

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 4



Photos, Keystone View Co., N. Y.

VIEWS IN RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA

From Here and There

Liquid ammonia will remove stains made on clothing by sewing-machine oil.

Peaches and apricots when being dried for the market on a large scale, are subjected, when first cut, to sulphur smoke for five or six hours, to prevent worms or bugs from later attacking the fruit.

During 1920 there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. The first lunar eclipse occurs on May 2, and the first solar on May 17; the second lunar on October 26, 27, and the second solar on November 10.

Thirty thousand dollars was paid recently by a breeder for Desiger, a yearling Poland-China boar. This is said to be the record price for a single hog. When a few weeks old, Desiger was sold for \$5,000. The recent sale makes a profit of \$25,000 for the original purchaser in less than a year.

Dr. Francis Clark of Christian Endeavor fame, says of his childhood days: "I was expected to take notes of both sermons, and to give at family prayers in the evening as detailed an account of them as possible, even down to sixthly. I regarded that duty as a pleasant intellectual exercise; it relieved any sense of monotony during the services." It would be well if this were a custom widely followed.

Strong cooking odors are sometimes due to the use of a utensil that has been previously used for a food with a strong flavor. When any such food has been cooked in a kettle, the best way to thoroughly remove any odor that will either taste or smell the next time the kettle is heated, is to place a tablespoonful of baking soda in the kettle, add a little water, and boil hard for three minutes. Rinse and dry, and not a trace of the odor will remain.

Organized labor has taken a commendable step to purge itself of obnoxious radicalism. At a conference of leaders of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, a resolution was adopted declaring the federation's opposition to Bolshevism and I. W. W.-ism and to the irresponsible leadership that encourages such a policy. The resolution says: "*Resolved*, That this conference of representatives of trade-unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and other organizations associated in this conference, repudiate and condemn the policy of Bolshevism and I. W. W.-ism as being destructive to American ideals and impractical in application."

Red Riding-Hood

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset, purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel, poisoning on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse;
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half-lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could hardly show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

—J. G. Whittier.

For the Finding-Out Club

The Winning Three

THREE of the 1919 Finding-Out Club members are credited with *thirty-two* correct lists of answers. These persons have their choice of any book published by the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

More than a hundred names have been enrolled on the 1919 membership list; but only three endured unto the end. We are glad of these three,—Mrs. Grace Hoover, Mrs. E. Maude Bostwick, and Mrs. G. H. Baber,—and we believe no one of them counts her effort wasted.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "INSTRUCTOR" OF November 11, 1919

PART II

The recent great railroad strike in England.

November 18

The blue jay.
The penguin.
Hydrogen gas.

November 25

PART II

Fiume.

December 2

Thyroid gland.

December 16

Carelessness.

December 30

Yap Island, Caroline group, Pacific Ocean.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Need of Mission Homes

ABOUT ten years ago our Mission Board came to realize the importance and necessity of providing substantial homes for workers sent to foreign fields. The lesson was learned under the tuition of that stern teacher, experience, and only after thousands of dollars and many precious lives had been sacrificed. Truly, as the Good Book says, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

However, the contents of the mission treasury has been limited, and in many stations, especially those on the frontier of the far-flung battle line, the workers are still living under conditions which endanger health and even life itself. Existence in "these mission fields is sufficiently trying at best, with the changed surroundings, and the necessity of adapting oneself to a considerable degree to native foods and native helpers; but when to all this are added the trials of living in a native house, the tax upon the vitality is too great, and serious results are almost sure to follow."

Usually our workers are unable to rent foreign houses because of the excessive rates charged. Frequently they are unable to procure native houses in a suitable location for the same reason. One family which went out to India some years ago was forced to live in a native house under which stagnant water stood the year round. This house was set up on poles and swayed to and fro with the wind. When the monsoon rains came, they were obliged to move their scanty furniture away from the side of the house toward which the wind blew, for the water seeped through the thin walls, and poured through the thatch roof as well. This missionary's wife died not long ago from a disease contracted in these surroundings, and he himself is now at home, a physical wreck. Physicians say he will never be able to return to the land of his love and toil.

"When workers are forced to take native quarters, they try to improve the houses by putting in windows, cutting additional doors, and making other desirable changes, but at best they are only crude dwellings, unfit for use by foreigners, cold in winter and hot in summer, and always unsanitary in arrangements and surroundings."

Health is of primary importance in the undertaking of any work. An old proverb says truly: "He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything." The missionary, above all others, needs health and its hopeful outlook.

Until recently the workers in the Punjab were obliged to live at Lahore, thirty-five miles away from their base of operations. We here in the homeland would surely consider it more than a hardship to make such a journey to work each day, even on a motorcycle, but our representatives in India never complained. Now, however, a mission home has been built, and those who succeed them will find comfortable quarters near the villages they serve.

A missionary who had blazed the trail in new territory, once observed:

"Into the tall and the wet grass drear,
Then, only then, art thou pioneer.
And Mr. First must have all the woes,
That Mr. Second may find repose."

But how often the courageous pioneer pays the supreme sacrifice, when if the means for a suitable home were only available, he would be able to stay on the ground and give others the benefit of his help and experience.

In telling about the opening of the Barotseland Mission in Africa, Elder W. H. Anderson says:

"When at home on furlough, I traveled through some of our conferences, and pleaded with the brethren and sisters for money to put up a house in that new field, that we might be able to stay and go on with our work. But some said, 'You don't need very much money in the mission field. You ought to go out there and live much as the natives do, in the same kind of house they live in.' We could not get the money we needed, but we felt that in answer to the call of God we should go ahead and establish the station. I built a little mud house with a thatched roof, and we put mosquito net over the holes we called windows; but the white ants ate the net, and the mosquitoes came in. Then we put the net over the bed; but the white ants ate holes in it just the same, and the mosquitoes came in, and soon we had the malaria. More than this, our mud houses could not withstand the tropical rains. Once I went away on a trip to some of the villages, and before I got home the rains came on unexpectedly. A heavy downpour beat against the clay walls of the house. Mrs. Anderson awoke in the night, and being anxious for the safety of our little girl, went over and brought her to her own bed. She had just done so when the side of the house over the child's bed fell in."

They lived under these conditions for some time, and then Mrs. Anderson took the dreaded black-water fever. They felt that their meager purse could not stand the strain of sending for a physician. Finally, it seemed that she must go, but when they besought the Lord in her behalf, God answered their prayers, and in a few weeks she was stronger, and they started for the coast, 1,600 miles away, for medical help. When they reached Kimberley, Mrs. Anderson urged her husband to return to the deserted mission station and look after the work there. Finally he yielded to her entreaties, and returned inland while she went on to our sanitarium in Cape Town, but he never saw his companion again. She fell asleep with a prayer for Africa upon her lips, and was laid to rest among the people whom she loved "even unto death," before he received word of her relapse. Had a substantial home been provided for these faithful workers, would this supreme sacrifice have been necessary? Let your own heart answer.

Yes, missions cost. Those who go, place everything upon the altar of service. Material benefits and even life itself must be offered in obedience to the great commission. But the same blessed Master who commanded his followers to carry the gospel to every

creature, made provision for those who must stay at home by the stuff to have a part in this service. While others may go, we may give. The giving is the complement of the going and equally important. Surrounded as we are by the comforts of life, let us stop a moment today and think of the needs of our fellow workers in fields beyond. They must have homes. How much will you contribute toward this enterprise?

L. E. C.

Our Year of Jubilee

THIS is the time when we turn toward the future. We may review the past, perhaps, but we look to the New Year as an opportunity to begin anew our struggle for victory.

Our most common conception of the New Year is that of a book. We talk about turning over a new leaf, and covering the blotted, scratched pages with the clean and stainless record sheets of a fresh year. We feel fairly confident that we shall fill them with happier deeds.

Perhaps we make good resolutions. It is easy to do this. "The road to hell is paved with good resolutions," is a saying as true as it is trite. Many a smoker swears off, many a thief decides to "go straight," but before the fifteenth of January rolls around they are back again at their old tricks.

A resolve alone will not make things go right. Truly the resolve is necessary as a beginning, but there is something more than that needed. What is it?

Revelation 21:5 does not say, "Behold, all things are new," as if the mere expression of determination were enough. It contains two very important words—"I make."

It is God who makes all things new. And he can do this for us in a spiritual sense equally as well as in the physical renovation of this earth. But in Corinthians we have the key to success in making our New Year resolutions: "Wherefore if any man is *in Christ*, he is a new creature." With our lives in his keeping we can meet the old temptations unafraid, and confident of victory.

Back in the Old Testament there is the beautiful symbolism of the year of jubilee. On the tenth day of the month of every fiftieth year the sound of the trumpet proclaimed the dawn of the jubilee year to the nation of Israel. It was a year of restitution and redemption. The prisoners were liberated, the slaves set free, debtors were absolved, and even the land enjoyed rest from tillage.

What does that divine provision for the ancient Jews have to do with us in the beginning of this year of 1920? That year of jubilee was a prophecy of the coming of Christ. It portrayed man's freedom from the tyranny of sin and Satan, and the beginning of a perfect life.

Why cannot this new year be to us a year of jubilee? Why cannot it be a year of unbroken resolutions? a year filled with the record of good deeds and splendid accomplishments? A year in which Christ will come to us and dwell in our hearts? It *can* be!

Once upon a time there was a girl who had almost been *born* a Christian. Her father and mother were Christians, and their fathers and mothers were Christians before them. This girl began going to church before she was a year old. She grew up in the very atmosphere of religion. She was baptized when she was ten years old. Later she taught in Sabbath school, and was active in the local Missionary Volunteer So-

ciety. She never failed to pray each evening and morning, and to read her Bible. All these things were the usual and expected duties in her life. She called herself a Christian, and many people thought her a very good one indeed.

But as she grew older and more thoughtful, she felt as if there was still a lack, a room in her heart unfilled. She had heard much of influencing others for good, and yet she was afraid that she had never really influenced another for good—never helped another to take a firmer stand for Christ.

You ask, "What was the matter?" That is what she asked herself.

There was a practice in her life against which the church had placed a question mark, suggesting that its influence was more apt to be bad than good. This question mark had to do with amusements. Yet this girl felt as if she were safe and right and that the church was narrow and old-fashioned.

She liked to discuss that phase of the matter. She felt that she was more advanced and enlightened than the older members. The question was truly a debatable one, and her arguments, so far as arguments go, were true; but the right to do and not to do cannot safely be left to abstract argument.

Then, one week, her Bible study brought her a little nearer than usual to the apostle Paul, and she glimpsed a new vision of the Christian pathway. The courageous, self-sacrificing statement, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth," took on a new and personal meaning.

It put a new version into the word "Christian" for that young lady. Being a Christian, ceased to mean a passive, negative goodness. There came to be associated with it sacrifice for the other fellow. If the world was to believe that Christ meant something to her, then she must be willing to give up, if need be, something for Christ, if by so doing it would influence another for good. So she thrust the questioned amusement from her life, lest it be a stumblingblock for some one else.

But the story does not end here.

She wrote a letter to one of her girl friends and told her about her decision, and this is the answer she received: "When your letter came, telling of your decision to sacrifice that which you enjoyed so much, I just had to pray to God to make *me* a better woman."

As she read this letter, she had the first conscious knowledge that she had influenced some one else for Christ. Her year of jubilee had begun—she had brought some one else nearer the Saviour.

The significance of the old year of 1919 is just this: Behind you lie the old days, not necessarily of sin and crime, for undoubtedly you have, like this girl, been endeavoring to live a Christian life. It may have been a negative Christian life—conforming to the general practices of the church but without the consciousness of the knowledge of actually helping others. It may have been a year of rather shallow Christianity, possibly no real sacrifice for the Master.

The new year is just begun. All things, habits, desires, thoughts, can be made new in Christ, and we shall be new creatures, able in him to reach higher ground. We shall be able to sacrifice some pleasures to help others. They may not be grossly *wrong*, but only questionable in their influence. Then to us will be the constant, daily realization that we are climbing upward, and helping others along; realizing our New Year resolutions and making a success of life.

"I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet.
I asked, and paused. He answered, soft and low,
'God's will to know.'

"'Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?' I cried,
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came, 'Nay, this remember, too,
God's will to do.'

"Once more I asked, 'Is there still more to tell?'
And once again the answer sweetly fell,
'Yea, this one thing all other things above,
God's will to love.'"

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

A Minister's Pay

THE small pay that ministers receive compared with that which many business men of less education and ability receive, was recently discussed in a popular magazine. One minister in response wrote an article showing that ministers receive their pay in other things than gold. He cited several incidents in proof, one of which follows:

"One day here at home a pretty girl broke impetuously into my study, crying. She held out a twenty-dollar gold piece to me and sobbed: 'I'm going home to mother! Pete and I have quarreled! He said that I might go home and stay if I was going to keep on being such a baby. And he gave me this twenty-dollar gold piece to pay my fare!'

"Then she threw her pretty self into a big leather chair in my study and started to sob. I knew that I should have to wait for the story until she was quieted again. And as I realized that she herself would soon be a mother, my own heart wept for her. Whatever the trouble was, to her it was tragic. The gold piece lay on the floor where she had dropped it, and neither of us picked it up.

"It seemed that 'Pete,' as we called him,—for I had married them and to me they seemed almost like my own children,—had stayed out until after midnight the night before; which was a very unusual procedure for staid, domestic Pete, whatever he might have done before he was married.

A quarrel had followed his arrival home—much to his surprise. An explanation of his tardiness was demanded. Pete, being an independent American whose record had never before been questioned, could not quite stand this. If he had stayed out *all* night he would never have thought of a human being questioning him. She should have trusted him.

"'You are nothing but a couple of foolish children!' I said when I got them both together, after a few minutes' telephoning to find Pete, 'and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.'

"I addressed myself to Pete: 'Pete, you especially ought to be ashamed to worry Betty now!'

"Then I turned to poor, dejected, tear-wet, but lovable Betty, and said, 'Betty, you ought to be ashamed not to trust Pete, no matter where he went—'

"'That's what I told—' broke in Peter.

"'You keep still, Pete!' I said to him, and he left his sentence incomplete.

"'If he loved me—' began Betty, in her turn.

"'And you keep still, too, Betty!' I added.

"Then I asked Betty to go out of the room. I wanted to talk with that rascal of a Peter.

"He looked down at the gold piece on the floor and blushed.

"'You ought to blush over that twenty-dollar gold piece!' I said.

"'I thought she was just bluffing about going home and I'd try a little bluff myself,' he confessed.

"'And she was just game enough to take you up and call your bluff?' I said.

"'She was! I might have known she would.'

"'What would you have done if she *had* gone?' I asked him.

"'I should have been the most miserable man in the world, and the most stubborn, for about a day—'

"'And then?' I asked.

"'And then I would have crawled to the ends of the earth and back for her!' he said, banging his fist on my desk.

"'Where were you, Pete, last night?'

"'Why, I was at the Y. M. C. A., arranging with the fellows for an indoor meet.'

"'Then why didn't you tell her?'

"'She had no business questioning me. She ought to trust me.'

"Then I called Betty back into the room and told her where Pete had been. She was ashamed and would have apologized, but started to cry and laugh instead; and then, before she could apologize, Pete was beginning to apologize, and then something happened that even this frank narrative must leave for the imagination. I myself looked out of the window at a rosebush.

"When I turned around it was to say: 'You are nothing but a pair of foolish youngsters, anyhow. Now go home and be happy!'

"As they were walking out, I called their attention to the twenty-dollar gold piece lying on the floor.

"'Put it in the missionary collection, I don't want it any more,' declared Peter. 'It might have carried Betty away from me!'

"We all three laughed; and they left the gold piece there for me to use.

"But the consciousness that I had helped them settle what might have been a serious home-breaking quarrel; the joy of seeing them go out of my study happy, with the feel of each other's kisses warm on the lips of youth; the joy of seeing a home kept intact; these things were to me better than that, or much more, gold.

"Pay? The ministry underpaid? Yes, as some look at it. The business man was right. The average pay is lower than the mechanic's. But there is some pay that is better than gold."

Cheerfulness

LIGHT is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Ps. 97:11. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Prov. 17:22. A "merry heart," "gladness," or cheerfulness should be cultivated by all. In a mission field, a cheerful, pleasant good morning from a neighbor with a smiling face, is worth more than gold. And if cheerfulness and pleasantness is indispensable here, it is also necessary in the homeland. We are dependable to a certain extent on one another. All have an influence for good or for ill. A sour, disagreeable face drives away the sunshine. Do you wish to scatter sunshine or gloom? Then show yourself friendly, pleasant, and agreeable to others. Think of the blessings you enjoy daily, also of God's great love in giving a Saviour to bear our sins. Put away evil thoughts (for they may develop into gossip), discontented thoughts; and, "casting all your care upon Him," "keep on the sunny side of life."

CARRIE B. THOMAS.



Just for the Juniors



According to Ability

YOU can't think how I dread to go," declared Laura, folding her brown skirt carefully. "Oh, yes indeed, I love the Allens as well as ever I did, and that's saying a great deal. But their circumstances have changed since I visited them last, and I'm afraid they will be dreadfully embarrassed."

"Hand me your hat brush. These wide brims do catch dust shamefully," and May poised an immense hat on a critical hand as she continued, "Tell me about the Allens. I know they must be lovely people."

"There never were lovelier," declared Laura, warmly, hanging away an embroidered kimono of Japanese silk, and taking down a simpler one. "Too gorgeous," she explained, nodding at the rejected garment. "I don't want to wear things that point the contrast between what they have now and what they used to have. Mr. Allen lost his money last year through another's dishonesty — never his own, May. And he gave up all they had to pay the debts the crash had left. I don't understand such things very well, but father said Mr. Allen did much more than the law required to keep others from losing. So they moved into a little house and furnished it simply, and there they live according to their means. That's exactly the way Auntie Allen expressed it when she wrote of the change."

"I suppose her heart is almost broken to give up all her luxuries."

"Of course it is, though she tries to hide it. Her letters are cheerful and her invitation to me to make my usual visit, was as cordial as ever. But" — and Laura shook her head slowly — "they had such a beautiful home, May, and were always doing nice things. They knew how to use their money to help others, and at the same time get all kinds of pleasure out of it for themselves. Of course they can't do anything for anybody now, and it must be terribly trying and humiliating."

"I can see how it would be."

"I shan't know how to act at all. I'll be sure to say and do all sorts of awkward things at inopportune times."

"Oh, no you won't. Your friends are the same, even if they have lost their money, and you'll rise to the occasion with your customary tact and good taste."

It was late the next afternoon when the train pulled into the station which was Laura Holman's destination. She knew it well, having been there many times before. Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Holman had been lifelong friends, and after the death of the latter in Laura's early childhood, kind Anna Allen had taken the motherless girl into her heart of hearts. Too far away for frequent meeting, she had kept up a steady correspondence, never discouraged when the girlish replies to her letters were fitful or tardy, and had wielded a firm if gentle influence over the forming character of her friend's daughter.

She insisted on the yearly visit. Not that it was hard to persuade her protégée to make it, for Laura always had enjoyable times with the Allens, and received from the wholesome influence in their home more benefit than she knew.

This evening she glanced involuntarily toward the particular spot where the familiar carriage had always stood, with its shining black horses and an ebony-hued Peter to touch his silk hat and grin at her pleasant greeting. But in the place stood a depot hack with an omnibus behind, and a transfer wagon on the other side. A quick sigh escaped her, just as she was caught bodily in somebody's arms while a cheery voice exclaimed, "You dear child, how well you look, and how glad I am to see you."

It was Auntie Allen herself, her pretty brown hair waving under a pretty brown hat, and the brown eyes which matched both hair and hat shining as tranquilly as of old. Not a shade of embarrassment marred the cordiality of her manner as she led the way to the street car, nor later as she opened the gate before the modest cottage scarcely one fourth the size of her former home. She ushered her guest in with a word of welcome, which was echoed by Ross and Winnie, who rushed upon Laura like affectionate young bears.

"Show Laura to her room, Winnie. You'll excuse me a few minutes, my dear, while I see what my two substitutes have perpetrated in the cooking line during my absence," and Mrs. Allen nodded brightly at her children.

"I like that! Leaves us to get up a sumptuous spread all alone, then makes insinuating remarks in public," and Ross pouted roguishly.

"Never mind, brother. She'll repent when she sees 'it.' She couldn't have done it better herself, if I do say it." Winnie was smiling mysteriously, but pounced on her brother as he began to speak, saying, "Sh! You mustn't tell before the company. Here, Laura, let's go. Top of the stairs — first room to the right."

It was a plainly furnished room, but if Winnie remembered the contrast between it and the apartment Laura had been accustomed to in their former home, she made no sign. "Now just make yourself at home, Laura, while I run down and put the finishing touches to the table. Mother thinks nobody can do that but me, and she's made me so conceited I think so too. Come down when you get ready."

Laura stood looking about her at the inexpensive appointments. "All dainty and neat, of course, as everything has to be that Auntie Allen touches," she said to herself, "but cheap — such a painful contrast, I don't see how they can wear such smiling faces over their heavy hearts. They've leagued together, I suppose, to try to keep one another's spirits up."

Mr. Allen, apparently, had joined the "league" with the rest of them. Except for the added silver about his temples and a line or two in his forehead, he looked the same as ever, and welcomed the guest with all his old hospitality.

The supper was appetizing, and the young cooks demanded the credit, especially for "it," which turned out to be a delicious fruit salad most artistically garnished. Conversation ran on as merrily as if the former luxurious service prevailed.

At the close of the meal Mrs. Allen said: "Ross, there are several hot muffins left. Wrap them in a

napkin and take them across the street. They will be in time for Mr. Chellis' supper, and he is so fond of them."

"Mrs. Chellis is not well," explained Winnie, as she gathered up the knives and forks. "She never does much cooking, and her husband is so fond of mother's bread that we often send him some. He works hard, and comes home to cold suppers half the time."

"Or would it weren't for Lady Allen," amended Ross, hurrying through the room with his bundle of muffins in one hand and three smoking-hot baked potatoes in the other.

"I don't wonder he enjoys those muffins. I never knew before that such things could be so delicious," declared Laura.

"Aren't they good? We can't get over mother's slyness in never letting us know, till now, what an expert cook she is. And here we've been eating all sorts of messes all our lives."

"Why, I thought your old cook was good, Winnie."

"So she was, as cooks go, but not like mother — no, indeed."

The last crumb was brushed and the two girls proceeded to the kitchen, where dishes were quickly disposed of and preparations for breakfast made, while Ross split kindling and carried up coal, regaling his womankind with comical reports of Mr. Chellis' gratitude and Mrs. Chellis' newest "misery."

"Winnie," said the mother suddenly, as she hung up the last towel, "the new magazine came today, so you can take last week's number to old Mrs. Bemis. I'm so glad I remembered — she counts on getting them promptly and is disappointed if she doesn't. No, you needn't stay to read to her tonight, as it's Laura's first evening with us. She can do without you."

"It's a wonder," declared Ross. "Mother humors her protégés till they're worse than spoiled babies; Cousin Laura, don't you think so?"

"She must have confirmed the habit when she was rearing her only son," teased Winnie. "Laura, if there ever was a spoiled baby disguised as a seventeen-year-old youth, it's Ross Allen. Good-by, people — I'll be right back."

They spent a delightful evening in the little living-room, where the piano took up most of the space. "Which is quite proper, because it's the most important adjunct to our family entertainment, announced Ross, escorting his mother to the stool and placing half a dozen pieces of music before her. She played them all, and sang their favorite ballads, then accompanied the children in their college glees and other songs, and Mr. Allen gave tuneful support with his violin. When the clock struck nine, the performer arose. "It's time for Grandfather McDowell's hot milk," she said. "Ross dear, you run down with it. An old gentleman across the alley, Laura, who is troubled with serious insomnia, and finds a bedtime cup of hot milk helpful. No one attended to it for him with any regularity, so I volunteered. It's no trouble to us, and it means so much to him."

"Give it to me, Anna. I'll take it and my violin across, and give him the 'Bonnetts of Bonnie Dundee.' It's his choice, Laura, of all the music ever written, poor old homesick Scotsman that he is."

"You'd better play something less stirring as a serenade," suggested Winnie, while Ross added wickedly: "The old man's helpless, so father can play what he

pleases for him. The rest of us can flee if the fiddle gets rampant."

The work next morning went smoothly forward, with two interested hostesses as principals and one somewhat bewildered guest as assistant, for Mrs. Allen made no protest when Laura offered to help, dispensing dish towels and dust cloths with lavish hand. By ten o'clock they were ready to sit down. Mrs. Allen began explorations in an interesting-looking mending basket, then paused to ask: "Winnie, what was young Mrs. Bemis doing last night when you took the magazine to her mother?"

"Making gingham aprons of all sizes and shapes, but all alike in check and color. The youthful Bemises will look like an orphan asylum when they wear them."

"Suppose you step over and get half a dozen of them — the aprons, not the Bemises — and let's have a buttonhole bee. That poor little woman has more to do than any one pair of hands can accomplish, and it will be a relief to her to have a little neighborly help. My mending can wait till tomorrow as well as not."

"She actually wept two real tears of joy, mother," Winnie said a few minutes later, depositing the bundle on the sewing table. "They fell on the new gingham and I told her not to brush them off because salt water is useful to set color, so she laughed and pretended she didn't want us to take the aprons. She says buttonholes are a perfect nightmare to her, though she has to make them by the score, and you couldn't have pleased her better if you'd made her a present of a silk gown. I had my doubts on that score, but as I thought it wouldn't be polite to question her veracity, I let it go."

Such a cozy little "bee" as it was. Laura didn't remember when she had enjoyed a morning more, and the dainty little luncheon for three that Winnie brought at noon on a big tray, and which they ate picnic fashion, seemed much more appetizing than a regulation meal. After it was over and the finished aprons folded, Mrs. Allen said: "This is such a lovely day, what do you girls say to a car ride? Laura, you have never visited our beautiful new park, and it's well worth seeing, I assure you."

"I should enjoy it very much," declared Laura, while Winnie clapped her hands, exclaiming, "The very thing."

"Now, daughter, will you take these garments home and tell Mrs. Bemis we shall claim the time we saved her? We want her to go with us this afternoon. We must all be home in time to get supper, so she needn't be afraid of staying too long. You see, Laura, she's one of those unselfish persons who never think of themselves, so others have to think for them. An hour out in the fresh air does her a world of good, but she'd stay at home and work forever if some one didn't drag her out. She's a sweet woman — you'll like her."

It was a thoroughly pleasant trip; and when it was over, supper was prepared and enjoyed. During the meal Ross said, "Mother, you know those four fellows I told you about?"

"Those somewhat unpromising boys in your class?"

"Yes. Well, they've formed themselves into a quartet, and they sing pretty well together. I've heard them practising at recess for a few weeks, and I thought if you and father could get them interested in your Sunday mission, they'd help with the music."

(Continued on page eleven)

I HAVE passed the half-century mark in life's journey. Naturally my viewpoint is somewhat changed from what it was when I was young. Many things which before I viewed at close range, I now view through the perspective of years. Many questions which I once settled from passion or pleasure, caprice or convenience, I see now should have been settled from the viewpoint of life's longer sweeps, and with due regard for the harvest of reaping following the early-time sowing.

Good Preparation for Life-Work

If I were beginning again, I would seek a better preparation for my life-work, mentally, physically, and spiritually. I would determine as early as possible, through prayer and through counsel with my friends, the work to which I was best adapted — whether I should follow a trade or a profession, whether I should fit myself to labor in evangelistic, educational, medical, or business lines. I should seek to hear the call of God to my soul and determine my place in the world's great work.

With this question settled, and during the process of its settlement, I would leave no stone unturned to obtain a good general education. I would seek to make this education one of practical value and not of mere theoretical instruction, an education which would fit me to take my place in society as an intelligent, efficient, well-balanced man. This general education I would seek whatever life-work I might decide upon.

Having determined the particular calling I should follow, I would specialize for that definite work. If my decision were to be a teacher, I would fit myself by every means in my power to be one of the best teachers that ever entered the school-room; if a doctor, I would determine to be an honor to my profession. The principles of devotion, efficiency, practicability, and of adaptability to the varying phases of my work would be the standard I should keep before my mind. The demand of the world today is for men and women who can do things, — who can do the right thing at the right time and do it in the right way. This would be my motto.

Conserve Health by Exercise and Recreation

If I were beginning again, along with the development of my mental faculties, I would seek to maintain a proper balance of physical strength and power. I would early acquaint myself with the laws of my being, with the principles of health and hygiene, and seek to regulate my daily routine so as to preserve intact the physical endowments with which I was blessed by my Maker. The maintenance of this balance would require the exercise of judgment and of decision. It would not only require these traits, but would serve to develop them. I would learn the necessity of self-control. I would eat for strength of body and clearness of mind, and not to satisfy the pleasures of appetite. I would dress moderately, neatly, healthfully. I would exercise regularly. I would take time for wholesome recreation, believing that in this course I would be honoring and glorifying my Maker more than if I devoted my entire energies to mental attainment alone.

Seek the Source of All True Wisdom

But the development and cultivation of the mental and physical powers alone would not afford a well-balanced character. There must be added the third factor in the triumvirate, namely, spiritual vision and strength. Hence, if I were beginning again, I would seek from earliest youth the Source of all true wisdom, a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would not be content with a mere theoretical knowledge, the making of a formal profession of Christianity. I would seek to know its vitalizing power in my life and experience. This knowledge I would seek through three chief avenues:

A Study of the Word

This word contains the wisdom of God. It contains a record of his purposes and designs. This word would be my daily study, my first thought and contemplation. In my estimation it would hold first place over all the books of the world.

IF I WERE BI

Personal Communion with Christ

By communion with Christ I would seek approach to the throne of infinite wisdom. Christ would be made my Counselor, my Friend, my Guide. I would bring him into every one of life's plans and purposes.

The Ministry of Service

We minister to Christ through ministry to our fellow men. I would seek to enter this service of loving ministry. No day should pass that I would not seek to say some word to a weaker brother, or do some act to bring the enabling grace of Christ within the reach of others. I would seek to make the lives touching mine nobler and purer.

There are many things I would do if I were beginning again, but they are all comprehended in these general principles which I have stated. Our lives take no backward turn. We cannot retrace our steps, nor live again the years that are gone. We may retrieve in some measure our mistakes by learning from them needed lessons and by faithful improvement of present opportunities. Failures may depress, but they need not dishearten. The star of hope still beckons us onward. The door of opportunity stands open before us. Christ is our hope, our ideal, and from the ashes of the dead past we may arise through his forgiveness and mercy to the attainment of new heights as we make him our wisdom, our righteousness, and our sanctification.

F. M. WILCOX.

I F I were beginning again, which of course cannot be; but if I were, I would pay more attention to the counsel of older people who have by experience learned something of what life means. I would not look upon persons who gave advice beyond my years as being "old fogies." Those who have been over a road know its sharp turns, dark places, rough spots, and danger points.

Prize Time as Most Precious Gift

If I could have thirty years given back to me, I would prize time as the most precious gift of life, the material that life is made of. Now time seems all too short for the things I wish to do. There are still twenty-four hours to the day, but they are so short compared with the hours of youth when time seemed to drag. Some of the things I now wish to do I could and should have done years ago, when the doing was much easier than now. Killing time is surely costly destruction.

If I could live my life over, I would plan my use of it with the idea of following a definite schedule or program for self-improvement. I would make my school life the beginning of a life of study and accomplishment. Looking back, I can see where nonessentials could have given place to more important things, and where many a moment spent in useless talk, unprofitable gadding about, or light reading, could have been well used in learning languages, mastering music, studying shorthand, and developing in useful lines. A proper amount of wholesome recreation, however, I should regard as belonging to a well-ordered program.

Get the Most Possible from Reading

If I had it to do over; I would make my reading as beneficial as possible. I would choose carefully my literature, and read slowly enough to mentally digest it. I would reject all literature that did not give promise of actual benefit. I would make notations in the margins of my book pages or on the fly-leaves, calling attention to special selections for future reference. I would place devotional reading before the morning newspaper, and I would learn to cull news from the paper without spending much time filling my mind with irrelevant stuff. Then there would be fewer unread books on my shelves.

ENDING AGAIN

Be a Good Listener

If I could have again the opportunity of listening to ministers, lecturers, and other public speakers I have heard, I would make it a point to get at least one good thing out of each sermon, lecture, or speech. I might get more than one good thing, but looking for at least one would cultivate the habit of attention; and in time I would have gathered many valuable points and suggestions. I would early begin to keep a good scrapbook, and an indexed notebook.

Conserve Health

If I had again the opportunity, I would early adopt a normal, rational, healthful régime. I see now that the vigor of youth is not given to be wasted, but is meant to build up the health for the present and for after-years. I would prize the chance to get to bed early and secure the wonderful benefit of sleep. I would avoid so far as possible affairs that keep one up late. As a further part of proper living I would regulate my meals to conform to the requirements of good digestion, and I would take into my stomach only such material as I would want built into my being.

Be Orderly

If I could begin life again, I would learn to put things where they belong. "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," and what could have been done as well as not when I was young, seems impossible to do now, and I lose much time looking for tools, books, and one thing and another that ought to be in their proper places.

Learn the Right Use of Money

If I were beginning life anew, I would regard the value of money more, not to encourage covetousness or stinginess, but to put it to its best uses. I would try to get one hundred cents' worth out of each dollar, and not spend good cash for cheap souvenirs, shoddy clothing, harmful knickknacks, unnecessary and unprofitable trips, uncalled-for presents, and things in general that do not represent value received. Then in later years I would appreciate those interesting tables that tell how bank deposits double themselves and how a dollar accumulates interest. Of course I would live within my means and by all means avoid owing others. I would begin early to be honest with God in my finances, and always make him a party to every transaction.

Give Life to God in Youth

If I had the advantage of renewed years, I would early take my place in the family of God, get acquainted with the Father, make a companion of Jesus, cultivate the presence of the Holy Spirit, and let the ministry of the angels be mine.

If—well, there are many things I would like to do over, but that cannot be. If I can only help others to live their lives better than I have lived mine, I must be content.

L. A. HANSEN.

REALIZING now, as I did not when I was young, that "time is the stuff life is made of," I would not waste it. "Killing time" is one of the most unprofitable as well as foolish things that any one, either old or young, can do.

Life seems long as the young look forward, but it is all too short as one who has passed its meridian looks back; too often moments, hours, and even days, that might be improved, are wasted, or worse than wasted.

We have all read the story of the youth who prepared for college "in his spare moments." The story of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," is also familiar. This man while working

at his trade, pursued in his leisure moments the study of mathematics and languages, and became one of the most noted scholars. Besides mastering Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit, he acquired a good working knowledge of nearly all the languages of modern Europe. Nor was Elihu Burritt a mere bookworm. He was an active Christian worker, laboring untiringly for the uplift of his fellow men.

Seek True Pleasure

If I were beginning again, I should aim high, not as the world looks at such things, not to make a name or to accumulate property, but to know God more fully, and to serve him more faithfully.

There is no joy so pure, so lasting, so altogether satisfying, as a sense of being at peace with God. That which the world calls pleasure is only intoxication, and the after-effect is always unpleasant. The memories we most fondly cherish are not memories of evil, but of good; not of sin, but of righteousness; not of alienation from God, but of oneness with him.

That life is most successful that most resembles the Master's; that joy the most sweet that comes from communion with God; that hope the most precious that is built upon his promises and his love. If I were beginning life again, I would from a child seek to know him better every day, and to experience in my daily life the fulness of his saving power. This would bring with it all needed temporal good, for such is the divine promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these [necessary temporal] things shall be added unto you."

C. P. BOLLMAN.



AM asked what I would do could I turn Time backward in his flight and stand again at Life's threshold, had I the chance to live over again my span of life.

Make Life a Success

First, I would determine, regardless of environment or whatever obstacles I might encounter, to make life a success. Nothing is more sad than to approach the sunset of life, watch the shadows lengthen, and be haunted by ghosts of wasted opportunities and realize that life has been a failure; that we have been toying with worthless pebbles instead of priceless treasures; that the shadow rather than the substance has been grasped. Therefore, in order that life might not be a failure, I would remember the Creator in the days of my youth. I would be a true Christian. I would endeavor to give out to mankind more than I received. By precept and example I would seek to lead lost humanity to Christ, that through eternal ages I might be unspeakably happy in seeing in glory souls purchased by the blood of Christ. Worldly projects sooner or later fail us, and sometime lead us over the precipice of ruin.

Many who have reached the place where they could say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," have seen something unforeseen sweep away their hoarded treasure; flood, flame, tornado, or cataclysm of nature, has destroyed, as in a moment, that which represented their life's work. It is never so with those who, like Moses, see by faith the invisible, and lay hold upon the only true, enduring substance.

When the ruin of the world takes place, when the loftiest work of proud, ambitious men has been destroyed, when earth's stately kingdoms have been overturned, and universal chaos as a result of sin prevails; when human theories, dogmas, and philosophies have withered and died, a life given to the service of God survives.

Secure a Good Education

Second, in spite of difficulties and perhaps seemingly insurmountable obstacles, I would secure a good education in a Christian school. I would be a Bible student. I would master my "mother tongue," and be able to speak with precision and correctness. I would train my mind to think. I would learn how to read. Good reading is almost a lost art. As Christians we ought to be able to read God's Holy Book and sacred song in a clear, impressive way, and give the sense. Many professed

scholars do not. Further, I would endeavor to extend my study of language far enough to be able to read the Sacred Scriptures in the tongues in which they were originally written. To this, if possible, I would add some of the modern tongues, without which in this age of travel one's field of usefulness is more or less circumscribed. To do the best work, one needs to have a knowledge of the history of the world; the rise, the decline, the fall of nations,—ancient, medieval, and modern,—especially those within the sweep of the prophetic telescope. The great field of science, interpreted from a Bible viewpoint, becomes quite necessary in this age of research and invention.

Choose the Ministry

Third, I would choose for my life-work that of the ministry. Not because I think all should be ministers, or that this is the only line of soul-winning work worth while, but because I am telling what I would do. The ministry calls to the highest, most sacred work within the reach of man. The field before the devoted minister, intellectually and spiritually, is of the widest range possible. Though the sacrifices and trials may be great, the reward promised is infinite.

G. B. THOMPSON.

FOR every life God has a plan which, if understood and followed out by the individual, will bring true success. A study of biography reveals the fact that those who have gained a vision of the divine purpose for their lives and have conformed to it have achieved great things for God and humanity. Furthermore, a revelation of this purpose has in most instances come during early youth.

If I were beginning again, I would ask to begin with that period when I was about fifteen years old and entering the ninth grade. Then it was I caught a glimpse of God's purpose for my life and became conscious of my own responsibility in carrying it out. My passion was to become a medical missionary, spending my life in service for fallen humanity.

Unconsciously it influenced my decisions and actions. It helped me to meet temptation, for I felt the companionship of Joseph, who replied, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" and of Daniel, who "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." As I met opportunities for service I could feel the eager spirit of the youthful Jesus as he responded, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The purpose that dominated my life was *service*, and even though some details of my conception of the plan were changed, and I became a teacher instead of a doctor, the fundamental principle was not affected, but wielded a directing influence over me.

Were I privileged again to go over those ten years of preparation I would endeavor to obtain a more vivid conception of God's plan, and make every experience contribute to its execution. Thus, each temptation would be regarded as a skirmish with the enemy, and success as a private would mean later victory as a leader directing a campaign. I would make more determined effort in gaining a Christian education, which should result in a solid physical foundation, a highly cultivated intellect, and a spiritual nature sensitive to every heavenly impulse.

O. M. JOHN.

YOU seem to know just how to do it," I once remarked to an old lady who was solving a difficult domestic problem for a young friend.

"Well," was her reply, "it would be strange if after living so long I had not learned something."

Thus it is with me. Just what I would do if I could live my life over again, I cannot say, but I know I have learned a few things which, if heeded, would make life more of a success.

Foundation Important

One of these is that the foundation upon which one builds is very important. The youth who starts out with the determination to be honest, unselfish, upright, to make the law of God his rule of conduct, has at his command life's greatest asset, the co-operation of his heavenly Father. Solomon says, "Remem-

ber now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and Solomon knew whereof he spoke. The morning of his life was bright. He had wisdom, wealth, power. To these was added honor. But he wandered away from the right path, and when old age came,—the "evil days,"—this plaint was often on his lips, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." He sums up all in these words: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Mental or Physical Laziness to Be Avoided

I have learned also that if a young person wishes to succeed in life, shiftlessness—laziness, either mental or physical—must be banished from it.

I once knew a young man, an excellent teacher, who gave up his work and began to drive a cream wagon. His landlady, a friend of mine, was shocked by what he had done. She could not understand why one of his ability should thus neglect to use his talents. But the answer was easy: He did not want to shoulder the responsibility that a good teacher must carry.

Not long afterward this friend wished me to apply for a position in the same school where this young man had been teaching. I do not like to tell it—but I, too, shrank from the responsibility it involved, and preferred something easier. I would none of it. And then, thoroughly disgusted, she very tartly told me that I "had better go and drive a cream wagon too." I made no reply, but her words sank in.

There is nothing wrong with driving a cream wagon. Many a good man has done it, and doubtless many such are doing it today. But the thought is this: If a person has ability to make men more intelligent, wiser, happier, and better, and because of shiftlessness or laziness, or whatever name it may go by, refuses to do it, he is dwarfing the man he might become, and burying the talent God gave him. It is the man that works who succeeds. The man of the world who seeks for honor, wealth, or power, must work for it; if not with his hands, then with his brain. Should the Christian, with noble purposes in his soul, do less? It does not pay to drift. On the river of life it is necessary to use both the oars and the rudder.

Then again, a person should not continue at work he does not like if there is other work he can do that is agreeable to him and that will answer the purpose just as well. When a person loves his work, it is play! Of course it will make him physically tired. A child becomes tired at play. But oh, the joy of it all the day long! The man who loves his work can put his whole soul into it, and that means success.

But what of the person who *must* do work that is distasteful to him?

There is help for such that the world knows not of. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." Ps. 34: 15.

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!"

The Best Is the Goal

A person should not try to do work which he has not the ability to perform. If he can drive a cream wagon better than he can do anything else, that is the place for him, and there he may have God's blessing.

One should do his best at whatever work he undertakes. The other day I picked up a piece of typewritten copy to look over. The very first paragraph was a verse of Scripture. It contained thirty-three words, and there were nine mistakes in it. I could tell by the copy that the typist was not a novice. Whoever he was (and that I do not know) he just needed to learn to do his best. It would not take long to open a Bible and quote

the text correctly. Carefulness makes a dependable person, and the dependable person is the one the world wants.

One thing more: When once a job is begun, it should be finished. The habit of finishing what one has begun, also makes a dependable person.

If I could begin life again, there are pitfalls I might avoid. I think I would strive to be more self-reliant, to put to better use whatever talents God had given me, to make the world better for having lived in it.

EUGENIA RALSTON.

MOTORISTS who have traveled over an almost impassable route are anxious to shout out a word of warning and direction to a fellow traveler about to enter upon the same road. Thus do persons older in life feel toward those just entering the pathway; from their vantage point of experience they are anxious to tell youth how to avoid the pitfalls that are in life's path. Happy is the youth who is anxious to receive such suggestions and counsel, that he may better conserve his own time and strength, and demand less sufferance and solicitude from others.

As I have deeply sensed my own limitations and observed those of others, I have noted what is of greatest help to success and wherein real strength lies. If I could have a second chance, I would act upon the following simple suggestions:

I would make it my first concern to be honest and truthful. These are the cardinal virtues. Nothing takes their place, and all else is but dross without them. Whether one is a professed Christian or not, to be a true man or woman, one must possess these virtues.

I would make it a point to read worth-while books from childhood.

I would early give myself to Christ.

I would gain a broader general education.

I would study the dictionary that I might not offend others by slovenly and inaccurate pronunciation.

I would practise public speaking; and I would secure the best possible instruction in the art of effective reading and speaking.

I would study both instrumental and vocal music, whether I had special musical talent or not. I would gain personal pleasure from the instruction if I were not able by voice or instrument to give pleasure to others; and most important, I would at least be intelligent enough not to cause discomfort or actual pain to the sensitive ear of another.

I would make a real study of conventions, reading books on good form and observing what well-bred people do.

As soon as opportunity offered I would bear responsibilities in church and Sabbath school work. I would make a study of the art of teaching, and I would continue in this work so long as my services were desired or needed.

I would never refuse the humblest service because of its lowliness.

I would continually seek to keep myself from arbitrary, autocratic, unsympathetic decisions, ever seeking to deal with others as our Father above deals with us. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

I would endeavor to deal frankly and justly with all.

I would taboo excuses, counting them as but "patches with which one seeks to repair the garment of failure."

I would cultivate the habit of promptness and regularity.

I would strive for accuracy, carefulness, and neatness in all that I did.

I would be generous in my criticisms of others, knowing that such a spirit would react favorably upon my own character, as well as tend toward the upbuilding of others.

I would choose for my life-work some distinctly religious work, for "only the eternal is important."

F. D. C.

The Land of Beginning Again

I WISH that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches,
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like a hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We should find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered — too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we
grudged
Their moments of victory here,
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain;
For there isn't a thing that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again!

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

— Louise Fletcher Tarkington.

According to Ability

(Continued from page seven)

"That's a fine suggestion if they will consent." Mr. Allen was alert at once, and his wife added, "Maybe it will help them, too — do good in two ways."

"It would be worth much to them, all right. Nobody seems to take interest in them, so it's no wonder they are rowdyish. I'd be a hoodlum of the deepest dye if I didn't have any home helps." Ross' bright face was sober, but his mother patted his shoulder reassuringly. "No, you wouldn't, dear. You aren't that kind. Nevertheless, it is by the grace of God that

you are what you are, and it is plainly our duty to help those who have little encouragement."

"I knew you'd feel that way, mother, so I asked the boys up tonight to sing for us and with us. I told them you'd play some new songs they have, and help them a bit over the hard places. No, father, I didn't say 'mission' to them. I was afraid the word would not sound attractive till I could show you and mother up as sample missionaries. They'll come round at that."

Ill at ease they were, at first, and bashful, but music lovers every one, recognizing and fraternizing with kindred spirits wherever they found them. Before the evening was over the Allens had bound them hard and fast, for violin and piano worked steadily in their behalf, Ross chimed in lustily wherever he could find a chance, while Winnie and Laura regaled the toilers with homemade cookies, and refreshed much-used throats with lemonade, and in return the boys helped wash the dishes. When a month had passed four homesick, neglected lads were singing at the Sunday mission, and learning lessons between times, which were to tend toward healthier, purer lives.

"It is perfectly wonderful, Auntie," Laura declared as she packed her trunk for the journey home. "I just can't keep still about it any longer. I came here overflowing with sympathy for your sorrows, and, behold, there aren't any sorrows. You do your own work, dress plainly, and live economically, yet it seems to me you're happier than ever—all four of you."

Mrs. Allen laughed softly. "I believe we are, dear," she acknowledged, "though we have always had a happy home, thank God."

"I know, and you've always been kind to other people. I used to think it was because you had plenty of time and means, and there was no reason why you shouldn't be nice to everybody. But now—you don't spend nearly so much money as you used to, yet I believe you give as much pleasure and do even more good. There hasn't been a day since I came that every one of you has not done something to make somebody happier or better. How did you learn that you could? What keeps you from being miserable, as I would be under the same circumstances?"

Mrs. Allen looked thoughtfully as she replied: "Our losses came to us through no fault of ours, and nothing we could do—honestly—would have prevented them. Clearly, then, the only course open to us was to accept the inevitable in one of two ways, rebelliously or cheerfully. We chose the latter. Though we had lost money, we had so much left to be thankful for that we could not do less than share our blessings with others. So we give more of ourselves, as we give less of our dollars, and receive a reward out of all proportion to the effort."

"And you are truly happy? I thought at first it must be put on."

"Truly happy, dear, and blest."

"Well, there's one thing sure," and Laura nodded wisely to her glove box: "I'll bottle up my sympathy hereafter, till I know it's going to be needed."

"I would if I were you," laughed Winnie. "There may be those who need it, but it would be worse than wasted on us. I'd much rather have your help about dressing these dolls for the children's hospital."

"Which shall be yours and welcome." Laura reached for her thimble. "Auntie Allen, we could look after the two baby Bemises awhile, too, if you can coax their mother out for a walk. You see, I'm catching the fever myself, and I hope I'll have it hard."
— *Forward.*

A Small Girl's Question

MARJORIE was standing at the window, when she saw two little dogs frisking about in the street, and having such a good time together, that she said to her father: "Papa, don't you wish you were two little dogs, so you could have a good time enjoying yourself together?"

Mr. Whittier's Pets

OUR American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, had a great many pets. Among them was a parrot named Charlie, which greatly attracted the children of Amesbury, Massachusetts. Then there was David, the mocking bird, who used to call "Whitti-er, Whitti-er!" in the sweetest notes, and whirl upward in the air, coming down very swiftly on Mr. Whittier's head to receive a big fat grasshopper which the poet never forgot to find for him. Friday, the pet squirrel, used to enjoy life gnawing the buttons off his master's coat, sending that helpless man to his favorite aunt to have them sewed on again.

He did not have so many dogs as Sir Walter Scott, but he was very fond of the big shepherd dog that he called Robin Adair, for the old Scotch song, I suppose. Jackanapes was the name of the frisky little dog, and I don't know whether he ever named the little Jersey calf which used to gambol around the yard.

The best of all his pets was little Phœbe, for whom he made a playhouse of rocks upon Oak Knoll, and there they used to have fun together. Phœbe would be the teacher and when Mr. Whittier spelled d-o-r-g, dog, she would threaten to whip him, and he would run into the house laughing, "Phœbe is seventy, I am seven, and we both act like sixty." Afterward he wrote the poem, "Red Riding-Hood," given on page two, for her special benefit.

How would you like to wake up some morning and find everything completely covered with snow,— "a universe of sky and snow"? This is what the poet tells about in his "Snow-Bound." Did you ever read it? When the family looked out in the morning, the bridle post looked like an old man, "with loose-flung coat and high cocked hat," and everything was changed. For about a week the family was shut off from all the world, but how they did enjoy it! When the father said, "Boys, a path," they wrapped up good and warm and went about it.

"We cut the solid whiteness through,
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers."

Reaching the barn, they fed the horses and oxen and sheep, and then went back by the way of the cave to the house and the glowing fire, where they all sat, "shut in from all the world without," "content to let the north wind roar, in baffled rage at pane and door."

"Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

They had only a few books, but they read them over and over, and when they were tired of that, they listened to the stories of Indians and wild beasts, told by the father and mother, Uncle Moses, and good Aunt Mercy. The whole family is described in the poem, but it was his sister Elizabeth who was his playmate and shared in all his joys and sorrows. Of her he says:

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean."

You will like "The Barefoot Boy," and "Barbara Frietchie," and "School-Days," and perhaps others. Try them and see.— *Selected.*

Two Active Juniors

BOB: I wonder what I am in this world for? I should like to become great by doing something great. I will read this book and see how Aladdin became great and famous. He made wonderful things appear when he rubbed his magical brass lamp. [Bob reads awhile and then lays the book down suddenly. To his matter-of-fact mind Aladdin was much too fanciful and unreal.] I am disgusted with such reading. There is nothing real in what he does. He rubs his lamp and something appears, and he rubs it again and the something disappears. I should rather have something happen and have it stay. That is what I should rather have.

ETHEL: Oh, you would, Bob?

BOB: What! are you here, Ethel? I was only talking to myself.

ETHEL: Well, you were saying something sensible, anyhow. And I am glad I heard it, because I have just been thinking over a few facts that are exactly the opposite of your old Aladdin's black arts. It seems to me he built real rocky-looking air castles on mere fancy.

BOB: Real? He built nothing real. It is all fancy and fable. My mind is too practical to be taken up with fables and fancies that are not real in life. I should like to do some little things in a great way rather than have a great way of doing nothing.

ETHEL: I admire your good taste and common sense, Bob. Your ideal of life is noble. I was about to say that I have been thinking over a few facts that are just the opposite of Aladdin's black arts of fancy. It is about an up-to-date and a matter-of-fact Aladdin who builds the most beautiful ideas in enduring monuments that rest upon a solid rock. No heat nor cold, no rain nor rust, can decay his enduring monuments. They are made to stay after all things else pass away.

BOB: Kindly explain what you are talking about. You are too vague, Ethel. [Bob bows very low before his sister, listening intently for her explanation. She laughs gayly at his solemnity.]

ETHEL: I am only referring to the great fact that boys and girls can accomplish almost anything within the range of human ability, if they only set their hands to the task and really want to. Yesterday I read a statement from the pen of Mrs. E. G. White to this effect: "Let the student take the Bible as his guide, and stand like a rock for principle, and he may aspire to any height of attainment." Do you realize, Bob, what you and I can help do that will change this world?

BOB: No; what?

ETHEL: We can help to shape the future of the world, for better or for worse. We can live such lives that others will be led to higher ideals. It is certainly a privilege to live in an age when we can begin young and have an understanding of the real meaning of life. I get much pleasure in knowing that we can transform all our good thoughts into worthy deeds, that will not only bring true happiness to us, but to others.

BOB: Ethel, you are a practical philosopher of the real meaning of life. You must have been reading good, inspiring literature.

ETHEL: I read my Bible, the writings of the spirit of prophecy, and good books that give a correct vision of life. I have just been reading about our European friends in the war-devastated countries, who have learned to know that we Americans do really care

whether or not they are clothed, fed, housed, and happy. Being happy is a very important part of life.

BOB: Yes, my teacher said only today that millions of people have everything they want and much besides, and yet they are not the least bit happy. I told my teacher that I could believe that all right, because when I had the mumps I had more than I wanted, and I wasn't happy."

ETHEL: Don't be absurd! [Ethel laughs.] I find true happiness in making others happy and in doing useful, helpful things. I can knit, and sew, and cook, and can fruit, and nurse sick people, and —" [Ethel begins counting her accomplishments on her fingers. But Bob is not to be outdone. He springs to his feet, and begins to count his accomplishments on his fingers.]

BOB: I am a carpenter, a swimmer, a life-saver, a gardener, a colporteur, and a booster for the Sabbath school and Junior Missionary Volunteer Society.

ETHEL: And I am a booster for the Junior Reading Course. I have not only read all the books in the course, but I have persuaded every girl in our Junior society to read the books, and to attend our meetings.

BOB: I have done all that for our Junior boys, and last week I invited Jack and Joe Hadley and Sam Dixon, three neighbor boys not of our faith, to attend our meeting. They were so well pleased with our program that they have promised to attend regularly, and they are now reading some of my old Reading Course books.

ETHEL: Say, Bob, didn't you know all the time what I meant by my up-to-date Aladdin?

BOB: Of course! Who wouldn't know before you had half started that no one could be interested in those things you spoke about unless he were an active Junior Missionary Volunteer?

C. S. LONGACRE.

Help Them Give Their Best

THE society had excellent programs, and usually those who took part made careful preparation. But one thing greatly troubled the officers: There was a group of young people that persisted in giving among themselves a sort of running commentary on the program—or on something—while the meeting was in progress.

One evening George was giving the Bible study. It was only the second or third time he had appeared in public, and it took real heroism for a boy of his type to stand before an audience. However, he was doing well till he noticed two of the society members apparently deeply absorbed in each other's comments. That gave him what some choose to call stage fright. His face grew redder and redder, and after a few incoherent sentences he took his seat, feeling terribly blue about his blunder!

Perhaps the whispering friends were discussing the high cost of living or some other topic equally foreign to the one before the society, but that did not change matters. Poor George suffered as much as if their whispered remarks had all been about him. It is disconcerting to even an experienced speaker to address an inattentive audience. No wonder it drove a novice to his seat in sad defeat. If you want to help those who take part on the program to give their best instead of their confused bit, *give them your undivided attention.*

"But how could you listen so attentively to that dry speech? one friend asked another as they were leaving

a public gathering. "How could I? Why, by simply coming into the room for the exercises, I had virtually promised to listen to all that was said. I have merely been keeping my word." And really is not that what we signify when we enter the place of meeting?

"Last night I sat near two of these whispering friends," said Marian one Sabbath morning, "and really I lost some of the best thoughts given in the talks. My ears were bombarded almost continuously by laconic sentences like these: 'My, is not that a fine report?' 'Who do you suppose paid that much tith last week?' 'Where did you get those shoes?' 'Jennie must have stage fright tonight; perhaps she thinks we are looking at her new hat.' 'My, I wish George wouldn't murder the king's English like that!'—and so on and on like a gurgling stream, now high enough to be understood, now too low and rumbling to permit of interpretation, yet none the less annoying.

Should not respectable young people respect themselves or others or the house of God enough not to whisper like that? I feel like urging that the sign, "No Whispering Allowed," be carried around by a sergeant at arms during the society meeting. Well, the sign has not materialized, of course. But don't you think it would be a good one for every Missionary Volunteer to hang up in the hall of memory?

We need not discuss the reason for giving attention to the program during the meeting. Dare we not say that the ideal Missionary Volunteer does not habitually whisper in church? Surely he will find a more appropriate place for neighborly "gossip." It doesn't belong in the Father's house, and it does not become the Father's child to make of his house a house of merchandise of common talk. As you sit in Missionary Volunteer meeting, can our heavenly Father look down and say: This is my beloved child in whom I am well pleased? He can say it of some of our Missionary Volunteers, I know, and what a wonderful inspiration to all of us are those who come to church not to whisper, but to hear the "Thus saith the Lord"! MATILDA ERICKSON.



HEALTH HINTS

Proper Clothing

THIS week our little health discussion will scarcely interest the "men folks" in our INSTRUCTOR family, since in the matter of unhealthful dress, they can draw themselves up and say, "Not guilty."

Custom, more than anything else, perhaps, leads mothers to take their girls out of the loose one-piece garments of childhood and put them, when they reach the high-school age, into the braces of stiff corsets and dress them up in waists and skirts.

Baneful custom! If your complete story could be traced, what volumes of discomfort, misery, unhappiness it would reveal! The evils of the corset may be summed up under three headings, each one of which deserves more analysis than can be given in this short space:

1. It is usually worn too tight to permit proper breathing.

2. It acts as an incasement to the trunk and interferes with freedom of movement.
3. It encourages the skirt idea, which results in hanging the weight of the clothes from the waist, instead of suspending the entire garment from the shoulders.

Of these evils, the first one is, no doubt, the most baneful in its effects, since in addition to interfering with deep breathing it compresses the liver and acts as a causative factor in diseases of the gall bladder, particularly gallstones; it produces weak abdominal muscles, and causes displacement of the organs of the abdomen. Indigestion, constipation, and pelvic disorders follow in their train.

The modern corset, with its front laces and shorter lines, is less restrictive to deep breathing; that is, if it is worn loosely. It is much lauded as a support to the abdomen. There may be virtue in this for extremely stout persons or for those with marked prolapsus of the abdominal viscera, but it is self-evident that the restrictions to the abdominal wall of even such a corset must result in weak abdominal muscles, much as a splint to an arm causes degeneration of the muscles of the arm.

Freedom to bend or stoop with ease seems a divine right of the bodily mechanism, and interference with this right detracts both from the comfort and the grace of the body.

Garments, the weight of which is suspended from the shoulders, and which are sufficiently loose at the waistline, meet the specifications of healthful dress, and may also be made to look very neat and artistic.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

"GIVE today to laziness, and laziness will steal tomorrow from you."

The Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for February 7

TODAY the Senior and Junior societies consider the mark of proficiency which every Missionary Volunteer, Senior and Junior, is asked to reach. All around the world young men and women, boys and girls, are in the race for this goal. Surely every Missionary Volunteer should help make the meeting on February 7 count for greater efficiency in the Master's service.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VI — Willing and Doing for Christ

(February 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 2: 12-18.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Phil. 2: 14, 15.

Working Out Our Salvation

1. For what does the apostle Paul commend the Philippian brethren? Phil. 2: 12. Note 1.
2. What admonition does he then give them? Verse 12, last part. Note 2.
3. How only can so great a work be accomplished? Verse 13. Note 3.
4. What confidence have we that God will do this work for us? Phil. 1: 6.

True Faith Forbids Murmurings

5. What two things should Christians avoid? Phil. 2: 14.
6. What results will follow obedience to this instruction? Verse 15, and first part of 16. Note 4.

Joy in Sacrifice

7. To what joy does the apostle look forward in the day of Christ? Verse 16, last part.

8. What does he then count as a truly successful life? — A life devoted to soul-winning work.

9. How does Paul say he would feel to have his life poured out upon the offering of their faith? Verse 17, margin. Note 5.

10. How does he want them to feel about the sacrifice and the libation? Verse 18.

Notes

1. The Philippians were not eyeservants, or men that served only when in the presence of their master or teacher. They were as faithful when alone as they were when under observation. Such service is pleasing to God.

2. The words "with fear and trembling" are intended to express the thought of obedience with eagerness not to fail. The psalmist says, "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling." When we truly serve the Lord with this great eagerness not to fail, he will keep us from falling.

3. It is comparatively easy to remain true when we are surrounded and supported by Christian friends. But there comes a time in every one's experience when he must stand for himself. Every one of us will be tested to know whether we have root in ourselves, whether the divine life has been planted in our own hearts, or whether we are merely leaning on the Christian life of those about us. Before the end comes, each of us must stand without an intercessor, and we shall never be able to do this unless by our choice God abides within — an active, overcoming power. The "New Testament in Modern Speech" reads, "For it is God himself whose power creates within you the desire to do his gracious will and also brings about the accomplishment of the desire."

4. The word "murmurings" indicates outward complaining; "disputings," inward questioning. There is perhaps nothing more destructive of Christian growth than murmuring and complaining, for it is always murmuring against God. Such a failing reveals a lack of faith in God's overruling power and his personal guidance in all the affairs of our lives. On the contrary, a disposition that recognizes the truth that all things — absolutely all — work together for good to them that love God, puts us in a place where God can do for us far more than we can ask or think. There is nothing that so cultivates genuine faith in God, that gives one sweet peace of soul, as acknowledging his hand in our trials and disappointments, and then watching him as he unwinds the tangled threads that Satan has bound about us. When we reach that stage in our experience, we cannot worry or complain, we can only rejoice and go forward. How much we need many such "heavenly lights" in this world!

5. Verses 17 and 18 in the "New Testament in Modern Speech" read: "Nay, even if my life is to be poured as a libation upon the sacrificial offering of your faith, I rejoice, and I congratulate you all. And I bid you also share my gladness, and congratulate me."

The sacrifice is the devotion and faith of the Philippian brethren. This is represented as placed on the altar by Paul, who is represented as the priest. The service is the act of offering that sacrifice. The libation is the lifeblood of the apostle Paul poured out upon the sacrifice — the priest slain while sacrificing. This was "according to the heathen custom, of course familiar to the Philippians, of making libation of wine upon the slain victim." — *Murray's Commentary*.

Intermediate Lesson

VI — The Temptation of Jesus

(February 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4: 1-11.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 1: 12, 13; Luke 4: 1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4: 10.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 114-131.

PLACE: The wilderness, thought to be west of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

PERSONS: Jesus; Satan in the guise of an angel.

Setting of the Lesson

"At the Saviour's baptism, Satan was among the witnesses." — *The Desire of Ages*, p. 116.

"When Jesus was led into the wilderness to be tempted, he was led by the Spirit of God. He did not invite temptation. He went to the wilderness to be alone, to contemplate his mission and work. By fasting and prayer he was to brace himself for the blood-stained path he must travel. But Satan knew that the Saviour had gone into the wilderness, and he thought this the best time to approach him. Mighty issues for the world were at stake in the conflict between the Prince of light and the leader of the kingdom of darkness." — *Id.*, p. 114.

Questions

1. After his baptism, where did Jesus go? Matt. 4: 1.
2. With what was the wilderness inhabited? Mark 1: 13.
3. How long did Jesus fast in his battle with the enemy? Matt. 4: 2. Note 1.
4. How did Satan seek to take advantage of Jesus when he hungered? Verse 3. Note 2.
5. How did Jesus meet this temptation? Verse 4.
6. What did Satan then do? What doubt was suggested in the first word of what he said? What shows Satan's knowledge of the words of the Scripture? Verses 5, 6. Note 3.
7. What did Jesus say in reply? Verse 7. Note 4.
8. Where did Satan then take Jesus? What did he show him? What offer did he make? Verses 8, 9. Note 5.
9. In what forceful way did Jesus resist this temptation? What commandment did he quote? Verse 10. Note 6.
10. What did Satan then do? Who then ministered unto Jesus? Verse 11.
11. By what scriptures were each of these temptations met? Deut. 8: 3; 6: 16, 13. Note 7.
12. What encouragement is given to us to resist Satan? James 4: 7.
13. What weapon is provided for us in this warfare? Eph. 6: 17.

Can You Tell

Why it was necessary for Jesus to be tempted?

By what means he gained the victory?

If it is possible to make a wrong use of the words of Scripture?

A great reason for rejoicing?

Notes

1. "When Jesus entered the wilderness, he was shut in by the Father's glory. Absorbed in communion with God, he was lifted above human weakness. But the glory departed, and he was left to battle with temptation. It was pressing upon him every moment. His human nature shrank from the conflict that awaited him. For forty days he fasted and prayed. Weak and emaciated from hunger, worn and haggard with mental agony, 'his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.' Now was Satan's opportunity. Now he supposed that he could overcome Christ." — *The Desire of Ages*, p. 118.

2. "With Christ, as with the holy pair in Eden, appetite was the ground of the first great temptation. Just where the ruin began, the work of our redemption must begin. As by the indulgence of appetite Adam fell, so by the denial of appetite Christ must overcome. . . .

"It was in the time of greatest weakness that Christ was assailed by the fiercest temptations. Thus Satan thought to prevail. By this policy he had gained the victory over men. . . . Whenever one is encompassed with clouds, perplexed by circumstances, or afflicted by poverty or distress, Satan is at hand to tempt and annoy. He attacks our weak points of character. He seeks to shake our confidence in God, who suffers such a condition of things to exist. We are tempted to distrust God, to question his love." — *Id.*, pp. 117, 120, 121.

3. Satan tempted Jesus to exchange true faith for a counterfeit faith called presumption, which believes that God will protect us even when we disobey him and rush into danger.

4. "While Satan can solicit, he cannot compel to sin. He said to Jesus, 'Cast thyself down,' knowing that he could not cast him down; for God would interpose to deliver him. Nor could Satan force Jesus to cast himself down. Unless Christ should consent to temptation, he could not be overcome. Not all the power of earth or hell could force him in the slightest degree to depart from the will of his Father. The tempter can never compel us to do evil." — *Id.*, p. 125.

5. Satan is "the god of this world." 2 Cor. 4: 4. When man yielded himself to temptation in Eden, he yielded his dominion over the earth given him by the Creator. Satan holds this dominion in fact, but not by right, for man had no authority to yield that which he held in trust from God. Jesus came to win back the lost possession by giving his life to meet the penalty of sin. The devil offered what seemed an easier way. Only worship me, and all shall be thine. The Master, however, did not yield him homage. Yet many of his professed followers have done so, and through yielding, have themselves become subjects of Satan.

6. "Satan had questioned whether Jesus was the Son of God. In his summary dismissal he had proof that he could not gain-say. Divinity flashed through suffering humanity. Satan had no power to resist the command. Writhing with humiliation and rage, he was forced to withdraw from the presence of the world's Redeemer. Christ's victory was as complete as had been the failure of Adam. So we may resist temptation, and force Satan to depart from us." — *The Desire of Ages*, p. 130.

7. "Many claim that it was impossible for Christ to be overcome by temptation. Then he could not have been placed in Adam's position; he could not have gained the victory that Adam failed to gain. If we have in any sense a more trying conflict than had Christ, then he would not be able to succor us. But our Saviour took humanity, with all its liabilities. He took the nature of man, with the possibility of yielding to temptation. We have nothing to bear which he has not endured."

The Soldier's Thanks

ONE of the saddest laments of the war was that of a young soldier who was asked to prepare a vote of thanks to those who were responsible for the musical concert which had just been given. He said:

"We are very grateful for the amusement afforded us tonight; and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment. But we are off to the front tomorrow; and I do not know how to die—I am not prepared to meet God: I only wish there had been something for our souls."

It may be that many with whom we are brought in contact from day to day are yearning for spiritual counsel and help which we might give. Let us not be afraid to speak the solicitous, informing word, as occasion permits.

F. D. C.

Victory

NOW, thanks be to that God who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of him, in every place." 2 Cor. 2:14 (literal translation).

When you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile, inwardly glorying in the insult or the oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ—that is victory.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory.

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God—that is victory.

When you can lovingly and patiently deal with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—that is victory.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, or to record your own good works, or to crave commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown—that is victory.

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, and spiritual insensibility, and endure it as Jesus endured it—that is victory.—*Selected.*

How It Happened

IT seemed like a doubtful undertaking to get our Spanish young people ready for an examination on the denominational history part of the Standard of Attainment, as there was no textbook for them to study. However, there were some who had enthusiasm, and that goes a long way, if there is enough of it.

With only one meeting a week devoted to the study in oral form, some began to weary of it before we had covered all the ground thought necessary. About this time the one hundred suggestive questions were published in English. These were translated into Spanish, and this made the work more certain. Finally, the time came for examination. About twenty-five were present, and it was gratifying to see the interest manifested. On the schoolroom blackboard the questions had been written in Spanish. Some of the students were persons of advanced age who, though not able to write, dictated their answers to others who were willing to act as amanuenses for them.

The next year the study of doctrinal points and denominational history was taken up, again without textbooks in Spanish. The interest in these studies spread to other churches on the island (Porto Rico), and an urgent call came for Spanish helps in the study of denominational history. To answer the call, we prepared a thirty-two-page Spanish leaflet, the matter of which is drawn from "The Great Second Advent Movement." In this is given the answers to the one hundred questions as printed in the English Junior manual on the Standard of Attainment. With this Spanish leaflet in hand, I am sure we shall see greater progress in the Standard of Attainment work.

We take this method of calling the attention of those interested in this study to the fact that this leaflet can now be obtained by addressing the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.

We are glad to announce that more than fifty Standard of Attainment certificates have been granted in the Porto Rican Mission.

D. D. FITCH.

Memorize Something

MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, once president of Wellesley College, always counseled girls to "commit to memory something good every day. It need not be much—just a pretty bit of poetry or a Bible verse."

This is a good rule for all persons, irrespective of age or sex. Why not begin by memorizing Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem, "Abou ben Adhem"?

"Abou ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

"The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

THE New England fathers were wont to build their houses with a secret room for secret prayer. Not many present-day architects receive orders for such rooms. It is safe to say that if they did, this would be a far happier and less perplexed world.

"ALL wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful."

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Need of Mission Homes	3
Our Year of Jubilee	4
Cheerfulness	5
Symposium—If I Were Beginning Again	8
Two Active Juniors	12
How It Happened	16
SELECTIONS	
A Minister's Pay	5
According to Ability	6
Mr. Whittier's Pets	12