you wish to gain,
Then go at it, heart and brain."

What the Blue Jay Taught Dora

I DO wish I were pretty, like Cousin Eleanor," Dora Bell said wistfully, as she looked at her own plain face in the mirror.

"My little girl must remember that 'handsome is as handsome does,' though," Dora's mother answered smilingly, as she calmly brushed the brick-red curls.

"Yes, but I'd like to be 'handsome is' and 'handsome does' both," Dora said decidedly.

Mrs. Bell tenderly kissed the little face upturned to hers.

"But if you had to choose, dear," she asked, "would you rather be good or be pretty?"

Dora was silent. She was thinking very hard.

"Don't answer me now. Tell me tomorrow morning," her mother said.

She finished dressing the little girl for school, and then she told her a nice surprise.

"Grandpa's downstairs, and he's going to walk to school with you this morning."

"Oh, oh!" Dora cried delightedly.

A few minutes later her grandfather and she started merrily down the street.

They were passing a high brick building, when they saw a beautiful bird perched upon the branch of a maple tree ahead of them.

"O, Dora! Look at the pretty blue jay," grandpa said quietly.

Dora, who dearly loved beauty in all its forms, feasted her eyes upon it. Its feathers were an exquisite shade of blue, just the shade Dora liked, and a beautiful crest adorned its head! Suddenly the bird flew restlessly to another tree, and then to another, and back again. All the while it uttered a loud, screeching sound that was most disagreeable.

"The noise is alarming those sparrows," grandpa said softly, as he pointed upward. "Look!"

Almost before the word was out of his mouth the thing had happened. The blue jay had discovered the sparrows' nest on the window cornices of the high building. Quickly it flew up to it and began tearing it down. The father and mother sparrows were crazy with grief and fear. They chattered and scolded and pleaded; but the blue jay was relentlessly cruel. It tore down nests, destroyed eggs, tumbled out unfeathered birdlings to the pavement and killed right and left without mercy. When it had done all the harm it could there, it flew off in search of other mischief.

"The blue jay is one of the most cruel birds we have," said grandpa, as he and Dora resumed their walk. "He has no friends among the birds. He has only one useful trait. Like nearly all birds, he does destroy many injurious insects. This is the one thing in his favor. He is a great coward, fights only with weaker birds than himself, and runs even from his equals. He spends nearly his whole time looking for nests of birds smaller than himself. When he has found them, he does just what you saw him doing this morning. Whenever you notice a blue jay make his appearance in a neighborhood, you will presently hear the other birds cry and scream with fright.

"What a hateful thing!" Dora exclaimed indignantly.

"He's very beautiful," grandpa said admiringly, as the blue jay flew in front of them again.

"I think I'd rather be good than beautiful, though," Dora replied softly.— *Selected.*

The Crooked Man

GEORGE was getting round-shouldered. His mother tried to get him to straighten himself, but George thought it didn't make any difference whether he stood straight or not. He would say, "Oh, I'll be straight when I'm a man; I'll straighten up then, mother. It's so hard for a boy to remember."

George didn't look fine and manly at all. He slid down in his chair, and he slumped when he walked.

One day a man went by the house. He was bent and crooked. George laughed, but his mother looked serious.

"George," she said, "do you know why that man is so bent? Can you think of any reason?"

Finally George said, "Mother, is that what happens when we don't stand or sit straight?"

"Yes," said mother. "When you are growing, your bones grow the shape you make them. I knew this man when he was a boy. We were in school together, and he would never try to stand or sit as he should. Our teacher talked to him quite seriously about it."

"Why, mother, he must be much older than you," said George, looking at his pretty, straight, young-looking mother.

"No," answered his mother; "in fact, he is quite a year younger than I."

George was very thoughtful. "Mother," he said, "I see now. You must always tell me when I get careless."

Mother smiled, for she knew that at last George was in earnest.

And he was. That was six months ago. George just went past my house, walking as straight as any soldier. And such a fine-looking lad he is! — *Selected.*

The Crooked Man

THERE was a crooked man,
He walked a crooked mile.
The poor man couldn't straighten up —
He was crooked all the while.

The reason he was crooked
Was because, when he was small,
He wouldn't try to stand up straight
Or sit up straight, at all.

And now that he's grown up,
He wishes he had spent
More time in growing straight and fine,
So he would not be bent.

— *Selected.*

A Live Society

HERE is the picture of another Junior Missionary Volunteer Society — just ten girls and boys, and their leader, but they are doing good work in Cape May Court House, New Jersey, where they live. The



Cape May Court House Junior Society, New Jersey

members of this society are all "reporting members." They give away their *Little Friends*, visit the sick and take them flowers, and do Christian help work.

Each member of the society is taking the Reading Course. All are reading the Primary Course, and the older ones are taking the Junior Course, also. I wonder if the members of your society are doing as well. Are you?

These young people have interested an elderly woman, in the neighborhood, who is eighty years old, and not an Adventist, in taking the Junior Reading Course. The last time she was visited she came tottering to the door all smiles, and told how much she enjoyed the books, and what a blessing they were to her.

Let us hear from other societies that are doing as well, or planning to do as well, as the young people in Cape May Court House.

IRENE STUART CURTISS.

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
MEADE MacGUIRE Field Secretary

Our Counsel Corner

DO you think it is all right to read magazines like the "Literary Digest" and "The American," on Sabbath? I used to read them during the week, but now the days seem so full that if I read them at all I must read them on Sabbath. What shall I do about it?
ANXIOUS.

This is one of those questions that cannot be answered by a simple yes or no, but the principles involved must be considered in order to reach a right conclusion. There may at times be articles in either of these magazines that would be proper to read on the Sabbath; but on the other hand, no one who knows and believes what the Bible teaches regarding Sabbath observance would say that a promiscuous reading of these magazines would be right on that day. And although there may be in these magazines certain articles which could properly find a place in our Sabbath reading, yet these are not found without a general perusal of the magazines, and in doing this there is considerable danger that attractive titles, pictures, or cartoons will grip the attention and cause us to read other articles not suitable for the Sabbath. It therefore seems to the writer that it is best to do as we are told in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, pages 355, 356: "Before the setting of the sun [on Friday], let . . . all secular papers be put out of sight."

In considering what to read and what not to read we should consider carefully the purpose of God in giving us the Sabbath, and the instruction he has given for its observance. When we do this, we will not profane the day by doing our own ways, finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words. Isa. 58:13. The Sabbath has been sanctified and made holy by God, and man has been commanded to *keep* it holy. The holy time of the Sabbath is not ours to use as we please any more than is the tithe, which God has also set apart for his use. The Sabbath is to be a day of rest, devotion, praise, and worship,—a day when we are to come into fuller and closer communion with God than the busy days of the week permit. We should allow no plan of our own to interfere with God's program for us on the day that is his; and no matter what we do, whether it is reading, walking, or talking, we should do it with the purpose of glorifying him, becoming better acquainted with him, or in some way advancing his work. Not to do this is to break the Sabbath.

The writer has been pained to see Adventist young people engaged in reading magazine stories and books of fiction on the Sabbath. To engage in reading of this kind is clearly seeking one's own pleasure. Without entering into a discussion of the unprofitableness of reading stories and novels on other days of the week, it would be a strange process of reasoning that would justify such reading on the Sabbath. It does not lead the reader to a more godly life nor promote a love for the word of God in his heart. To take sanc-

tified and holy time and use it for self-gratification of this sort indicates either a lack of regard for the Sabbath or an ignorance of its purpose and claims upon believers.

You speak of being so busy during the week that you do not have time to read your magazines, and for this reason they must be read on the Sabbath if at all. I am wondering if you may not have the same experience which so many young people, and older ones, too, confess to having. They realize a great lack of the power of God in their lives, they confess that this is due largely to the lack of prayer and a study of God's word, but they say that in the rush and hurry of their lives they do not seem to find time for these all-important things. If this is your experience, the Sabbath gives you an opportunity to cultivate the spiritual life by reading the Bible, books of a devotional nature, and our own church paper, the *Review and Herald*, and the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* and other papers published by our people. Most certainly these should be read, even if the magazines you mention never are. If we all truly appreciated the blessing there is in real Sabbath keeping, how changed our manner of keeping it would be, and what changes it would produce in our lives!
H. H. COBBAN.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII — God's Plan for the Support of Workers

(December 27)

GOLDEN TEXT: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed ["seed basket," margin], shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126: 6.

God's Plan Defined

1. What was God's plan for the Levites among Israel in olden times? Num. 18: 21, 24.
2. How does Paul defend this plan? 1 Cor. 9: 13.
3. "Even so," how has the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel shall live? Verse 14.

Reasonableness of God's Plan

4. When one plants a vineyard, what right has he to its fruit? 1 Cor. 9: 7, first part.
5. When one feeds a flock, what right has he to the milk of the flock? 1 Cor. 9: 7, last part.
6. When one works in spiritual things, what right has he to a living from this work? Verses 11, 14.
7. How did Jesus express the same thought? Luke 10: 7.
8. Why should we be glad to respond to so fair and just and wise a plan? 1 Cor. 4: 7; Acts 17: 24, 25, 28.

Sacredness of the Plan

9. What is the character of all tithe? Lev. 27: 30.
10. What was consecrated to the treasury of the Lord on one occasion in the history of Israel? Joshua 6: 17-19.
11. What did Achan do with some of that which was so consecrated? Joshua 7: 20, 21.
12. Whom did the Lord hold responsible for Achan's sin? What effect did this sin in the camp have on the success of the Lord's work? Verses 11, 12.
13. In the awful judgment that came upon Achan, who suffered with him? Verses 24, 25. Note 1.

Extent of Work to Be Accomplished by This Plan

14. How widely is this work of the gospel to be carried? Mark. 16: 15; Matt. 28: 18-20.
15. When this work is accomplished, what will be the next event? Matt. 24: 14. Note 2.

Reward to All Who Carry Out God's Plan

16. What temporal reward will those have who with their hearts co-operate with God in carrying out his plan? Prov. 3: 9, 10.

17. What joy will be theirs when the work is finished?
Ps. 126: 5, 6. Note 3.

18. What reward awaits them in the kingdom of God?
Dan. 12: 3. Note 4.

Notes

1. When Achan was punished for his theft, his sons and his daughters shared his punishment. It is altogether probable, therefore, that they shared his sin. Many a father today is driven to withhold that which is the Lord's because of the extravagance of his children. He feels that in order to meet their selfish, worldly demands, he must have more money, and so he robs God by withholding his tithe.

"If the presence of one Achan was sufficient to weaken the whole camp of Israel, can we be surprised at the little success which attends our efforts when every church and almost every family has its Achan?"—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, p. 157.* Children should beware how they thus tempt a kind-hearted, indulgent father, lest they be the means of his destruction.

2. "I perceived that the portions of the Levites [the tithe] had not been given them: for the Levites and the singers, that did the work, were fled every one to his field." Neh. 13: 10. Because tithe is withheld, many a worker today has felt compelled to enter other lines of work that will bring support. This not only delays God's work, but it throws heavier burdens upon those who continue in his work. These overworked ones from time to time break in health, thus still further diminishing the number of workers and depleting the treasury and delaying the finishing of God's work. No Christian, young or old, can effectually pray for laborers, for the prosperity of God's work, or for the coming of Jesus, who at the same time withholds that which God has ordained as a means to these ends. Neither will our prayers be effectual when we ask for God's blessing on our temporal success or when we ask for a generous, liberal, unselfish disposition.

3. The carrying forth of God's "precious seed baskets," the word of truth that is so generously provided in the literature which in these days is to be scattered "like the leaves of autumn," is one of the very best opportunities for young people to enter into God's plan and share the reward.

4. No matter what one's special field of usefulness in God's work, if the heart is fully consecrated to the extension of the gospel, and our all laid on the altar for service, we shall all share the reward. As Paul says, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. . . . Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one." 1 Cor. 3: 6-8.

Intermediate Lesson

XIII — The Review

(December 27)

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: From the captivity of Israel by the Babylonians to the return of the Jews to their own land, the rebuilding of temple and city, the full establishment of the temple service, and the end of the Old Testament history.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS: Jonah, Jeremiah, Zedekiah, Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abed-nego, Belshazzar, Cyrus, Darius, Ahasuerus, Esther, Mordecai, Haman, Zerubabel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Sanballat, Tobiah.

"Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true."

Questions

The Story of Jonah
Book of Jonah

What message of warning was Jonah chosen to give?
How did he try to evade his duty?
What unusual experience was his?
What was the final result of this experience?

The Story of Jeremiah
Jeremiah 36 to 38

What warning of disaster did Jeremiah bear to the later kings of Judah?

How was his message received?
What treatment did he suffer?

The Captivity

2 Chronicles 36; 2 Kings 25; Jeremiah 39, 40

What was the cause of the captivity of Israel?
When Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, what was taken to Babylon?
How completely was Jerusalem destroyed?

Jewish Boys in a Heathen King's Palace

Daniel 1

In what way were Daniel and three companions tested at the court of Babylon?

What victory did they gain?

Deliverance from the Fiery Furnace

Daniel 3

What command did Nebuchadnezzar give which was contrary to the second commandment of the Lord?

Who refused to obey the king?

What was the penalty?

How did deliverance come?

A Great Feast

Daniel 5

Who were in attendance at the feast of Belshazzar?

What suddenly stopped the revelry?

Who told the meaning of what had occurred?

What came to pass that night?

Daniel in the Lions' Den

Daniel 6

What position did Daniel occupy in the kingdom of Darius?

What conspiracy was formed against him?

What act of Daniel's caused his enemies to triumph?

How was Daniel saved from death?

The Story of Esther

Book of Esther

How was King Ahasuerus persuaded to make a decree against the Jews?

What caused Esther to plead for her people?

How did Haman's ambition lead to his humiliation and death?

How were the Jews saved from destruction?

The Children of the Captivity: Return to Jerusalem

Ezra 1-7; Nehemiah 1-8

What three kings issued decrees concerning the return of the Jews to Jerusalem from Babylon?

What three men led the Jews in the work of rebuilding the temple, the city, and the wall?

What true prophecy was fulfilled in this experience?

Memory Test

Under what circumstances and by whom were each of these quotations spoken:

"To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"

"What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm?"

"It is better for me to die than to live."

"My lord, the king, these men have done evil in all that they have done to Jeremiah."

"I loose thee this day from the chains which were upon thy hands."

"Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days."

"We will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

"In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us."

"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?"

"If a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall."

"If I perish, I perish."

"Why is thy countenance sad?"

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Ps. 139: 9, 10.

2. "Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live." Jer. 38: 20.

3. "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed." Prov. 29: 1.

4. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. 16: 13.

5. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace." Dan. 3: 17.

6. "God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another." Ps. 75: 7.

7. "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." Dan. 6: 22.

8. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4: 14.

9. "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14: 11.

10. "I will be found of you, saith the Lord: and I will turn away your captivity." Jer. 29: 14.

11. "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them." Neh. 4: 9.

12. "For God had made them rejoice with great joy." Neh. 12: 43.

The Message

B. F. M. Sours

The night is dark upon Judean hills.

Shepherds, night-weary, there among their sheep,
Do in the darkness the night watches keep.

The while the dew upon the sward distils.

Hark! Hark! Behold! a heavenly vision thrills,
O burst of radiant glory! Lo, the sweep

Of hosts angelic—all the world asleep!

Is it the coming judgment?—terror fills!

Hark!—what? "Fear not!" What message from
above!

"Good tidings" and "great joy" O world of hearts!

"To all." 'Tis ours—"a Saviour"—Israel!

The heavens burst with God's eternal love!

Joy! joy—in Bethlehem's manger! Fear departs:

The shepherds fly the happy news to tell!

Love, the Judgment Test

THE Bible emphasizes the fact that there is only one thing that counts with the Lord, and that is love. The apostle Paul found this out before he wrote the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—"faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

The love that Jesus recognizes comes from loving God. If we love God, we cannot help loving those about us. The love of God always produces love for man. It is not strange, then, that Jesus identifies himself with the sick and hungry as he does in Matthew 25:

In speaking of the wonderful story of this chapter, Dr. S. D. Gordon says:

"It is touching beyond words that Jesus claims closest kinship with the hungry and sick and imprisoned and distressed of all the race. And these are the majority, the overwhelming majority. These are Jesus' brothers and sisters, his own nearest of kin. Anything done for them is accepted as done to himself.

"Inasmuch" is one of the comforting heart words. The bit of help to a neighbor in need, so small in itself; the service done with such a consciousness of having been done poorly; the gift so little, yet wet with tears and sweat,—each seems so small, yet it was done for him.

"And he knew it was so. Now he remembers. He takes the measure of the heart, and makes this the standard of measure, and accepts all gratefully as done to himself. Inasmuch as it came out of your heart it has come into my heart."

The Searchlight

That sterling writer, Mr. William Ridgeway, says of this same point:

"The Son of God identifies himself with the sons of men. Injure the humblest man on earth and you offend the God whose image he bears. Help the humblest man on earth and you please the God who made him. In this blazing ray of divine light the black man, the brown man, the red man, the yellow man, becomes the white man made like his Father. Rom. 2: 11. If you want to see how it is done, take the front seat of the trolley out of town some summer night and watch when the searchlight is on. The ballast turns to ice and snow, the trees are foliated in silver, and every fence and farm shed is whitewashed with the sun. That is what the marvelous light of the judgment day will do with the race question. No 'foreigners' yonder. Only two kinds, 'Ye blessed' and 'Ye cursed.' Only one business for men, to help. Have you strength and health? Visit the unfortunate. Have you place and wealth? Feed the hungry. That is what these good things were given you for. Alas, if you are false to your trust!"

Who's Who

"Dumb, driven cattle that fatten and tomorrow die, have no importance, but man is above the level of the beasts. So a cup of cold water to a brother in need is registered in heaven. This truth ought to make you a noble man. You thought you were only one in a hundred million. 'Nobody cares for me.'

A forgotten shut-in on a back street perhaps. Served by a self-sacrificing, loving daughter. Why, my dear woman, that splendid girl is ministering to Christ. All the time you have been thinking you are only poor, sick old Mrs. Jones! When any one of you fellows do anything to help some poor unfortunate, you always 'feel good.' That is a little of the reflex—the echo of the bell that registers in heaven. That time you 'chipped in' and fixed up that 'hard luck' family down in the Neck, why, dear me, it was the happiest company I ever stumbled on. Christmas could not compare. You were hearing the music from heaven.

The Peculiar People

"Depart from me, ye cursed."

"The hardest thing on this earth for a man to go through is to be unceremoniously kicked out of anything. It is simply crushing to be kicked out by a good man. No one but a bum or a craven can stand it and live. What a hell it must be to be driven away from heaven with words like these. Well, there is only one way to avoid this terrible experience. Get busy 'doing it unto one of the least.' Only one kind of people do it. A peculiar people. Titus 2:14. There is only one flying animal—the bird. There are bugs, bats, and men. But only birds mount to the empyrean and gracefully soar. It is only the Christian that soars high among men, and on tireless wings 'does it unto the least.' If you are not a Christian, you will only minister so long as the gasoline holds out or the engine holds together. Then down you go."

Attending to His Drop

"It is told of a certain man in a big city, that every night he was in the habit of visiting a haunt where poor wretches were accustomed to seek a temporary shelter, and of providing at least one man with bed and breakfast. A friend undertook to argue with him about the uselessness of it, in the face of so much want and misery, adding, 'It is only a drop in the bucket!' 'That's all right,' was the reply; 'I'm just attending to my drop!'"

Are you attending to yours?

We are not rewarded, however, on account of our works, but "according to our works." The works are but a proof of the indwelling Spirit, which is the passport into the heavenly world. Let us all see that we have the passport before the door of mercy closes. Its possession gives peace, hope, and joy amid the perplexity and distress of the present time.

F. D. C.

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