

The INSTRUCTOR

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No. 5



THE ANOINTING OF CHRIST

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him." John 1:32.

From Here and There

A flying machine that will fly without wings, by the action of its propeller alone, was recently perfected by two New York scientists. The inventors make their propeller blades so large that they are practically moving wings, and lift the machine straight up in the air without a preliminary run.

The date palm begins to bear fruit three or four years after being set out in orchard form, and becomes more valuable each year. It is considered in its prime when about a hundred years old. It is being successfully cultivated in a small section of the United States; and that is in the Coachella Valley of California, a part of the great Colorado Desert.

The bill for giving public school teachers of the District of Columbia a retiring pension at a certain age and under certain conditions, has at last passed both houses of Congress, and is expected speedily to become law. The present measure is based on the contributory plan, the teachers being taxed a small percentage of their pay to help out the annuity fund.

During the recent sugar shortage much was said regarding the harm of the use of saccharin as a substitute. On good authority we have the statement that "sugar is a food that happens to be sweet; saccharin is a sweet chemical compound that happens to possess not an atom of food value." It therefore can result only in harm to the system when used to any considerable extent.

The well-known fact that great things are wrought by the accumulation of the littles, is once more brought home to us by the word from Porto Rico that "the returns from the sale of the moon vine seeds advertised in the INSTRUCTOR in an article entitled, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," were practically sufficient to cover the expense of a five-thousand edition of the Spanish Standard of Attainment Manual."

Miss Janet Jeffery, an English governess, has just returned to her home after an absence of five years in Russia. She was an eyewitness to many of the triumphs of Bolshevism. Even the best she can say is bad enough, for many lives have been sacrificed and much valuable property ruthlessly destroyed by the stupid Reds. At Kislovodskaja a quarter of a pound of coarse black bread was the daily ration for non-Bolsheviks, while wagon-loads of the best white bread were brought in for the use of the outlaws. While the common people starved to death, "they caroused in the hotels and cafés and gambled for bank notes weighed by parcels in scales!"

Today, when the world is suffering from underproduction, eyes are eagerly turned to lands of great natural wealth whose resources may be most readily utilized to serve the pressing needs of mankind. One of these lands is Morocco, in North Africa, separated from Europe only by the narrow Straits of Gibraltar, and while nominally governed by a native sultan, is practically controlled by France and Spain. It was from Morocco that, a thousand years ago, the dark-skinned Moors poured into Spain, where they rose to power, raised wonderful buildings of a new architecture, and excelled in the arts and sciences, only, after centuries, to be driven back to the country of their origin, where they show little trace of the genius that stamped their race while domiciled in Europe. It is to the French people, the most kindly of peoples in their dealings with other races, that many look for the speedy development of the richest virgin land within easy reach of a continent half exhausted by war. France herself has hopes that in Morocco she may restore her losses; for Morocco is said to have power to produce three harvests every year, to grow enough food to feed all Europe, and to yield every mineral needed in the foundries.

Singing sands are found on the shores of Lake Michigan, as well as in many other parts of the world. The sounds are produced not only by the leather-shod foot, but also by the bare foot or the hand, or by a stick trailed through the sand. As one walks away from the water's edge, he is surprised to find that the sounds cease abruptly at about fifty to one hundred feet from the shore line, the boundary reached by the waves. Science advances the theory that sands, thus subjected to periodical contact with the water containing various salts, including calcium and magnesium bicarbonates, gather more or less of these substances. The grains become coated with a thin film of salts which creates considerable friction when rubbed. Thus when the sand comes into contact with various surfaces, sounds result.

Several years ago Sir Charles Parsons, inventor of the steam turbine, proposed the sinking of a twelve-mile shaft, thus obtaining power by tapping the earth's internal heat. It was estimated that such a shaft, ten times the depth of any in existence, would cost \$25,000,000 and require eighty-five years of work. Working on this theory, bore holes have been sunk at Lardarello, Italy, which discharge large volumes of high-pressure steam which is being used to generate ten-thousand-horsepower turbines. With the facilities of modern invention to expedite the work, it is altogether possible that this dream of the past will become a future reality.

There are more automobiles in Los Angeles County, California, than in the whole of Europe.

"The Life Boat" for 1920 A Special Feature

DURING the year 1920 there will be published in the *Life Boat*, under the title "Footprints of Faith," the remarkable story of the wonderful providences and experiences connected with the founding and maintaining of the Hinsdale Sanitarium and the *Life Boat* work. The "Story of Hinsdale" alone is so interesting that it is usually read at one sitting. The personal experiences of Dr. David Paulson, founder of the Hinsdale Sanitarium and for fifteen years editor of the *Life Boat* magazine, are so closely connected with the story of the work that much of his own life history will be woven into it.

The first chapter of this series of articles will be published in the January number, giving Dr. Paulson's early struggles in getting an education.

Don't fail to subscribe. Only one dollar for one year. Address, The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Illinois; or your local tract society.

The Youth's Instructor

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No Unbelief

THERE is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath a sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief!
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny —
God knoweth why.

— Lytton.

Sculptures Nine Hundred Years Old

E. W. THURBER

NEAR the village of Quirigua, Guatemala, there are some famous ruins. These have been visited by many tourists and scientists, as they are easily accessible, being but two miles from the railroad. They are the remains of two temples, about one fourth of a mile apart, with sculptured monoliths between.

In ancient times a highly civilized people, the Mayas, lived in Yucatan, that part of Mexico south of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, and perhaps a small part of Nicaragua. Their descendants still live in Yucatan, and are the most progressive of the peoples living within Mexican territory. About the beginning of the eleventh century, a people from the south, closely related to the Aymaras, among whom our missionaries are working in the Lake Titicaca region, invaded the territory of the Mayas, and penetrated as far as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

These temples at Quirigua are supposed to have been abandoned at about the time of this invasion.

The forest, which used to cover the ruins, has been cut from most of them in recent years. As the visitor emerges from the grove, he finds himself at the corner of a flat, rectangular field, with a mound at each end of it. At his left is a mound about fifteen rods long and thirty feet high. Among the vegetation with which it is covered are seen stones of convenient size for building purposes. This mound has not been excavated, and is undoubtedly what remains of a small temple. In front of the mound are three obelisks of chocolate-colored sandstone, which could have been brought here from ledges of the same stone less than a mile to the north. The first obelisk, consisting of but one stone, is about sixteen feet tall, five feet wide, and three feet thick. On the south side of it is a large

sculptured figure wearing a crown resembling the triple crown of the popes. The other three sides are covered with hieroglyphics and tracings. The second is about the same height as the first, and like it, has a large figure on the south side, hieroglyphics on the edges, and a large, indistinct tracing on the north side. Wishing to investigate this tracing further, I started

to pull off a vine which had grown over it, when one of the members of a family of wasps which resided there, recalled my thoughts from ancient to modern times. The third in the row is better preserved and taller than the other two. On the north side of it is a figure with a face resembling the pictures of Egyptian sculptured faces. The face is about sixteen inches wide, and has a small pointed beard. At the top of the elaborate sculptures above the face, there appears a figure with protruding eyes and teeth, something like a death's head. At the very bottom of the stone can be seen the eyes, nose, and mustache of another face. In the hand of the main figure is the representation of a small human form in a horizontal position. The south side of the obelisk is similar to the north. On the east edge are well-preserved hieroglyphics, in which can be seen a mixture of arms, legs, chains, faces, serpents, and other forms. A human form is plainly visible in the third large square.

South of the first obelisk is a toad-shaped stone about eleven by sixteen feet. There is a large tracing on his back, hieroglyphics on his side, and in front another Egyptian face and headdress. Scientists have believed

that this was really an altar where sacrifices were offered.

Still farther south is an obelisk which has fallen. It is similar to those already described. About eight feet of it, which was below ground, is only rough-



OBELISK NO. 3



OVAL STONE AT FOOT OF MOUNTAIN

hewn. Near by is the tallest obelisk of all, on the east edge of which are two columns of well-preserved hieroglyphics, and above for about ten feet are carvings which resemble large feathers. These can be seen on the edge of obelisk No. 6. On the north side is a large figure with a big hand holding a scepter. On the upper end of the scepter is a small human figure, while the lower end is crooked like a hockey stick.

The seventh stone is known as "The Toad." Its eye, nearly a foot in diameter, the immense claw, and the wide-open mouth are conspicuous. The stone of which it is made is softer than that of the other monuments, and is badly worn away.

About forty rods farther south are two more pros- trate obelisks, similar in size and carvings to those already described.

Still farther on stands the tenth monolith. Its most notable feature is the large face on the west side of it, which has prominent teeth, reminding one of the smile of the late ex-President.

Still farther south, there is the second mound, shaped like a capital L. About two thirds of the longer side have been uncovered. The rest is still covered with woods. The mound is higher and larger than the first one. There are groups of rooms on three sides of an open court about twelve rods square. These rooms are small, and are made of well-squared stones, some of which are of marble. The marble must have been brought from quarries more than forty miles up the Motagua River, which flows by at a distance of less than a mile. Many of the stones are curiously carved, some of the figures, like the rams' heads, reminding one

of the pictures of Hittite inscriptions. In some of the rooms there are niches in the wall, about the right size to contain a coffin. It may be these were used for burial places. The stones composing the sides of the mound are arranged in steps, so the ascent is easy.

At the foot of this mound are two large oval stones covered with inscriptions. The inscriptions on the stone shown in the picture are put on in oblong groups, like patches. In the edge of the woods, beside that part of the mound not yet excavated, are two more stones, one oval, the other in the shape of a human head, about four feet long. As they were covered with moss, it was impossible to see them well, and

as the mosquitoes were large, numerous, and blood-thirsty, we did not stay to remove the moss.

Those interested to make a further study of these ancient ruins should consult the following books: "A Primer of Maya Hieroglyphs," by Daniel G. Brinton, Boston, 1894; "A Comparative Study of Graven Glyphs of Copán and Quirigua," by M. H. Saville; "Ancient America," by Baldwin, and others. Those who live in or visit New York City will be interested in this item, translated from the principal daily paper of Guatemala: "In the museum of New York, just as one enters, at the left hand, forming one of the most valued ornaments of the archeological section, is seen one of these monoliths, made of pasteboard, admirably imitated with all its engravings and inscriptions."

The remnants of the Maya nation in Guatemala recovered some of their old-time strength, so that by the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, two divisions of the family, the Quichés and the Cakchiquels, were fighting each other. Both factions were defeated and reduced to slavery, and their descendants form the majority of the inhabitants of Guatemala today.



"THE TOAD"

College Athletes

IT was the last football game of the season in the Western conference; the representatives of two large universities were to decide that day which should be declared the champions of the year. A number of things contributed to mark the meeting as significant to those who were interested in college athletics, and though every available foot of space was taken by the spectators, some of whom paid as much as fifty dollars for a seat, hundreds of others were turned away from the gates, disappointed.

It seems clear that the personal popularity of one player and the circumstances under which he now played did much to arouse the enthusiasm of thousands. Captain H., familiarly and affectionately called Chick by every one, whether he knew him or not,—had, even in his high school days, shown such skill in playing football that attention was drawn to him. In the university not one game had been lost when he was with the team. He had been chosen as the "all-American" half back more than once in the past, and this year the same honor is admitted to be his. One writer says: "Briefly, H. could do a trifle more with a football than any other single individual." Another writes: "I have seen the greatest half backs of the year, . . . yet, frankly, Captain H. is the greatest of them all."

He was admired for his marvelous skill; he was loved for his modesty and unfailing good temper; and this was his last year in college—he would play with his team no more.

For him and for their university many young men had practised an abstemiousness, a Biblical type of temperance, which was most exemplary. But the last game of football is played, and in the paper next day we read: "Oh, boy! It was *smokes* last night for the first time this fall. The eleven can enjoy a cigarette now without the fear of Coach W. breaking up the pleasure." Then there follows a list of other things, including pie, candy, and hot fudges, which had been eschewed so that every man might be at his best in the struggles for mastery on the gridiron.

At once I thought, How narrow-minded many Seventh-day Adventist young people consider the gospel worker who lays stress upon the proper care of the body; and yet, for a little earthly fame, men forego indulgence in anything which might affect their "wind" or "staying powers." Naturally enough my thoughts then turned to St. Paul's first letter to the church at Corinth. Before quoting the passage, let me ask you to remember that Corinth was a city of Greece; that the Greeks of Paul's day worshiped bodily perfection; that they held the Olympic games as an incentive to achievement and illustration of the strength and skill that men may develop; and that the believers to whom he was writing were doubtless familiar with the care exercised by the athletes of their city. So, he wrote: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may

obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery *is temperate in all things*. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." 1 Cor. 9:24, 25.

If, in seeking "a corruptible crown," men are willing to deny appetite, to follow a careful regimen, to forego doubtful pleasure, can there be any good reason why those who seek an "incorruptible" heritage should desire to do less? Why should the Christian trail along behind the football player, the runner, the high or broad jumper—and even the prize fighter? Why should we feel that we have to half apologize for our course? Why, indeed?

If, for the applause of the crowd, men check appetite for a limited time, should not Christians, for the approval of God, be "temperate in all things" for all time?

HEBER H. VOTAW.

How Do You Treat Them?

"Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope,
and peace."

IT is sad to see how many young men, rejecting this truth expressed by Lowell, seem to think it an unmanly thing to give time or attention to children. Or, if they do take notice of them, especially in public, it is in a shamefaced, half-hearted, apologetic way. Brother, when a little child allows you to make friends with him, he pays you a compliment you ought to try hard to deserve. He sees your true nature by never-failing intuition. Let us covet the child's good will, not spurn his advances.

"Freshest from the hand of God," children are eternally urging us on to a simpler, purer life. Ever since Christ said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," they have been the inspiring teachers of men. Channing listened not only to sages, but to babes as well. The greatest men of all time have been possessed of childlike frankness, fearlessness, and faith. And these are the qualities which will help to redeem many from selfishness, luxury, and unconcern.

ERNEST LLOYD.



OBELISK NO. 6

For Aye

A CURLEW stalked by the river's brink,
And stepped on the plastic clay.
The years have flown,
The clay turned stone,
And the tracks are fixed for aye.

A skulking dog on a new-paved walk
Pursued his aimless way.
The soft walk, marred,
Turned flinty hard,
And the footprints are fixed for aye.

A careless lad on youth's white page
Wrote wantonly and gay.
In saner age
He would change the page,
But the record is fixed for aye.

D. D. REES.

What "Instructor" Friends Say

MISS EDNA EDMED who is teaching in our Stanborough Park school, near London, writes of her interest in the INSTRUCTOR, as follows:

"I want to tell you how very much I appreciate and enjoy the INSTRUCTOR. I was born in Africa and lived there for twenty-one years. About four months ago we came over to join our parents in England, but I still feel very 'colonial,' and am speaking for our South African young people when I tell you what a pleasure it was to us to receive the weekly visits of your paper. I always pass mine on to those not of our faith after reading, and they do enjoy them. I really think that the INSTRUCTOR is more interesting and contains more general knowledge than it ever has before. I love literary work, reading and writing of all kinds, and the INSTRUCTOR has been a great help to me in guiding my tastes to the pure and uplifting."

Miss Rose Hill, of Spickard, Missouri, says:

"I want to tell you how much we all appreciate the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. My father and mother reared a family of four girls and two boys to manhood and womanhood, and we are all trying to live Christian lives. The INSTRUCTOR is one of the influences that has helped us more than I can find words to tell you. We could not do without its weekly visits. I am not so well educated as I wish I were, but the INSTRUCTOR is a great help to me in gaining knowledge."

Mrs. E. T. Palmer, of Everett, Massachusetts, gives an interesting item:

"Like many of your readers, we consider the INSTRUCTOR the best youth's paper in the world, and you may judge of our estimate of its value when I tell you that in our family of three we take two copies."

Mrs. Ella Iden-Edwards says:

"The young people here all love the INSTRUCTOR, and devour every word of it."

Miss Mabelle Clarin, of Hubbard Woods, Illinois, writes:

"I dearly love the INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is the most interesting young people's paper I have ever seen or read. To suggest anything new for the INSTRUCTOR seems out of place, for everything in it is so good; but if I might, I should like to ask if there

could not be printed some articles on social gatherings. Our young people need such instruction. I read the last INSTRUCTOR through twice, and I am going to pass it on to some one else."

Mrs. E. H. Rollins, of Shelby, Michigan, says:

"How can you improve the dear INSTRUCTOR? A reader for fifty years can hardly tell you. Do not omit one single department. The Finding-Out Club, the Missionary Volunteer department, the Counsel Corner, and the Sabbath School department are indispensable to a real lover of the INSTRUCTOR. For one, I have missed the occasional choice selections of poetry which we had a few years ago. To me the only improvement of the INSTRUCTOR would be more of it. But I suppose the expense forbids that."

Harry Tippet, of Butte, Montana, tells of his interest as follows:

"First, I will say that the editors of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR are to be congratulated upon the results of their faithfulness the past year in producing what to my mind is the best young people's paper in print. It is a marvel to me how they succeed in publishing a paper as often as once a week with such a uniformity of character. Never was a truer statement made than the one attributed to Lincoln, 'You cannot please all the people all the time,' and I realize that it is especially applicable to editorial work. With due modesty I trust that it will be an encouragement to you when I say that I am of the few 'some of the people that you can please all the time,' in every issue."

Mrs. J. W. Jackson of Sacramento, California, writes:

"I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR for eight years. I greatly enjoy it—more than any other paper I receive. I look forward every week for my paper, and each issue has something special for me. This week the article, 'The Two Roads,' and the poem, 'The Gospel According to Me,' have been very helpful. I also found of much value the article entitled, 'Experience,' which appeared in the issue of September 16. I cannot tell you the help these have been to me. They came like ministering angels at a time when most needed. I am thankful to you and to God for the good message that is in the INSTRUCTOR."

A Backslider Who Succeeded

LYNDON SKINNER

ALL night long the lone fishermen had cast their nets without avail. No fish had yet been caught when dawn came. As they neared the shore in their boat, they saw a man standing on the beach. He spoke to them, and directed them to cast in their net again. How foolish it seemed! Had they not been fishing all night without success? But his command was obeyed, and no such draught of fish was ever brought up by one net at one time in all Galilee. Surely no mortal could have wrought so great a miracle! He must be the Master!

John said, "It is the Lord." And Peter, the impulsive one, who so short a time before had denied his

Lord, when he heard this could not wait for the boat, but cast himself into the sea, while the others came in the little boat, for they were not far from the land. They found a fire burning on the shore, and food prepared for them, and the Master invited them to eat.

How Peter's heart must have ached when he remembered how untrue he had been to this loving Friend! But the Master looked at him with tenderness. He knew his impulsive nature, his loving, sympathetic heart, and his repentance. After they had eaten, he turned to Peter and said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And when Peter assured him he did, then Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." Twice again the Lord

asked this question. Peter was grieved to have the Master ask him repeatedly whether he loved him, and he finally replied, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," and the Lord said, "Feed my sheep."

Peter's self-confidence was gone now; and after the Lord's ascension, his sole purpose was to obey his injunction, "Feed my sheep." He felt the need of more than human power, and he continued in prayer and supplication, with the other disciples in Jerusalem, until he might receive this power to witness for him whom he loved.

Even though he had backslidden and denied his Lord, yet when his ambition and impulsiveness were trained in the right way,—after his conversion,—he was able to do a great work. When the Jews derided the cause he had espoused, he took his stand, and three thousand persons were converted in one day. Peter had returned to his Lord. He had a vision, and kept his eyes on the mark before him.

Too many of us are like Peter before he was converted. We are church members, we pay tithe, and believe the fundamentals of the truth; but we have never got down to the rock bottom of experimental Christianity. We start like a whirlwind, but fall at the first obstacle. What we need is a vision such as Peter had, and a spirit of prayer that we, too, may have power for witnessing. We need to stop backsliding and to return to our Lord. That is the only heroic thing to do, and that is the only way for a backslider to find his way to true success.

Have We Found Time to Be Alone Today?

HAVE you and I
Stood silent, as with Christ, apart from joy or fear
Of life, to see by faith his face;
To look, if but a moment, at its grace,
And grow, by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For him at any cost? Have we today
Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
In his and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of his wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.

—Selected.

The Morning Watch Will Do It

FLINGING herself upon the bed and bursting into sobs, Marie cried out, "I just can't help it, its born in me. I've inherited it. It's my nature and there's no use trying to do differently."

Marie had been hiding behind these excuses for years. While she was a good girl and a favorite with many, she would let her temper, independence, and frivolity rule her at the wrong time, and thus, because she limited God's power, she had never gained the victory over these undesirable traits.

But the time of trusting God and testing his promises came, and wonderful indeed was the victory over these little plague spots. A deep consecration and a continual daily growth through prayer and the Word brought the victory. "But did it last?" questions one. Yes, yes, and though Marie has for three years been in a missionary's grave, the fragrance of her complete Christian life still lingers.

After all, is it not our uncontrollable temper, our flying words, unkind criticism, gossip, sarcasm, pride, selfishness, stubbornness, coldness, or our grouch which bleeds the hearts of others and makes barren our own lives and in the end metes out to us our just reward of eternal loss?

Knowing all this, we go on limiting God's power to free us from these inherited or cultivated tendencies, and continue to hide behind the excuse, "I just can't help it. It's my nature." True, I can't help it, but God can if I will. Can it be said that we are walking with God if we continue to hold on to our ugly traits of character? If we really believe God, we can make no excuse, for he who made this great earth and everything therein has power enough left to help you and me conquer these little things.

The remedy is simple. The Morning Watch will do it. "Ten minutes' talk each day with the eternal God will transform the life and do much to fashion us after the similitude of the Infinite." Will you accept this challenge?

EDNA L. WALKER.

Faithful in the Use of Talents

A WRITER in the *American Messenger* relates an incident in connection with a trip to Yellowstone Park, which she took with a press club. An accident delayed the party for an hour or two where the scenery was entrancingly beautiful. They had scarcely seated themselves to wait and enjoy it, when a guest of the club, a man of national reputation whom they had dubbed "Great Light" in honor of his talents, drew from his pocket a tablet and remarked, "I will toss off one of my sermonettes while we wait."

After a brief period of rapid writing he announced that he had earned fifty dollars while the rest were wasting breath.

He yielded to their urgent invitation to read the sketch. The disappointment which came over them all admitted of no applause, and one candid man remarked: "Fifty dollars! Why, even I could do as well, and not half try."

"No doubt of it," retorted "Great Light," laughing good-naturedly, "but you couldn't sign my name to it."

The disapproval expressed thereupon caused the man of talent deliberately to tear to fragments and scatter to the winds his unworthy effort, and later to write and publish an article whose dignity and beauty nobly portrayed the magnificence of the scenery.

Though few of us are "Great Lights" with talents which win for us national reputation, we all have gifts which we dishonor if we do not use them worthily.

A singer with a charming voice appears before an audience of newsboys. Shall she give her best to the boys or shall she sing some easy trifle? A speaker is asked to make an address upon an occasion which bores him. Shall he say something worthy of his powers or merely fill his time with commonplaces which cost him nothing?

Joseph used his great talent faithfully when he was a slave in the house of Potiphar, and a prisoner where the king's prisoners were bound, as well as when he was a ruler second only to Pharaoh.

He only who does always his best will develop his talent to its fullest and win the guerdon of him who shares the joy of his Lord.—*Young People*.

"LOOKING on the bright side is commendable, but the wise man looks on both sides."



Who Was Paul Jones?

J. O. CORLISS

AMID exciting incidents which crowd each other as the years go by, many early phases of American narrative grow dim in the twilight of the distant past. Yet the memory of these are all essential to well-directed lines of historical education. Indeed, every American youth should be familiar with events prominently associated with the development of his country's history.

With many, the bare name of Paul Jones is common knowledge; but with this their acquaintance with the man ends. Somehow the general conception of the man himself is that of a rabid American sea rover or headlong freebooter. His career, however, when properly understood, lifts him above the common estimate of the uninformed, and places him upon the pinnacle of respectful integrity.

The birthplace of this daring ally of the American Revolutionist, was in an isolated Scotch hamlet called Arbigland, located near the shores of Solway Frith. His father was a humble gardener, whose name was simply John Paul; and the same name was conferred upon the son born July 6, 1747. At the age of twelve years the boy was sent to Whitehaven, in England, and there apprenticed to a merchant who was extensively engaged in American trade.

One commendable trait of the boy at this time of his life was his ambition for an education. So strongly was this longing felt, that when his young companions were romping, or giving time to other pleasures, he would be absorbed in the study of navigation or of the French language. This devotion to study was of great help to him in after-years, and served as a stepping-stone to rapid advancement.

When thirteen years of age, he crossed the Atlantic to visit an older brother who was a Virginia planter. After a few voyages as a common sailor, he became third mate of a slave ship, but soon grew disgusted with the calling, and resigned his position when on this side of the Atlantic. He then took a passenger ticket for Scotland on a brigantine. When in mid-ocean on this voyage, yellow fever broke out, carrying off every man aboard who understood navigation, except himself. Here came into action John Paul's knowledge gained by his studious habits when a boy; for although but twenty years of age, he was able to bring the ship safely into port.

In 1773 his brother in Virginia died childless, leaving no will. John being then twenty-six years old, came overseas to settle the estate, and while doing so, for some unknown reason, assumed the surname of Jones. He was ever after known as Paul Jones. Becoming, soon after, weary of a wandering life, he declared a desire to enter the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and the calm course of contemplation and poetic ease. So he settled as a planter in old Virginia.

But fate decided a different line of conduct for him. As the struggle for American independence came to the front, Paul Jones, the planter, espoused the colonial cause with all the ardor of his Scotch nature. As

a Virginia "gentleman," his character and endowments were highly respected, thus giving him much prestige in the infant commonwealth. The Hon. Joseph Hewes, then a member of the Continental Congress, secured for him the position of first lieutenant on the frigate "Alfred."

This vessel of war had an equipment of forty-four guns, and was commanded by Captain Saltonstall, yet it had no national banner to unfurl at its masthead. Knowing this, Lieutenant Jones procured from some source an American naval flag, and as the commander stepped on board at Philadelphia, he sent aloft this emblem under a salute of thirteen guns. This flag, the first one of its kind to be displayed, is said to have consisted of thirteen stripes, to represent the thirteen colonies seeking political freedom; hence the thirteen-gun salute at its elevation to the masthead. On its stripes was borne the figure of a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots, as if about to spring. Underneath this was the motto: "Don't Tread Upon Me."

Through certain interchanges contingent upon the conduct of war, Paul Jones was soon after transferred to the sloop "Providence," and was promoted to its captaincy. This vessel was one of the feeble instruments of an infant navy of five vessels, mounting in all but a hundred guns, but set to oppose the British fleet of a thousand sail. After several successful encounters with enemy ships, Congress appointed Captain Jones to the command of the newly built ship "Ranger," on the selfsame day that the Stars and Stripes officially became the national flag of America.

On this ship its intrepid commander sailed to Brest, and from thence to near the southern coast of England, where a British brig was captured and sunk. Very quickly after, St. George's Channel was entered, and a large ship having valuable cargo was captured. Such bold maneuvers as these stirred English chroniclers to call Captain Jones a pirate, but he was only following the laws of naval warfare which England herself had enacted.

Passing for brevity's sake much that is interesting in this period of Captain Jones' life, it will be in place here to say that while in a French port, he received from the French minister of marine, representing his country as an ally of America, a letter appointing him to the command of a newly built vessel, with commission to rove the seas wherever he would, in search of enemy ships. Having shortly before read in Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* the maxim, "If you wish to have business done faithfully and expeditiously, go and do it yourself; otherwise, send some one," he was so deeply impressed by this that he named his new vessel "Bonhomme Richard."

Under the unlimited commission given him, Captain Jones felt sure of success in the battles he expected to fight. In this he was not disappointed; for in the twenty-three sea battles in which he engaged, not one went against him. In fact, the way matters went in favor of America, on both sea and land, gave the British Parliament occasion to consider the advisability of employing American savages as allies of Great Britain. It was on this issue that the Earl of Chatham declared in the House of Lords: "I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms — never, never, never!"

"His active service in the American navy ended in May, 1781. From 1788 until 1791 he was a vice-

admiral in the Russian service, commanded a squadron in the Black Sea, and defeated the Turkish navy in the battle of the Liman. After leaving the Russian service, he lived in Paris until his death on July 18, 1792. The record of his burial place was lost, but after a long search conducted by Ambassador Horace Porter in 1905, his body was discovered in the old St. Louis Cemetery, and was later conveyed to the United States by a United States squadron especially sent to France for the purpose, and was buried at Annapolis, Maryland."

J. O. CORLISS.

A Great Builder

I COULD not possibly do justice to the story of this man's life and achievements; I can only give him honorable mention in this short narrative. The Bible mentions but two men of whom the words, "he walked with God," were spoken, and this great builder was one of them. At least only these two have the words directly applied to them, although other men have "walked with God," I know they have; and men yet walk with the divine Father, I know they do. But somehow it gives one a pleasurable thrill to read, "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. . . . Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." A man who walks humbly with his God could not wander far afield, could he?

Then, too, I like what is said about this man: "According to all that God commanded him, so did he." Noah did not try to have the word of God changed to mean something else; he just listened to instructions and "so did he." That's it, dear reader, that is the secret of power and achievement in the Christian life, — just *so do*.

When the time for the birth of a son was fulfilled, we hear Lamech speaking with loving assurance to Mrs. Lamech in words like these: "This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." So they, in common with all parents, expected great things from their first-born son. They called him Noah — Rest, or Quiet. But his life was one of turmoil and activity. He was given a stern message and a strenuous work to do, one that would take 120 years to finish. Yes, like you, he was given a last message, a warning message to a lost world, and like you, he must finish it. It fell to his lot to build an ark "to the saving of his house." The grand old man listened to God, got the dimensions, the specifications, and all the building directions, and "so did he," undaunted by derision and ridicule.

His great-grandfather and his uncles — Methuselah and his sons — and his father, Lamech, all assisted him and his sons to build that great boat way out where no water was, to the amusement of the populace. One by one the old men died off, one by one his supporters disappeared into the pit, till just those four men worked day by day upon that huge structure out on the hillside. It took faith and courage to do that.

I like to think of Mrs. Noah and the younger women of that family, to whom fell the task of keeping up the courage, the morale, of that little army of the Lord as they labored in faith to prepare against the coming catastrophe. As the men preached the message of warning before the flood, the women had to endure the sneers and the contempt of the neighbor women at home, and keep sweet. I imagine that Noah found renewed courage when, weary with disappointment and heavy with labor, he trudged homeward in the evening

where love, counsel, and encouragement met him at the gate. I think Sister Noah had a great deal to do with the evangelistic effort of Noah and the boys "while the ark was a-preparing."

The flood came on time, and the ark proved seaworthy; "eight souls were saved by water" from the mighty cataclysm that engulfed the world. Saved, just as you and I will be saved, because they "did according to all that God commanded" them. Don't make any mistake about this, my friends; there is no way open to the heavenly mansions except the "way of thy commandments," which is the obedience of faith.

The mistakes of Noah are not many, so far as the record goes, there being only one recorded against him. Only one serious mistake! What a record! But then this one had far-reaching results. He partook of the wine from his vineyard and became drunken, so drunken that he fell into a drunkard's slumber, and this spree became the occasion of sin by one of his sons and the pronouncement of a curse upon the son's descendants. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby [whether he be a Noah or a vagabond upon the highway] is not wise."

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

Newark, Ohio.

What Envy Did

THE substance of the following story was told here in China to a body of missionaries by a prominent Scotch divine:

The sun was shining brightly upon the pavements of an eastern city. The church bells were clanging, and people were taking a more leisurely pace than was their wont. The feel of spring was in the air, an edge of green had appeared on the plane trees cemented into the sidewalks, and flower venders stood at the street corners.

Dr. Johnson stepped out of his car in front of St. John's church. His heart was happy. Dr. Chant had always an inspiring, uplifting message for his people, a soul-stirring message, that kept a man through the week.

In the pew opposite Dr. Johnson, Deacon Pike sat. He was the owner of a small but successful and influential business. Somewhat older than Dr. Johnson, his face bore unmistakable marks of character and of a successful life. He had been a poor boy, who by sheer perseverance and honest, faithful work had forged ahead. He said that his father's God, his mother's God, had helped him, for he was a praying man. His charity was not such as was heralded abroad; but rarely if ever did a day pass without something good being done for some one by him.

Of late he had fallen into the habit of running into Dr. Johnson's on Saturday to go the rounds with him.

"You see," he said, "I can learn who needs, and the actual needs, and do better for the poor folk, if I see with my own eyes." Many a home was made happier and brighter and more livable because his eyes had seen. One principle governed his life — that men who had no confidence or comfort in Christ might learn through his efforts to confide and find consolation in him. A friendly nod passed between the men as Dr. Johnson sat down. There was a strong feeling of attachment growing between the two.

Dr. Chant gave a talk on the Holy Spirit.

After the service the pastor introduced a stranger, Mr. Fayre, to Dr. Johnson, who immediately invited him home for lunch. During the drive home Mr.

A CHILD'S COMFORT

W. W. JENNINGS



O OAK, so still, so sad,
Why do you stare,
With hands upraised, so long
Up in the air?
Your leaves are gone, I know;
But they shall be
So warm about your roots,
You ought to smile,
Great tree.

The summer's gone, but you
Need not complain.
You know the birds and flowers
Will come again.
You're big and strong, and brave
To face the cold;
And so when winter comes,
Be bold, great tree,
Be bold.

E. F. COLLIER.

Fayre remarked, "I see that Pike is on the deacons' list." There was something in the tone that Dr. Johnson resented.

"Yes," he replied, "he is a good friend of mine. We go about together a good bit, and he has been of great help to me in my work in both a financial and an ethical way."

"Trying to atone for past sins, I suppose," rejoined Fayre. Dr. Johnson flushed. He was on the point of defending his friend, but reconsidered. Defense might call forth more remarks or bring about unpleasant disclosures, and he wished to hear neither. After the guest's departure, however, he could but wonder about those "past sins." This older friend, the one he honored and respected, what had he done?

Subsequently Fayre came often to the doctor's. They had much in common. Fayre was professor of bacteriology in a college near the city, and interesting as well as profitable hours were enjoyed by them both, in experimental and social work. But a deep-seated antipathy to Mr. Pike seemed to be hidden away in Fayre's bosom, and it would out. He succeeded eventually in not only estranging the two men, but in bringing about open opposition, which became so pronounced that Dr. Chant ventured to remonstrate with them, but in vain. How the poor old pastor's heart ached as he saw the dissension he was unable to melt away!

"As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife." "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends."

One day as the doctor sat in his office a sharp ring sent him to the telephone, and as he listened his face grew pale.

"What's that? Not Pike? Not Charlie Pike?" Yes, he had been killed in an accident. The funeral was to be held next day at four o'clock.

The next day, after the long line of mourners had passed by the still form, Dr. Johnson stood in the church and looked at the face of the man who had been his friend; then he turned and went into Dr. Chant's study. Throwing his arms about the old man's neck he cried, "Oh, pastor, pastor, it was not worth it, it was not worth it!"

Some time later Professor Fayre took occasion to visit Dr. Johnson. "I must set myself right with you," he said. "Mr. Pike was a good man always. I was incited by jealousy. I cannot right the thing; but with God's help I'll avoid a repetition of the act."

But the great outrage that had been committed against innocent men by this dastardly and despicable spirit of jealousy could not be righted by a mere acknowledgment of the sin, however sincere the confession. A lifetime of repentance could not atone for so grievous a wrong.

Let us keep the heart free from the smallest bit of envy or jealousy; for it is a weed of rapid growth, and if given but half a chance, it will soon fill the heart, leaving room for no lovely plant of sturdy growth.

MAY C. KUHN.

TOLSTOI asked the question, "What are the three most important factors in art?" then answered it by saying, "Sincerity, sincerity, sincerity." So it is with life. Sincerity gives beauty and effectiveness to word, thought, and deed.



Denying Jesus

M. STELLA FLEISHER

JEAN pulled her veil a little tighter about her hat and reached for her heavy coat. Having buttoned herself into it she paused, listening intently, and as a footfall sounded on the stair she started to the door.

"Ready, Esther?" she called carelessly.

"I am sorry, Jeanie, but I shall not be able to go with you, after all," said Esther, coming up to her sister, with a troubled look in her eyes, for Esther was loath to wound any creature. "I wish I could, but there are many things to see to which would be neglected if I were to go with you."

"There always are — with you, Esther," said Jean, with a slightly raised inflection in her voice. "I make it a rule to put big things first, and stick to this rule. The club is doing a splendid work, and you have not been actively identified with it in any way, yet you always lend your sympathy and wish you could help us. There is that new lot of foreign girls to be located, and you could be such a help. It's a splendid chance for you to do something fine, and it would bring you immediately before the eyes of the executive board."

"Perhaps so, dear, but please let me beg off this time," responded Esther.

"This time!" Jean exclaimed as she snapped the clasp of her glove a bit firmly. "Well, good-by. I shall lunch at the club."

Esther closed the door and stood watching her fine-appearing sister as she braved the tempest of the late winter day. "*My* rule is first things first," she said softly.

It was a temptation to go to the club and be associated with girls of her own kind, doing beautiful deeds beautifully, but there arose before her vision a section of the city where not many of her friends cared to work, homes that none of them had entered. There lay her responsibility, not to be shirked, a need of warm love.

The day was such as to cause suffering to some she knew in that quarter of the city, and it seemed imperative to her that she should go to them. There were many to see to the foreign girls lately adopted by the philanthropically inclined girls' club to which she and her sister belonged.

Clothed and booted for the weather and laden with a bag of good things much too heavy for her, Esther set out in a direction opposite to that taken by Jean.

At the transfer point, as she boarded another car for the south side of the city, a grimy hand reached down and took her heavy bag. "Mornin', Queen Esther. This is your kind of day, and I've looked for ye when we took the crossin'." It was the father of little Billie, to whose home she was bound. Billie was one of her mission Sabbath school boys before he got mixed up with a fire engine while selling papers on a slippery night; but now there was not much hope that he would ever walk again. Days like these were especially hard for Billie, and he wanted Queen Esther, as he loved to call her, to tell him the Jesus story.

Then there was the little blind sister of another one of her boys, whom she caused to see things. The shrill

scream of the wind round the place they called home hurt the child's sensitive feelings, and Miss Esther's voice and touch soothed her.

And so from this home to several others passed this sweet-faced girl, carrying love and peace with her. She toiled all the day "in His name," quietly and alone, and then returned to her home weary but with a heart full of love for her Master, and with gratitude for the privilege of ministering to others.

Jean, who had brought Mary Lyon home to dinner, was merrily regaling the family with an account of the day, when Esther slipped quietly into a chair, with a welcoming nod to Mary.

Father, who always understood, turned to Esther, and noting the high color in her face, asked what she had been doing out in such weather. "Oh, I made a few calls on some friends," she replied.

"Yes," spoke up Jean, "I dare say she has been in the Latin quarter. Esther does not believe in team work. She prefers to work alone."

Mary smiled absently, but she was thinking of the training she had received in the work Esther was doing. She felt a twinge of conscience, and a line she had chanced on that afternoon, "Denied him, with the small, unspoken word," seemed fraught with new meaning for her. A little hint, with God in it, will serve to recover one from a bypath. She had wandered along with her friends, pleasantly occupied with whatever philanthropic fad seized their fancy. In memory she saw the ghetto of the great metropolis where, as a senior in college, she had been sent for a summer's work. How she had loved the work among the children! loved the dirty ones! loved the bad ones! loved them all because of their great need of her. Mary just now felt a kinship to Peter, who had been led to a denial of his Master. She, like Peter, had been keeping a distance from Jesus, not openly avowing her friendship and love as did Esther. She knew she had denied her Master, not thrice, but many times, with the small, unspoken word, with the unused talent, and realized the need of the personal touch in the lives of the less fortunate ones — the need for real heart work where clubs do not reach.

As she arose from her chair at the summons to dinner, she linked her arm within Esther's, whispering, "May I join you in your labor of love for the Master?"

Minutes to Lend

SAY, Jim, can you spare me ten minutes of your time?"

"What security can you offer?"

"Security?"

"Yes. You see my minutes are the most valuable things I have, and I'm always very careful about lending them. If they should be lost or damaged in any way, I should hold you responsible for it."

"I see," said Charlie slowly. "What are the conditions under which you will lend your minutes?"

"I want to lend them in such a way that they will give me something of value to put into their place. You know it's this way: If I should lend you a quarter of a dollar, I could get it back; but if I lend you a quarter of an hour, I never can get it back, so I must be sure that I am getting good interest for it. If you want to use ten minutes to tell me something that's going to make me better or happier or wiser, I'll be glad to let you have them. If you want to use them in making somebody else better or happier or wiser, I'll not only let you have all of my minutes that you want, but I will gladly help you use them. But if they are to be used in such a way that they will be smirched and I will be ashamed of them in the days to come, I'm afraid I can't let you have them."

"I guess, Jim," said Charlie shamefacedly, "that I won't borrow any of your minutes this time, and I'm going to be more careful in the future about how I lend my own."

ALBERT A. RAND.

'Maginator Gene

PASSING through an outlying section of a small city in southern Michigan one bright winter day, I heard voices of children, and looking up, I beheld a number of them knee-deep in the snow on an open lot where they had been playing.

All through the previous night and all morning the soft flakes had been falling, undisturbed by winds, until great downy beds had formed in every open place. Into this paradise of tempting whiteness a group of gleeful children had just launched with the intent of building up a gigantic snow man. But there had come an intrusion in the person of a wildly indignant maiden who frantically pushed boys to right and to left while excited words of remonstrance flowed from her lips.

She now stood in a riot of kicked-up snow, feet braced far apart, stocking cap half off, and eyes flashing, while she made known the cause of her sudden interference.

"It is! — it is! — *it is!*" she shouted, making as she did so a feint at a boy who was more than twice her size. The boy discreetly withdrew to a safe distance where he gaped with the rest in mute astonishment at the wrathful flame of a maid who thus defied them to continue their sport.

"I know because I know!" she shouted, lifting a buried foot and stamping it down in a way that sent myriads of glittering particles scampering through the sunlight. "Every one of these flakes is a feather from the wings of angels; and because angels are holy their feathers are holy too, and you have no right to touch them in that way. Just see what you have done, you — you heathen!"

Her voice ended in a half wail, half sob, and the smile on my face began to disappear as I realized that she was actually serious in what she was saying. Calling to me a small boy with a very dirty face, who stood near prepared to flee at the first move she might make in his direction, I inquired what all the trouble was about.

"Oh, she's a 'maginator,'" he replied, meanwhile keeping his eyes fixed upon her as he talked. "She 'magines all sorts of things, and then gets mad 'cause the rest of us don't believe what she says. She's always talkin' about good angels and evil angels, and God puttin' somebody's tears in a bottle, and Christ a-comin' in the sky ridin' on a cloud like it was a horse,

and all that kind of ribbon. Now she says this snow is angels' feathers and that we've got no right to po-lute it. Wonder what kind of bird she thinks angels is anyway?"

I was amused at the boy's droll air as he watched the mite of a champion with wonderment and profound disgust written on his face. While I was debating inwardly what course I should pursue in order to relieve the situation, sleigh bells jingled and a sled passed along the street; whereupon some one shouted, "Hey, for a ride!" and they all skurried pell-mell for the moving sled. And Gene, standing alone in her triumph, burst into tears.

That was the last I saw of her, but not the last of her that I heard. About a month later I was in attendance at the funeral of a dear friend, and after the last rites at the grave, I strolled off through the cemetery. Thus I came to another burial party standing about a lowering casket. Many children were present here, and upon inquiry I learned that it was the body of little Gene that was being laid away in the tomb. The same day I heard the full story of her death — and her life.

As I had been previously informed, she was a child with unusual imaginative tendencies. This, coupled with a very religious bent of mind, made her an extraordinary character in the midst of the other children who could not understand her actions nor her ways of thinking. Her knowledge of Bible facts gleaned from her parents' study and conversation furnished a productive field for her vivid imagination. The other children being partially or wholly unfamiliar with the Scripture truths which Gene cited, naturally accredited them also to the creation of her fertile brain. The result of it all won for her the sobriquet of 'Maginator Gene.

Following the affair which I had witnessed that winter morning, the children at school and on the street chaffed her unmercifully. This sorely wounded and tried her sensitive spirit, and for days she brooded over it, writhing under the badinage but firm in her conviction that the things which she said were true. I have often thought what wonderful talent, latent in this child of dreams, might have been developed had she grown up under proper tutelage to develop judgment and confine her imagination to the bounds of reason!

Gene had a staunch friend in the person of old Granny Noomyer, to whom she could always go for sympathy and balm for her wounded feelings. In fact, this very old woman, who lived in hermit-like seclusion, was about the only one who really did seem to understand the child's proclivities — even better than Gene's parents understood.

One day when she had run in to granny to un-bosom her cares and incidentally confide some of her ideas, she found her aged friend sitting silent and lifeless in her favorite rocking-chair. Gene had never before beheld death, and her one thought was to get a doctor as quickly as possible. Wildly she ran to the home of a resident physician, but found that he was calling on the sick in a country home a mile and a half from the village. Gene's distress would not suffer her to await his return, so she bravely undertook the task of going to him. A cold rain, driven by a piercing wind, was falling continuously; the roads and fields were pools and streams of water. But she ran and ran, while fear and discomfort drove her on. She found the doctor and brought him back, though it was useless, of course, for granny had been dead for hours.

That night the doctor was called to minister to Gene. In spite of all that could be done, her fever continued to rise until at the end of the third day the doctor despaired.

On the fourth day Gene opened her eyes and smiled at her distressed mother.

"Mother," she said, "I have been dreaming of Jesus. I thought he looked into my heart and saw his face there, and I was so happy."

She mused for a few moments while that dread something, invisible and unheard, seemed to say that the end was near.

"And, mother," she continued then, "I saw angels — clouds of them — oceans of them, — just like the one in the picture hanging there by the foot of my bed, only ever so much more beautiful. They were all so busy. They went so far away and there were so many of them I wondered how God could keep track of them all. But I have thought it all out, mother. You know that star you had in the window last year for Brother Bennie who was over in France? Well, God has his service stars as well for all his angels; and now I know why there are so many of them in the heavens that shine for us at night. Heaven is God's great window. And the sun must be his gold service star for Jesus, for every morning when he hangs it on this side of heaven it outshines every other one."

Gene gave a long sigh. Her voice had grown very weak and her look was far away. Very faintly she whispered again to her parents who bent low over her bed —

"I wanted to kiss granny good-by. Good-by, papa, good-by, mother. Don't cry, and don't worry; I know the way, and it isn't dark. God's service stars are shining."

And 'Maginator Gene fell asleep.

Maiden of dreams, child of mystery and deep thoughts, understandings await you in the great hereafter. In the place where dreams come true and wonders are ever real I expect to find you, 'Maginator Gene, and hear your completed story. In the city of gold you shall be one of God's glowing service stars and shine forever, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

E. F. COLLIER.

Red Cross Notes

SERBIAN children love flowers. In the long line of children who came daily to the American Red Cross soup kitchen little ones were seen standing content for hours, admiring and smelling some little flower that had been plucked from an out-of-the-way roadside.

Often the flowers were wilted and dusty, with drooping heads and broken stems, but to the children they were a pleasant bit of brightness, and always spoke of hope.

To the workers in the Red Cross station these little Serbian waifs were as the flowers, wearied and tattered, with pathos in their wistful, tired faces and thin, undernourished little bodies. But in their eyes there was the faint light of a one-time brightness and the sweetness of childhood.

In and around the little French village of Belleau, near Belleau Wood, where not so very long ago the big guns roared and blazed, there are hundreds of fatherless children, whose mothers must work early and late to care for the little ones who have lived through the struggle.

In this now quiet little place, filled with the memory of battle days, the American Red Cross has planned to establish a learn-to-forget-and-be-happy home for these unfortunate little waifs of war. In French this home is called a *garderie*, but we would call it a day nursery, except that it includes children of all ages. In the quiet and comfort of this new home the younger children will be cared for during the hours their mothers are at work, while the school children will be looked after when school hours are over. The children will probably be brought to this *garderie* from the surrounding country in automobiles each morning.

Some day it is hoped the laughter of the little ones may ring through the great wood when peace has lost forever the memories of the war and children of France have learned to play again.

In Serbia, when a baby is born it is immediately wrapped in burlap, with ropes tightly bound around it to keep its arms and legs straight. This is an ancient peasant custom, and when the babies are unwrapped, the rope has often cut into their flesh, making sore places on their bodies.

The American Red Cross is now teaching these ignorant mothers new methods of dealing with baby, and the mothers are finding difficulty in approving of baby's freedom in a little white nightie, with the full privilege of kicking to his heart's content. Sometimes the mothers even steal in and try to bind up the little legs and arms with old rags.

But after two nights of freedom the baby himself becomes an advocate of the new idea and screams lustily whenever the mother tries to tie him up. As one mother who came to the hospital said to the Red Cross nurse, "Baby likes Red Cross way much better!"

Facts About the Law of God

"His Law Is a Transcript of His Own Character."

WHILE God remains God, his moral law will be binding upon all who would have any part in his life. God's moral law is eternal; it is an expression of his very being. As such it can no more be abrogated than can God himself." — *The Sunday School Times*, Jan. 3, 1914, p. 2.

The Bible also teaches that "the character of God is expressed in his law;" thus:

God is "just." Rom. 3:26.

His law is "just." Rom. 7:12.

God is "true." John 3:33.

His law is "true." Neh. 9:13.

God "is pure." 1 John 3:3.

His law "is pure." Ps. 19:7, 8.

God is "light." 1 John 1:5.

His "law is light." Prov. 6:23.

"God is faithful." 1 Cor. 1:9.

His law is "faithful." Ps. 119:86.

"The Lord is good." Nahum 1:7.

His law "is good." Rom. 7:12, 16.

God is "spiritual." 1 Cor. 10:14.

His law "is spiritual." Rom. 7:14.

God is "holy." Isa. 6:3; 1 Peter 1:15.

His "law is holy." Ex. 20:8; Rom. 7:12.

God is "the truth." John 14:6; 10:30.

His "law is the truth." Ps. 119:142, 151.

God is "the life." John 14:6; 10:30.

His law "is life." John 12:50; Matt. 19:17.

God is "our righteousness." Jer. 23:6, R. V.

His law is "righteousness." Ps. 119:172.

God is "perfect." Matt. 5:48; Heb. 2:10; 5:9.
His law is "perfect." Ps. 19:7; James 1:25; 2:12.
God abideth "ever." John 8:35; Heb. 13:8.
His law stands "forever." Ps. 111:8; Matt. 5:17, 18; Luke 16:17.

How true it is that the law, being an expression of his character, "can no more be abrogated than can God himself."

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for February 14

SENIOR: "A Backslider Who Succeeded."

JUNIOR: "Denying Jesus."

The practical lessons in Christian living to be given in the societies today will help every earnest young person in his race for the goal of perfection through the merits of our Saviour. Do not miss this meeting.

Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

Can you refer me to a mission book as interesting as "The White Queen of Okoyong?" I enjoyed that thoroughly, and am anxious to obtain a similar book. M. A.

I would suggest "Christina Forsyth of Fingoland," the story of the loneliest woman in Africa, a new book by W. P. Livingstone, author of "The White Queen of Okoyong." This book gives the biography of Christina Forsyth, a Scotch woman of the United Presbyterian Church, who engaged in self-supporting missionary work in Xolobe, Southeast Africa, where she lived alone with no white companion for thirty years, in a "wild region of unbroken heathenism." She voluntarily chose the hardest spot. A remarkable example of self-sacrifice, courage, and consecration to the service of God in the midst of adverse circumstances. The book breathes a wonderful spirit of unselfishness, indomitable courage, and devotion to a great cause. Price, \$1.50.

Do you consider a report of the previous meeting a regular part of the weekly program? Do the two reports I am inclosing meet your idea of good reports? V. K.

Surely, we believe that the secretary's report should be a part of the regular program. Of course, there is no set form for our reports. Personally, I like variety in the report, and consider it really an art to be able to write a good secretary's report—an art which every Missionary Volunteer who serves in the capacity of secretary should strive to acquire. It seems to me that the report should *always* include what is found in neither of the reports you inclose, and that is a report of the missionary work done in the society. M. E. K.

Is it wrong to go to parties gotten up by young people who are not Adventists? PERPLEXED.

I should not like to say that it is wrong to attend parties gotten up by young people who are not Adventists, but I believe there is danger in it for most Seventh-day Adventist young people. A better way, it seems to me, is to have young people's socials of your own and invite young people who are Christians to attend them. Care, however, should be taken not to invite too many at once. In case there is no Missionary Volunteer Society, parents may do a good work in arranging pleasant evenings to which may be invited the young people with whom their own children are brought into contact. In this way both the recreations and the social relations may be supervised. In case one of our young people is so situated that there is no one to provide innocent recreation, it will be much harder. O, for mothers in Israel to encourage such young people to stand true to God even by self-denial in this direction, if need be! M. W. H.

We have no Adventist neighbors or associates. Should we make friends among those not of our faith? LONELY.

In regard to making friends or associates of young people who are not Adventists, undoubtedly the principle suggested in the preceding answer applies. Invite the young people to your homes. Generally speaking, close friendship with unbelievers is not advisable, but association with them for their salvation is commendable. However, we must consider well which element will exert the stronger influence. Association with unbelievers for pleasure is fraught with great danger. I believe this is one of Satan's most artful devices for overthrowing our young people. M. W. H.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VII — Working Together with Christ

(February 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 2:19-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: "For the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life, to supply your lack of service toward me." Phil. 2:30.

Timothy, Paul's Own Son in the Faith

1. Why did Paul desire to send Timothy to Philippi? Phil. 2:19. Note 1.
2. Why did Paul think Timothy was better fitted than any one else to help the Philippians? Verses 20, 21. Note 2.
3. How strong was the feeling of attachment that existed between Paul and Timothy? Verse 22, first part.
4. What was the basis of this bond of affection? Verse 22, last part. Note 3.
5. What shows that it was a personal sacrifice for Paul to let Timothy leave him? Verse 23, last part.
6. What shows that Paul's daily experience was bound up "in the Lord"? Verses 19, 24, 29; 3:1; 4:1.
7. What did Paul greatly desire to do if it should be the Lord's will? Verse 24.

Epaphroditus, Paul's Fellow Soldier

8. Whom did Paul decide to send to the aid of the Philippians until he could feel clear in sending Timothy? Verse 25, last part.
9. How did Epaphroditus happen to be with Paul? Verse 25, last part.
10. Why did Epaphroditus desire to go to Philippi? Verse 26.
11. What experience had he been having in Rome? Verse 27.
12. How does Paul account for the recovery of Epaphroditus? Verse 27, last part.
13. Why does it give Paul joy to part with the one who "ministered to my wants"? Verse 28.
14. What shows that Paul held Epaphroditus in the highest esteem? Verse 29.
15. What had been the cause of the severe illness of this unselfish worker for Christ? Verse 30. Note 4.

Notes

1. Timothy was with Paul in Rome, not as a prisoner, but as a companion. He had accepted the gospel under the labors of Paul, and to Paul he seemed as his own son. His father was a heathen—a Greek (Acts 16:1)—but his mother was a converted Jewess. In spite of the divided influence of the home life, Timothy from a child had been taught the Scriptures by both his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois; and to this early training, doubtless, is due the consecrated efficiency of his Christian service later in life.

2. Paul craved sympathy in his work for Christ; he longed for the companionship of one whose first, highest, and all-absorbing ambition was to seek, not his own, but the things of Jesus Christ. In Timothy he found all this. He was "like-minded" with Paul, "so dear unto me" (margin), of congenial soul, of kindred nature—in Timothy he found a second self. Timothy would "naturally" care for their state, with natural, true-born, genuine affection such as Paul himself felt for his beloved Philippians.

3. Paul knew "the proof" of Timothy, and so did the Philippian brethren, for Timothy had been associated with Paul in his labors for them, and he had thus proved himself to be a fully consecrated worker for the Lord. It was for this reason that Paul desired to send him—the very reason why a nature less selfish than Paul's would seem to desire to keep him for his own need.

4. The "New Testament in Modern Speech" gives the verses in this lesson as follows:

"But, if the Lord permits it, I hope before long to send Timothy to you, that I, in turn, may be cheered by getting news of you."

"For I have no one like-minded with him, who will cherish a genuine care for you."

"Everybody else concerns himself about his own interests, not about those of Jesus Christ."

"But you know Timothy's approved worth—how, like a child working with his father, he has served with me in furtherance of the Good News."

"So it is he that I hope to send as soon as ever I see how things go with me;"

"But trusting, as I do, in the Lord, I believe that I shall myself also come to you before long."

"Yet I deem it important to send Epaphroditus to you now—he is my brother and comrade both in labor and in arms, and is your messenger who has ministered to my needs."

"I send him because he is longing to see you all and is distressed at your having heard of his illness.

"For it is true that he has been ill, and was apparently at the point of death; but God had pity on him, and not only him, but also on me, to save me from having sorrow upon sorrow.

"I am therefore all the more eager to send him, in the hope that when you see him again you may be glad and I may have the less sorrow.

"Receive him therefore with heartfelt Christian joy, and hold in honor men like him.

"Because it was for the sake of Christ's work that he came so near death, hazarding, as he did, his very life in endeavoring to make good any deficiency that there might be in your gifts to me."

Intermediate Lesson

VII — The First Disciples; the First Miracle; Cleansing the Temple

(February 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 1: 35-49; 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." John 2: 5.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 138-166.

PLACES: Near the Jordan; Cana and Capernaum; cities of Galilee; Jerusalem.

PERSONS: John the Baptist; Jesus; Andrew; Simon; Philip; Nathanael; Mary, mother of Jesus; the wedding guests; ruler of the feast; servants; sellers of sheep and oxen; money changers.

Setting of the Lesson

THE FIRST DISCIPLES: The preaching of John the Baptist attracted the attention of the Jewish rulers. A delegation of rabbis was sent to question him. John's words indicated plainly that the long-looked-for Messiah had come. John the second time directly pointed out Jesus, as the One of whom he had preached.

THE FIRST MIRACLE: "From the Jordan, Jesus had returned to Galilee. There was to be a marriage at Cana, a little town not far from Nazareth; the parties were relatives of Joseph and Mary; and Jesus, knowing of this family gathering, went to Cana, and with his disciples was invited to the feast."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 144.

CLEANSING THE TEMPLE: "'The Jews' Passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.' In this journey, Jesus joined one of the large companies that were making their way to the capital. He had not yet publicly announced his mission, and he mingled unnoticed with the throng. Upon these occasions, the coming of the Messiah, to which such prominence had been given by the ministry of John, was often the theme of conversation."—*Id.*, p. 154.

"A sacred burden in this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up beneath it steadfastly.
Fall not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

Questions

1. How were two of John's disciples directed to Jesus? What did these two men then do? John 1: 35-37.
2. When Jesus saw the two men following him, what did he say? What was their reply? Where did Jesus take them? Verses 38, 39.
3. Who were the two men? Verse 40. Note 1.
4. How did Andrew begin to work for others? With what result? Verses 41, 42.
5. What disciple did Jesus find the next day? Whom did Philip seek? What did he say to his friend? Verses 43-45. Note 2.
6. How did Nathanael reply? What convinced Nathanael that Jesus was the Son of God? Verses 46-49.
7. What followed the choosing of the first four disciples? Who were invited to the wedding? John 2: 1, 2.
8. Before the feast ended what perplexing situation arose? To whom did Mary go? What did she say? Verse 3. Note 3.
9. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 4. Note 4.
10. How did Mary show her confidence in the power of her Son? What was standing near by? What command did Jesus give? What was done? Verses 5-8.
11. What did the ruler of the feast not know concerning the wine? When he had tasted it, whom did he call? What did he say to the bridegroom? Verses 9, 10.
12. What was the result of this first miracle? Verse 11. Note 5.
13. To what place did Jesus then go? Verse 12.

14. What great feast was near at hand? What did Jesus do? What condition did he find in the temple? Verses 13, 14. Note 6.

15. What did Jesus do? What words of reproof did he speak? Verses 15, 16. Note 7.

16. For what did the Jews then ask? How did they mistake the reply of Jesus? Verses 18-21.

17. When did the disciples remember and understand these words of Jesus? What was the effect of the work of Jesus at the Passover feast? Verses 22, 23.

Find Out

The names of the first four disciples of Jesus.

The location of each city mentioned in the lesson.

The number of gallons in a firkin.

Where were written the words, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

Notes

1. "One of the two was Andrew, the brother of Simon; the other was John the evangelist. Those were Christ's first disciples."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 138.

John alone records this event, but he does not name himself.

2. "Philip called Nathanael. The latter had been among the throng when the Baptist pointed to Jesus as the Lamb of God. As Nathanael looked upon Jesus, he was disappointed. Could this man, who bore the marks of toil and poverty, be the Messiah? Yet Nathanael could not decide to reject Jesus; for the message of John had brought conviction to his heart.

"At the time when Philip called him, Nathanael had withdrawn to a quiet grove to meditate upon the announcement of John, and the prophecies concerning the Messiah. He prayed that if the one announced by John was the deliverer, it might be made known to him, and the Holy Spirit rested upon him with assurance that God had visited his people and raised up a horn of salvation for them. Philip knew that his friend was searching the prophecies, and while Nathanael was praying under a fig tree, Philip discovered his retreat. They had often prayed together in this secluded spot, hidden by the foliage."—*Id.*, pp. 139, 140.

3. "It was the custom of the times for marriage festivities to continue several days. On this occasion, before the feast ended it was found that the supply of wine had failed. This discovery caused much perplexity and regret. It was unusual to dispense with wine on festive occasions, and its absence would seem to indicate a want of hospitality. As a relative of the parties, Mary had assisted in the arrangements for the feast, and she now spoke to Jesus, saying, 'They have no wine.' These words were a suggestion that he might supply their need."—*Id.*, pp. 145, 146.

4. "This answer, abrupt as it seems to us, expressed no coldness or discourtesy. The Saviour's form of address to his mother was in accordance with Oriental custom. . . . In saying to Mary that his hour had not yet come, Jesus was replying to her unspoken thought,—to the expectation she cherished in common with her people. She hoped that he would reveal himself as the Messiah, and take the throne of Israel."—*Id.*, pp. 146, 147.

5. "The unfermented wine which he [Jesus] provided for the wedding guests was a wholesome and refreshing drink. Its effect was to bring the taste into harmony with a healthful appetite."—*Id.*, p. 149.

6. Many were unable to bring with them the sacrifices that were to be offered up as typifying the one great Sacrifice. For the convenience of these, animals were brought and sold in the outer court of the temple. Here all classes of people assembled to purchase their offerings. Here all foreign money was exchanged for the coin of the sanctuary. . . .

"The consequent confusion indicated a noisy cattle market, rather than the sacred temple of God. There could be heard sharp bargaining, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the cooing of doves, mingled with the chinking of coin and angry disputation. So great was the confusion that the worshippers were disturbed, and the words addressed to the Most High were drowned in the uproar that invaded the temple."—*Id.*, pp. 154, 155.

7. "Slowly descending the steps, and raising the scourge of cords gathered up on entering the inclosure, He bids the bargaining company depart from the precincts of the temple. With a zeal and severity he has never before manifested, he overthrows the tables of the money changers. The coin falls, ringing sharply upon the marble pavement. None presume to question his authority. None dare stop to gather up their ill-gotten gain. Jesus does not smite them with the whip of cords, but in his hand that simple scourge seems terrible as a flaming sword. Officers of the temple, speculating priests, brokers and cattle traders, with their sheep and oxen, rush from the place, with the one thought of escaping from the condemnation of his presence."—*Id.*, p. 158.

He Knows

"He knows, he loves, he cares,
Nothing this truth can dim.
He gives his very best to those
Who leave the choice with him.

—Selected.

"FORGETTING God all day, men deem it right
To ask him to remember them at night."

Records Worthy of Emulation

THREE times in sixteen years," was the comment of a business man as he entered the office two or three minutes late, a belated street car having caused his tardiness. He was manifestly chagrined over what to him was a real catastrophe; for during his service in the Review and Herald he had had nearly 10,000 opportunities to be tardy, but only three such delinquencies had been registered against him.

Another man who has worked for the Review and Herald Publishing Association almost thirty-six years cannot recall even three tardinesses.

Boys and girls, young men and women, how is it with you? Would your school record compare favorably with the records of these men? Men with such business records are usually punctual at all engagements. The Sabbath school and church service habitually find them in their seats on time.

There is no one thing, perhaps, outside of the cardinal virtues, more essential to success in every line of endeavor than punctuality.

If you have in your blood the least taint of the vexing tardy evil, find a cure at once, else you will be among those who make themselves a burden and a public nuisance by their habitual belated appearances.

F. D. C.

How the Seed of Truth Took Root

A WOMAN in Nottingham, England, was converted to Christ through the reading of a piece of an American newspaper that contained a sermon by a London divine. This piece of paper came to her wrapped around a package sent from Australia.

A young man attended one of our camp meetings last summer, who had come into the truth through the efforts of a colporteur who had sold him a book. As he left the camp-ground, carrying a valise filled with books and tracts, he met the colporteur who had been instrumental in saving him and said, "This valise is just about as heavy as it was last year when I carried it home from the State fair filled with booze."

"How beautiful . . . are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, . . . that publisheth salvation."

A Mountain Incident

Mrs. Margaret McCreery relates her experience in finding the light of the last gospel message as follows:

"We were living in a Rocky Mountain valley when a man settled in our community who kept the Sabbath. The neighbors told us he was crazy, so we asked him in to dinner for the sake of watching him, and found him to be one of the finest men we had ever known.

"We told the neighbors our impression of him, and they said, 'Oh, well, he is off on religion.'

"Mr. McCreery was curious to know why he kept the seventh day, so said to him one day, 'Say, Jimmie, why do you keep Saturday for Sunday?'

"Well, now," he replied, 'I've some tracts here that will explain that better than I can.'

"One was 'How the Sabbath Came to Me,' by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. Mr. McCreery brought these tracts home to me. I was positive Sunday was the right day, and confidently got my concordance and started to study the Bible. I was pleased when I came to 'Reasons for the Christian Sabbath,' but I was dis-

appointed after reading such references as Mark 16: 1, 2, as I could see no reason in these texts.

"My husband said if he had a Presbyterian catechism he could help me out, as it gave the Bible proof. But failing to find any Bible proof at all for Sunday keeping, we began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. It has been a delight and a great blessing in our home these twenty years.

"Our friend died a tragic death soon after we joined him in Sabbath keeping; but we know that God had sent him to us with the truth."

F. D. C.

The Big Penny

A LITTLE boy had just earned his first penny, and was very proud of it. At his play he tried experiments to see how large his penny was. Holding it up at a little distance from his eye, he said: "Mamma, my penny is larger than that mountain." Then drawing the penny a little nearer, he said: "Why, mamma, my penny is larger than that great field over there. It shuts it all out so I cannot see a corner of it." Then pressing his penny into his eye, he exclaimed: "Mamma, my penny is bigger than the whole world!"

How like the little boy's penny are our troubles, if held too close within the vision of life's experiences! How like the penny, also, are the failings of our friends — the noble men and women who work by our side in the toil and struggle of life! If their errors are held close within the range of our vision, and we concentrate our minds upon the "little penny failings," instead of covering them with the mantle of charity, they may shut out from our vision a great and noble life. How unfortunate if we spend our time criticizing others for little things, which by the prominence given them, may have been magnified out of proportion to their importance.

E. R. PALMER.

THERE are really only four great practical ends for which men and women can work in this world — pleasure, wealth, fame, and usefulness. We owe it to ourselves to consider them carefully, and to make up our minds which of them is to be our chief object in life. — *Van Dyke*.

EYES were made to look forward. That's why they're placed in the front of the head. — *Bruce Barton*.

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