

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

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No. 9



THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

Unto the faith they bought so dear,  
We pay each day less reverent heed;  
And boast, perhaps, that we outgrow  
The narrowness which marked their creed.

Find me the men on earth who care  
Enough for faith or creed today  
To seek a barren wilderness  
For simple liberty to pray.

Men who for simple sake of God  
All title, riches, would refuse;  
And in their stead, disgrace and shame  
And bitter poverty would choose.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



# From Here and There

According to Secretary Lane, 143,000 school-teachers have abandoned their calling in the last year to go into better paid work.

Secretary Houston has been transferred by President Wilson from the Department of Agriculture to the Treasury, to succeed Mr. Carter Glass who has entered the Senate.

Mr. Frank Munsey, once owner of the *Washington Times*, Washington, D. C., has bought the *New York Herald*, the *Evening Telegram*, and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, at a cost of nearly \$3,500,000.

The school at Madison, Tennessee, has determined to cut the high cost of living by teaching the pupils not only how to make their clothes from purchased cloth, but how to weave raw material into cloth; and to prepare leather and convert it into shoes.

Australia is paying her 375,000 soldiers, sailors, nurses, and war workers while they are awaiting employment. In some cases the government has advanced money to aid them in business enterprises, and to each blinded man is given a home valued at \$3,500.

The recent steel strike is reckoned to have cost in workmen's wages in the Pittsburgh district alone \$48,000,000, and the additional losses in fifteen districts outside of that city are calculated at \$39,000,000. The strike epidemic which is sweeping the country is surely proving costly in money as well as inconvenience.

Chicago school teachers have had a raise in salary from \$400 to \$500 each; but there is still opportunity for further adjustment, since one teacher says that two of her feeble-minded pupils, seventeen years of age, have gone to work at a higher salary than her own. In some of the Pittsburgh schools the washerwomen and assistant janitors receive higher wages than the teachers in the same building.

The verdict in the trial of the leaders of the recent general strike at Winnipeg is likely to have an important effect on the future of organized labor in Canada. In substance the verdict classifies as sedition all general strikes and sympathetic strikes, direct action, "one big union," seeking to control industry, advocating a change in the form of government, or doing anything to endanger the "comfort" of the public. The leaders of the strike were sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

When General Allenby, in the late war, came near the city of Jerusalem, he determined not to damage the holy place. He therefore telegraphed to the government for instruction, and was told to do what he thought best. Not satisfied, he telegraphed to King George, who advised him to make it a matter of prayer. As a consequence, General Allenby assembled his staff and troops, and prayer was offered for guidance under the special circumstances. Before the meeting separated, an orderly arrived with a telephone communication for the general to the effect that the enemy had surrendered the city.

A twenty-million-dollar industrial canal, now nearly completed, is to connect New Orleans, Louisiana, with the Gulf of Mexico through Lake Ponchartrain, making unnecessary the hundred-mile trip down the Mississippi and through the Eads jetties. In some ways the difficulties were greater than those encountered in the building of the Panama Canal. The quicksands were a special menace. One hundred thousand cubic yards of dirt have been excavated from the cut, which goes sixty-five feet below the surface of the ground. The length of the canal is six miles, and it would take ten thousand flat cars to carry the dirt excavated—a train one hundred miles long.

New York City is recognized as the greatest fire hazard in the world; and the city, knowing its danger, has provided for its protection the largest fire department in the world, larger than the combined fire departments of the five cities next in size to New York. It has on duty, day and night, 300 engine companies comprising about 4,000 firemen; 150 hook-and-ladder companies; five boats in the rivers, water towers and high-pressure systems that will send a stream with the force of a gigantic battering ram.

## "The Kingdom of God"

THE foregoing title is that of a book by Elder R. C. Porter, that has come from the press since the author's death. This book gives a comprehensive view of the "origin of the kingdom of God through the marvelous work of creation, the inception of evil, the tragic invasion by which Satan and his angels sought to overthrow the kingdom, and the infinite love of God in seeking to save rebellious subjects while restoring his kingdom from invasion.

"It presents the law of love as the foundation of God's government, and Satan's attempt to pervert it that he might lead souls through disloyalty into the broad way of sin and death.

"It portrays Christ's life and death for man—the climax of God's love—as man's involuntary substitute, that the death penalty might be met, the demand of justice satisfied, eternal life given to man, and sin and death banished from the universe forever.

"It traces man from his creation to his fall, thence through the conflict of the ages. It concludes with the triumph of Christ and his followers, the utter destruction of Satan and all his agencies, the kingdom of God restored from invasion, and its peace and unity eternally assured.

"In offering to the public a work touching upon so many phases of the kingdom of God, the writer's purpose was to avoid controversy, to present candidly and faithfully the great truths relating to this all-important theme as revealed in the word and works of God, associated with such scientific and historical data as limited space would admit."

This book presents the subjects treated in an unusually effective, interesting, and comprehensive way.

It is well worth giving a wide circulation, and will appeal to both non-Christians and unbelievers in the last gospel message. The book may be ordered from Mrs. Hattie E. Porter, 63 Oaklawn, Battle Creek, Michigan. The price is \$1.50.

## The Youth's Instructor

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## The Brook of the Willows

S. J. TOWNSEND

To my heart come fond memories streaming,  
Of my childhood so joyous and free;  
When the glad days were years in their seeming,  
And the years were as ages to me;  
When I sailed my proud ships on the billows  
Of the greatest of earth's mighty streams,—  
On my own little brook of the willows,  
By the home of my childhood dreams.

Once again, with my comrade, fair Alice,  
There we mimic life's battles in play;  
And more sweet than from any gold chalice  
Is our draft from the spring by the way.  
Then at twilight I find on the pillows,  
As o'er me the mother-love beams,  
Sweetest sleep by the brook of the willows,  
In the home of my childhood dreams.

Though I've climbed the earth's loftiest mountains,  
And have gazed on the grandeur below;  
Though I've drunk of the world's famous fountains,  
Where the waters chalybeate flow;  
Though I've sailed o'er the wide ocean's billows;  
Though I've stood by earth's mightiest streams;  
I've found naught like the brook of the willows,  
And the joys of my childhood dreams!

I care not for the world's fleeting pleasures:  
I care naught for its guerdon of fame.  
And the lure of its gold and its treasures  
Is of one with its fickle acclaim.

I am weary of life's peccadillos,—  
Of a world that proves not what it seems;  
And I long for the brook of the willows,  
And the trust of my childhood dreams!

But alas! for the home of my childhood!  
And alas! for the loved ones of yore!  
They are gone,—and they sleep in the wildwood,  
And the hearthside shall know them no more.  
Yet a vision oft comes to my pillows,—  
Like a star in the gloaming it gleams,—  
'Tis a glimpse of the brook of the willows,  
And the loved of my childhood dreams!

Though I know not what shall betide me,  
Nor the leagues to the end of the way,  
Whether joys or afflictions abide me,  
'Tis not long till the break of the day.  
As my bark onward drives o'er life's billows,  
And I watch for the morning's first beams,  
Oh, I long for the brook of the willows,  
And the faith of my childhood dreams!

There's a river whose streams ever gladden  
The green vales of the garden of God;  
Where the shadows of earth never sadden,  
And where only the righteous have trod.  
And some day, by those zephyr-tossed billows,  
In the smile of His love who redeems,  
I shall find my lost Brook of the Willows,  
And the Home of my childhood dreams!

## Realize Your Possibilities

E. F. COLLIER

**M**OTHER used to say, "Can't never did anything." How true it is. Around us every day are human and divine possibilities that are never realized because people think they "can't." Some say, "I can't sing," "I can't pray in public," "I can't make my way through school," "I can't sell things," "I can't—"

How do they know they can't? If human reason says a thing is possible, it is possible; if human reason says a thing is impossible, it may yet be done—by the exercise of a little faith.

This is an age of scientific miracles; but all this invention and progress is the result of some one here and some one there believing they could do things which others declared could not be done. Multitudes of scientific wonders are not yet discovered, multitudes of noble deeds have gone undone, much valuable talent has never been exercised, because man's faith and will are too weak for him to say, "I can do it," or, "It can be done."

A little more faith, and a little more exercised will-power, and most of these waiting, wasting possibilities would become realities, and we would no longer need to overwork that little word, "if," which too well betrays our human limitations and weaknesses.

The fault of many who do not act when they should is merely that they do not believe. You cannot do much unless you believe you can. When a man tackles a job, who reasons like this: "What others can do, I can do," or, "It looks reasonable, and I'll try it," that man usually makes good. "According to your faith be it unto you," said Jesus, as he touched the blind eyes, and then faith opened the eyes. How many

blind eyes would be opened if people had faith! How many people who never rise above the commonplace and the obscure would become burning and shining lights! To thousands of youth who feel themselves bound in fetters of circumstance, ungifted, unfortunate, without opportunity, who say to every call to service or even to preparation for service, "I cannot, I cannot," faith keeps repeating, "You can, you can!"

Multitudes of young men and women are stopping their ears to great and important calls because they are afraid. Christ walking toward them on the water is to them a phantasm. "Let not God speak with us, lest we die!" exclaimed the foolish Israelites, as they backed away beyond the bounds appointed by the Lord. They might have said, "Go ahead and speak. You know what we can stand; reveal to us thy will." But they lacked the faith to do it.

Paul was given a startling revelation of God's purpose in his life. Afterward he was able to say, no doubt with a considerable degree of satisfaction, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." When God gives to the youth of today visions of responsibility, he appreciates the compliance of faith as much as he did in former days. Modern revelations may not parallel in vividness the experience of Paul on his way to Damascus, but when they come from a divine source, their good purpose should not go unheeded.

Faith takes people out of the world's ruts and puts them in training for the Lord's work. It removes ignorance and unbelief, and imparts a wisdom that is genuine. It replaces weakness with strength. It



overcomes sinfulness and brings righteousness from the sanctuary. It puts into the hands of the one who exercises it the keys of success. It opens doors of opportunity, and escorts us through, strong in the consciousness of divine aid and ability.

Remember that when God calls, it is always with hope. Optimism drips from the rainbow about his throne. He does not invite your help and then magnify your impotence. He does not ask you to accept a position and then tell you it is vain for you to hope to fill it. Spirits that are from above may caution, but they never discourage. The hypnotist tells his subject, "You have no feet; but must walk on your hands or glide on your belly," and the poor dupe believes and tries to do so. Satan says, "You are inexperienced, you will blunder, you will be talked about and laughed at. You can do nothing, you are supine" (that is, flat on your back—see Standard Dictionary). If you believe it, then you might as well be. Thinking you are weak, you become weak. As you think in your heart, so you become. With faith in your heart you can resolutely think yourself divinely enabled to do God's work, and then go ahead and do it. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I can think myself a creature of circumstances and then become one, utterly unable to cope with the forces about me that order my ineptitude; or I can trust in God, the Creator of circumstances (incidentally creating a few myself, if need be), and be and do just what he would have me to be and do.

With the help of his Father, Christ was always what he wanted to be. We have the same Father that he had, and Christ's experience besides. If we want what God wants, we can become what we want to be, if we want it with enough intensity and seek it through that kind of faith that works. Our faith should be stronger than the arguments of Satan, our purposes greater than our handicaps, and our determination mightier than the petty things that would keep us down. With Christ as the Captain of our salvation, we, through faith, may each become the master of our own destiny.

(To be concluded)

#### Watch Your Words

KEEP a watch on your words, my darling,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey—  
Like the bees they have terrible stings;  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut in the strife of anger,  
Like an open, two-edged knife.

—Mrs. E. R. Miller.

### Chinese Worshipers

THE Chinese worshiper often has no definite conception of what he is venerating. He worships because some one else does. If you ask why, he will reply, perhaps, that it is because the "old man" provides food and clothes for those who worship him. How different is the dignified title which Christianity applies to our God, the Ancient of Days!

When the men who live in the temples wish to gamble, or those go into the temples to do evil, as is sometimes the case, they often cover the eyes of the gods with cloth, or otherwise blindfold them. Sometimes they even shut the god up in his own little place, and there he stays. At Beh Gi Go, the pagoda in Nanking, I once saw several small gods tied up with straw. They supposedly had been misbehaving, and were being punished—much more mildly than is the fortune of some of the children in this country. Once I heard of a god's being reduced to the dust whence he was made, because he had neglected to fulfil his obligations.

On hearing one day a commotion outside our compound gate, I looked out and saw men racing up and down the road with a sedan chair in which was seated an idol. They ran to a little shrine, one of those found under almost every green tree in China, and then back into a dirty alley. "What is all this about?" I asked the old man who works about the place. "These men have been drinking wine," he answered. "They say that this image has told them to take him and run with him, fast." I suppose they

thought that the old fellow was tired sitting in his dark temple, and needed a bit of sunlight. I have known of the knees of a Buddha to be rubbed until the paint was worn off, by devotees who felt sorry for his having to sit so long in one position.

In the following story one may observe the perversion of the Bible record of the birth of Jesus, his life and sufferings:

"Formerly there was a country, Kuang Yen Miao Yueh, by name. The name of the ruler of that country was Ch'ing Te—pure virtue. At that time the king had a queen whose name was Bao Yueh Gwang—precious moonlight. The king had no children. . . . He issued an imperial order commanding all Taoist priests in all the courts of the palace, according to their rules and teaching, to hang up their banners and put up their canopies, to purify themselves strictly of all impurities, spread the offering of food, perform the Taoist ceremonies six times, and to pray to all the saints. After they had done this for a year and a half



THREE CHINESE FRIENDS



with unabated zeal, one night the empress had a dream. She saw the supreme and high Laotse, together with all the holiest saints, a company pure, immaculate, glittering with jade and glory. He drove the chariot of the five-colored dragons, with the glorious, illustrious banner, with plumes, and the canopy shading the bright clouds. At that time the supreme and high Laotse sat in his dragon chariot, holding a babe. The many minute pores of his body emitted a hundred myriads of beams shining into the courts of the palace, producing a hundred precious colors. The streamers and flags preceded him, waving in the air. Then the heart of the empress was filled with joy. . . . Laotse said, 'My especial desire is to give you this child.' Then the empress received the child—and awakened out of her dream. . . . In the Ping Wu year, the first month, she gave birth to a son. When he was born, his body, like a precious, luminous light, filled the king's country. In his youth he was compassionate and merciful. When he grew up, he was kind and loving. In his country he dispensed the treasures of all the precious wealth to the needy and the poor, widower and widow, the orphan, the childless, to those who had no one to depend upon, those without rice and vegetables, to those who were maimed,—to all beings. . . . He abdicated the throne and practised abstinence as a hermit. His virtue completed, he became a god. He gave up his country for the sake of all living beings. He dispensed medicine, healed diseases, and saved all beings, causing them to be peaceful and happy. After this he passed through another eight hundred Kalpas (he had already passed through twenty-four hundred, and subsequently passed through four thousand). His body was destroyed; he died. Because he bore distress patiently, he gave up his blood and flesh, and became a golden immortal. After this manner he practised abstinence for a myriad Kalpas, and then became the 'Pearly Emperor.'"

This story is a cheap substitute to offer to people who are suffering beyond description, who need a living Christ, who can assuredly comfort them in their sorrows, and relieve them in their distresses.

MAY C. KUHN.

### Just Doing Nothing

**H**OW often we hear it! It is true that we do not hear it audibly many times a day, but how often we see those words written alongside the actions of many of the people we see every day! This is a fatal error from which we may well pray to be delivered—the sin of "just doing nothing."

Why is it so many do nothing? It has often been said that the man who never makes a mistake never makes anything else. Are you slow to attempt to do anything because you fear failure will be your lot? "Not failure, but low aim, is crime," said the poet. Another has said, "To fail is to grow." Therefore, do not be discouraged because of past failures. Forgetting those things that are behind, press forward toward some mark, some goal, some ideal. "Hitch your wagon to a star," is the advice given to those who would succeed. We must aim high. It is aim that makes the man. You will get no higher than your highest aim. Have a purpose in life.

"Live for something; have a purpose,  
And that purpose keep in view.  
Drifting like a helpless vessel,  
Thou canst ne'er to life be true."

Never to begin unless you can see and be sure of the end is also fatal—for no man can be sure of the end

of anything, no matter how well it is begun. You may be conscious of the fact that you are not doing anything that is really worth while in life; you may be very desirous of changing your motto from "Just doing nothing," to "Always doing something" that is worth while, but the question is, How and when shall I begin? Well, there is the leading of circumstances. You may begin right where you are. Do the next thing,—the very first thing that turns up,—no matter how simple it may be. It will be sure to lead to something else. Whether it will be a better thing will probably depend upon yourself.

Then there is the leading of the world's needs. Look about you and study the field. What do men need, that you have, to make them happier, stronger, better? Ask yourself, "What can I do to help?" Then try to do it. Furthermore, there is the leading of your own ability and talent. Always remember that, like our Master, it is ours to work, to serve, to give, to sacrifice for others, until our work is finished. President Poincaré of France well said, "Only dead heroes have the right to rest." May this be our motto!

ENNIS V. MOORE.

### Appreciation of Music and Song

**M**USICAL scientists have had almost as much difficulty in finding a man with an accurate musical ear as the biologist has in locating the supposed missing link. They have indeed found many who approach the standard, and a few who have been pronounced "musically rational." It is not the purpose of the writer to cause undue investigation along this line, for most of us would be disappointed; it is to state rather the nature and importance of what little musical appreciation we possess. The mass of humanity have inherent musical response to instrumentation or song. Only one person have I met who insisted that "all music is noise, valueless and distressing;" but the same gentleman amazed me one morning as I was playing Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song," for though apparently absorbed in the morning newspaper, he began and continued the beating of perfect time with his right foot.

By music is meant the best, the wholesome, the elevating. Such counterfeits as the popular song, the ragtime selection, and the more recent "jazz" are here omitted from consideration, since time may be more profitably spent.

We cannot all play skilfully the piano, the violin, or the banjo. We may not all think that we can sing. Those of us who refuse the songbook offered us by a kindly neighbor during church service, with the regretful assertion, "No, thank you, I cannot sing," are deceiving ourselves, unless we are truly abnormal. Any fluctuation of the voice indicates ability, if it be developed, to sing. None can say conscientiously, "I dislike music and singing." With these understandings, let us become intelligent as to the valuation of music.

Psychologists recognize a definite physical benefit in music. Anger and fear are dispelled before soothing, quiet music. An irritated mind returns to its normal attitude as the result of melody. Mr. Edward Podolsky recently wrote: "When listening to a lively, spirited, passionate melody, the blood leaps and bounds in the veins throughout the body. This acceleration of the circulation of the blood is healthful, for the toxin-laden blood is rushed to the lungs and purified by the quicker, deeper breathing; more blood



enters the brain, promoting brain power. The kindly, smiling, and joy-rippling nature of man is brought out through the medium of music."

The mental effects of music are educative. The song of a happy mother at home carries with it an almost overwhelming power. How difficult it is for even the mischievous boy to introduce trouble *then!* Or when one is working and his assistant begins to sing or whistle and unconsciously to work faster, does he not joyfully do the same?

The greatest asset to music is its spiritual influence. Our affections are not infrequently centered at the place where we enjoy the most music. Happy is that church or that home which abounds in music. Many a sinner lost in this darkened world has experienced a thrill of hope as he has again listened to the strains of "Just As I Am," or "Nearer, My God, to Thee," perhaps first heard from the lips of a consecrated mother. It is stated that "singing is as much an act of worship as is prayer." This being true, how many might worship in this way!

It is not so important or essential to good singing that one be able to distinguish the *adagio* and the *vivace* movements of a Beethoven sonata; it makes little difference whether one can interpret a *prestissimo* or a *legatissimo* study; if one sings with the spirit and understanding, the result is *music*. Time and tempo, however, must not be disregarded. They are, in fact, indispensable in our church music. Without them the results are many times disastrous, and the church sounds much like "an echo and re-echo cañon." Such irregularity brings to mind the pointed assertion of Shakespeare:

"How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!"

Heaven's music is in tempo. The angelic choir sings in harmony and with feeling. Our voices may reflect its charm. It is a Christian's duty to sing in force and fulness in the church, following, of course, the leader. Our love, our devotion, our thanksgiving, may fittingly be expressed in song. It was a newly converted singer — a beautiful, attractive young woman — who broke forth in the midst of a hilarious party in her honor, with the musical words:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
All things else I have forsaken,  
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought or hoped or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own."

The result of her earnest song was two souls turned to Christ. Was it *music*? Did the two souls appreciate her song? Heaven's record will doubtless reveal many similar instances, possibly some where you or I may have united our voices in the congregational praise.

"Heaven's communion begins on earth.  
We learn here the keynote of its praise."

VERNON EDWARDS HENDERSHOT.

### The Voice of Music

I LEFT my home in heaven first, when sang the morning stars,  
to see  
The earth's foundation surely laid; I stayed, because earth  
needed me.  
I placed on Eve's sweet lips a tune — the echoes caught the  
lilt of joy;  
I taught her cooing slumber songs, when first she held a baby  
boy.  
And ever since, my angel voice has soothed with tender sym-  
pathy  
Poor fallen man; I saw his woe and stayed because he needed  
me.

In merriment or loneliness, in joy or sad solemnity,  
I have a tune to fit each need, whatever the emotion be  
And since no instrument or voice could execute my wildest  
trills,

I gave my music to the birds, to warble through uplifted bills.  
When mourning for my lost estate, I crooned my sorrow  
through the sea,

But could not leave the sin-cursed earth, for all the while it  
needed me.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

## The Correct Thing

### What About Your Shadow?

YOU cast a shadow over the society of which you are a member. Do not let this announcement startle you, for every other Missionary Volunteer does the same. The only important question is, What kind of shadow do you cast?

A shadow is not necessarily dark and gloomy, at least not the shadows of which we are speaking. Some are, of course. But not all. Although science may not agree fully, I like to think of the rainbow as a sort of shadow of a drop of water on the clouds. What a glorious shadow it is! And why? The drop of water somehow disentangles the colors that unite to make the sunbeam, and then spreads them in all their beauty upon the floating clouds.

Now there are rainbow Missionary Volunteers. And there are also the other kind. Take George, for instance: The minute he enters the church door you feel his gloomy shadow rest upon you. He is surly and critical, and you never can count much on his help. Only one or two persons in the society understand him, and can stroke his fur the right way. Somehow he seems to be a sort of reservoir of unpleasant things — a leaking reservoir, too.

On the other hand there is Maurice. "Such a fine boy," folks say in speaking of him. The minute he walks in, you feel his rainbow shadow on the whole society. Everybody likes Maurice. He is reliable, he is cheerful, he is friendly with every one, and he is always willing to do his share in the society. They are such different boys, and they cast such different shadows.

Will you not ask yourself quietly when alone with your Master: "What kind of shadow do I cast?" But concentrate your study on the person instead of the shadow, for that is where the kind is determined. Be a raindrop in the sunbeam of the Master's love; then your life will cast a rainbow shadow — a rainbow of bright cheerfulness, of warm sympathy, of loving deeds, of general helpfulness in the common walks of everyday life.

Just as the shadow of Peter healed the sick upon whom it fell, so your shadow — your presence or your influence — may be a radiant benediction to others. Is it? That is the question. Is the society better because you are a member? Does it have better meetings? Do you stimulate faithfulness in soul-winning work? Do others come to you for comfort? Do you have a kind word and a smile for *others* — not just a favored few? Are you really interested in the success of your society? Are you living in the third person, making God first and others second? Well, if you are, then don't worry about your shadow.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

THE Bible is the book of power. The weakest can find abounding strength there.



## Dancing and the Dance Hall

**I**N a recent INSTRUCTOR several persons told us what they would do could they begin life again. It was noticeable that none said that he would be less careful of his deportment, that he would be less strict in his effort to serve God; but the very reverse was true. Yet the question was under verbal discussion between two others, one of whom intimated that could she begin life again she would like to learn to dance. Out of respect to her mother's wishes, she had never done this, but she saw no harm in it. The matron to whom she disclosed this confidence said little, but asked her to read the book, "From the Ballroom to Hell," by Mr. T. A. Faulkner, who before his conversion to Christ was proprietor of the Los Angeles Dancing Academy and president of the Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific Coast. The young woman consented to do this, and no doubt gained a new view of the dancing art.

Dancing, as a graceful movement of the body to music, is not necessarily an evil; but it has been so long used by the enemy as a means of luring thousands to the lowest depths of sin that it has no charms for those fully cognizant of this fact.

The little folk dances, the simple school dance, are vastly different from the popular dance of parlor and hall. But when the art is once learned, its fascination and enjoyment are so great that the social dance is sure to be patronized; and it is the social dance, where boys and girls, men and women, dance together, that is the root of much evil.

Mr. Faulkner's little book, which is an earnest attempt on the part of the author to enlighten mothers and fathers concerning the real evil of the dance hall, discloses this fact. The low-necked, sleeveless gowns usually worn at the social dance, and the position the dancers assume, are both conducive to temptation; but the greatest ally of the dance hall was the liquor-dispensing hotel or café. What the dance fiend could not hope to accomplish by his own evil machinations he could easily gain through the wine cup. Now that prohibition has come to the nation, one great influence that made the dance hall so hellish is annihilated. But the enemy, realizing this, has already made bold to introduce new dances so suggestive of evil that these by their very nature would to a degree take the place of the prohibited wine.

Mr. Faulkner says that it is the custom for evil-minded men of wealth to become members of the most exclusive dancing schools, and to frequent parlor dances, for the sole purpose of robbing pure young women of their virtue. How successful they have been in their evil designs is revealed by the fact that authorities claim that three fourths of the women in the houses of ill fame were led to their downfall through the dance hall; and Mr. Faulkner himself said that at the time of his writing there were eleven inmates of the brothel whom he knew to be there because of a three months' course in a select dancing school. One pathetic illustration of ruined womanhood, cited by the author, follows:

### A True Story

"It was a Saturday night in the month of December in the year 1891. The girls who toil daily in the stores and shops on Spring Street were hastening to their homes after the long week of toil. As they pass along, we notice among them the tall, graceful figure of a young woman who seems to be the favorite of the

group of girls about her. She is a handsome blonde of nineteen years, with a face as sweet and loving as that of an angel.

"She was born in a country town in New England, of respectable parents. Her mother died while she was yet but a little girl, leaving her to the care of a devoted father, who, with loving interest reared and educated her.

"After the completion of her education, she entered a printing office, to serve an apprenticeship, but the close confinement following, as it did, in close proximity to the confinement of the schoolroom, soon undermined her health, and a change of climate was prescribed. The father felt he could not part from her even for a few months, but as it seemed for her good, he reluctantly consented to her going to Los Angeles, the 'City of the Angels,' for a year.

"It was a sad day for both when that father and his only daughter parted. Little could he know of the fate that was in store for his pure and loving child in the Far West. Little did he think when she kissed him an affectionate farewell, and told him she would return in just one year, that he would never see her smiling face again. Nor did she dream that she was journeying to her doom; that far beyond the mountains she would be laid to rest 'neath the sod of Mother Earth.

"But to return to the scene on Spring Street.

"As the little group passes up the street her very beautiful face does not escape the notice of the crowd of idlers gathered on the corners gazing impudently at the passers-by.

"Among these idlers is one of the city's most popular society gentlemen and ballroom devotees, and we hear him mutter to himself as he stares impudently at her pretty face: 'Ah, my beauty, I shall locate your dwelling place later on. You are too fine a bird to be lost sight of.'

"He follows her to her lodging, and day by day studies her habits.

"He discovers that she goes nowhere except to her daily toil and to church. He visits the church, and finding no opportunity to approach her there, is about to give up the chase when he finds out that the denomination does not condemn dancing.

"'Ah, now,' he says, 'I have you!'

"He goes to one of the most fashionable dancing schools, where he is well known, and explains his difficulties to the dancing master, who is ever ready to take part in just such dirty work, for it is from the pay for such work that he derives much of the profit of his school.

"He sends her a highly colored, gilt-edged card containing an invitation to attend his select school.

"She does not respond, so he finally sends his wife to press the invitation. The girl, not dreaming of the net that is being woven about her, promises that if her pastor does not disapprove she will attend. Her pastor does not disapprove. He tells her that he sees no harm in dancing.

"Why does he not see harm in dancing? Has he never been where he could see?

"She takes it for granted that he knows, and acting on his advice, attends the school. She is met at the door by the dancing master, who is very polite and kindly attentive.

"The society man who is plotting her ruin is the first person presented to her. He is a graceful dancer, and



makes the evening pass pleasantly for her, by his kind attentions and praise of her grace in dancing. When the school is dismissed, he escorts her home, which courtesy she accepts because the dancing master vouches for him, and she thinks that is sufficient. He continues his attentions, and finally invites her to attend, with him, a grand full-dress ball to be given at one of the principal hotels. She has never attended a grand ball in her life, and looks forward to this with the greatest pleasure.

"The evening at last arrives. Her escort calls for her in an elegant carriage. She looks more beautiful than ever in her pretty, modest evening dress, and he says to himself, 'Ah, my Greek goddess, I shall have the "belle of the ball" for my victim tonight.'

"As they enter the ballroom she is quite charmed and dazzled by its splendor and the gayety of the scene, which is so novel to her.

"During the first of the evening her companion finds her more reserved than is to his taste, but he says to himself, 'Only wait, my fair one, until supper time, and the wine will do the work desired.'

"Twelve o'clock at last comes, and with it the summons to the supper-room. Here the well-spread table, the brilliant lights, the flowers, the music, and the gay conversation are all sources of the greatest pleasure to the unaccustomed girl; but there is one thing which does not please her. It is the fact that wine is flowing freely and that all are partaking of it. She feels that she can never consent to drink. It is something she has never done in her life. Yet she dares not refuse, for all the others are drinking, and she knows that to refuse would bring upon herself the ridicule of all the party.

"She hears her companion order a bottle of wine opened. He pours and offers it, saying, 'Just a social glass; it will refresh you.' She looks at him as if to protest, but he returns the gaze and hands her the fatal glass, and she has not the moral courage to say no.

"As they raise their glasses he murmurs softly, 'Here's hoping we may be perfectly happy in each other's love, and that the cup of bliss now raised to our lips may never spill.'

"One glass and then another, and the brain unaccustomed to wine is whirling and giddy. The vile wretch sees that his game is won.

"He whispers in her ear many soft and foolish lies, tells her that he loves her, and that if she can return that love, he is hers and hers alone, so long as life shall last. . . .

"When he makes proposals to which she would have scorned to listen at any other time, she not only listens but gives consent to all, and does not leave the house that night. . . .

"When she returns to the room which she left the evening before as a bright and happy girl, she is broken-hearted and on the verge of despair, with a blot upon her young life which nothing on earth can efface. . . .

"She soon became very ill and sank rapidly, and then came a time when she felt that life was short, and that if she wished to leave a message on earth it must be delivered quickly. Having heard of my conversion, and that I intended exposing the evils which germinate in the ballroom, she sent a messenger requesting me to call immediately.

"On entering the house I was led to a couch in a cozy room where lay the beautiful young woman whose pale face showed all too plainly an amount of

sorrow and suffering unwarranted by her years. The countenance of the sufferer brightened as I entered, and she extended her hand, saying: 'I am so glad you came to see me, so glad to know that you are to expose the evil which buds in the dance hall. Do not delay your work. I have prayed God to spare my life that I might go and warn young girls against that which has made such a sad wreck of my once pure and happy life; for when I entered dancing school, I was as innocent as a child, and free from sin and sorrow; but under its influence and in its association I lost my purity, my innocence, my all. I know that God has forgiven the sin which is sending me to my early grave, where I shall soon be forgotten by all earthly friends.' . . .

"'Is there nothing I can do for you?' I asked. 'Yes,' said she, faintly, looking earnestly into my face. 'Yes, there is one thing; that which I had hoped I might live to do myself. Promise me that you will do that and I shall die content. Promise me that you will go before the world and speak out a warning against the awful dangers of the dance hall, and try to save young girls from the sin, disgrace, and destruction dancing has brought upon me.'

"I made a solemn promise before God that her request should be complied with."

No one claims that every one who attends the social dance is ruined thereby; but enough are ruined to forever blacklist the dance hall.

Only recently a Takoma Park woman asked a young girl if she danced a certain dance, one of the latest fashionable dances. The young woman, a modest and refined girl, said, "No, I wouldn't dance it." She was then asked by the matron, "Why not? What is it like?"

Just then a major in the army, a physician, who had heard the conversation, said, "Don't ask Gertrude that. I shouldn't want her to dance it."

He was not related to the young woman, and had only a short acquaintance with her; but he knew the dance was positively indecent, and he could not think of such a refined, sweet girl dancing it. The thought was obnoxious to him.

Mothers, young women, do not be deceived by the plea that dancing gives grace. There is a safer, better way of attaining comeliness. A good course in the gymnasium will give both health and grace, and leave the character untarnished.

The parlor dance, the most seclusive dancing school, and the great balls are all to be absolutely tabooed if you would place no stumblingblock in the way of modesty and virtue.

F. D. C.

#### Things That Count

Not what we have, but what we use,  
Not what we see, but what we choose —  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar,  
Not what we seem, but what we are —  
These are the things that make or break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true,  
Not what we dream, but good we do —  
These are the things that shine like gems,  
Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,  
Not as we pray, but as we live —  
These are the things that make for peace,  
Both now and after time shall cease.

— The Outlook.



## Echoes of History

### The Real Cause of Early Colonial Hardships

**I**N the midst of general prosperity, the tendency is to forget the "hole of the pit" whence has risen the popular colossus of modern times. But when reviewing first attempts to establish a nation on Western soil, among wandering tribes of nature's children, one is surprised at the sterling firmness with which the earliest settlers fought their way to success. The fortunate ones, however, were obliged to meet and subdue the most discouraging conditions, such as the rigors of a semi-arctic climate, and the lack of nourishing food which, with homesickness added, served to weaken life power, and leave the victim subject to the ravages of hasty mortal disease.

But one other, and that the worst difficulty of all to meet, was the ignoble character of many of the earliest emigrants who flocked to the "new country." One vessel alone, it is said, brought over from England more than sixty unmarried men, who were sent forth to plant a settlement near the present site of Weymouth, Massachusetts. History reveals, however, that these were a depraved set of idle, dissipated, and vicious adventurers. Being too lazy to work for themselves, they began plundering neighboring Indians who, until then, had shown a desire to be friendly with their new white neighbors.

During the first winter of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims' residence in New England, they suffered much from sickness, so that at one time only seven persons among them were able to attend to ordinary duties. Many of the company had perished from disease. Under the circumstances, the survivors dreaded contact with the red men, until one day in early spring, when they beheld a lone Indian emerge from the woods, and with glowing face approach, saying distinctly: "Welcome, Englishmen."

Then, of course, fear gave way to delight, and in the conversation that followed, it was learned that he belonged to the Wampanoag tribe of Indians, but had been able to pick up a few words of English from some fishermen on the coast of Maine. This man, Samoset, was so kindly treated by the Plymouth settlers, that a few days later he returned with his chief, Massasoit, who made a treaty of peace with the white men, which was maintained as long as the old chief lived.

This treaty made in 1621 lasted until 1661, when Massasoit died at the ripe age of eighty years. He left two sons, however, Wamsutta and Pometaum, who were known to the settlers as Alexander and Philip. These young Indians noted the growing power of the white men, and from some dastardly raids made by vicious fellows, who began robbing helpless natives rather than work at honest callings, they concluded that all white men were alike, and that in due time the outcome would be the spoliation and destruction of all their people, unless the whites could be driven from the country.

Philip, however, renewed his father's treaty with the white settlers, and faithfully observed its provisions for about twelve years. But some of the colonists, growing suspicious of the young chief, had him brought before the authorities at Plymouth to answer for his supposed plottings. Philip maintained his innocence and was dismissed, but he felt humiliated, and his arrest rankled in his heart. Several minor

events which happened about the same time, added to his discomfort of mind, until, in conjunction with other tribes, he mustered a large army with which to attempt the extermination of the hated white race.

"King Philip" was hunted down, and finally killed by one of his own people. His son was captured, but disposed of in a different way, not much to the credit of those who decided his case. After much discussion as to whether it were better to put the boy to death or to sell him into slavery, it was settled to do the latter, and he was therefore sold as a slave and shipped to Bermuda. This proved the ending of the dynasty of Massasoit, who so generously welcomed the first Pilgrims to Plymouth, and remained their constant friend throughout his long lifetime.

The tracings of history show, indeed, that back of the Indian outbreaks of Colonial times, the inciting cause generally lay in some broken treaty, or in the



INDIANS ATTACKING THE WHITE SETTLERS

conduct of some rascally agent of the whites, who disregarded every obligation of common decency. But the same spirit of covetousness and accompanying treachery, it is sad to say, has ever since then, in some measure, attended the dealings of the white man with the Indian. The Apaches have been called the most ferocious and merciless of all the Indian tribes. But even in their case there has seemed to be some palliating reason for their overbearing disposition. The whole land where they dwelt had been theirs from time immemorial, and they had considered it as rightfully belonging to them. But they were driven back by increased inroads upon their lands, without remuneration, until the Government was obliged to set apart reservations for them.

These Apaches were given the Warm Springs Valley lands in New Mexico, and apparently were satisfied with their allotments. But greedy white men succeeded in persuading the Department of the Interior to remove them hence to the barren parts around Fort Tularosa. There the soil was worthless, and the climate so cold that it was said ice formed nine months in the year, so that nothing could be grown but stunted turnips. What a place in which to teach



the Indian improved methods in farming! When the blunder of this removal was learned, the Indians were returned to their old homes, but as fate would have it, they were permitted to remain there but a short time. Under strong influence they were soon removed to the San Carlos Reservation, where the water was brackish and the land sterile. Besides all this, that was the home of the Chiricahua Apaches, the deadly enemies of the Warm Springs tribe. It seems little wonder that old Geronimo, their leader, went on the warpath to avenge such mistreatment.

Then again, as late as the autumn of 1874, when gold was discovered among the Black Hills, on the Sioux Reservation, between Wyoming and the present State of South Dakota, the white man saw opportunity to make money by trampling on the rights of the red man, and eagerly seized the fitting occasion. That land belonged by Government grant exclusively to the Indians, and no one had any right to appropriate a foot of it except the Indians themselves. General Sheridan forbade encroachments thereon, but the unlawful business went on unchecked. Even the buffaloes, the main source of food of the Indians, were killed by the thousands, and their carcasses left to rot on the prairies.

Again: the Modocs, numbering but a few hundred members, were living on fine hunting grounds just south of the Oregon line. But this land was wanted by aspiring white men, so the Modocs were removed by Government decree to a section where the soil was barren, and they refused to stay there. Defying the Government, they retreated to the lava beds in Northern California. In an attempt to bring the recalcitrants to terms, Gen. Edward Canby's life was sacrificed to the anger of the red man. It was nearly the same with the Sioux. Sitting Bull, their leader, refused to sign a treaty to give up certain lands, and go to a new reservation. Choosing a strong position in what was known as the Bad Lands, his tribe awaited the advance of the Government soldiers, and there annihilated an entire command under Gen. George A. Custer. Not a man of that strong six hundred survived to tell the tale.

Much more might be added along this line, but enough has been adduced to prove the fulfilment of the apostolic saying that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Some have had the hardihood to deny the truthfulness of this inspired statement, but at any rate it is clearly evident from the cases here cited, that the covetousness of humanity did lead to the many evils which beset the path of America's first settlers.

J. O. CORLISS.



### If I Should —

**I**F I should attempt to draw two lessons from the life of Isaac, Abraham's "child of promise," "him that was born after the Spirit," I would take one from his youthful experience, and the other from his extreme old age. I would first speak of the time when he was about twenty-five years of age, in the prime of life, in the strength of full manhood, but a servant of God withal.

I think I would begin with that night, after the encampment had settled down for the night, when God appeared to the grand old father with these astounding words of command: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains." I would try to portray the terrible anguish of Abraham as he spent the rest of that night walking up and down the plains, wrestling with himself over the vision of his head upon his bed. I would think of him creeping with light in hand to gaze with bursting heart upon the placid face of the sleeping Isaac; and then to the bedside of the unsuspecting mother, not daring to talk the matter over with any of them lest they interfere with the commands that had been laid upon him. Satan, too, I suppose, came along at this time and reminded Abraham that the commandment said, "Thou shalt not kill." He suggested that Abraham was under an illusion of the mind, was maybe suffering from a mental aberration, and should be restrained. I believe I would think that way too if in the night I should be told by some one to do something that the word of God forbids, wouldn't you?

But without further light Abraham called Isaac and told him that they had been ordered to a distant mountain to worship, and that dutiful son arose while it was yet night, and made ready for the journey, with two men servants and other needful supplies. They journeyed that slow, dragging day through with no word of denial or sign of confirmation from God. Making camp fire that first night, the old man early sent them to bed while he went yonder to commune with his Friend. All night he prayed and thought, and struggled with Satan and his doubts, but no answer came to relieve his mind. Then he aroused the camp and started on the second day of the trip. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of that day; but again we think of Abraham that night spending those hours of darkness hidden away from the eyes of men, in appeal to God for more light upon his vision. The morning of the third day began to break in the east, and the exhausted old man stumbled out to arouse the men to finish the terrible journey. As his eyes were drawn out over the plains toward the mountain of their destination, a strange sight met his eyes: "As they were about to begin the journey the third day, the patriarch, looking northward, saw the promised sign, a cloud of glory hovering over Mt. Moriah, and he knew that the voice which had spoken to him was from heaven."

With weariness all gone for the moment, he quickly got the camp into action and the journey continued, although he knew that at the end of it he must plunge the knife into the heart of him of whom it had been said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." But as the day wore on, he came to this conclusion: "That God was able to raise him up, even from the dead." So they came to the foot of the mount, that dread place, where a halt was called, and Abraham said to the men with them: "Abide ye here . . . and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you."

Then the father and son trudged side by side up the side of the mount toward that terrible place where the altar must be erected. On the way up, as they rested in the shade of a tree, we hear the son saying, "My father," and his father said, "Here am I, my son." No doubt the dread of what was coming was heavy upon the father as he waited for the question



of the boy. "Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" But the old man could not bring himself to tell Isaac what it all meant,—not just yet,—so he said: "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

So they journeyed, "both of them together," and finally came to the place which God had told him of that night back there on the plain, in his tent. They built the altar, and "laid the wood in order," and sat down to talk about the lamb for the offering. The story was told, the father explaining about the vision and his struggles, and the final sign over this very place where they now sat. The only thing lacking now was the consent of the son.

And if I could point a lesson from this incident, in the life of this young man, I should like to set forth how he threw his strong young arm about that broken-hearted old man, and told him to bind him with cords upon the altar, and take the terrible knife and make the sacrifice. But I do not feel capable to deal at all justly with this obedient, God-fearing young man. I think I would acclaim Isaac as the most obedient, the most unselfish young man in all the Bible, should I attempt to draw a lesson from his early life.

And if I should care to point a *moral* from his life I think the circumstances of his old age would furnish material from which to draw. Mistakes occur in the lives of all men, and I do not care to be thought critical in dealing with the mistakes of Isaac; for we too often fall into divers errors, and sometimes with eyes wide open, the bit between our teeth, and stubbornness in our hearts. It is merely to have the mistake of a good man serve as a warning to men not so good that I even mention it.

When Esau, Isaac's headstrong son, came in from the chase, he took of the venison and made "savory meat," such as his father loved, and bribed his blind old father with that. Several times in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Genesis the expression "such as I love" is applied to Isaac's love for "savory meat." This perverted desire for highly seasoned, rich food became the means whereby sin was committed, whereby men deceived each other and learned to hate with murderous hatred. Even good Rebekah used it to deceive the old man and steal the blessing for her favorite son. Esau used it to try to get back what he had sold in a moment of recklessness. In fact, it seems they used it for an occasion of much iniquity.

Then I might point out, if I should be inclined to further make a lesson on the mistakes of good men, how he was blind for nearly fifty years before he died. He was nearly helpless, he was a care upon the kindness of others, for half a century. While I should not say that it all came about because of what he ate, yet I think that our food, and especially what we *love* to eat, has a very great influence upon our physical condition in later life. J. D. MONTGOMERY.

#### Every Day

Did you greet some one this morning  
Who perhaps was worn and sad,  
With a smile of warmth and kindness  
That would make the sad heart glad?  
And — were you sorry?

Did you lift a heavy burden  
Resting on some careworn soul?  
Did you help to make him happy,  
And the load from off him roll?  
Then — were you sorry?

Did you see his visage brighten  
And new courage find a place?  
Did you see the smile of gladness  
That shone bright upon his face?  
And — were you sorry?

Did you help some one in trouble,  
Giving him a cheerful word?  
Offering a kind suggestion  
That by love within was stirred?  
Then — were you sorry?

Do you speak a kind word, always?  
Do you carry with you smiles?  
Prompted by a loving motive,  
Are you pleasant mid your trials?  
And — are you sorry?

JESSE S. COWDRICK.



### The Greatest Essential to Health

**W**HAT is so free as air? And what is more essential to health than good fresh air? Not a little whiff of it once in a while, but a constant supply of it day and night.

In the warm summer season the problem of ventilation solves itself. Doors and windows are left open and the atmosphere in the house undergoes constant change. But when the cold weather is on, then it is that the matter of keeping the air pure requires as constant attention as that of keeping the house warm.

In houses not provided with a ventilating system (and that is the kind most of us live in) there are two methods that may be used. One is to change the air in the room from three to eight times an hour, according to the number of persons occupying the room. The other, and I think the better way, is so to adjust the windows by means of small openings, as to allow a constant influx of fresh air, at the same time endeavoring to keep the temperature of the room uniform.

Proper ventilation demands an outlet for the impure air as well as an inlet for fresh air. A single window in a room does not provide this, even though it is open both at the top and the bottom. The theory that fresh air will enter at the top, circulate the room, and then make its proper exit by way of the opening at the bottom of the window, sounds very well and good, but it does not always work that way.

When the fresh-air inlet and the foul-air outlet are on opposite sides of the room, the problem is solved. In a room with one window, the door must be left ajar, and some provision be made in the hallway for the escape of the vitiated air.

Plants in a room, especially such as have an abundance of leaves, are beneficial, since they utilize the carbon dioxide and give out pure oxygen in exchange.

#### Bedroom Climate

Tell me what kind of room you sleep in, and I will tell you what your chances in life are, healthwise.

I do not mean the color of your bedroom rug, or whether you have a rug at all, or the style of your dresser, the number of chairs, or the kind of bed or mattress. No, I mean the number of windows in the room, and how wide you have them open, the height of the ceiling, and whether the head of your bed is near the open window or not.



Now I hear some one say, "You do not mean to say that you recommend sleeping with the head near a window right in a *draft*?" Yes, I do. That is the finest kind of way to sleep, provided you are free from chronic nose or throat trouble! Drafts are not inimical to health, if the body is well covered and warm.

Pull the bed blankets well over the ears and back of the neck and head so that only the top of the head and the nostrils are exposed, and then drink in the good night breezes while you sleep. Of course if you have little or no hair on your crown, you will need some sort of cap for warmth and protection.

The outdoor bedroom or sleeping porch is one of the greatest boons to health in our time, and serves as much to prevent disease as it does to cure it.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### What Am I?

**I** AM the one thing you cannot do without. You need me in public life, in business, in social intercourse. With right treatment, I am your best friend. Misuse me, and I become your relentless enemy.

Choose me with care, and I gain you positions, make you wealthy, secure you fast friends. I can bring you to prominence, make you a leader in the affairs of men. You can use me to sway the minds of others to your views. With my aid you can strike terror into the hearts of your enemies, soothe the minds of the infuriated mob, strengthen the respect and affection of your friends. With my help you may become the master of situations and of all who oppose you. My power, if properly employed, is limited only by the stars. I am a mighty ally.

Intrust me with messages, and I am as faithful and swift as Mercury. I will convey your sympathy to those in trouble. I will penetrate quietly into the inmost depths of the broken heart, and breathe into it new life and hope. I will carry your finest thought, your most delicate fancy, your noblest aspirations, your tenderest message to the mind and soul of your friend. Or send me to your battlefields, and I will restore the courage of your faltering troops and lead them on to victory. I am an invaluable courier.

But if you distort me, if you abuse me and mar my beauty, I become your most dangerous enemy. You lose the respect of your fellow men; you lose your power of expression, the power which can lead you to honor and fame.

Send me on careless missions, and I assist your enemies to defeat your plans and ambitions. I give them power to overcome you and to cause your friends to desert you. I am a power that can make you or break you.—*E. Tryon Miller.*

### Where Does Asphalt Come From?

**N**ATURE is not always kind to man; many of her treasures are hidden deep down in the earth, or at the bottom of the sea. For copper, tin, and gold man must climb high mountains and drill and blast through miles of rock; not so with asphalt, however, for here Nature seemed to have been in a pleasant mood. 'Let's make it handy,' she seemed to say, and handy it is. Near the sea it lies, and right on the sur-

face so that no mining is necessary—in a form so pure that it requires almost no refining, and in a constantly renewed supply. What other mineral can you name which, when a wagonload is taken away, accommodatingly fills up the hole by itself, so that there is just as much there as before? Sounds like a story of mythology, yet asphalt does just that. The largest and best-known asphalt deposit in the world is found on the eastern side of an island adjacent to the coast of Venezuela. "This great deposit has been worked for years at the rate of 200,000 tons a year, yet there is no hole to be seen, not even a depression in the bed, and, apparently there is just as much there now as there was at the very beginning.

"The 'Pitch Lake,' as it is called, occupies what seems to be the crater of an extinct mud volcano. . . . The 'lake' or deposit covers an area of about one hundred acres, and is of an unknown depth. Borings of a hundred feet have been made. The surface is hard, excepting a few soft spots near the middle; it resembles brownish-black earth or stone. In places it is a bit soft underfoot so that the shoes leave impressions in the surface just as they do on an asphalt pavement of a hot day." The deposit is leased to an American company, and the income to the island from this source is said to amount to nearly a quarter of a million dollars annually. Name the island—if you can!

### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of February 17

1. For three hundred years most of the world's silver has come from Mexico, the United States, Peru, Bolivia, and Australia; and within recent times Canada has added to this production from mines of incalculable richness.

2. Nevada leads this country in the production of silver.

3. Russia and Colombia, South America, are the greatest platinum-producing countries.

4. Platinum is used for jewelry and in photography, in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and "in consequence of its power of resisting the action of acids it is of great service in experimental and manufacturing chemical processes, platinum spatulas, capsules, crucibles, etc., being employed in every laboratory. In consequence of its infusibility and its non-oxidizability by atmospheric action, it is in great demand for electrical as well as chemical apparatus."

5. The Constitution of the United States is 130 years old.

6. Dr. S. F. Smith's hymn, "My country 'tis of thee," often referred to as "America," is by common consent the national hymn, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the national anthem. The term "anthem" is a little more applicable to a secular poem than the term "hymn," though of course religious poems are entitled anthems as well as hymns.

7. The word "embassy" is quite generally used in designating the mission on which an ambassador of one power is sent to another. It is also used to designate the official residence of the ambassador.

A legation is a diplomatic mission of the second rank. The term is also applied to the building in which the minister resides.

8. The Yellow, or Hwang-ho, River is called "China's Sorrows" because of its disastrous floods that bring suffering and death to thousands.

9. Paul Eugene Louis Deschanel is the newly elected president of France, succeeding Raymond Poincaré.





## The Wood Game

**H**OW much do you and your friends know about the common woods of the United States? Here is a game that will find out for you just what you do not know about them. You will have a lot of fun playing it, and what is more, you will learn something about Uncle Sam's woods.

Go to the nearest lumberyard and have them select for you little odd cast-off ends of each of the following woods: Hemlock, red cedar, redwood, cypress, white cedar, spruce, white pine, long-leaf yellow pine, short-leaf yellow pine, Douglas fir, white ash, brown ash, chestnut, white oak, red oak, black walnut, cherry, sycamore, maple, whitewood, and birch.

You may have a little difficulty in getting all these woods at one lumberyard, but get as many as you can. They make excellent samples to have on hand. Be sure that you mark the name on each piece as the lumber dealer identifies it for you, because you will need his identification to act as a standard when you play the game.

In all likelihood you will be able to get these small pieces of wood for nothing, for they will be waste ends that the lumber dealer cannot use. A piece about three inches by six inches is large enough.

Keeping a small piece of each wood with the name on it for identification, cut up the rest into small squares about two inches by two inches. Mark each one of these squares with a key number corresponding to the number on the marked one.

With these squares you are now ready to call in your friends to play the game of "wood." Each one in turn is given the complete set of wood squares, and he must classify them into three divisions. He should use a knife and a microscope to do this. In front of each player should be a piece of paper with these classes written out on them: Nonporous woods, ring-porous woods, diffuse-porous woods.

As the samples are circulated around the table each must determine by any means that he can, to which class of woods the sample belongs, and jot down the number of the wood under whichever class he thinks it comes.

To make each player understand just what is meant by these classes of woods, it should be explained that all of them belong to one of these three groups. If the cross sections of the samples be examined, it will be found that some have little pores which are so distinct that they mark clearly the yearly growth or annual rings of the tree. Other pieces have pores so small that they can be seen only under the microscope. These pores are so evenly scattered that they make no distinctive rings on the cross section of the wood. Still other samples will show no presence at all of pores of any kind.

Now, if the sample shows no pores at all, it is a non-porous wood; if it shows the pores so clearly grouped that they mark the annual rings of the wood, it is a ring-porous wood; and if the pores are scattered evenly through the wood, it is a diffuse-porous wood.

It will be no easy task to your friends to sort the samples out correctly, and many mistakes will be made. One of the surest ways of selecting them is to cut off a

very thin slice of wood across the grain, moisten this and place it on the window glass, so that the light will show through it. With a microscope the presence and arrangement of the pores can quickly be seen.

When the players have sorted out the samples into three classes, the next step for them to take is to name each sample. You should tell them that if they have sorted out the woods correctly, they will have the following kinds of wood under the three classes:

Under the nonporous woods: Hemlock, red cedar, redwood, cypress, white cedar, spruce, white pine, long-leaf and short-leaf yellow pine, Douglas fir.

Under the ring-porous woods: White and brown ash, chestnut, white and red oak.

Under the diffuse-porous woods: Black walnut, cherry, sycamore, maple, whitewood, birch.

With this list in front of them, they must name each sample. Here is where they will be troubled. Some will recognize such woods as spruce or oak or red cedar, but they will be puzzled with most of the others. When they have made their selections and named the samples, announce that each player will receive ten for every sample correctly named. Now pass around the pieces which you have kept containing the names of the wood and the key numbers to the samples. Let each player correct his list and take a good look at all the woods which he did not recognize. When every one has checked up his score, turn in the key samples and repeat the same selection of samples again. This time the players will test their newly gained knowledge and their powers of observation. For every correctly guessed wood on the second inspection test, twenty should be added to the player's score, for now he is playing with his wits and not so much by luck as at the first round.

When this game is played often, there will be some who become so expert in identifying woods that they will have to be graduated into some more difficult game. However, they will never forget how to tell the common woods of the United States. Of course if the owner of the samples gets interested, he can collect other woods besides those given in this list, and can write to Washington for the book published by the government, classifying all the woods of the United States by this system. When he takes up this study, he will find that it is most absorbing.—*Harold A. Walsh, in Youth's World.*

### A Mechanical "Zoo"

**W**HY the 'monkey' in monkey wrench? "some one of an inquisitive turn of mind once asked the editor of the *Popular Magazine*, who admitted that he did not know, but he avoided confessing his ignorance by retorting with another question, "Why the 'donkey' in donkey engine?"

Upon some reflection, he says, we came to the conclusion that the head of the wrench could, by stretch of imagination, be thought to resemble a monkey's profile, while, on the other hand, the engine probably was supposed to resemble a donkey in its stubbornness and strength.



Led on in this fascinating study of resemblance between tools and animals, we could see how the original mechanical crane looked like the long-necked and long-legged bird. Also, we could see why a carpenter's horse got its name, why a cowcatcher was so called, why the term "pig" was applied to a mass of metal, especially when a "sow" — a term used by ironworkers for a large mass of metal — is broken up into little "pigs." The salamander required no genius for analogy, and the caterpillar's tread was obvious enough. A tailor's goose was not so obvious, although we used our fancy sufficiently to picture some long-forgotten tailor poet naming it in a burst of inspiration. Without any gift of insight, we could see why a "worm," used so much in mechanics, was applied.

But there were others that puzzled us, and we pass them on for cleverer fellows to think over. Where did a bull wheel get its name? A bucksaw? A catboat? A railroad frog? A hogshead? A crowbar? The spinning machine called a mule? The central supporting part of electrical machines called a spider? The winch called a crab? The butterfly valve? — *Youth's Companion*.

### Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for March 13

SENIOR: "A Man Who Made the Supreme Decision."

JUNIOR: "Being Something Worth While."

Our decisions from day to day are building our characters. Are we making wise decisions? Have you made the supreme decision? If you have, you are building a supreme character. Do not miss this meeting. You need the meeting and the meeting needs you. Go with a prayer that all may receive today a stronger determination to make the supreme decision, to be something worth while.

There is running in this paper a series of short articles on Missionary Volunteer topics. For a time we thought of having these articles appear under a special serial head, and one of our department workers suggested that we call this series "Curtain Lectures." The title does seem appropriate. But when you read these "curtain lectures," please remember that we are receiving them with you. We shall be very glad to hear from you personally in regard to problems with which you are wrestling in your society. Tell us of victories you have gained; of difficulties you are meeting. In this way you can help to make these articles more valuable. You may look for this series each week in *The Correct Thing* department.

M. E.

### Missionary Volunteer Society Program Topics for Second Quarter, 1920

#### Senior

- APRIL 3: "Sabbath Keeping."
- April 10: "A Faultfinder Punished."
- April 17: "Society Members."
- April 24: "Our Aim, Motto, and Pledge."
- May 1: "Home."
- May 8: "A Man Who Lacked Stability."
- May 15: "Prayer and Personal Work."
- May 22: "A Man Whose Heart Betrayed Him."
- May 29: Open.
- June 5: "This Do in Remembrance of Me."
- June 12: "A Man Who Couldn't Give Up the World."
- June 19: "The King's Pocket League."
- June 26: Missions Survey.

#### Junior

- April 3: "Keeping the Sabbath."
- April 10: "Criticizing Others."
- April 17: "Junior Pledge — Prayer."
- April 24: "Our Pet Sins."
- May 1: "Home."
- May 8: "Being Faithful."
- May 15: "Junior Pledge — Being Pure."
- May 22: "A Man Who Chose Wrong Friends."
- May 29: Open.
- June 5: "A Man Who Lost His Temper."
- June 12: "A Man Who Loved the World More Than God."
- June 19: "The King's Pocket League."
- June 26: Missions Survey.

## Our Counsel Corner

[Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department.]

A good father and mother living in the country sent their daughter to one of our schools to keep her from worldly influences. On being asked how she liked the school, the young girl replied: "All right, but I wonder what father and mother would think of my going to a teacher who paints, wears low necks, transparent waists, high heels, and a ring?"

The certain disappointment of these devoted parents is obvious, for they know too well that the instruction and influence of this teacher would not contribute strongly to the realization of their cherished hopes.

The question of the dress and toilet of a teacher accepting work in a Christian school is of no little importance. A recently dated daily paper of one of America's most important cities comments on a campaign "against the wearing of immodest clothes by girls, and the use of cosmetics." The lady principal of the high school concerned has been repeatedly interviewed by parents who heartily praise this "campaign conducted against ultrafashionable clothes, and powder, rouge, lip sticks, and other accessories to feminine charm." If such is the attitude in the secular school, it is evident that our standards should not be less, but far higher.

O. M. JOHN.

*Some think one who is married has no business in the Missionary Volunteer Society. Our church recently decided on marriage as the dividing line, and this ruling bars out some who need the Missionary Volunteer services very much, for a few of our young people who are married are still in their teens. Do you think we did right?*

P. M. L.

Now I am sure that those who made this ruling had the welfare of the young people at heart, and probably saw in marriage an easy solution of a so-called difficult problem. And yet does an arbitrary decision solve a problem? The Testimonies call for the young people who love Jesus to organize. So far as I have learned, they do not rule out a young person because he is married. Then why should we? The plan to rule out of the society all young people who are married may meet with success in your church, but if it does I am inclined to think that the success will be due to the good Christian spirit behind the plan rather than to the plan itself.

Your question, if my memory serves me right, has never come up for discussion in our departmental meetings. But although I speak personally, I feel quite confident that I express the sentiment of other Missionary Volunteer workers when I say that I regard your ruling as very unfortunate. It seems to me a calamity that a young person in his teens or in his early twenties should be excluded from the Missionary Volunteer Society just because he is married. These young people need the Missionary Volunteer Society and the Missionary Volunteer Society needs them. Many of our societies would drag out a miserable existence, and some would cease to exist at all, were it not for the consecrated services of the married young people in their midst.

M. E.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### XI — Standing Fast in Christ

(March 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 4: 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4: 8.

#### The Christian Abiding in Christ

1. What earnest counsel does Paul give the Philippian brethren? Phil. 4: 1, last part.
2. The nearness of what event makes this exhortation especially fitting? Phil. 3: 20, 21; 4: 1, first word.
3. In what language does Paul express his affection for the Philippians? Verse 1. Note 1.

#### Unity in the Lord

4. What does Paul greatly desire for Euodias and Syntyche? Verse 2. Note 2.
5. What further interest does Paul manifest in these Christian workers? Verse 3.

#### Joy and Peace

6. Under what circumstances will the Christian rejoice? Verse 4.
7. Unto whom will the Christian manifest moderation, — a gentle, forbearing, kindly, frank, even disposition? Verse 5, first part.



8. To what thought does the apostle appeal as an incentive to the heeding of his admonitions? Verse 5, last part.

9. How should we make our requests known unto God? Verse 6. Note 3.

10. What blessed inner experience accompanies a life of thankful prayer and trust? Verse 7.

### Thought and Deed

11. Upon what things is the Christian exhorted to think? Verse 8. Note 4.

12. What is required of us when we have learned our duty? Verse 9, first part.

13. What will be the result of putting these things into practice? Verse 9, last part. Note 5.

14. How will the God of peace help us to live the victorious life? Jude 24.

### Notes

1. Those who were converted through the labors of Paul are spoken of here as his "crown"—the crown of the victor, which Jesus will give him at his coming. Will it be possible for any one who has never won a soul to wear a crown? "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

2. Euodias and Syntyche were probably two of the women who resorted to the riverside to hear Paul preach when he first went to Philippi. Afterward they both assisted Paul in the gospel. But they seem to have had some disagreement. Paul pleads with them personally that they be reconciled and in a Christian spirit, as sisters in the Lord. Christ's last prayer for his disciples (John 17) was that they all might be one. True heart unity is the great essential preparation for translation to heaven as well as for winning souls on earth.

3. Prayer for blessings, supplications that ills be averted, thanksgiving for prosperity and affliction alike, all are included in making our requests of God. Thanksgiving forbids over-anxiety. To the Christian every event of life is a dealing of God which he will receive not with resignation merely, much less murmuring, but with genuine thanksgiving. Our moderation is to be made known to men in deeds; our requests are to be made known to God in words.

4. True things—sincere in words.

Honest things—honest in actions.

Just things—fair toward others.

Pure things—chaste in ourselves.

Lovely things—lovable face to face.

Things of good report—lovable, though absent.

Virtue—piety, love with its face toward God;

morality, love with its face toward man.

Praise—deserving of the approval of men.

"Think" on these things, so as to "do" them whenever the occasion offers (verse 9).

5. When we faithfully and earnestly put into practice that which we have learned to be right, we shall have with us not only the "peace of God" (verse 7), but the very "God of peace" (verse 9) will take up his abode in our hearts. This is the victorious life.

## Intermediate Lesson

### XI—Healing the Demoniac; Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother

(March 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 4:30-44.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 1:21-39; Matt. 8:14-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed." Acts 10:38.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 255-261.

PLACES: The synagogue in Capernaum; Simon Peter's house.

PERSONS: Jesus; the demoniac; Peter's wife's mother; the people.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Capernaum, on the shores of the sea of Galilee, was well adapted to be the center of Jesus' work in that country. It was on the highway from Damascus to Jerusalem, to Egypt, and to the Mediterranean. While at Cana Jesus had spoken the word that reached to Capernaum and healed the sick son of the nobleman. Now Jesus visits Capernaum, and "when it was known that the Teacher himself was among them, the whole city was aroused. Multitudes flocked to his presence. On the Sabbath the people crowded the synagogue until great numbers had to turn away, unable to find entrance."

"Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of Him whose holy work was 'doing good';

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

### Questions

1. To what city did Jesus come? What did he do there? How did he speak? Luke 4:31, 32.

2. How was Jesus interrupted while he was teaching? What did the evil spirit cause the man to cry out? Verse 33, 34. Note 1.

3. What word of command did Jesus speak? What did the evil spirit do? Verse 35. Note 2.

4. What did the people say among themselves? What was the result of this miracle? Verses 36, 37.

5. Where did Jesus go from the synagogue? Who was ill in that house? What did the friends ask of Jesus? Verse 38.

6. What did Jesus do for the sick one? What did the woman do when she was healed? Verse 39.

7. When the Sabbath was over, what did the people of Capernaum do? How was the tender compassion of Jesus shown? Verses 40, 41. Note 3.

8. What did Jesus do early in the morning? What did Simon Peter and the other disciples do? What did they say to him? Mark 1:35-37.

9. What did Jesus then say to the disciples? How far did he extend his work? Verses 38, 39.

10. After Jesus' work on earth was done, what did Peter preach concerning him? Acts 10:38.

### Can You Tell

Why it was necessary for Jesus to pray?

Why Jesus did not remain in Capernaum where he seemed to have many friends?

How the simplicity of the life of a Christian is taught in the memory verse?

### Notes

1. "Jesus in the synagogue spoke of the kingdom he had come to establish, and of his mission to set free the captives of Satan. He was interrupted by a shriek of terror. A madman rushed forward from among the people, crying out, 'Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.' All was now confusion and alarm. The attention of the people was diverted from Christ, and his words were unheeded. This was Satan's purpose in leading his victim to the synagogue."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 255.

2. "By his own sinful course, this man had placed himself on the enemy's ground, and Satan had taken possession of all his faculties. . . . It was not according to the will of God that this man should be visited with so terrible an affliction as to be delivered wholly into the hands of Satan. The secret source of his calamity, which had made him a fearful spectacle to his friends and a burden to himself, was in his own life. The pleasures of sin had fascinated him, the path of dissipation had looked bright and tempting, he had thought to make life a grand carnival. He did not dream of becoming a disgust and terror to the world and the reproach of his family. He thought his time could be spent in innocent folly; but once on the downward path, his feet rapidly descended till he had broken the laws of health and morality. Intemperance and frivolity chained his senses, the fine qualities of his mind were perverted, and Satan stepped in and took absolute control of him."—"The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, pp. 178-180.

3. "No sooner had the sun passed out of sight in the west than a great commotion ensued. The diseased flocked to Jesus from every quarter. Those who had sufficient strength came by themselves, but a much larger number were borne by their friends to the Great Physician.

"They were in every condition of helplessness and approaching death. Some were burning with fevers, others were paralyzed, stricken with dropsy, blind, deaf, and lame. And in the distance was heard the pitiful cry of the leper, 'Unclean! Unclean!' as he stretched his decaying hands toward the Healer. The work of Jesus commenced when the first afflicted one was brought before him. The supplicants were healed by a word from his lips or a touch of his hand. With gratitude and rejoicing they returned to gladden with their enlightened minds and healthy bodies the homes that they had so recently left as helpless invalids.

"Those who had carefully borne them from their couches to the presence of Jesus returned with them, weeping tears of joy, and shouting the praises of the Saviour. Little children were not overlooked, but the puny sufferers were handed back to their happy mothers rosy with life and health. These living evidences of the divine power of Jesus created a great excitement in all that region. Never before had Capernaum witnessed a day like this. The air was filled with the voice of triumph and shouts of deliverance."—*Id.*, pp. 181, 182.

"Not until the last sufferer had been relieved, did Jesus cease his work. It was far into the night when the multitude departed, and silence settled down upon the home of Simon."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 260.

"In easy learning germs of failure lurk;

He gains the key to all who learns to work."



### The Love of God

O Love of God! the hills and vales resounding  
Are regnant with the tides of love, and raise  
Among the blossoms or the blasts, rebounding,  
The grand, eternal harmonies of praise.

The world may plunge, the nations bathe in gory,  
Wild tides of agony, like tidal waves;  
But all the universe resounds the story  
From all the night of darkness — Jesus saves!

O Jesus, Lamb of God, from us life-riven,  
Hail! praise the glory of thy throne above,  
For all the mighty millions, sin-forgiven,  
Lave in the sceptered glory of thy love.

Then, heart, my lowly heart, lift, o'er earth's mosses,  
Thy humble pean to the King of kings,  
While all the angel hosts, with heavenly voices,  
Join in the choral that a glad heart sings.

B. F. M. SOURS.

### His Last Song

**D**URING the late war a young man was told by the surgeon that "an operation would be necessary to save his life; and so serious was the operation that in its performance his power of speech would be completely destroyed. The young man resigned himself to the sad news, and then requested permission to use his voice once more. The request was granted, and stepping out into the middle of the hospital ward, his voice, which had often been used in the Saviour's service, rang out his last song:

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save me from its guilt and power."

Only the soul born of Christ could bear such tragic news so nobly.

### America Clothes the Orphans

**C**LOTHED while you wait," was the slogan for an impromptu haberdashery set up in an old box car in the railroad yards of Konia recently.

The "tailors" were Near East Relief workers, and the "trade" consisted of 250 little Armenian orphans who had stopped over for twenty-four hours while waiting for permission from the railroad authorities to proceed.

On account of the threatening situation in Cæsarea, these helpless little creatures were hurried to Smyrna, and when the train was held unceremoniously at Konia, the welfare workers stationed there discovered that these little travelers were clad solely in underwear.

Hurriedly a clothing station was set up in one of the freight cars, where several bags of boys' old clothes were distributed among the refugees. After an extremely wild scene enacted around the car door, all the orphans emerged more or less triumphant, with a substantial covering for their nakedness.

### Happy Christians

**E**NEMIES of Christianity like to say that the religion of Jesus Christ makes people long-faced, solemn, morose, and gloomy. Some of these enemies have said it so much that some well-meaning Christians have almost come to believe it themselves. The charge is false. A pessimistic Christian is an anomaly.

The real Christlike man or woman, boy or girl, is

a happy and cheerful person. And, what is more important, he passes his radiant sunshine on to others.

His cheer is both contagious and infectious. Because it is the genuine article the Christian is always happy. The reason is, he has something that is very real to base his hopes upon. To him, world conditions, troubles, and sorrow are not despairing. There is a bright future ahead, and of this he is absolutely certain.

David had the true ideal of the Christian when in Psalms 119:74, he said: "They that fear thee will be glad when they see me; because I have hoped in thy word."

This is both an admonition and an assurance to Missionary Volunteers, and to all who aspire to Christianity. People — our friends, acquaintances — will be glad when they see us, because hope in the word of God will make us agreeable — in our facial expressions, in our actions, in our words and thoughts.

Let us aspire to be *genuine* Christians. Let us be the kind that will make all those about us glad because we have hoped and trusted in the written word, which is the Bible, and in the incarnate word, which is Christ Jesus.

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

### The Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

**T**HE following persons have recently signed the anti-tobacco pledge:

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

We are glad to add two names to the Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll as given in the INSTRUCTOR of December 23. The list even now includes only twelve names, not even a baker's dozen. Where are the boys? Are they planning to line up with the crowd, and stand on the side of such men as President Wilson, Premier Clemenceau, Mr. W. J. Bryan, ex-President Taft, and a host of other men who stand at the top of the ladder, and refuse tobacco in any form? There's always a surging mob at the bottom of the ladder, and it is true that most of these are puffing away at a pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

Are you planning to stay with these, or to mount the ladder? There's pure air at the top. There's clean manhood at the top. Better keep clean, boys.

F. D. C.

"Good manners shall in seven words be found:  
Forget yourself and think of those around."

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Brook of the Willows (poetry) .....	3
Realize Your Possibilities .....	3
Chinese Worshipers .....	4
Just Doing Nothing .....	5
Appreciation of Music and Song .....	5
What About Your Shadow? .....	6
The Voice of Music (poetry) .....	6
Dancing and the Dance Hall .....	7
The Real Cause of Early Colonial Hardships .....	9
If I Should — .....	10
The Greatest Essential to Health .....	11