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The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

December 23, 1919

No. 51



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THE EX-KAISER OF GERMANY WITH GENERAL DOMMIES ENJOYING A MORNING WALK IN HIS GARDEN

(See page two)



From Here and There

The assessed value of the Equitable Life Insurance building in New York City is \$25,000,000. It is said to be the most valuable private building in the country.

Some towns are planning to erect community houses as a tribute to the boys who served in the late war. These houses will contain large auditoriums for lectures and social gatherings.

The British government has appropriated \$300,000,000 for the development of aviation, while Congress recently refused to sanction an emergency appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the same purpose.

A public school teacher of Rotterdam is the first woman elected to the Dutch Parliament; and Lady Astor the first woman to have a seat in the British Parliament. It is of interest to us to know that Lady Astor is a Virginian by birth.

In December of next year will be celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The celebration cannot be confined to Plymouth, or to Massachusetts, or even to New England. The whole country will be expected to take part.

During the eight years of its existence the Savings Bank of Public School, No. 14, New York City, has saved for its depositors over and above all withdrawals, \$62,157.07. Since this school is located in one of the poorest neighborhoods of New York, the large savings account is quite remarkable.

Madame Therese Jacquemaire, daughter of Premier Clemenceau, has arrived in this country from France, to begin a lecture tour in the United States. One of the objects of her lecture tour, she said, would be to remove the misunderstandings in America of French people and their customs. Madame Jacquemaire's mother was Mary Plummer, an American girl.

An order came from the secretary-treasurer of the North Sumatra Mission of Seventh-day Adventists, for the INSTRUCTOR to be sent indefinitely to the mission. The order read, "The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, perpetual, beginning with the expiration of the last subscription." We are glad for this expression of confidence in the future of the INSTRUCTOR, as well as appreciation of its past.

Follow the habits of the bees and get food from flowers. It really wouldn't be such a bad idea. At least the Japanese find flowers appetizing. Their favorite dish is a chrysanthemum concoction. The cook selects a large bunch and soaks them in a bowl of clear water. When scrupulously clean, they are boiled, and then they can be eaten as they are or chopped up into small flakes. Flaked flowers sounds appetizing, doesn't it?

Nearly a year has passed since Halifax was stunned by the explosion that almost totally destroyed the north end of the city. But when the city came to itself after the dreadful catastrophe it determined upon a new Halifax. With the government ready with \$50,000,000, and the Relief Commission with \$27,000,000, and a citizen fund of several million to be spent in rebuilding the city, definite plans were laid to have the homes of the reclaimed section, modern buildings of high quality.

The Kaiser's Photograph

THE photograph of the ex-kaiser, on the cover, was obtained by a Dutch photographer who, by disguising himself as a peasant and hiring a large hay wagon heaped high with hay, secured several good pictures before his purpose was suspected.

Sitting on top of the hay the photographer arranged for the wagon to drive along by the high wall surrounding the garden. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the ex-kaiser, who was pacing the gravel path with Adjutant General Dommès, called out "Guten Morgen!" to the apparently innocent peas-

ant tossing hay on his wagon, after which he did not look at him again.

The photographer had arranged with the driver of the wagon to halt when he coughed, and to unharness his horse, pretending that it had lost a shoe, and take the animal back to the village; so the wagon remained stationary near the wall, in order to make room for other traffic.

Finally the ex-kaiser and the general halted on the path immediately opposite and a few meters from the photographer, who stood up to get a better view. The ex-kaiser, who then realized to his horror that he was being photographed, was furious, calling out angrily: "What are you doing there? Be off at once, will you?"

General Dommès rushed outside and had the guards arrest the photographer, who had in the meantime slipped his exposed plates to a colleague, who was standing near the wagon and who went off with them. The guards insisted on seizing what they thought were the exposed plates, for which they paid five florins; but they received only two blank plates. Later he was released, but as he and his companion were stepping into the train to leave the place, the police again arrested him, with his associate, and took them back to the village on the charge of an attempted assault on the ex-kaiser. After a few hours, however, the photographers were released.

The ex-kaiser will no longer walk in his favorite path, hitherto considered the most secluded spot in the castle garden; he has chosen a new one.

Fate of the Peace Treaty

THE Peace Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations covenant were rejected by the United States Senate after one of the most dramatic and spectacular sessions in the nation's history.

The treaty with the so-called Lodge reservations was beaten twice, the final vote being 41 to 51.

The treaty with no reservations and in the form President Wilson desired it to assume, was defeated even more decisively by a vote of 38 to 53.

The virtual elimination of the treaty and the league from further consideration by the Senate was made effective by a vote of 42 to 48.

It now remains for the Senate to declare a state of peace between the United States and Germany.—*Washington Post*.

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 23, 1919 No. 51

Subscription Rates

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

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - - - - Each \$1.50
Six months - - - - - .80

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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A Christmas Thought

OH, Christmas is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things it is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells' ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand,
Some hoarding is far from saving;
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having —
We are richer for what we give;
And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone;
You have almost forgot who gave them;
But the loving thoughts you bestow live on
As long as you choose to have them.
Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor;
No money can buy that treasure;
Yours always, from robber and rust secure,
Your own, without stint or measure;
It is only love that we can give;
It is only by loving we live.

For who is it that smiles through the Christmas morn —
The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.
He was poor on earth, but he gave us all
That can make our life worth the living;
And happy the Christmas Day we call
That is spent, for his sake, in giving —
He shows us the way to live,
Like him, let us love and give!

— Lucy Larcom.

“Are We Worthy?”

MATILDA ERICKSON

ARE we worthy of the name we bear?” That question stared at me when I opened one of our clipping folios about a week ago, and somehow, I have been unable to get away from it since. “Are we worthy of the name we bear?” I pass the question on for your consideration — you who bear the name of Missionary Volunteers.

What does that name mean? First of all it means consecration for service. It stands for a consecration that sweeps away every selfish motive — cost what it may — and serves as the Master served. It calls for a consecration that finds opportunities for service and equipment for doing the work. “Are we worthy of the name we bear?”

The other day a young woman employed by the Manhattan Laundry found on her desk a note from the manager. It read: “Your services are no longer required.” Down in her heart she knew why she was discharged. She was not worthy. What if the Master who has so generously employed us in his service should discharge every Missionary Volunteer who is not worthy of the name? Truly, he is long-suffering. He is still waiting for us to come up to the standard. He is counting on our being worthy during 1920 of the name we bear.

But wherein have we failed? Let us take a general inventory. Can we not sum up all our failures in this one sentence: *We have failed to make first things first?* The days have been full. Our intentions have been good enough, but often the daily routine has crowded out our absolutely necessary personal devotions, and the reading we should do, and the missionary work we long to do. Has this been your experience? Why? — Because first things were not given first place. Then, “Are we worthy of the name we bear?”

“We are doing too much,” says a Christian writer, “and therefore, most of us could do more if we would do less.” There is more truth in this paradox than appears to the casual observer. Look at it in the quiet, steady light of meditation and then test your own

activities by it. It is true that most of us are doing too much.

If the hours consumed by the undue attention given to worldly fashions; if the time wasted in unprofitable amusements; if the precious hours spent with reading matter of second-, third-, and fourth-class value, were spent in doing things worth while, “oh, the good we all may do, while the days are going by!” Shall we not get busy pulling up the weeds and the plants of no value that the fruit-bearing vines may have room in which to flourish? Is it not time that we eliminate the nonessentials from our daily program and make first things first? Is it not time that you and I study to show ourselves worthy of the name we bear?

About two years ago Elder J. N. Loughborough, that faithful pioneer who is still among us, wrote the Missionary Volunteer Department as follows:

“On retiring I spent my last waking moments in praying the Lord to bless the young people and to qualify them to finish the work. When I fell asleep I dreamed. I seemed to be in a valley with high rocks on either side; and the valley seemed full of people. The older ones were looking intently at groups of young people. I was directed to a particular group. The leader raised his hand. All in the group arose at once, and their eager faces seemed to say: What do you want us to do? We are ready to do it. O the joy that was expressed in the countenances of parents and teachers standing near. Their very expressions seemed to exclaim, Now we shall get the help we have so much desired and anticipated! My guide conducted me down the valley, and I saw scene after scene like the first one. I was so inspired with the sight that I awoke, saying to myself: That is what will be the result of this Missionary Volunteer movement if the Lord's instruction is carried out.”

That dream is coming true. Young men and women in all lands are pressing into this movement, and are rendering valiant service. They are taking up the burdens that others have had to lay down.

They are pressing into the regions that have never yet heard the story of the gospel. But are we advancing in an unbroken line? Does our consecration measure up to theirs? Have we submerged our all in soul-winning work? "Are we worthy of the name we bear?" Shall we not nobly resolve, together with others who have given their all,

"To steel our souls against the lust of ease,
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need?"

Shall we not renew our resolutions to faithfulness, not in a half-hearted way, but with an undiscourageable determination to make first things first? Shall we not give the Master *our best* instead of our bit during 1920? And shall we not firmly resolve, that by the grace of God we will be worthy of the name we bear?

"Make thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the victor's wreathéd crown,
Not for the glory and renown,
But in the hour of grim defeat
That comes upon the battle's heat —
Bless thou my blunted sword.

"Make thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the council's highest seat,
But, mingling in the crowded street,
To speak, with yonder lowly man
As with a brother, of thy plan —
Bless thou my humble word."

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. Some 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 not only was 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 Sabbaths 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 won-

der 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.

The Tree of Resolution

ZACCHEUS climbed a tree to see Jesus. He had heard of him, and wondered who he was and what he looked like. He left his comfortable home and mixed with the crowd on the day that Jesus came to town, pressing and jostling against all classes of men. The murmur of the people told him that the Man he was looking for was coming, but he could not see him. He was short, and the crowd was in front. Forgetting his high rank and dignity, he ran to the roadside and climbed a sycamore tree, struggled with the rough bark, stretched every muscle to reach a favorable place, and, having settled himself, looked eagerly at the Saviour. He gazed into that face until his withered soul was watered with the dews of heaven, and kept on looking, drinking in its gracious tenderness, until Jesus looked up at him, and Zaccheus was transformed.

In the Forest of Sin

The logical thing to do when you are lost in the forest, is to climb a tree and get your bearings. Zaccheus was lost in the forest of sin, wandering through the gloomy defiles of discouragement and condemnation. Not much of the sunshine of hope filtered down to light his path. He was lost. His feet had wandered from the path, and night was coming on. Should he wander on in confusion, or should he exert himself to find a way out? He heard of Jesus, climbed a tree to see him, and got his bearings. He saw the Face.

The lost traveler who finds himself by climbing to a tree top, does not stay there. He makes haste and climbs down again among the undergrowth and gloom. But he knows the way now, and pushes forward with a glad heart, brushing aside the branches and tramping through the bushes, until he gains the road. In our journey to the heavenly home, when our carnally blinded eyes cannot make out the trail, we climb one of the trees of prayer and consecration and resolution, and catch a glimpse of the Son of man.

Too many of us try to stay in the tree top. We forget to come down as Zaccheus did, and let our light shine in the darkness. That is the reason so many of our New Year resolutions sicken and die before the crocuses bloom. We must learn to bring our tree-top experience back to earth to help us live today. An uninspired Christian is an impossibility, but not a whit more so than an impractical one who dwells in the clouds and is deaf to the needs of the world.

New Year Prescription

The subject of New Year resolutions may be discouraging. But there is a prescription which if followed, will give each one of us success in carrying out our resolves. The prescription consists of two ingredients. The first is, Get a tree-top vision. The second is, Bring it back to earth. I suppose Zaccheus made New Year resolutions, don't you? And he had carried out some of them, he thought, for he told the Lord that he was honest and kind, and was a respected citizen. But after the tree-top experience he made a resolve worth while, for he had found the prescription. And

instead of being honest and kind because it was good policy, his generosity and good will bubbled forth from a heart that had been watered at the fountain of life, and instead of being respected he was loved. What was the resolution that he made, did you say? It was this, I think: "I will grow day by day more like the Christ that I saw from the sycamore tree."

That is the Missionary Volunteer New Year Resolve for 1920, to be more like Christ, to cultivate the Christian graces. You will find the resolution printed in the Morning Watch Calendar, but here it is, if you have not seen it:

"Resolved, That I will this year endeavor, by God's help, to live a simple, sincere, and active Christian life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a childlike faith in God. I will endeavor to spend some time in Bible study and prayer each day, and to make a personal effort at least once a week to encourage or draw some one nearer to Christ."

Take this Morning Watch New Year Resolve, climb the tree of prayer and consecration, read it slowly, thoughtfully, subscribe to it, and when you have caught the vision, come down and set about carrying out your resolution. You will find the Master waiting to abide at your house, and to bring you the blessings of his salvation.

ROGER ALTMAN.

Evil-Speaking

PART of the Christian life has to do with the tongue, and looking at it in its social aspect, the greatest part. The ways in which the sin forbidden in James 4: 11, 12, may be committed are legion, and time would fail us in any attempt to give them even the barest enumeration.

The first and most absolute form in which we can speak evil of a brother is by uttering against him a wilfully false accusation. One could have wished, for the sake of the honor of our race, that such a deliberate sin had been impossible; but unfortunately it is so common and inveterate that a special law against it was uttered on Sinai, and written on the stony tablet by the finger of God. And of all sinners in the world, the liar is the greatest and the most hopeless. While every sin is bad enough, and needs the special mercy of Heaven for its forgiveness and the special help of Heaven for its cure and abandonment, lying seems to go deeper into the heart and to taint it more thoroughly than any other. And there is this terrible peculiarity about it, that, while it is a sin in itself, it is also a shield for every other sin. Lying often takes the form of evil-speaking; and then you have a double evil, an evil compounded of malice and falsehood. Every stone of falsehood we put into the walls of the temple of truth will crumble; its color will strike through whatever paint we may put upon it; and the great Architect will have it taken down and replaced by a stone of truth.

Exaggerating Another's Faults

Another form of evil-speaking is that of exaggerating faults that are real. While there has been an immense sacrifice of truth, there has been, on the part of the thoughtless romancers, an entire oblivion of the golden law, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Another way in which men speak evil of another is by the unnecessary repetition of real faults. He that is without fault, let him first cast a stone at a faulty man. Of all species of conversation, there is none which is less profitable than that which consists of a morbid dissection of other men's characters.

Another manner in which men speak evil of each other is by a sort of *mock sorrow*. Under the hypocritical guise of pity and abhorrence of sin, they indulge in the mischievous yet too common propensity to publish the failings of some erring brother.

Another manner in which men speak evil of each other is by misrepresenting language, motive, or circumstances. The extent to which this special form of evil-speaking goes on is such that it may well create great distrust in any story we hear. Things may sometimes be worse than the rumor, but in the majority of cases I am persuaded that they are not half so bad. We are not to speak evil of each other, because we are brethren and because to speak evil of our brother is to speak evil of the law which commands us to love our brother. Let us jealously guard each other's reputations, each looking to it that his reputation shall be worth guarding.—*E. Mellor, "In the Footsteps of Heroes."*

CORRECTIONS

JACOB'S body was embalmed at the command of Joseph. Gen. 50: 2. The answer given in the INSTRUCTOR of October 28 to question 81 of the Bible Contest questions, was "Joseph." It should have been "Jacob." The reference given was correct, but by a typographical error the name "Joseph" was substituted for "Jacob."

In the INSTRUCTOR of December 2, in the article entitled "West China's New Mission Station," in the sixth paragraph, Dr. Andrews is made to say that a band of "nearly eight men" were used in the transporting of their goods. It should have read "nearly eighty men."

Lest some one has preserved for future reading Mrs. J. W. Purvis's poem, "Reaching After God," in the INSTRUCTOR of September 2, reference is made to the error in the second stanza. The lines should read:

"So blended are the colors fine
In precious stone or columbine,
Thy work invites inspection."

An *a* was used in place of *or*.

Little Jack Cole

LITTLE Jack Cole
Was a merry little soul,
And a healthy little lad was he;
He slept all night
On the sleeping porch—
Oh, soundly all night slept he.
He laughed at the cold,
And he laughed at the snow,
And he laughed when the winds blew high;
He sang, "Fresh air makes me strong,
So I never take cold;
What a happy little boy am I!"

—Selected.

Events Leading to the Decision of My Life

ENNIS V. MOORE

IT was during the summer of 1913 that two young men, from Emmanuel Missionary College, came to my home town to sell baskets. While they were in town they visited my parents, and during their stay they tried to persuade me to go to Emmanuel Missionary College the next year. I was careless and indifferent, much set in my worldly ways, and would not reason with them concerning the school. However, I felt in my heart the longing for an education, and I realized that a Christian education was the only education worth while. It haunted me day and night. The Spirit of God was working with me, for he knew that I was being led away from him by the evil devices of Satan. He knew, also, that if I should decide to go to school I would be with good associates and would have a good Christian experience.

I was doing many things that were not upbuilding to any young man. I was going to town on Sabbath afternoons, playing pool, attending theaters, smoking, drinking, and doing almost everything that was degenerating. The worst of it all was that I was still a member of the church, and was bearing responsibilities in Christian service.

After these boys talked to me, I became more and more dissatisfied with my way of living, for I enjoyed their association. The Lord continued to let his Spirit strive with me. After one of my nightly sprees, a very depressed and guilty feeling would come over me, but I would not yield to the influence of the Spirit. I would resolutely dismiss the thing from my mind and turn over in my bed and go to sleep, only to duplicate the experience the following night.

Finally, I received a direct conviction that I should not longer act the part of a hypocrite. One would naturally suppose that, being brought up in a Christian home, I would turn and be a true Christian, but on the contrary I made the opposite decision, and went into the world and gave my life to the god of pleasure. This greatly grieved my parents, for, like all good Christian parents, they were anxious for me to develop into a strong worker for God's cause in the world.

Later in the summer two other young men came from the college to canvass in the vicinity of my home. They impressed me even more favorably than the former. They were tall, slender, stately looking boys, and had a look of earnestness in their faces that the first two did not have, and which could not be erased from my mind. Their stirring remarks and experiences given at the little church, where they had persuaded me to go, troubled me. They also entreated me to go with them to E. M. C. the coming year. I was convinced that E. M. C. must be a good place or all these boys would not be so in earnest about it, and so loyal to it. My parents had always been more than willing for me to attend college, and this experience, and these students, only increased their willingness and stimulated their desires for me to go.

Days and weeks passed. During this time I was working for my father, running a steam hay press, and on the seventh of September—five days before school opened—we were operating the baler. As I stood there beside it, with the sun's rays streaming down upon me and the drops of perspiration trickling down my face, the thought came, "Why don't I

go to school?" I had always had an insatiable desire for knowledge, and from childhood had had a determination to get an education. When but a boy I had written, in my childish hand, on a board of a stall in the barn, these words that spoke my aim in life, "I will get a good education," and I then had no other desire than to prepare myself to be of real benefit to mankind. With these thoughts in my mind I leaned over the baler, and said to the young man who was working on the other side, "Opportunity knocks at man's door but once; I believe my opportunity has come, and I am going to start for school Tuesday morning." The answer came, "You are foolish if you don't. I only wish that I had the chance that you have to get an education." We said no more, and my thoughts were carried away with the din and the noise of the whirling wheels, the meshing of cogs, and the crunching of straw as the bales were pressed out through the iron frame on the average of one every minute.

That evening I told my parents of my decision,—the decision that marked the parting of the ways, the great turning point in my life. The necessary preparations for school were immediately begun; and when Tuesday morning came, I was off for E. M. C., the place of my great transformation.

As the result of this decision I was brought under the influence of the Christian atmosphere that prevailed there, and became truly converted. I received a vision of the great work to be finished in this generation, and of the part that through God I could perform. After four years of valuable training I entered this glorious work, and I expect to be faithful to my calling, ever continuing to learn, until Jesus comes the second time.

There are many young men and women who need to make just such a decision. They need the Christian experience, and the Lord's work needs them. Many of them need the convicting power of the Holy Spirit to come in and truly convert them. Our students need to be more careful of their influence. He who is careful of his influence is certain to be a power for good, and reasonably sure of success. Two of the young men to whom I referred are engaged in the Lord's work in this country, one is in Korea, and the fourth is in India.

If all students could realize, as they are going through college, the extent of their influence for good or for evil; if they could realize that they might be the means of helping to determine some one's future by their influence during the summer vacation, how careful they would be to exert the right influence, how loath to criticize the school that they know is doing so much for them, how anxious to maintain the high ideals their school holds before them! If they could realize that every word, thought, and deed has its influence upon the destiny of man, that every life well spent or ill spent, bears with it a long train of consequences, extending even to those not directly under its personal influence, how worth while, how virtuous, and how well chosen would be their words and acts!

No life is so insignificant that its example does not cast an influence for weal or for woe, so let us all watch well our example—we may be some one's guiding star.

Echoes from Graysville Academy

[The following are abridgments of tenth-grade English themes written by the students of Graysville Academy. They were sent to us by the teacher, Mrs. H. E. Edwards.]

Have You These Habits?

ARE you punctual, industrious, and persevering? Without these assets you can never succeed in any undertaking.

God is never a second late with his appointments. When the time comes for the day to close, the sun sinks slowly out of sight, and in the morning it arises on schedule time. We should follow the divine Example, and always be punctual.

Abraham Lincoln's parents were so poor they could not even buy schoolbooks for him, and he was kept so busy helping his father that he had little time for study. But was he contented with his surroundings?—No! He had a great desire to gain an education, and the books with which he learned to read were the Bible and an old speller. No obstacle was too great for him to overcome when it stood in the way of his advancement. We all know the result of his industry and perseverance. He became President of the United States.

Opportunity lies within our reach. We may grasp it if we will, but punctuality, industry, and perseverance are essential if we would retain the hold.

ARCHA O. DART.

Courtesy and Discourtesy

"There goes old lady Jones with Mrs. Brown's washing," remarked a girl about fourteen years of age, as she stood looking out of the window.

"Do you think that is a courteous way to speak of her, Mary?" asked her mother. "Mrs. Jones is not an old woman by any means, and you know she is highly respected for her honesty and consistent Christian life. Why not call her Mrs. Jones?"

Mary did not answer, but hung her head in shame.

"I am very anxious that you learn to treat every one with courtesy," continued her mother. Courtesy is one great secret of success, and you do not hurt the person to whom you are discourteous nearly so much as you do yourself.

"One bright Sunday morning when I was a girl of about eighteen, I went with a crowd of young people for a walk. The president of the local Y. W. C. A. was with us, and we were a happy company. Soon we noticed that three girls had joined our party who had not been invited. Some of us began to whisper and laugh. That of course was very impolite; but worse than this, one of the smaller girls at last asked where they were going. They only smiled in answer. When we came to the edge of town they turned down a side street and went to visit an elderly lady, Mrs. Jackson, who was almost blind.

"We had a jolly time in our walk, and thought little of the girls whom we had snubbed until several days later, when we learned that the president of the Y. W. C. A. had chosen these three girls as helpers. Some of us who had been aspirants for the work to which they were assigned were greatly disappointed, but her reason for the choice impressed us with a much-needed lesson. She had selected these girls because they had shown a cheerful, kindly spirit even when embarrassed by our rudeness."

FERN WATTS.

Value of School Friendships

We were all assembled in the schoolroom when the door opened, and there stood a very plain-looking girl of about seventeen. The teacher, after learning her name, introduced her to us, but we were not especially friendly.

For several weeks we hardly noticed her, but she came to school regularly, was always on time, and always had her lessons perfectly, which made the rest of us a little ashamed.

Finally another girl and I decided that we would sit by her in classes, and we enjoyed her company so much that we walked part way home with her, and asked her to come and see us when we parted. She was lonely, and so came that very afternoon. We were starting for a walk when Ruth proposed that we take our books along and sit down in some pretty spot and study. We did this, and the next day the teacher complimented us on our good lessons. Then we told her how Ruth had helped us. We soon became fast friends and remained so.

In every company there are girls who always stand for the right and have a strong influence over those who are weaker. It is always best to choose good company, not only because we are known by the company we keep, but because of the help that will come to us.

LYDIA F. COLLISON.

A Worth-While Habit

There are many vacant places in the world waiting to be filled by persons who are ambitious, stable, persevering, and adaptable and who above all are punctual.

Suppose one who holds a position in a large business firm gets to work just a minute late each morning, and is always making excuses for his tardiness. Could such a person answer a telephone call if the foreman should want him at just that minute? And what if he were sent on a business trip and missed the train by one minute, thus failing to keep an important appointment? Do you think his employers would put up with such carelessness long? No, indeed, he would have to look for work elsewhere or change his ways.

Punctuality is a necessity in the business world, but it is also an essential in school, or in attendance at church services. Sometimes it may be necessary to get up a little earlier, and start a little sooner than is convenient; but a minute saved is a minute earned, in every avenue of life. Any one may acquire this all-important habit of punctuality, *if he will*.

HAROLD KILLEN.

Arrow Points

THE only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves.

In climbing for the high road that will bring you to whatever you are aiming, you have to take the bumps with the boosts.

The note of cheer pays the interest of joy on demand.

There's many a gold nugget in the rock, that does not show itself at once.

Tolerance, tenacity, and tact are the three ruling muses.

Decorate the lives of the living, rather than the monuments of the dead.—*Sophie Irene Loeb*.



Just for the Juniors



The Saving of Tom Parmalee

E. F. COLLIER

THE door was open, and the speaker's voice carried out into the street, so that Tom Parmalee heard even though he refused to enter. A temperance meeting was no place for a man whose business it was to pass drinks over a bar every day of his life, so thought Tom, and he remained standing outside in the shadow of a telephone pole and listened.

This was in the summer of 1917, just when the demands were becoming most insistent for Congress to pass prohibitive measures against the traffic in liquor. It was a hot night, and Tom was worried, so with thousands of others he went out into the street to seek the elusive zephyrs that were too light to enter through windows and doors.

He had merely strolled along, till the bright light streaming through the open door, a display sign announcing a temperance rally, and the sound of a voice carried upon the night air attracted his attention. Then he stopped, curiosity prompting him, to see what new arraignment might now be made against the traffic in which he was engaged.

Clear and distinct came the words to Tom's ears, as he leaned against the protecting post, hands deep in his pockets, and a half sneer curling his lip,

"Yes, they will stand there by the bar of God, aged men and youth and little children — victims of the heartless greed that prompted some of their fellows. Broken-hearted wives and mothers; orphans, starving for love and for bread; young men and old, with hopes wrecked and honor wasted — will stand there and witness against those who helped make desolate their hearts and homes. And if the blind mercenaries among men, who feed upon the weaknesses and helplessness of others, could see this witnessing host, they would fall on their faces in fear and trembling, for vengeance is in the hands of God, and he will repay!"

Tom waited to hear no more.

"The same old type of stuff that has been hurled against the trade since the world began!" he muttered in disgust as he turned away, a peculiar bitterness rankling in his heart.

Men make or unmake their own lives, not the lives of others, he reasoned. It is the way of the world: each one builds for himself, and if the house of one falls, why should another be made accountable? The strong must survive, and if a man chooses to sacrifice himself, or even his family, who should stay his hand? He had seen many drunkards, and they were a worthless lot generally; no doubt their posterity would be much like them. What if a few did shamble out of the world occasionally? Bah! It made him sick, this everlasting placarding of the liquor seller as the evil genius of the race.

When he reached his saloon, he was still combating the declarations of the reformer; but he thrust the matter from his mind, and entered. Inside was the usual crowd. Several men stood at the bar, drinking; some young men caroused in a corner at the rear, while Old Lank, an odd character with more than ordinary length of limb, executed a sort of hop-and-

dance to the music of a coin-in-the-slot instrument that ground out flippant melodies. Two or three old habitués sat alone with their bottles, drinking in silence, as if intent on drowning out the last memory of better days.

The crowd was small, and as Tom's services were not required, he sat down in a corner and surveyed the occupants of the room.

Who was there here, he asked himself, whose lot was not his own by choice? What misery, if any, clinging to the lives of these men, could be laid at the door of the man who sold them drink? What disgusting nonsense! If they were not happier here than elsewhere, then why did they come? Those men at the bar were men of middle life, well able to pay for a social glass and enjoy it. They would drink moderately, go home at a reasonable hour, and no harm done; to them the saloon was a social club. Those hilarious young fellows — well, the world was before them. They are young but once; strong, and can easily throw off any evil effects that a bit of wine may have upon them. And as for those old codgers who sat at the tables, what did they have to live for but to drown their age-old sorrows, ease their pains, and smile momentarily at the fleeting memories that appeared and then vanished like the tiny bubbles that played upon their glasses?

A few minutes later Tom awoke from a doze during which he seemed to see himself standing upon a rounded, slippery pedestal, while around him surged endless throngs of men and women and children who menaced him with their cries and gestures.

"Hang that preacher, anyhow!" ejaculated Tom as he shook himself and glanced about the barroom.

A new character had entered, a comparatively young man, probably not yet past thirty-four, who ordered a drink and then sat down at a table near Tom.

Tom watched him awhile. He saw how eagerly he seized upon the liquor and drained the glass, and how nervous he was. He set his elbows upon the table and rested his head upon his hands. He glanced uneasily around the room and shuffled his feet. Tom arose and went over to him.

"Howdy, stranger," he said, reaching out a hand. "Looking for some one, are you?"

The stranger shook his head slightly and slumped farther into his seat.

Tom tried again.

"I suppose you have just come to the city, probably to settle and live? Guess you struck the right place if you did. Property's cheap here, lots of work, and it's a nice place to live in, too. Take it from me, pardner, you'll be right glad you made us a call."

"No, I did not just come to the city," said the man, apparently not well pleased with Tom's familiarity. "I've been living here three months, but this is the first time I've been in here. I'm a cabinetmaker by trade. Lost my first job trying to work and care for a sick wife at the same time. Just sort of drifting around at present looking for a new one. Can't put me on to anything, can you?"

Tom smiled to himself congratulatingly. He had a true eye for business, and his business consisted principally in getting as many drinking men as possible behind the doors of his saloon.

"Why," he answered in an encouraging tone, "I can't tonight, but if you can hold out a few days I may be able to do something for you. Just drop around occasionally, and meantime I'll see what I can do."

Of course, Tom was interested in getting him a job. Steady work meant a pay envelope every week; and steady pay, for a saloon habitué, meant a steady flow into the till behind the bar.

"You may think," said the man, with apologetic mien, "that I am an old hand at this drink game, but I am not. God knows that I ought not to be here. My father died a drunkard's death, and the taint of his folly is in his children. I have a brother, as fine a boy as ever lived, so help me. He never touched a drop of this stuff in his life, but when he walks down street he reels and staggers just like his father used to do after spending a night at the bar. Poor Stephen must forever carry in his body the shame of his father's offense. Then, too, I have a little sister at Oak Forest who has fits, epilepsy they call it, because of my father's wrong course. Dear little Neva, sweet as an angel!—but they say there is no cure."

"But you appear to be all right," said Tom, glad to say something that would serve as an argument. "You appear strong and well. No defection about you, is there?"

"That shows you do not know me," he answered. "I am the feeblest one in the family. This, however, is my weakness."

Holding up and inverting his emptied glass, he allowed a drop or two of the dregs to fall to the table.

"To let this alone, ye heavens, how I have tried and must try! Ten years ago I took my first drink and got on this slide. Then I met the woman whom I loved, and for her sake I quit the stuff,—proved myself for a year,—and she accepted me. To this day I have let it alone, but with what an effort! Some say they lose the appetite when they leave off drinking, but not I; it is a part of my heritage—blood of my very soul! Without ceasing, day and night, at home or abroad, at work or at rest, at prayer—it matters not—there is just one old, long, mad longing that cries to me, 'Drink, drink, drink!' until honestly, though I am not a profane man, I feel like shouting, 'Curse the liquor!' for it is forever cursing me."

Tom honestly pitied the man. But he had no thought of helping him conquer the craving and stay quit; that would have been contrary to his established business principles.

"Look here, my friend," he said, "I am sorry for you. But you've got the wrong idea. Don't make an enemy of liquor, make it your friend. See? Here, have a drink on the house—just one—and then go home. Then when you feel like having a drink another time, why, take it. Only don't let it get away with you. Treat it right and it will always treat you right."

Tom ordered the drink, and the man took it in a hand that shook with eagerness. Halfway to his lips he brought it, then with a look of panic in his eyes, slowly lowered it again.

"No, I must not drink it. For Nellie's sake and the children's I must not. You don't know what you are talking about when you say, 'Treat it right and it will treat you right.' It never treats me right. It

will kill me some day, that's what it will do. Keep your liquor. I am master yet, and I am going to prove it!"

Casting a hurried glance about the room, he ran like a frightened animal through the open door.

Tom gazed at the vacant doorway. Then with a puzzled shake of his head, he proceeded to place the untouched glass upon the bar, repeating as he did so that time-old adage about its taking all kinds of people to make a world.

"Queer sort, that fellow. Guess I didn't quite size him up. Forgot to ask him his name, too. O well, he'll come back. That much I do know about him, he'll come back."

And Tom laughed as he remembered how many others he had seen lured back by the remorseless call of strong drink. But it was three months before his prediction was fulfilled.

In the meantime the autumn elections had been held, and all the saloons were doomed by the decree of the citizens' vote. The succeeding year should be as dry as the driest.

Tom bitterly rebelled, and made tirade against preachers and harebrained reformers in general, together with their churchgoing satellites, who had created such a thing as local option.

But it was done, and as no license was forthcoming for another year, it remained for Tom either to change his occupation or remove to another locality where there was "less interference with the rights and privileges of business," as he expressed it.

Then came a friend from a neighboring place, telling him of the advantages to be found there in a booming factory town, with but two saloons in the field that were reaping a harvest of gold every day. A third license had just been granted, but there was a chance for a sale and transfer, and would Tom come over and investigate? Tom readily consented. The deal was made, though at considerable expense to the purchaser, and he immediately set to work preparing to open in a style befitting his dreams of a quick harvest of wealth. The most expensive outlay was none too good; for he would let those others, who had enjoyed such exclusive reign in prosperity, know that in Tom Parmalee they had no mean competitor.

Yet two weeks remained of the license year in which to run at the old stand, and Tom purposed to make the best of it. Every dollar which he could glean from the city he would carry away, for in closing him out they had offended him and disclosed an utter lack of appreciation for him and his citizenship.

Then one day while he was grieving over the wrongs heaped upon him, the stranger came back. Tom had almost forgotten the previous meeting and incident, but immediately at sight of him he rejoiced, flattering himself on his keen apprehension of the man's inherited weakness.

The man gave Tom a cursory glance, and hastened to the bar where he ordered a drink of whisky.

Tom sidled up to him.

"Well, my friend, you have been a long time coming, but I see you are here. Never came around for that job, did you?"

"No," said the man, "I feared to come. It would have been the ruination of me ere this if I had come."

"Nonsense," protested Tom. "Still got the gloomy view of it, I see. What you need is a little mental science. Look at that stuff you are drinking now. If you think it will hurt you, it will hurt you. If you

think it will kill you, it will kill you. If you think it will benefit and make you happy, it will do it. Believe me, I have had long experience, and I know. How is the sick wife?"

The man's head sank to his breast.

"She is in the hospital at Brighton. I took her there three weeks ago. I just got word this morning that she is failing rapidly and may not last another day. I am on my way to see her for the last time. I have left the kiddies at home. Day after tomorrow is Christmas Day. If she dies, I shall not tell them till afterward. I have been working the past month, and it is my intention to get some presents—a big armful like that—and surprise them. Poor kiddies, they have never had a real Christmas. A month ago, when I got this job, Nellie got me to promise that this year we would have a tree, with some gifts, to make them happy. So no matter what happens they shall not be disappointed."

"Good boy," laughed Tom, slapping him on the shoulder, "nothing like celebrating for a good time. Here, sit down and have some more drinks. Who knows but that wife of yours may be well when you arrive? No use to worry anyway. Let me suggest something to warm you up while you travel; pretty chilly today, you know."

Tom almost pushed him to a seat, smiling broadly as the man handed him a dollar from the small roll which he carried.

"Thank you,—ah—what did you say your name is? I've a poor memory for names, somehow."

"Mayes is my name—Charles Mayes."

"Oh, all right, Mr. Mayes. I'm glad to have met you. Here is something on the side," said Tom, placing a half pint of raw spirits within the inside pocket of his coat. "When you get back let us hear from you. Wish you a merry Christmas."

Half an hour later Mayes went out. For some reason the timidity and fear of consequences so noticeable at his first call were almost entirely lacking now. His blood, alcohol-fired, raced through his veins, giving to his face a warm but unnatural flush and injecting a sparkle to his eyes that appeared like hope and bravado. Carelessly he drew his collar about his neck and stepped out into the street.

"Pretty cunnin', pretty cunnin', I mus' say, Mr. Parmalee," spoke up a young man with red hair, who wore the cap and badge of a chauffeur. "Tank 'em up full, an' then give 'em some on the side to bait 'em back. Pretty cunnin', I mus' say."

"Hold your tongue, Sandy, and get out of here," snapped Tom, glaring at the speaker. "You'll never be able to drive that car back to the garage if you don't go quickly. Come on now," as Sandy essayed to order another drink, "you'll be running over some one, and then all these sainty-goody church people will be blaming me for it."

"That's all right, Tom, I got your number. I drink a lot of your whisky, but you never put any in my pocket to drink on the way. 'Cause why? 'Cause you know I'll come back without coaxin', don't you? No, you load me up, an' take my money till it's all gone, an' then you send me home 'cause I'm drunk; that's the way you do it. Yep, just like the city, 't gives you a license to make a guy drunk an' then locks the guy up because he lets you do it. All right, old top. Ta, ta. I'll see you tomorrow, which is the day before Christmas, 'cause Christmas I won't be able to see nobody, I reckon."

Tom Parmalee had a family of his own which he guarded with jealous care. Out on the city's eastern ridge, as far removed as possible from its degradation and poverty and drunkenness and disease, he kept them. His wife, a noble-hearted woman, while lamenting the vocation which afforded them a living, said little, but set herself resolutely to the task of rearing aright her children.

Thomas, Jr., aged seven, and Berta, his sister, two years younger, had no knowledge of what their father did to make for them a home. True, they would not have understood at their age, but it was their father's desire that they be kept ignorant of his employment; and his hope that by the time they should be old enough to understand he would have enough laid by to be able to retire in comfort and thus release himself to some extent from the stigma of his position. Meanwhile they must be educated, they must have good associations, and be kept in the best of environment.

When Charles Mayes referred to the Christmas tree and the gifts he intended to provide for his children, Tom's mind reverted to the gayer festivities which his own home would accommodate. The whole house would glow with electric candles, the gorgeously decked tree would glisten with its load of decoration, and hundreds of dollars' worth of gifts would be piled beneath it.

While he thus meditated on the things he would be able to do for his own, little Tom and Berta were wild with anticipation of the coming event. They danced about and worried their mother with questions and suggestions until she was glad to heed one of their requests, that they be permitted to go a block down the street to view the windows of a store so grandly decorated for the season. Wrapping them up with care from the chill wind, she sent them forth with a kiss and a precaution to guard against danger and return very shortly.

But the holiday tang was in the air. They skipped through the lightly falling snow, and shouted with sheer delight at the tinkling of bells and the sight of a small sleigh carrying a Santa Claus, drawn by a team of diminutive ponies arrayed with silver-buckled harness and set with antlers to represent reindeer.

Dozens of children followed with laughter and clapping of hands, the result of which was that little Tom and Berta caught the enthusiasm and forgot for an interval their mother's word of caution.

When they realized that they were several blocks distant from their home, they turned to get their bearings, and then started across the street, hand in hand, unconscious of the danger bearing down upon them from a near corner.

A single, piercing scream went up as a heavy car, driven by a drunken, red-haired young man, struck them, and then went zigzagging and careening down the street with fearful speed.

Tom Parmalee, the father, received a telephone call a few minutes later apprising him of the accident and describing the drunken driver. When he arrived at his home, he was shown a little body with a white sheet over it, and another white-faced, bruised little form that died in his arms at the evening sun.

Two days later, instead of a Christmas tree in Tom's home, there were two floral-wreathed, crêpe-draped caskets; and instead of the happy festivities, there were the soft steps of sorrowful friends and the pain and grief of two stricken parents.

(To be concluded next week)

The Junior Bible Year

BOYS and girls, do you realize that the Bible is a whole library of books? We are accustomed to thinking of the Bible as one book, but it is really a library containing sixty-six volumes, all in one binding. Begin to build your library with these sixty-six priceless volumes.

Care in the Manufacture of the Bible

If we were to visit the workshop of the American Bible House, in New York, and watch the careful working of the typesetters, the sewing, and the gilding of the edges, perhaps we would appreciate our Bibles more. I once watched a woman hand-tooling a piece of fine leather, and later when I received as a gift a bit of such workmanship I valued it highly. I have often been impressed with the really marvelous workmanship in the printing of the Bible, the marginal references, and the concordance. Have you ever found a typographical error in your Bible?

The Supreme Book

But the value of the Bible merely as a book does not compare with the value of its contents. It is the Book of books. It is so woven into literature that it is the supreme book in the English language. It acquaints us with great men, poets, prophets, men who have been permitted great visions in the things of God. The stories of these men of many generations were written for our admonition in these days. Above all, it contains the plan of salvation,—a way of escape from the power of the prince of this world. In the sixteenth century, only a few hundred years ago, people who could not afford a whole copy of the Bible, bought a few sheets, or borrowed, and would pay as much as a load of hay for the privilege of reading the Bible for one hour a day. What value do you set on the privilege you enjoy of reading the Bible today?

The purpose of the Junior Bible Year is to make the reading of the Bible as easy and pleasant as possible. It covers those parts of the Bible that a Junior can easily understand and remember.

How Do You Read Your Bible?

Bear in mind that the Bible does not yield its richness to a careless reader, and many find the Bible tiresome reading on this account. Read it slowly, that you may understand what you read. If you were motoring with father, and reading the road book to him, would you not read slowly and carefully lest you get onto the wrong road,—oh, so quickly and so easily? The Bible is our Guidebook for our journey through life. It should be read in such a way that you will be able to gather from it instruction as to the right road to travel, and that you may not suddenly swerve onto a road that will lead sooner or later over a precipice, or into a slough of despond.

Do you read your Bible daily? We are apt to go out to the duties of the new day without a request for guidance, or even the Morning Watch text. It almost looks as if we think we can take care of ourselves. "Every morning should have its text [at least] which may stay all the day in the heart like a grain of rare perfume, to sweeten all the day's living."

Perhaps you study your Sabbath school lesson daily. Aside from this, you need to read the Bible daily as a devotional exercise, "to learn the mind and will of God." Do not let several days slip by without reading at all, and then endeavor to catch up; and do not sandwich your reading between the hurry of the day

and the weariness at bedtime. Set aside a certain time for reading, or you will soon discover that you do not have time. "Every physician will advise his patient to have certain times for meals, and certain times for rest, and certain times for sleep. Every teacher will advise his pupil to have certain times for study. Regularity is essential to the formation of habit, and the formation of habit is the way to develop character." The Great Physician, through the Bible, instructs us, corrects us, warns us, comforts us, inspires us to do big things for him,—teaches us the lessons we need to know.

Then, too, every Christian should be able to give a reason for his faith, aye, more than one. If he cannot do this, he will lose what faith he has. We are witnesses for Christ, and we must be able to witness so effectively that others will be able to catch our vision of Jesus and follow him.

And, boys and girls, shall we not read that others may see in us "the form of the fourth"? King Nebuchadnezzar saw Jesus in the life of each of the Hebrew children as clearly as he saw him walking with them in the burning, fiery furnace. There is patience, courtesy, and happiness in God's children that renders them easily discernible from the world.

An Eastern prince once desired to know of good Queen Victoria the secret of England's success. It is said that the queen handed a copy of the Bible to the Eastern monarch, saying, "This is the secret of England's greatness." Is it the secret of your success?

How to Handle the Bible

Very reverently should we handle the Bible. It should have its own place on our tables, plainly in view and easily obtainable—not underneath other books and magazines. It is the *lamp* to our feet, the *light* to our path.

The day is speedily coming when we shall be deprived of our Bibles. The only comfort we shall then be able to derive from them will be our knowledge of what we read now. Whatever other reading we do, let us read our Bibles first, and receive that mold to our daily living which the Bible alone can give.

"Last eve I paused before a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'
'Just one,' he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

"And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone."

M. STELLA FLEISHEN

Victory Day

O VICTORY Day! O Victory Day!
Where is thy peace, we want to know?
On every side there is turmoil and strife,
Fear and perplexity, hunger and woe.
O Victory Day! O Victory Day!
Thou wilt never be given in man's own way;
By the Prince of Peace only shall peace be known,
When each heart receives him and serves him alone.

O Victory Day! O Victory Day!
Where is justice and truth, we want to know?
Sweet was thy promise. Are all in vain
The wounded hearts, and the loved ones slain?
O Victory Day! O Liberty Day!
Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and say,
"Down with man's wisdom, marked so deeply with sin,
That the Lord of glory may come in."

MRS. CHARLES C. DUPEE.

Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending June 30, 1919

Conferences	Number of Societies	Present Membership	Nc. 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	14	167	108	97	67	178	20	4	1230	5486	432	141	11	345	459	91	\$ 5.10	15		92	250	\$ 75.66	\$ 87.35	12	
Gr. New York	14	463	122	295	150	1123	449	21	7124	3765	2929	912	901	992	1387	240	70.26	109	8	88	1906	321.18	281.84	5	
Maine	17	239	149	77	38	161	4	11	460	1787	597	199		948	1829	71	6.00	20		87	201	118.60	85.53	1	
Massachusetts	21	506	408	397	144	937	96	24	2634	7666	653	257	57	1277	628	197	13.13	60	39	125	55	109.88	572.11	25	
N. New Eng.	10	96	60	415	309	430	30	148	403	1030	595	104	23	220	58	42	2.50	57		20		75.50	50.00		
S. New Eng.	9	96	58	158	76	641	143	14	2115	4314	244	113	59	9768	576	25	5.43	78		230	251	66.62	46.56		
W. New York	12	219	111	85	20	274	75	9	274	570	221	91	26	120	353	22	4.90		18	17	98	21.35	21.20		
Bermuda Miss.	1	20	8	46	12	98	29	10	206	289	79	15	2	20	15	1	8.00		2	5	5	22.66	5.00	2	
CENTRAL UNION																									
Colorado	25	541	300	377	173	1177	197	414	383	11709	844	375	1158	2012	3063	431	70.07	201	6	190	89	436.59	104.50	45	
Kansas	34	610	435	399	167	652	170	92	647	5115	419	313	53	1546	1392	406	60.70	50	5	166	183	216.39	57.32	43	
Missouri	19	400	127	381	151	376	174	79	1361	9047	342	348	447	1684	1279	226	47.00	55	23	179	146	259.65	99.94	7	
Nebraska	33	730	508	313	175	1504	169	34	1678	3299	423	235	115	9097	1776	492	35.80	59	33	213	233	319.03	82.43	18	
Wyoming	10	150		94	24	262	36	104	111	2650	433	121	30	483	654	52	6.85					392.05	32.70		
COLUMBIA UNION																									
Chesapeake	7	179	77	161	52	330	202	40	4312	3766	1420	127	33994	14574	412	66	14.15	71	9	65	32	38.42	13.08	6	
Dist. of Col.	14	421	237	394	61	443	187		420	2509	177	184	25	971	554	152	6.30	491		39	478	354.13	28.64	8	
E. Pa.	14	279	129	188	80	441	64	3	836	3347	537	217	606	1641	718	82	31.50	28		52	22	36.85	27.58	3	
New Jersey	22	322	250	279	150	404	46	8	687	5360	1457	139	56	1235	1253	170	29.85	12		126	179	46.70	31.34	11	
Ohio	24	490	301	331	169	790	205	240	4938	15362	2001	315	433	4340	1307	266	137.81	106	39	301	429	256.72	211.86	25	
Virginia	11	170		121	83	307	117	34	1619	2043	2228	70	332	863	594	64	17.70	45	2	23	12	38.52	216.00	14	
W. Pa.	12	226		86	39	277	116	8	273	1488	299	27		153	213	64	2.68	26	3	2		12.59	1.55		
W. Virginia	7	88	58	123	78	319	141	7	156	1292	1086	97	56	414	369	78	15.00	24		23		99.15	13.25	14	
LAKE UNION																									
Chicago	13	391	118	404	322	2984	1256	81	3273	11445	2343	509	261	8108	1660	291	125.95	59	93	63	146	579.40	99.18	1	
E. Michigan	15	400	150	170	75	200	50	10	610	2920	1697	179	9	600	300	60	20.35	70	52	24	8	110.07	74.37	43	
Illinois	17	233	94	134	111	220	54	11	2584	2485	651	169	33	436	418	108	5.80	126	2	56	46	95.44	18.99	8	
Indiana	22	240		62	26	88	6	2	46	2064	6	46	8	156	236	122	32.50	14		50	74		7.86		
N. Michigan	11	130	60	55	28	122	12	2	447	2335	115	77		391	243	55	7.80	5		11	54	42.54	1.25	9	
N. Wisconsin	23	208	85	260	97	146	48	4	72	2701	415	103	36	1445	1184	107	14.25	22	1	24	122	42.03	44.20	11	
S. Wisconsin	29	560	233	191	96	293	170	40	740	2989	1135	105	177	1372	538	126	22.55	34	82	71	221	208.33	161.20	5	
W. Michigan	52	1153	582	364	153	685	108	14	1153	6032	1220	346	85	542	2267	366	19.47	90	2	323	255	314.37	118.65	30	
NORTHERN UNION																									
Iowa	14	251	141	237	76	177	8	58	194	5446	56	123	560	2038	1237	129	11.00	43		126	43	253.28	120.18		
Minnesota	35	545	174	158	76	244	72	20	314	3722	200	240	25	1427	280	119	14.45	15	14	99	136	81.19	64.74	23	
North Dakota	14	349	265	56	48	79	106	18	1537	34	37	283	2799	33	273	18		10				5.40	40.39	9	
South Dakota	5	95	86	92	48	322	12	14	18	2288	39	128		343	258	16	2.50	2		19		265.37	71.50	23	
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																									
Montana	8	180	118	179	93	741	132	46	95	3512	331	200	16	1486	307	105	136.75	20		42		118.65	22.71	1	
S. Idaho		230		117	53	204	46	6	131	2910	302	121	17	1548	194	56	53.00	23		35	12	12.46	6.15	18	
S. Oregon	11	137	23	46	13	41	16		6	2313	61	45	116	93	28	1	7.75			12	14	334.56	9.40		
Upper Col.*	22	528	156	260	83	406	64	19	402	8201	50	366	544	2251	1770	344	50.70	87	1	215	462	309.50	701.27	81	
W. Oregon	11	304	49	85	21	156	8	3	905	4631	97	80		571	83	38	3.10	2	4	62	690	97.23	58.30	40	
W. Wash.	7	151	135	21	14	60			132	1054	40	40	16	814	105					68	322	73.49	13.62		
PACIFIC UNION																									
Arizona	3	50		41	1	110	7		8	156		5		7	158	22				4		3.50	2.00		
California	19	687	190	740	172	941	115	17	2675	9325	719	188	87	1206	582	305	69.45	69		641	227	331.36	75.26	1	
C. California	32	756	433	198	95	147	221	54	194	6584	355	367	194	2308	570	68	49.15	141	4	272	41	454.25	106.06	32	
Int.-Mountain	11	126		208	67	312	34	40	50	2507	216	136	8	258	391	54	.31			22	25				
Nevada Miss.	2	43		15	4	33	14	1	37	450	85	35	53	135	6	48	2.85					1.50	21.10		
N. California	22	464	147	133	30	326	87	5	490	4223	166	177	251	232	1723	136	.21	371	293	74	3	235.12	20.60	21	
S. California	27	304	155	115	44	437	196	6	475	4531	73	180	57	2893	402	225	3.10	31	4	384	63	143.68	33.23	23	
S. E. Calif.	20	507	275	93	34	107	25	21	478	2415	107	245	83	697	1559	123	.12	70		50	30	80.42	55.90		
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																									
Carolina	11	213	147	206	44	585	148	18	1377	8053	2274	1965	866	3212	507	137	54.27	18	17	113	99	38.57	33.72	9	
Cumberland	14	297	119	206	124	270	24	11	78	1843	53	125		394	493	181	32.15	52	4	170	47	65.26	38.97		
Florida	26	473	83	165	112	548	150	16	693	3787	143	149	236	4422	893	173	30.67	43		153	825	72.71	57.83	14	
Georgia	10	252	125	219	137	1243	181	9	1097	2547	745	120		493	513	81	22.80	27	12	91	125	60.29	73.84	10	
SOUTHERN UNION																									
Alabama	3			26	6	80	15		126	173	31	12	2	59	1		.30	1				6.04	.60		
Kentucky	7	37		101	36	80	11	16	9	810	163	31		115	386	26	.15	4	9			28.83	11.56	9	
Louisiana	5	107	48	28	18	82	21		15	196	245	22		16	34	39	7.28	42		21		7.31		18	
Mississippi	6	73	51	48	24	67	200	90	12	249	70	32		5	67	57	3.30			10	45	26.90	3.06		
Tenn. River	14	168	121	262	195	251	47	9	758	1473	103	106	100	922	208	87	9.30	15		79	216	582.09	99.99	19	
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																									
Arkansas	10	174	71	160	100	156	56	5	127	3281	245	121	21	317	222	60	4.65	6	921	171	7	37.40	34.66		
N. Texas	8	269	179	298	161	481	185	17	553	2330	626	257	86	732	533	170	8.75	18	2	193	33	45.46	115.64		
Oklahoma	10	219	103	163	50	264	59	302	323	1712	115	157	39	240	341	361	12.65	53	6	392	160	19.25	51.60	16	
S. Texas	4	78	52	81	41	190	53	4	984	1750	123	57		547	429	17	4.40	19		78	7	23.94	208.42	4	
Texico	10	115	45	20	43	21		2	18	631	21	26		61	26	19	6.35			5	2	46.91	2.50		

Is She My Mother?

GOOD morning, Dora. Is your mother in this morning?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Wright," answered Dora. "No, the woman you refer to is not in; she has gone out collecting for Harvest Ingathering today. But she is not *my* mother; she is only father's second wife!"

"Indeed, and so you do not consider her your mother nor call her by that name?"

"No, I do not," replied the girl. "How *can* she be my mother when mine has been dead for years?"

Mrs. Wright sat down and drew Dora to her side. "My dear, do you realize the anxiety you are causing this dear woman whom you refuse to call mother?"

"Anxiety?" questioned the girl.

"Yes, anxiety," continued Mrs. Wright. "She came into your home when you were a tiny girl, and has tenderly cared for you ever since. She has made your clothes, taught you to work, and given you a musical education which you could not have had otherwise. She has cared for you through many a spell of sickness, and done her best to guide your footsteps in the right way during the most trying years of your life. Not long ago she came and asked me to join her in prayer for you—"

"For me!" exclaimed Dora. "Why, what terrible thing have I been doing?"

"Nothing terrible, I am sure, my dear, but the particular reason for her anxiety at that time only God in heaven and herself know. She simply said that you were drifting away from her. Perhaps you were saucy. You will know about that if you reflect a moment. I shall never forget that day. She wept as if her heart would break, and said it was so hard to know just what to do. Then we knelt together, and I shall never forget her prayer for your true conversion.

"You hardly remember your own mother. You were only a wee girlie when she was taken away, but God gave you another mother in her place, and I am sure it would be pleasing to him if you would call her by that name and honor her in that capacity. As you have grown older, I have known you to go away without a word as to where you were bound, and leave her with all the work to do when she was feeling miserable. You have talked to her in a disrespectful way because you felt that you could not consider her as your *mother*, and so were under no obligation to her. But remember this, my dear, some day you must render account. The Judge will look over the record and note that you have transgressed the fifth commandment. Being guilty of this you will be barred out of the golden city, for you remember that one who breaks the law in one point is guilty of all, and the Master will declare that he never knew you."

"Oh, Mrs. Wright, I never thought of it in that light. I do want to do right and have a home in heaven."

"Let us kneel here together, Dora, and ask the Lord to forgive you and help you to overcome this spirit and give you grace to keep all his commandments."

When her fostermother returned from her soliciting, she found to her amazement that Dora had a dainty supper ready for her. "Just sit down and eat, mother," the girl urged, "and see if you do not feel rested."

And later that evening, when the tired woman knelt in prayer, she thanked God for the change which had come to the girl whom she yearned over with a mother's love, and expressed her gratitude for answered prayer.

MRS. NELLIE HOWELL.

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

In Which Class Are You?

WE have some young people in our society that I just don't know what to do with. I wish some one would tell me how to set them to work," said a perplexed leader when the meeting was thrown open for general discussion. Of course the young people belonging to this nonworking class do not come out and say, "I won't work." O no. But it's, "Well, I haven't time this week;" or, "I can't;" or, "Harold is just the one to do that kind of work; ask him;" or, —well, you know the excuses to which we are tempted to resort. But then it is the summary to which I wish to refer at this time. Please look it over carefully. Encouraging, isn't it? Surely it proves beyond a doubt that some of our young people are doing excellent work.

The interesting figures in this summary speak courage to the hearts of our workers, for they tell the story of young people who in their daily lives are trying to follow Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." And back of the figures lies another story of which some, whose eyes have grown keen in the service for others, catch glimpses between the quiet rows of figures. There are the stories of victories gained over timidity, over the temptation to follow the path of least resistance, and the story of earnest prayerful efforts to draw others nearer to Christ. The figures can tell how many tracts, papers, and books have been given away; they can register the number of missionary visits, the hours devoted to Christian help work, and the dollars given to missions, but of the other beautiful story that clings to these figures the half has never been told. Yet we know it is there, and that is why the figures are so interesting.

Look at the summary again. Excellent, isn't it? But think what it might have been. The work reported here was done, it seems, by less than 50 per cent of the young people represented in this summary. Why did the other 50 per cent report nothing? Why? Why? Why? Well, perhaps our vision has grown a bit dim. I am sure none has intentionally joined the nonworkers. Still an alarming per cent seem to belong to that class this quarter. Just drifted into it unconsciously, I suppose. Oh, it is so easy to drift!

And this is just what we must guard against. As Missionary Volunteers we must not drift. We must firmly resolve that we will not belong to the I-won't-work class, and then make our resolution the law of everyday life. Make it a rule to "help somebody today." Do it, and change the summary for the present quarter. Do not let the other half do all the work this time. Let us do our share. The 50 per cent that failed to report quarter ending June 30 may double our summary next time. Will they?

Our hearts go out in gratitude for this good summary. May God continue to bless the young people who made it possible, and bless the work they did. Then may he use this story in figures to stir us all to deeper consecration and to greater activity, for truly there is nothing this poor suffering world needs so much as the speedy return of our Lord. Then let us give the Master

Our Best, not our "Bit," during December

M. E.

A New Year Question Box

1. WHAT rule for the new year would you put first?
2. How can we change New Year resolutions into habits?
3. How can every day be a happy one?
4. What can we do to make happy days for others?
5. What in the past has spoiled the happiness of our years?
6. If one makes a failure some time during this new year, must he wait a whole year before he can make another start?
7. What are some of the things we must avoid this new year if we wish to be happy?
8. What can our Junior Society do to make this a happy new year?

Our Counsel Corner

HOW should the Missionary Volunteer Leaflets be used? C. M.

Some of the leaflets relate to special phases of the Missionary Volunteer work, like 4 and 41. These are especially for the officers of the society. But quite a number of the leaflets should be ordered in larger quantities for missionary work. All the leaflets listed below are good for use in your missionary work. If you do not have a supply on hand, why not order today?

13. Guiding Principles for the Young, No. 1.....	\$.02
14. Read, Think, and Pray.....	.00 1/4
23. The Life-Work02
33. Our Influence03
35. Marrying Unbelievers03
39. How Others Fought to Win the Prize.....	.05
40. The Morning Watch01
42. What We Promised Each Other00 1/2
44. The Marriage Altar02
45. A Visit to the Schools in Nyasaland02
47. Personal Work04
49. What God Hath Joined00 1/2
50. Lives of Great Men01
53. Skilled Workmen00 1/2
59. The Christian Home02
60. Your Mother01
61. Our Young People and Their Work01 1/2
62. A Message for You01
64. The Secret of Soul-Winning00 1/2
68. For Backsliders Only01
69. Is Jesus Real to You?02

Nos. 68 and 69 are just off the press.

M. V. D.

BELIEVE what you have proved. They most deceive
Themselves who strive to prove what they believe.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — Come Over and Help Us

(January 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16: 6-40.
GOLDEN TEXT: "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there." Acts 16: 15.

Paul's Call to Philippi

1. Where did the Philippians live? Acts 16: 12.
2. How did the Lord wonderfully direct Paul to preach the gospel unto them? Verses 9, 10. Note 1.

The First Converts

3. Where and when did Paul hold his first meeting with them? Verse 13. Note 2.
4. Who was the first to accept the gospel? Verses 14, 15.
5. What evidence did Lydia ask of their belief in her sincerity? Verse 15. Note 3.

Opposition at Philippi

6. How and through whom did Satan try to defeat God's work for the Philippians? Verses 16-18. Note 4.
7. How did the Lord turn these efforts in favor of the gospel work? Verse 18.
8. How did Satan further show his rage? Verses 19-24.
9. How was he again defeated? Verses 25, 26.

The Jailer's Conversion

10. When the keeper of the prison saw what had occurred, what did he do? Verse 27.
11. Through whom and how did God work to save this man's life? Verse 28.
12. As conviction of sin came to his heart, how did he seek and find salvation? Verses 29-32.
13. What did he do which showed that he had been truly converted? Verses 33, 34. Note 5.

The Magistrates

14. What did God's mighty work lead the magistrates to do? Verses 35, 36.
15. Why did Paul refuse to be released in this quiet way? Verse 37. Note 6.
16. How then were the servants of God released? Verses 38, 39.
17. As soon as they met with the believers, what did they do? Verse 40.

Notes

1. Paul's call to the Philippians was the beginning of the work of the gospel in Europe. The Macedonian call, "Come over and help us," is the call of the Holy Spirit to every truly converted person today. God expects the young as well as those who are older to respond to this call. We may not be asked to go to some distant land or to do some great public work, but if we are willing to go where God calls us, if our words are words of salvation, some one will attend unto the things which we speak, some one will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the privilege of every true child of God to know when and where God calls. But our hearts must first be willing to respond to his call.
2. This place of prayer by the riverside is thought to have been a large uncovered building, with seats as in an amphitheater; for where there was no synagogue the Jews frequently had such buildings by the seaside and by the side of rivers.
3. Lydia showed her faithfulness to the Lord by entertaining these workers in her home. Nor was her invitation one of mere politeness. She "constrained" them to come to her house and "abide there." She did it not as a duty, but as a privilege of which she felt she was scarcely worthy before her conversion. True Christian hospitality is an evidence of a living Christian experience.
4. "Divination" is a false effort to determine the divine will. There were and still are many kinds of divination, but they are all from Satan, they all lead away from God. Saul tried this means of learning God's will (1 Samuel 28: 7-20). This damsel "was a special agent of Satan. . . . The words of recommendation uttered by this woman were an injury to the cause of truth, distracting the minds of the people from the teachings of the apostles, and bringing disrepute upon the gospel; and by them many were led to believe that the men who spoke with the Spirit and power of God were actuated by the same spirit as this emissary of Satan."—"Acts of the Apostles," p. 212.
5. This work of Paul in Philippi gives us an idea of the people to whom he afterward wrote his letter to the Philippians. Satan held them in his wicked grip, but when they heard the word of God and saw its influence in the lives of

Paul and Silas, they gladly turned away from their evil ways and followed the Saviour. Their feeling of gratitude for the salvation that had been brought to them prompted in them a deep and abiding devotion to Paul. The apostle's letter to them is filled with loving counsel and instruction in the Christian life.

"Thus we have the establishment of the church at Philippi under peculiar circumstances, and its numbers steadily increased. Among them were men of wealth and influence, whose noble generosity and ready sympathy were ever on the side of right. They often came to the aid of the apostles in their affliction and pecuniary necessity [Phil. 4: 15, 16]." — *Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 387.

6. "Paul and Silas felt that to maintain the dignity of Christ's church, they must not submit to the illegal course proposed by the Roman magistrates. The apostles were Roman citizens, and it was unlawful to scourge a Roman, save for the most flagrant crime, or to deprive him of his liberty without a fair trial and condemnation. . . . The Philippians could but acknowledge the ability and generosity of the apostles in their course of action, especially in forbearing to appeal to a higher power against the magistrates who had persecuted them." — *Id.*, pp. 385, 386.

Additional Thoughts on the Lesson

IN the earliest times Macedonia was included in that vast region called Thrace, which had no definite boundaries, but was regarded as comprising all that part of Europe lying to the north of Greece.

Philippi was really founded by Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. The city was named for its founder. It was nine miles from Neapolis, where Paul landed.

The district occupied by Philippi was originally called Crenides, "Little Fountains," from the numerous springs which arose in the mountains on the north and ran into the neighboring marsh.

Philippi was noted for its gold mines. The gold mines of this section yielded Philip an annual revenue of 1,000 talents, a treasure which furnished him with the means of improving the army, and of establishing and maintaining a navy.

In Paul's day Philippi was under Roman jurisdiction. It was a Roman free colony, exempt from taxation. Such colonies "were free from any intrusion by the governor of the province. Their affairs were regulated by their own magistrates, called duumvirs, who delighted to style themselves prætors. The officers of Philippi are referred to by Luke under the title of magistrates. Acts 16: 20-38.

The letter to the Philippians seems to have been written by Paul while he was a prisoner at Rome.

"Cheerfulness is a fine advertisement of Christianity; others are sure to want a religion which they see makes you happy."

F. D. C.

Intermediate Lesson

I — Parents of John the Baptist

(January 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 1: 5-23, 57-80.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways." Luke 1: 76.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 97-100.

PLACES: The "hill country" of Judea; the temple in Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Herod the Great, king of Judea; Zacharias, a priest, and Elizabeth, his wife, of the family of Aaron; the angel Gabriel.

Setting of the Lesson

Four hundred years passed between the close of Old Testament history as recorded in the Bible and the events of the New Testament. Ezra and Nehemiah had rebuilt Jerusalem and the temple, and restored the temple service. Synagogues

as places of worship were built in towns and villages, although sacrifices were offered only in the temple at Jerusalem. About 161 B. C. the Jews lost their political liberty, and the country was ruled by the Romans. All through these years the Jews remembered the promise that God would send his Son as their Saviour. But they overlooked the prophecies of his first coming and the work he would do, and read of his second coming in power and glory, to redeem his people. So they were expecting a king and ruler who would make of them a mighty nation again. Very few of the Jews understood that any special heart preparation was needed to receive the Messiah for whom they were looking.

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

Questions

1. Who was king of Judea at the time of this lesson? Who were Zacharias and Elizabeth? What is said of them? Of what blessing were they deprived? Luke 1: 5-7.

2. Why did Zacharias go to Jerusalem? While he was burning incense on the altar in the holy place, how did the people join in the service? Verses 8-10. Note 1.

3. What experience did Zacharias have while he was performing the priest's office? How was he affected by this? Verses 11, 12. Note 2.

4. How did the angel quiet the fears of Zacharias? For what had Zacharias been praying? Verse 13. Note 3.

5. What did the angel say of the character of the promised son? With what was he to be filled? What would he do? In whose spirit was he to go forth? Verses 15-17.

6. When Zacharias doubted the angel's word, what did the angel say of himself? What experience would be a sign to Zacharias that the angel spoke the truth? Verses 18-20. Note 4.

7. What caused the people to wonder? How was the experience of Zacharias made known to them? At the end of his week of priestly service, where did Zacharias go? Verses 21-23.

8. Who rejoiced with Elizabeth when her son was born? What were these friends going to name him? Verses 57-59.

9. What did the mother say concerning the name? What objection did the relatives make? How did the father make known the name of his son? What was Zacharias immediately able to do? Verses 60-64.

10. What effect did these strange things have upon the people? Where were they told? What did people say of the child John? Verses 65, 66.

11. What other great blessing came to Zacharias? What did he prophesy concerning the work of his son? Verses 67, 76.

12. What is said of the early life of John? Verse 80.

Can You Do This?

Select verses in the prophecy of Zacharias on each of the following points:

A Redeemer for the people.

The Saviour should be born in the line of David.

The promise to Abraham.

A messenger should go before Jesus.

Salvation means the forgiveness of sins.

Those who were in darkness should have light.

Notes

1. "Zacharias dwelt in 'the hill country of Judea,' but he had gone up to Jerusalem to minister for one week in the temple, a service required twice a year from the priests of each course." — *The Desire of Ages*, p. 97.

2. "An angel of the Lord was 'standing on the right side of the altar.' The position of the angel was an indication of favor, but Zacharias took no note of this." — *Ibid.*

3. "Five hundred years before, Gabriel had made known to Daniel the prophetic period which was to extend to the coming of Christ. The knowledge that the end of this period was near, had moved Zacharias to pray for the Messiah's advent. Now the very messenger through whom the prophecy was given, had come to announce its fulfilment." — *Id.*, p. 98.

4. "The words of the angel, 'I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God,' show that he holds a position of high honor in the heavenly courts. When he came with a message to Daniel, he said, 'There is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael [Christ] your prince.' Of Gabriel the Saviour speaks, in the Revelation, saying that 'He sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John.' And to John the angel declared, 'I am a fellow servant with thee, and with thy brethren the prophets.' Wonderful thought—that the angel who stands next in honor to the Son of God, is the one chosen to open the purposes of God to sinful man." — *Id.*, pp. 98, 99.

The Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

THE following persons have recently signed the anti-tobacco pledge:

Donald Haynes	Ira Sims
Lawrence Chapman	Archie Gibson
Frank Parkhurst	Hubert Smith
Murland Sylvester	Mike Reichert
Edmund Blaelm	Halmar J. Webb

Another Earnest Request

SOME weeks ago we made a request for suggestions in regard to the INSTRUCTOR. We wanted to know what you liked about the paper, what you didn't enjoy, and what you wanted in the paper. We have received many words of appreciation, and several helpful suggestions. We shall endeavor to act upon these suggestions, and give you during 1920 a better paper than ever before.

But you must help in the work. The editors alone cannot make the paper you desire. First, we call upon you for reports of your effort to win souls for the kingdom of God. If you have done something that has won another to God or to his truth, tell us about it, that some one else may be inspired to follow your example.

If you yourself have been turned toward the Christian way by another, tell us what that one did to win you to the cause of Christ, as Brother Moore has done on page six.

If you know of some one who has been able, under God, to win others to Christ and to his last gospel message, tell us about it.

There's nothing that so quickly warms the heart of the discouraged or faint-hearted as to learn that a simple word, the selling of a book or some other act, has turned a soul from sin to righteousness. Let us hear what you have done in the work of soul-saving.

F. D. C.

International Conference of Women Physicians and National Women's Organizations

THIS conference convened at New York City from September 15 to October 25. It was conducted by women, and the majority of the papers presented were by women. Fourteen of the largest women's organizations in the United States were represented, and representatives from fourteen foreign countries were present. The object of the meeting was the study of health—social, physical, mental, and moral.

Prevention of disease rather than cure was particularly emphasized. We are to train for health by exercise, diet, recreation, dress, low heels, care of teeth, posture, etc. Nearly all Eastern colleges and schools for girls are now demanding a certain standard of healthful posture as a requirement for graduation. The posture of the *débutante* schoolgirl is found to be detrimental to health.

Child welfare was much dwelt upon. The baby must not be hospitalized, but mothered. Health habits are to be formed during the period of growth. This is much harder in adult life. It is found that the war greatly increased the number of undernourished children in the public schools, and that the high cost of living is continuing this evil. Better education and environment should be given the neurotic child, to ward off nervous and mental diseases in later years.

Stress was laid upon the fact that public hygiene is as important as individual health. The hygiene of industry is very important. Work environment reacts powerfully upon health of body and mind, and also upon the character and morals. All our work should be accomplished, if possible, as the little child's is—in the spirit of play.

Much encouragement was given the efforts of the United States Public Health Service in its campaign against social diseases, and the importance of maintaining the single standard of social morals was much emphasized.

Heredity also received its share of attention. Improved human stock depends largely upon approved human mating.

It was clearly seen that women's problems are the problems of the world, and likewise all the world's problems are women's problems. This most inspiring conference resulted in the formation of a foundation for the study of various health questions by women specialists, and the improvement, by education, of both individual and public health in all the world.

P. S. BOURDEAU-SISCO, M. D.,
National W. C. T. U. Delegate.

"To a Common Person"

THE following quotation is from *Life*, a paper supposed to be devoted to humor, but as in this instance, it sometimes says serious things. The questions asked in this paragraph are well worth careful consideration:

"DEAR SIR: I trust that you will pardon this inquiry, but I am curious to know if you have ever thought about yourself? Have you ever honestly considered of what use you are? Your name is legion, but for what purpose do you exist? Have you ever had an original thought? Have you ever contributed anything to the usefulness of humanity? Are your notions of beauty or art or literature worth while? Consider for a moment what you have already consumed. Since the day of your birth, the food you have eaten would provide for a small army. In your youth many people toiled over you, and now look at yourself. Every thought that you have is borrowed from some one else. How many things can you do that are not concerned with providing yourself with the means to exist? What difference would it make if you were not here?"

"Trusting that you may possibly get some vague glimmering of my motive in writing this, I am,

"Yours very truly,

"THE FUTURE."

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