

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

March 9, 1920

No. 10



LOOKING DOWN ON FISH CREEK GRADE, ARIZONA

From Here and There

Recent statistics show that one third of the world's mail is handled by the United States post offices.

Maude Powell, a violinist of world-wide fame, died suddenly at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago.

The last of the A. E. F. returned from overseas last January on the transports "Northern Pacific" and "Martha Washington."

Chicago now boasts the largest bascule bridge in the world. This recently completed structure has a 260-foot span in a single leaf.

The output of the Ford automobile factory for the month of October, 1919, was 87,000 machines, the highest record ever made.

It is estimated that 55,000,000 persons in the United States are patrons of the more than 16,000 motion-picture houses in the country.

From June, 1917, through January, 1920, or 975 days, the War Department cable messages reached a total of 6,297,522 words, which cost \$1,024,281.

Robert Underwood Johnson, formerly editor of the *Century Magazine*, has been selected by President Wilson to fill the vacant post of ambassador to Italy.

Legislatures in twenty-six States have now ratified the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the Constitution, which gives to the women of the country suffrage rights equal to those of men.

The Welland Canal, connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic seaboard, is being enlarged. Heretofore, in order for ships of any size to pass through the locks, they had to be cut in two, and then reassembled at the other end, a costly and very inconvenient plan.

The new year will be a busy one for the Junior Red Cross. Already more than 11,000,000 American boys and girls have been enrolled, not alone in the United States, but from every distant corner of the land and sea where the American flag flies — from school centers in Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama, and even from the newest of Uncle Sam's possessions, the Virgin Islands.

Mauna Loa, Hawaii's great volcano, has burst forth in another eruption, hurling a stream of lava twenty to thirty feet deep and one thousand feet wide down the mountain side into the sea. A party of scientists who made their perilous way to within a mile of the fissure, reported a new crack from which flowed a lava stream a mile wide, while lava columns, three hundred feet across and three hundred to four hundred feet high, issued with a tremendous roar. One molten stream, flowing twenty miles to the sea with extraordinary velocity, has built a quarter-mile-long cape, the ocean meanwhile boiling for half a mile around, causing a small tidal wave.

One of the largest and most accurate clocks in the world is that in the Westminster Clock Tower of the houses of Parliament in London. This giant timepiece was built in 1850. It chimes the quarters on four bells, and strikes the hours on a bell weighing thirteen tons, called "Big Ben." The pendulum is fifteen feet long and weighs 680 pounds. The four dials are each twenty-three feet in diameter. The minute hand on each of the dials is sixteen feet long, and the hour hand nine feet long. This famous timepiece was recently overhauled and cleaned, the operation being so thorough that it is believed the clock will not need attention again for fifty years or more. This last cleaning took four years for completion.

A quarter of a century ago a Japanese named Yamaguchi was employed as a window washer in a big San Francisco hotel. Today he is the owner of a chain of palatial hostleries, including the one where he once worked as a menial.

Two superdirigibles, the largest in the world, are being planned for by the United States Navy. One of them, now being built in England, will attempt a transatlantic flight next fall.

The Chinese ambassador to the United States owns a typewriter with over 1,800 keys.

Government Helps Disabled Soldiers

BECAUSE discharged, sick, or disabled soldiers do not know the extent of Federal aid they are entitled to, a great many of them are buying their own artificial limbs, paying for medical attention, or neglecting themselves, in spite of the fact that they can get the very best of treatment from the Government.

Reports reaching the United States Public Health Service from stations where hospitals are in operation for the benefit of discharged soldiers, sailors, marines, and war nurses, show that a great number of men who served in the war and were injured have never fully understood the provisions of the legislation supplementing the war risk insurance act. Under the terms of this legislation the Public Health Service has established hospitals at convenient places throughout the United States for the free treatment of any member of the Military Establishment whose disability may be traced to service with the military or naval forces. These are civilian hospitals, not under army discipline.

The bill provides that the men are entitled to a free medical examination to determine the extent of their disability. If found to be disabled, the War Risk Bureau will pay them compensation according to the extent of the disability, and if the case requires, it will direct that they be admitted to the most convenient Public Health Service Hospital or sanatorium.

The hospital furnishes artificial limbs, glass eyes, braces for deformed limbs, etc., free. It also examines the eyes to see whether glasses are needed and looks after the teeth. In case of tuberculosis, or other diseases requiring like treatment, special sanatorium treatment is provided. Discharged sick or disabled soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses are urged to write to the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., for further details.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Mason Family on Exhibition

THE Mason household was to entertain company for dinner. That in itself was nothing unusual, but on this coming day it was the guest-to-be himself who was out of the ordinary.

Specifically, he was to be Katherine's company, but the family had been cautioned by mother that they were by no manner of means to refer to him as Katherine's individual acquisition. Katherine was the eldest Mason daughter, serious-eyed, lithe, lovely — just graduated from the State University.

The coming guest was Keith Baldridge, assistant professor of history in Katherine's Alma Mater. He was thirty-two and unmarried. No, he was not Katherine's fiancé — Katherine's manner dared any one to suggest it. As a matter of fact, their friendship was at that very delicate stage where the least breath might shrivel the emerging chrysalis, or blow it into a gorgeous-winged creature of love.

In the meantime, it was going to be an awful strain on the family to have him come. Mother was already feeling the effects of Katherine's attempts to make over the entire family in the few days intervening before his arrival.

"How long's Professor Baldhead — I can't think of his real name — going to stay?" Junior wanted to know at the supper table, in the middle of the week. Junior was twelve.

"There he goes, mamma," Katherine said, plaintively. "Can't you keep him from saying those horrid things?"

"My son," father addressed him from the head of the table, "have you never heard of the children in the Bible who were eaten by bears when they said, 'Go up, thou baldhead'?" Junior grinned appreciatively, realizing he was not being very violently reprimanded.

"If you could just know, mamma, how different the Baldridge home is from ours!" Katherine was in the kitchen now, assisting mother and Tillie. "Our family is so talkative and noisy, and laughs over every little silly thing, and there is so much confusion. Why, at their dinners — besides Professor Baldridge there's just his father and an aunt, both so aristocratic — at their dinners it's so quiet and the conversation is so enlightening — about Rodin, and — and Wagner — and, oh, maybe Milton's *Il Penseroso* — you know what I mean — so much more refined."

"And I wish you could see their house. It's not as big as ours, and really no nicer, but, oh! the atmosphere! The hangings are gray or mauve or dark purple — and they keep the shades down so much lower than ours — so it's peaceful, you know, like twilight all the time."

"My! Ain't that a gloomy way to live, and unhealthy, too, I must say." It was Tillie, speaking acidly.

Tillie's status in the Mason family might as well be inserted here. She was an old maid who had gone to country school with mother when mother was Molly Warner. Unlike mother, who had gone to college, Tillie's schooling had ended with the fifth reader. For

eighteen years she had been in the household, as much a part of it as father or the kitchen sink. Homely, ungainly, she worked like a horse for them all, or "slicked up" and went comfortably down town or to missionary meeting with mother. No, the servant problem had never worried mother.

So now, with the familiarity which comes from having braided a little girl's hair and officiated at the pulling of her first tooth, Tillie was speaking her mind.

"And pictures!" Katherine went on, ignoring Tillie's disgusted remark. "Why, folks, in one room there's just *one*, a dull, dim, old wood scene, and so artistic. You can imagine how papa's bank calendar in our dining-room just makes me sick. And they have a Japanese servant. You never hear him coming, but suddenly he's right there at your elbow, so quiet and —"

"My! How spooky!"

"Oh, Tillie, *no!* It's the most exquisite service you ever saw — to have him gliding in and out and anticipating your every wish."

"Well, Kathie, I'll wait table for you, and glad to, but I ain't goin' to do no slippin' around like that heathen, as if I was at a spiritual séance, I can promise you that."

"Thank you, Tillie; and, Tillie, when you pass things to him, please don't say anything to him, he's so used to that unobtrusive kind of being waited on — and he's so quiet and reserved himself."

"Well, if I had a glum man like that, I'd teach him a few things," announced Tillie.

At that, Katherine left the kitchen with dignity, which gave Tillie a chance to say, "I declare, she riles me so this week!" To which mother replied, "Don't be too hard on her, Tillie. It's exasperating, I know; but she's nervous."

It was a characteristic of mother's — being able to project herself into another's personality. In the days that followed she seemed to live a Jekyll-Hyde existence. She was her own exasperated self because of Katherine's constant haranguing about the way things ought to be, and she was Katherine, sensitive, and easily affected.

Because of this trait, mother had known, to her finger tips, the griefs and joys of each member of her family — how father felt the year bank deposits dropped forty-five per cent; how Junior felt when he made the grammar nine. Some call it sympathy. Others call it discernment. In reality, it is the concentrated essence of all the mother-wisdom of the ages.

Mother was worried, too. She had never seen Keith Baldridge, and numerous questions of doubt filled her mind. What manner of man was this that lived in a house of perpetual twilight?

The family managed to live through Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The word Friday seemed to have a portentous meaning, as if it were the day set apart for a cyclone, or something was to happen to the sun.

Professor Baldridge was coming in his car sometime

in the morning. He had to leave in the afternoon, as he was to go around by Miles City to get his aunt, who was visiting there, and take her home. In truth, that had been his excuse for coming at all.

It came — Friday. To the Mason family it was "The Day." It proved to be a still, hot morning, full of humidity and the buzzing and bumbling of insects.

At the breakfast table Katherine gave the last of her multitudinous directions. "Mamma, I wish you'd muzzle Junior. Make him promise not to open his head."

"My child," — mother's tone signified that it was making its last patient stand, — "Junior shall be the pink of propriety, I assure you."

After breakfast, Katherine, like General Pershing, reviewed her troops, the house, and the grounds. From vestibule to back porch, through the big reception hall, library, living-room, sun parlor, everything was immaculate. There was not a flicker of dust to be seen in the house.

Mother and Tillie were busy in the kitchen preparing ammunition in the form of salad, other delicacies, and the substantials.

Katherine went upstairs to dress. Then for some time she sat waiting, starting up at the sound of every car. Then she saw some one turning in at the front walk. He was short and slightly stooped. He carried a cane, but seemed to hobble along without using it. He wore store clothes too large for him, and a black, wide-brimmed felt hat over his white hair. *It was grandpa*, Grandpa Warner, who lived with another daughter on his old home farm, and had evidently come to surprise mother's family.

Katherine started up with a cry. Not that! Oh, not grandpa *today*! It was too cruel! Why, grandpa monopolized conversation with his reminiscences, and at the table he did unspeakable things with his knife.

The good fairy which is called Memory reminded Katherine of the days when she had slipped her hand into grandpa's and gone skipping along with him through dewy, honey-sweet clover to drive the cows down to the lower pasture; days when she had snuggled down by him in the old homemade sleigh and been whirled through an elfland of snow-covered trees and ice-locked rivulets; days that then seemed to embody to her all the happiness that time could hold. But she turned coldly away from the wistful fairy, and looked bitterly out upon a day that was unconditionally spoiled.

Carrying herself reluctantly downstairs, she perfunctorily greeted the old man. Mother, the happy moisture in her eyes, was making a great fuss over him. Temporarily she had forgotten that such a personage as Keith Baldrige existed.

Back in a few moments to her room, Katherine continued her watchful waiting.

A car turned in at the driveway, a long, low, gray car, and Keith Baldrige, in ulster and auto cap, stepped out. Katherine went to meet him.

As for mother, as Keith Baldrige grasped her hand, her own heart dropped from something like ninety beats to its normal seventy-two. He was big and athletic-looking, and under well-modeled brows shone gray-blue eyes that were unmistakably frank and kind. With that God-given intuition of mother's, she knew that he was *clean* — clean in mind and soul and body. *She* would do everything in her power to make his stay pleasant and to follow out Katherine's desires.

So she hurried to the kitchen to see that everything was just as she knew Katherine wanted it. She saw that the crushed fruit was chilled, that the salad was crisp, that the baked potatoes were piping hot. The long table looked lovely, she admitted. Just before she called them in, mother pulled the shades down part way, so that the room seemed "peaceful — you know, like twilight."

They all came trooping in, father continuing what he had evidently begun on the porch, a cheerful monologue on the income tax law. Bob and Mabel, who had arrived with the new baby in the reed cab that Father Mason had given them, held a prolonged discussion as to where the cab and its wonderful contents could most safely stand during dinner.

With that old-fashioned notion that men folks like to talk together, mother placed Keith Baldrige and Bob and grandpa up at the end of the table by father.

As they were being seated, father said in that sprightly way which always came to him when a royal repast confronted him, "What's the matter with the curtains?" Then, walking over to the windows, with the highly original remark, "Let's have more light on the subject," he snapped the shades up to the limit. The August sun laughed fiendishly at mother as it flashed across the cut glass and china and the huge low bowl of golden nasturtiums. Mother felt like shaking father, but of course she couldn't get up and jerk the shades down again, like Xanthippus or Mrs. Caudle.

Tillie, with an exaggerated tiptoeing around the table, began passing the plates as father served them.

There was a little interval of silence as the dinner started, then grandpa looked down the table toward Katherine, and said in his old, cracked voice, "Well, Tattern!" It was her childish nickname, put away on the shelf with her dolls and dishes. It sounded particularly silly today. "What you goin' to do with yourself now you've graduated?"

"I'm going to teach in the Miles City High School, grandfather." She had never said grandfather before; he had always been "grandpa" to her, but the exigencies of the occasion seemed to call for the more dignified term.

"What you goin' to teach?"

"History," she said briefly, and flushed to the roots of her hair. Marcia and Eleanor exchanged knowing grins.

"Then git married, I s'pose, and hev no more use fer your history? That makes me think of somethin' that happened back in Illynois. It was a pretty big thing fer anybody from our neck of the woods to go to college, but Abner Hoskins went, and when he was 'most through he got drowned. At the funeral Old Lady Stearns walked round the casket and looked down at the corpse 'n' shook her head 'n' said: 'My! My! What a lot o' good larnin' gone to waste.'"

Every one laughed. Katherine's own contribution to the general fund was of a sickly, artificial variety.

"You came here from Illynois at an early date, I suppose, Mr. Warner?" Keith Baldrige asked.

It was like a match to dynamite — no, like a match to a straw stack, a damp straw stack that would burn all afternoon. Grandpa looked as pleased as a little boy.

"Yes, sir — it was 1865. I fought with the old Illynois boys first, 'n' then I loaded up and come, with teams, of course. That was a great trip, that was. Yes, sir! I mind, fer instance, how we crossed a crick with a steep bank, and the wagon tipped over, 'n' our flour — there was eight sacks — spilled in the water.

Well, sir, would you believe them sacks of flour wasn't harmed, we got 'em out so quick? The water 'n' flour made a thin paste on the outside 'n' the rest wasn't hurt. I rec'lect the youngsters runnin' barelegged down the crick after ma's good goosefeather pillows that was floatin' away."

Two scarlet spots burned on Katherine's cheeks. She raised miserable eyes, that had been fixed steadily upon her plate, to see Keith Baldridge looking at grandpa in amazement. What was he thinking? Comparing grandpa with his own father, dignified and scholarly?

On and on went grandpa. "Yes, sir,—the year I'm tellin' you about now was the year the grasshoppers come, 1874."

"They come in the fall, you know, 'n' et the corn, 'n' then they had the gall to stay all winter 'n' hatch in the spring. Why, there wasn't nothin' raised in the gardens that summer but pieplant 'n' tomatoes. You'd be surprised to know how many things to eat you can make outen them two things." There was a great deal more information about the grasshoppers, and then: "Yes, sir, me 'n' ma had the first sod house in Otoe County. 'N' poor! Why, Job's turkey belonged in Rockefeller's flock by the side o' us. I had one coat, 'n' ma one dress, fer I don't know how long, 'n' Molly over there"—he pointed with his knife to mother, who smiled placidly back—"Molly had a little dress made outen flour sacks. The brand of flour had been called 'Hellas,' like some foreign country—Eyetalian or somethin'. Ma got the words all outen the dress but the first four letters of the brand, 'n' there it was right across Molly's back, 'H-E-L-L,' 'n' ma had to make some kind o' knittin' trimmin' to cover it up."

Every one laughed hilariously, mother most of all. Junior shouted as if he were in a grand stand. Katherine gave a very good imitation of a lady laughing while taking a tablespoonful of castor oil.

Oh, it was awful! What would he think? He was laughing—but of course he would laugh! He was the personification of courtesy and tact. Talk about Wagner—Il Penseroso—Rodin! To Katherine's sensitive mind there stood behind Keith Baldridge's chair a ghostly, sarcastically-smiling group of college professors, ministers, lawyers, men in purple knickers and white wigs and plumed hats—gentlemen—aristocrats—patricians.

Behind her own chair stood sweaty farmers with scythes, white-floured millers, woodsmen with axes over their shoulders, rough old sea captains—common folks—*plebeians*.

Her heart was as an icicle within her. With a sickening feeling that she was living in a nightmare, she only wanted the day to be over, so that Keith Baldridge would go home, that she might go to the cool dimness of her own room and be alone.

The dinner was over. Father, with the same nonchalance that he would have displayed had he been dining the Cabinet members, walked coolly into the library, and with the automobile section of the paper over his face, prepared to take his afternoon nap.

Katherine, unceremoniously leaving Mr. Baldridge to the rest of the family, slipped out to the kitchen to wipe dishes for mother and Tillie.

"Why, Kathie, you go right back!" mother insisted.

"Let me be, please," she said irritably. "I know what I want to do."

Mother, giving her eldest daughter a swift look, had

a desire to take her across her knee and spank her, even as in days of yore.

The work done, Katherine walked slowly up the back stairs, bathed her flushed face, and with a feeling that life held nothing worth while, went down to join the family. As she stopped in the vestibule and surveyed the scene it seemed to her that it couldn't have been worse.

Grandpa, for Keith Baldridge's benefit, was dilating on the never-ending subject of grasshoppers. As he paused, Tillie, in her best black silk, came around the corner of the porch and sat down near the guest, with "Be you any relation to the Baldridges down in East Suffolk, Connecticut?" (Oh, *what* would he think of Tillie, who had waited on him, doing that?) Junior, on the other side of Mr. Baldridge, was making frantic attempts to show him a disgusting eel in an old fish globe that was half full of slimy green water. Even the Maltese cat was croqueting herself in and out through Professor Baldridge's legs. To Katherine's hypersensitive state of mind the confusion was as if all Chinatown had broken out.

With a feeling of numb indifference, she stepped out on the porch. Keith Baldridge rose nimbly to his feet. "Now, good people," he said, pleasantly, apparently unabashed, "I'm going to take Miss Katherine away for a while in the car. You'll all be here, will you, when I get back?"

Katherine got into her auto things and went down the steps with him, no joy in her heart—nothing but a sense of playing her part callously in a scene that would soon end.

"I'm certainly elated over the find I made today," said Mr. Baldridge.

"Find?" Katherine questioned politely.

"Yes—your grandfather. He's a wonderful man. He's promised to come to my home next week and stay several days with me. He's just what I've been looking for, an intelligent man who has lived through the early history of the State and whose memory is so keen that he can recall hundreds of anecdotes. I am working on a history of the State, and my plan is to have it contain stories of vividness and color, little dramatic events which are so often omitted from the State's dull archives. From the moment he began to talk I realized what a gold mine I had struck. I could scarcely refrain from having a pad and pencil in my hand all the time I was listening to him. Why, he's a *great* character—one of the typical pathfinders—sturdy, honorable, and lovable. You must be very proud of him.

"I'm a crank on the subject of these old pioneers," he went on. "To me they were the bravest, the most wonderful people in the world. Look at it!" He threw out his arm to the scene beyond the river. Before them, like a checkerboard, stretched the rolling farm land of the great Middle West; yellow squares of wheat stubble, brown squares where the fall plowing had been done, dull green squares of corn, vivid green squares where the third crop of alfalfa was growing! Snuggled in the cozy nests of orchards were fine homes and huge barns. The spires of three country churches pointed their guiding fingers to the blue sky.

"Think of it! To have changed an immense area of Indian-inhabited wild land into this! Visualize to yourself, in place of what you see, a far-reaching stretch of prairie land on every side of us, with only the wild grass rippling over it. Now imagine this: You and I are standing here alone in the midst of it,

with nothing but a prairie schooner containing a few meager necessities by our side. We're here to stay. From this same prairie we must build our home with our hands, wrest our food, adequately clothe ourselves. It is to be a battle. We must conquer or be conquered. Would you have courage to do it?" He turned to her with his fine, frank smile. And into Katherine Mason's heart came the swift, bitter-sweet knowledge that she could make sod houses and delve in the earth for food and kill wild animals for clothing — with Keith Baldridge.

"And this," he went on again, indicating the landscape, "this is our heritage from the pioneers. From sod houses to such beautiful homes as yours! I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed being in your family today. When I think of my own gloomy boyhood, I could fight some one — a lonesome, motherless little tad studying manners and 'Thanatopsis' under a tutor. Yours is the kind of home I've always wanted. It's the kind of home I mean to have when — if — I marry — all sunshine — and laughter — and little children —"

It was late afternoon when the long gray car turned into the Mason driveway and stopped at the side lawn. In fact, it was so much later than Keith Baldridge had planned to leave that he only took time to run up to the porch to say good-by to them all. If he expected the Masons to sit calmly on the porch when he should drive away, he did not yet know the Masons. One and all, excepting grandpa, who stayed in his rocker, they followed him down the steps, flocking across the green, sloping lawn to where his car stood. The cat, seeing the entire family trooping in one direction, came bounding across the yard, tail in air, and rubbed herself coquettishly against the departing guest's trousers.

Tillie came running from the back of the house with a shoe box tied with a string. "It's some sandwiches and cake," she explained. "Come again. I'll cook for you any day."

Keith Baldridge beamed at her, and shook her rough hand vigorously. "I'm glad to hear you say that, for you're going to have a chance to do that very thing quite soon."

They all shook hands with him a second time. He got into the car and pressed the button that gave life to the monster. The wheels seemed quivering to turn. Just then grandpa rose from his chair on the porch and excitedly waved his cane. "Say!" he called. He came hobbling over the grass, the late summer sun touching his scraggly gray hair. "Wait a minute, Mr. Baldridge!"

They all turned to watch him apprehensively, he seemed so hurried and anxious. He was close to the family group now. "Say! Mr. Baldridge! I jes' happened to think of somethin' else about them grass-hoppers!"

They all laughed — all but Katherine, for she was not there. She had slipped into the front door and up to her room. There she dropped on her knees by the side of her bed and made a fervent prayer to the God of families, that she might be purged from the sin of having been, even in thought, disloyal to her own. — *Bess Streeter Aldrich (adapted).*

"EVIL always looks more powerful than it is. Good always seems to have less strength than it really possesses. This makes the Christian timid when there is no need to be."

Develop Your Possibilities

E. F. COLLIER

(Concluded from last week)

SPITFIRE ANN grew up in the city, a prey to the sullen thoughts engendered by her unhappy home life. Her parents cursed, and threw dishes across the table at each other. Love looked into their home once, — on the day they were wedded, — and then scampered away as fast as his chubby feet and cherub wings would carry him. He never came back. Since the time of Ann's earliest recollection, life to her was a series of continued scoldings, cuffings, and slurs. She grew up with much the same temperament as an alley cat. "You're nobody's child," she was often reminded, "you were merely picked out of an ash can." And poor Ann believed it for years.

Then the divine Seeker came her way, and she heard his voice saying:

"Come to me, and thou shalt find it
Ointment to thy bitterest care,
Solace to thy broken hearthstone,
Hope for all thy keen despair.
Hard thy task and great thy burden?
Child, I know thy every pain;
Trust me only, I will heal thee,
Say thou not 'tis all in vain;
For my heart is kind as woman's,
And my power more great than man's,
And thy smallest grief shall vanish
At the healing of my hands.
Only faith I ask. I love thee
More than human mind can know.
Come to me, and I will make thee
Whiter than the lily's newborn snow."

Do you wonder that his voice sounded strange and sweet to this child who had never seen or known the transforming power of love? Thereupon a vision began to grow within her, a Spirit-painted picture of a guileless life, prayer-scented lips, and a Christian home that breathed Heaven's invitations. Her heart was the panel upon which this picture was painted. Today, unless she were pointed out to you, you would never guess that the gentle woman who reads her Bible so earnestly, whose heart is of fabric as tender as the early spring blossoms, was the once vicious cat-child who swore at her playmates, beat and scratched the faces of her brothers, and made ugly faces at others who were too big to fight. Today the Bible is her constant companion; she loves the church and the people of God, writes verses to express her adoration of the Saviour, and wears a smile of gladness and contentment that Jesus gave to her. She heard a call, the Spirit of Christ furnished a picture for her study, and then Faith, the miracle worker, made the picture real.

Dear young friend, Christ has given you victories too. They were victories of faith, every one of them. You believed and then you conquered. But the future is ahead of you, a short future on this earth, perhaps, but a very real one. After he has led you thus far, will you believe him less able to crown your life with golden accomplishments? Having chosen you from the foundation of the earth, would he neglect you now? — No. His power is infinite, and he is able to perform, to complete, all that he has begun in you. He wants you to become like him in character and work for him the mighty work of his faith.

Christ was under all circumstances a Master. He had a supreme purpose in his life, and it made him greater than any obstacle that beset his path. This is why his declarations were always so positive. Hear him say, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but

the will of him that sent me;" "He that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him;" "therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." His faith was so calm and his confidence so steadfast that nothing could move him or dissuade him. He could neither be halted nor hurried. "Depart hence, and go into Judea," advised his brethren; but he said, "My time is not yet come." Later, when his disciples warned him against entering again into Judea because of the Jews, Jesus replied, "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." And he proceeded on his way to Jerusalem. "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" questioned the proud Roman governor. Jesus answered, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." "Come down from the cross!" derided his enemies. It would have been as easy to come down from the cross as it was to come out of the tomb, but he remained there until he was dead. They sealed him in the sepulcher and set a strong guard, determined to keep him; but he arose and came forth on the third day. Oh, it is a great thing to have a monitor within to tell you what to do and when to do it, and a power from above to help you perform it!

Faith always makes a man greater than his enemies or surrounding circumstances. We are admonished to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, . . . looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." If you have some sin that topples you over occasionally, or some cowardly doubt that keeps you from arising to the Lord's work, or some petty, interfering influence that constantly injects itself into your life, or some boastful giant whose argument is like a weaver's beam, count that thing your enemy. Say to yourself, "In Christ's name I am an overcomer." Then take a good look at your enemy, and say with David, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine;" and in the strength of that faith, smite down your foe.

If you have a work to do, do not allow yourself to be hindered or sidetracked by doubts or suggestions of your inability. If you are right, God has given you all the liberty and power you require to expand and to accomplish your task. "Workers for Christ are never to think, much less to speak, of failure in their work."

"If you have anything to do, do it," is a good maxim. It really matters little what the world about you thinks, if you work the works of God; but the world will think more of you after you have made a good fight. You may feel very unworthy within, and perhaps the world will discredit some of your endeavors, but after you have fought the good fight of faith and won you will be able to say —

"All that I could never be,
All that the world despised in me —
That was I worth to God."

Then, of course, while you work, employ your best judgment. Do one thing at a time and do it well. Don't be "an ass between two bundles of hay." Don't allow people to annoy you; be an eagle, and ignore the sparrow that would prove its importance by getting

you to pay attention. Do not allow others to induce you to become what they want you to be. Fulfil God's design and use good sense. Set your standard higher than others can possibly set it for you, and then rise to it by that kind of faith that works.

Never talk about your inferiority; few will know it unless you advertise. If you discover that you are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, do not tell the world about it; go to the Lord and buy of him "gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." Then come, clothed and in your right mind. It takes a while for people to become acquainted with you, and while they wait they will usually accept you at the value which you fix for yourself. No son of God who wears the apparel of heaven has a right to call himself mean or inferior. Be noble, but do not boast of it; be humble, but not insignificant.

If you make a mistake, if you come short of the mark, if you fall down, there will always be those who will tell you that you should quit. "Hide away now," they will say. "You are done. Give up your place and get out." Perhaps, like Job's wife, they will tell you to curse God and die. The more polite among them will inform you that you are to be permitted to live, but it must be only in the land of forgotten things. Thus, like Job's supposed friends, they will comfort and encourage you.

But take heart. Faith is not dead, and opportunity still survives. If a man falls when he is climbing a hill, he is not as near the top as he would be had he not fallen, but neither is he at the foot of the hill. Get up and go on — in faith! The light is at the top of the hill, not at its base. Faith looks down from its brow and shouts to you, "Come on to victory!"

In the Woodland

CAN that be a bluebird singing
In the maple tree by the stream,
While the cold March winds are blowing,
And of sunshine there scarce is a gleam?

I pause in my walk through the woodland,
And listen to that sweet burst of song;
My heart sends back a glad answer,
"Yes, winter is over and gone."

Earth's waking pulses are beating,
The buds on the maples swell,
The soft gray pussywills
Peep from their dark-brown shell.

The woodland is astir all about me,
I can hear its sweet notes softly ring;
What joy to hear the glad music again,
The first voices of early spring!

MRS. GRACE E. BRUCE.

God's Arm Is Strong

"ANSWER me this question," says Dr. Guthrie: "Is it not as easy for the sea to carry the bulkiest ship as the seaweed or foam it flings on the shore? Is it not as easy for the affluent sun to bathe a mountain as a molehill, in the light? Is it not as easy for this vast earth to carry on its back an Alps as a grain of sand? Just so, believer, it is as easy for God to supply thy greatest as thy smallest needs, even as it was as much within his power to form a system as an atom — to create a blazing sun as to kindle a firefly's lamp.— *Selected.*

Do Your Best

MRS. M. A. LOPER

I AM wondering how many of our young people began the new year with a fixed purpose in view—a determination to do their best, no matter what experiences might come to them. Every one whose life is fashioned by the Great Teacher has before him a faultless standard, and takes heed to the divine admonition, "Be ye perfect."

Resolutions to do better are good; but resolutions alone are of no avail. "Without me ye can do nothing," applies to the keeping of a good resolution the same as to the doing of any other good thing. Good resolutions are necessary to right living every day in the year. If a New Year resolution has been broken, do not wait until next New Year's Day to make another. Make one as soon as you find yourself deviating from the perfect standard. To put off until a later date that which you should do now is hazardous, and brings unhappiness and dissatisfaction. "O, but," says one, "if I were only in the place of that other person, I could live a good life so much more easily than I can in my own environment."

That may be mere conjecture on your part. That person may experience much more severe temptations than come to you. Remember that your heavenly Father knows all, and that he says to you, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Believe it and it becomes a fact in your own case. He never requires the impossible. He never asks you to do anything you should not do, and do cheerfully. But he does ask you to do your best.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

One is not doing his best who senselessly burns the "midnight oil," who goes beyond reason in his mental or manual efforts—who is not "temperate in all things." One is not doing his best who buries health in the grave of spasmodic effort. Of what possible use can any educational fitness be to one who is physically unfit to bring it into service? However, the overenergetic are surely in the minority. The trouble with the most of us is that we do not discover the extent of our own strength within safe and sane limits. We do not cultivate a proper love for work. We are too inactive to even try to do our best. Thus many will fail to pass the test of the Great Teacher in final examinations, will never be counted among the alumni of earth.

It is a great thing to know by experience what it means to be a real Missionary Volunteer. It means more than signing the membership card and being received into the young people's organization. It means more than being present at the regular meetings. It means more than taking part in the weekly programs. It means more than putting money into the treasury.

A membership in the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society really means, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" therefore I have a fixed determination to do my best.

The young people's society affords opportunities for improvement along lines necessary to success in Christian service. It is a training school for missionaries. And if you are a Missionary Volunteer, you should be true to your organization by doing your best in taking that training.

God wants young people to learn to think, to talk, and to act as Missionary Volunteers to whom is committed the crowning work of all the ages—"The gospel to all the world in this generation." He has a standard for every Christian to reach. But unless I do my best today, I shall fall short of my possibilities for tomorrow. Doing our best day by day means rightly improving our opportunities. It means keeping pace with our possibilities, and thus reaching the divine ideal which is placed before us.

How many who have their names enrolled as Missionary Volunteers are depending upon the outlines given in the *Church Officers' Gazette*, as the extent of their efforts in connection with the weekly programs? How many are content merely to read to the society a few paragraphs (perhaps not previously read over) rather than take the outline as a basis for study, and apply the thinking process in a manner really worth while? Hands up!

The Missionary Volunteer who avoids study, who never does any research work, who attaches no importance to essay writing, who does not memorize Scripture or anything else that is valuable, who has no interest in taking the Standard of Attainment work, is not even attempting to do his best. This may not be so much the fault of the Volunteer as it is of the leader who fails to do his duty in giving due instruction and personal help along practical lines.

The *Gazette* outlines are very important. They serve to direct the mind into green pastures of thought and beside still waters of service. But the one who confines his efforts to merely reading the outline guideposts which point to the fields of thought and the channels of service, but never enters them, is allowing the fence of inactivity to obstruct the grand highway of life. He is on a detour which is very unsafe to travel.

The reading of what a signboard says to travelers is of no avail to him who does not follow its directions. The inattentive, thoughtless, uninterested reading of any good instruction is like running water through a sieve: a little dampness may remain for a time, but it is soon dissipated.

Let our young people cultivate their thinking powers. Let them fit themselves to become makers of outlines instead of mere readers of what others have made. Let them study to show themselves "approved unto God," know what it means to apply the mind to the subject in hand. In these strenuous days every one who is to take part in the young people's program should know two weeks in advance what is expected of him—and he should not wait until Friday evening of the second week before waking up to the fact that he has a task before him. No one can possibly do his best who cultivates the habit of waiting till the eleventh hour before even looking at his outline, and then perhaps hurriedly glancing it over, or trusting to his ability to read it all right when the time comes.

If a story is to be told, tell it, not just as the *Gazette* tells it, but tell it in your own way, being careful to study until you make the facts of the outline your own. It is an accomplishment to become a good story-teller, and the young people's society affords you the opportunity.

If you are requested to write an essay, write it—not merely for the purpose of entertaining others, but for the needed training which you yourself receive

from the effort. Good writers are greatly needed. Do your best to become one.

If you are to give a talk on some Bible theme, don't be afraid to use your power of speech. That is what it is for—to talk. It is not expected that you will say just what Elder Daniells or Elder Spicer might say if either were to occupy the time. You are expected to give it in your own words, which will prove to be an encouragement to others as well as to yourself. You may become a speaker who will impress audiences some day. Who knows?

If a recitation is assigned you, commit it to memory just as you are instructed to commit the Morning Watch texts. And if after taking your place on the platform you forget the beginning of every stanza, do not take your seat because of becoming nervous. Stay right there and fight it out just as a little girl did on our recent Young People's Day. Her "stick-to-it-iveness" showed that she was made of the right kind of material to succeed. Had she taken her seat instead of conquering herself, she would have failed to do her best.

Count yourself fortunate if occasionally your leader asks you to explain in an impromptu manner a certain text with which you are familiar. Such golden opportunities for improvement help develop good Bible workers.

Some of you young people are born poets who have not yet been searched out. A thirteen-year-old Missionary Volunteer wrote a poem that was so superior that it found its way into the *Church Officers' Gazette*, for others to commit to memory. Explore your mind and see if you have not some poetic talent that has not yet been discovered.

It is a mistake, as a rule, for those who are accomplished in music to demonstrate their skill in connection with the weekly program. This precious opportunity for training should be given to amateurs. Let the organist be one who needs to be encouraged to appear before an audience. Young people who are not accustomed to sing at church services should render, or help render, special vocal selections. Israel needs more "sweet singers" and skilful players. Let the latent talent be brought to the front. You are not expected to play like Paderewski or to sing like Schumann-Heink, but just to do your best. Do not pay any attention to the lump in your throat or the shiver in your knees. Repeated efforts will cure both of these unpleasant symptoms. Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with yourself, so intimate that, like the little girl above mentioned, you will be master of yourself on any occasion.

Doing one's best develops strength of character.

"To Finish Up"

THE women came on Thursday to help clean the church, . . . and a few came back Friday morning to finish up." Somehow those last three words have lingered,— "to finish up,"—and I have been wondering just how that church might have looked if those faithful few had not come back "to finish up." Then I have thought of that little phrase in connection with our lives. What terrible disorder some of them are now in, and yet, we must finish them off right! We must develop characters that will stand the final tests. "Character is what we are"—not what we pretend to be, or what we think we may be sometime, or even what others think we are—it is what we

really are. And since our characters will rise no higher than the source of our highest ideals, we must set our ideals high. Jesus was the most idealistic person that ever lived, and if we give ourselves unreservedly to him, to be used in loving service for others, he will take care of the final outcome, the finishing off of our characters.

This giving of ourselves to him for service will lead us to the work which the Master has left for us to do. When we accepted Christ as our Saviour it surely meant that we virtually promised to stay by until all was finished, until his work was finished in the earth. Almost every one is willing to begin a task, but so often when it is even almost completed, one by one the laborers begin to drop out. When it comes to the picking-up and finishing-off process, they are not on hand,—perhaps only one is left "to finish up."

Time is short; the work must be finished quickly. We are living in the closing days of earth's history, the finishing-up time. How many of us are willing to stand by the Saviour "to finish up"? He stood by us—yes, he loved us "even unto death." Then let us not give up now. We are almost home. Oh, the glory of the thought!

When we promised to stay by Christ "to finish up" this work, he did not promise us a life of ease and luxury. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Already our numbers are reduced to few; those few must finish the work. Perhaps this finishing-up process will require that some of us leave home and friends to go across the seas to tell others of the love of God. And then again, it may mean that we stay at home to do just the common little duties that come to our hands each day.

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think he has chosen you for it—
Work loyally.

"Gird on your armor! Be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting,
God's way is best.
Out in the light, or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do."

But whatever we are called upon to do, it will take perseverance to finish it off. The story is told of a miner who drove a tunnel a mile long through a stratum he thought contained gold. After spending a hundred thousand dollars, and working a whole year at it, he gave up in despair. But the next company drove the tunnel only a yard farther, and struck the ore. The "gold" we are searching for may be only a yard beyond us now. Oh, let us put our whole hearts into the work we have begun, and stick to it until it is finished!

It is indeed a privilege to be living at this time—the finishing-up time. How many precious promises are given to those who finish up! The reward is always for them. "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life" is the promise. The Master has said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Listen to Paul's farewell: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith:

henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." He had passed through experiences that would have disheartened others and turned them out of their course, but "This one thing I do," he said, and then stayed by to "finish up."

Are you in the class that will stay by "to finish up"? Some one must do it. Have you so keen a sense of justice, so much regard for your word, that you will finish every known duty? We may have made many failures, but if we can say with Paul, "I have finished my course," we can be assured that the "crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give" will be in readiness for us.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

What the Bible Is Doing for Others

A Testament Saves

ONE morning a Bible colporteur, while camping near a small town, received a call from a young man, who said: "I see by the sign on your car that you are in the Bible work." Then taking from his pocket a copy of the Bible, he said: "I have been well reared, but when I came West I got into bad company. I woke up one morning after a spree to find myself without money—in one pocket a bottle of whisky, in another this little Testament. I opened it and read. The words touched my heart, and I got down on my knees and asked God to forgive me and help me to be a better man. I am glad I had this little book with me, for it was the means of saving me from a dissipated life, and God has helped me to keep the promise I made him that day."

Conversion of a "Lumberjack"

"Returning from a trip early in the year, I met on the train a lifelong woodsman with whom I had had a number of earnest conversations, and who had bought a Testament from me with the purpose, he said, of reading daily till he found the light of Christ and the forgiveness of his sins. He came to me at once, and without delay told me that since we had met he had surrendered to the sinners' Saviour and was rejoicing in him. Since that time his wife has been converted, and both of his daughters now confess Christ. It is the happy home of a real 'lumberjack,' but, best of all, in the community in which they live, which is many miles from a railroad, a Sunday school is now conducted, followed by a prayer meeting of which this man is the leader."

Comfort for the Sick

A colporteur visited a colored family and sold a Bible to the wife. Some time afterward, when passing the house, this woman called him in to pray for her husband, who was very sick, and dying. He says: "I spoke to the man and tried to point him to Jesus. He answered me almost in a whisper, 'I have not heard of Jesus very long, but he is my Saviour.'" It was the Bible sold his wife that had shown this poor man the way of life, and Jesus was able to save him to the uttermost.

Light for the Blind

"I sold the book of Psalms in the New York point print for the blind to a blind colored girl in Kalama-zoo. I had decided when I delivered the book, to ask her to read to me one of the psalms. I selected the twenty-seventh psalm. She soon found the number, and I could see her dusky face light up as she moved

her fingers over the lines and gave expression to the words, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'"

What the Bible Did for a Poor Jewish Boy

Some years ago the American Bible Society placed Bibles on the trains of many railroads. One of these Bibles, some years later, when a car was repaired, was left in the shops of the Union Pacific Railroad. There a Jewish boy, working as an apprentice, was so much interested that he was allowed to take the book home. As a result of his reading, he publicly confessed his faith in Jesus Christ, was driven from home by his parents, but is now studying in a Christian school in order to be a missionary to his own people.

The Bible in South America

A colporteur working in South America sold a Bible to a woman living in Villa Maria. By reading that Bible the woman was led to give herself entirely to Jesus Christ. Then she tried to lead others in the same way. She was declared a heretic, and denounced as a witch, but her beautiful Christian life formed an argument that at last convinced her family and her neighbors. Now her whole family, and with them a goodly number of neighbors, have been converted to true service for the Master. Her own sons are preachers of the gospel.

In China

A Chinese woman bought a Gospel portion and became so interested that a few days later she went to the nearest station to have the book explained to her. She at once believed in Christ, and confessed him in her home and to all her friends. She had been sick for two years, but prayed to God, and is now well. She is always telling people about Christ, and has already won several converts.

Fruitage of a Single Gospel in Korea

"At the market in Mona San Po a colporteur sold some Gospels. A few months later he was invited to a house where lived one of the men who had purchased a book. He had not only diligently read it, but his neighbors had been gathered together, and here was found a group of more than thirty believers, some of the fruitage of the sale of a single Gospel."

The Bible in a Buddhist Shrine

A Japanese colporteur was requested to call upon a prominent rich man in a town where he was selling books. He visited the rich man, and won him for God. The new convert bought a number of Bibles, and removing the idols, altars, and vases from his house shrine, made it into a Bible shrine. Furthermore, the whole family was won for Christ. When the Buddhist priest came to the house the following day to conduct worship for them, he found the honorable god had disappeared, and in the place thereof lay a fine, leather-bound Bible. He was surprised and alarmed, and said to the master of the house, "Please do not stop supporting the temple." The man answered: "I have no use for the temple, nor for you, either, any more. You know what a bad man I have been, but not once have you warned me or taught me anything that would have caused me to reform. Yesterday a stranger came to see me, because he had heard how wicked I was, and he brought to my attention something which absolutely changed me, and I have quit drinking and doing all the rest of the awful things I used to do.—Adapted from "Story of the American Bible Society."

God's Will

(Romans 8:28; Hebrews 12:6-11.)

THERE is no way of our choosing
So sweet as the will of God,
Though we may be made to suffer,
Chastened by affliction's rod.

Down in Gethsemane's garden,
Or up on Calvary's hill,
Yet all our experience teaches
That sweet is our Father's will;

For all of his will is directed
To gain us a home above,
So we see in his grievous chastening
An evidence of his love.

Yes, love that is never failing,
He's with us all the way,
And the end will make the plainer
The experience of today.

We'll see how affliction drew us
Much nearer to him in prayer,
Until by faith in Jesus,
We shall his glory share.

Reflecting his image fully,
We'll stand on the crystal sea;
Then sweet and ever sweeter,
The will of God will be.

NELLIE M. BUTLER.

Scrap from an Oriental Itinerary

ONE fair June day, I rode on horseback out through a narrow brick gateway of the ancient city of Astrabad — that city which was formerly the residence of the Persian shahs and capital of Persia.

Two Russians accompanied me, and we were going to visit the Russian consul at his country home about ten miles distant.

As we looked behind us after going a short distance, we could see little to indicate the presence of the city we had left. The immense walls that inclosed and concealed it looked like mere breastworks of earth, though the watchtowers beside each gate tended to assure us that the city had not sunk into the ground.

We passed small fields of rice, the grain standing in water several inches deep. Though the water was good for the rice, it apparently was not good for the health of the people; we saw many sick along the way.

In other directions from the city, underground rivers flow, and caves have been dug at different places along their course, to enable people to obtain the cold, pure water to drink. But there were no such drinking places on our route; and where no wells had been dug, surface water was used for drinking purposes.

A trail-like road of varying degrees of steepness led us upward through narrow passes between green-timbered hills; and in due course of time, we reached a grove of gigantic Persian walnut trees. The trunks were of great size; but more remarkable was the spread of the branches. An entire village stood beneath a single tree. True, it was not like the villages, so called, that one sees in China, with a population of many thousands, but rather a cluster of huts occupied by the consul's workmen and their families.

The consul's Cossack guard, in their picturesque, vari-colored garb, tented in the woods a little distance away.

The consul had in his employ a Russian quack who administered medicine to the many sick natives who were brought to the consulate for it. This was not a matter of benevolence, for an adequate charge was made for this service. The poor creatures waited in long lines for their turn to receive attention.

When I reached the reception-room, a young panther belonging to the consul, which had been captured near by, and was supposed to be tame, essayed to be playful with me. He stroked one of my legs with his clumsily big paws; but the paws of a panther, wild or tame, young or old, are not wholly adapted to giving caresses. When I turned to look at the little fellow, his face seemed to express an apology for his rudeness; but again and again he repeated his awkward attempts at playfulness. Finally his friendly demonstrations became so violent that the consul ordered a servant to take the young rascal away.

Fever was prevalent among the consul's Cossack guard, and also among his Russian workmen and their families; nor did the drugs prescribed by the pseudo-doctor serve to allay it. I instituted an investigation to learn the cause of the sickness; and I found that not only were the people drinking surface water without boiling, but they had been eating largely of the flesh of wild hogs that they hunted in the hills. Such a diet, in that hot climate, could not but be disastrous.

At my suggestion, the consul ordered an immediate discontinuance of the use of the objectionable articles; and straightway the sickness abated.

Then I returned to the ancient city whence I had come — a city that must have seemed ancient to the inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and that impress the visitor that he is in the time as well as the land of Esther and Mordecai.

JOHN GODFREY JACQUES.

Faithful to Duty

IT seemed an unimportant thing to Gideon's men just what position they took as they passed the water and stopped to drink. There was no immediate need for anxiety or haste. The attack upon the Midianites was not to be made for a little while. Why not take time to kneel down and drink of the invitingly cool, clear stream to their hearts' content? What did it matter? Ah, little did they realize that in that apparently insignificant act they unfitted themselves to have part in the great victory the Lord had prepared for them.

Do we ever stop to think that it is perhaps when we are doing some very ordinary everyday duty that the Lord may choose or reject us for some work he is planning?

God wants minutemen — alert men and women who will not let the love of ease and selfish pleasure interfere with their higher duties. We have a great work to do — a work that demands a singleness of purpose never before manifested by those connected with the cause of God.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." 2 Chron. 16:9. And as his gaze sweeps over the ranks of our young people, may it be that his eyes shall rest in loving approbation upon many whose hearts are prepared to take the posts of duty he assigns, and thus share in the grand victory which is just ahead.

BERTHA UNRUH.

A Motto

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than, "These forty things I dabble in."

The Correct Thing

It Is Not Becoming

MOTHER, you remember that I was unavoidably detained last evening. Well, I didn't reach the church till after the opening song. I entered the vestibule quietly. The door to the auditorium was open, and I stood there a moment looking for a near-by seat before I realized the society was having prayer. The prayer was so low I could not hear it at first, but, mother, the view from the door was such a distressing revelation to me. I'm so sorry to think our young people are so careless."

"What worried you, dear?" asked the mother of the earnest young Christian who had been speaking. "Well, mother, it was the variety of positions during the prayer service that distressed me. Some of the Missionary Volunteers were kneeling reverently, but some sat perfectly straight with their hands over their eyes; a few were looking about the room; and two of the Missionary Volunteers sitting near the door were having a quiet little chat.

"I'm really quite worked up over it, mother. I know we do not necessarily have to kneel when we pray in church, though I do like to kneel,—especially if those who pray will speak loud enough for all to hear,—but I do think whether we kneel or stand, we should all try to worship in the same attitude. Reverence requires this, it seems to me. And even if a reverent attitude neither makes nor indicates a reverent heart, an irreverent attitude is an unmistakable index to a heart that knows not God as it should."

"But, child, you must not take things so seriously," began her mother, soothingly. "The young people do not mean to be irreverent. Maybe they don't know how they should conduct themselves in the house of God; or maybe they just don't think."

"Well, mother, I'm inclined to the opinion that they just don't think. There may be a few who are ignorant in regard to proper church behavior, but I think nine tenths of our irreverence during prayer comes from thoughtlessness."

How is it in your society? Is there a reverent attitude during prayer? Will you, for one, help to promote it? Is that not one of the all things in our pledge that you and I can do to help others? Surely it would please the Master to have us do so, for his house is sacred to his service. We need to remember to "keep thy foot" when we enter there; and we need to remember that no part of the meeting calls for more reverence than does the prayer service. During the greater part of the program we talk about God, his goodness, and our relation to him and his work; but during prayer we are all addressing him through the chosen representative who gives expression to our joint petition.

Suppose the Master should come in person to receive that petition. Do you think there would be any irreverent attitudes while it was being delivered to him? Well, then, let us remember that he *does meet with us* to hear our petition. He is an eyewitness in our midst. If he should express his opinion of our last prayer service, I wonder what he would say. I hope he would not have to say, "My dear young friends, your attitude during the prayer service pained me. It is not becoming in the house of God. It is not becoming to you as Christians."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

The Sixty-Six Books

SIXTY-SIX singers singing sweet and true,
And setting all the world to singing, too.
Sixty-six soldiers, vigorous and strong,
Valiantly attacking cruelty and wrong.
Sixty-six judges, learned in the law,
Uttering decisions free from fear or flaw.
Sixty-six artists—wondrously they paint
Kings and sages, common folk, angel, devil, saint.
Sixty-six explorers, keen to search and find
All the hidden secrets of life and death and mind.
Sixty-six masons, marvelously skilled;
One majestic temple they unite to build.
Sixty-six farmers planting holy seed,
Happily upspringing in holy thought and deed.
Sixty-six teachers keeping perfect school,
Where faith the law is, and love the rule.
Sixty-six doctors knowing well to cure,
Masters of a medicine healing swift and sure.
Sixty-six sailors bearing us away
To a better country, to a brighter day.

—Amos E. Wells.



Relaxation

WHILE exercise and activity are essential to the maintenance of good health, rest and relaxation are equally important. Neither mind nor body can work continually without rest and change.

The demands of the body for periodic sleep are universally recognized, though possibly many try to get along with too little sleep. Another demand—that of *relaxation*—goes unheeded by the majority of people. In fact, few persons know *how* to relax. They limber up while asleep, but during all of their wakeful hours they keep exceedingly tense. With some this inclination to "perpetual motion" is so constant that they cannot relax for even a brief period of time.

It is an excellent thing to be a good worker, but happy—and healthy, too—is the man or woman who knows also how to *play* well. If, during the day, he can drop his work for a time and relax his mind and body in a resting state or in some outdoor health-giving play or recreation, he will not only add to the efficiency of his mind and body but years to his life.

Train yourself to let down the brakes and to relax, and take time in the middle of the day to readjust yourself by slowing up your engine a bit. By so doing you will be better able to maintain a good poise of your nervous system and to avoid the breakdowns that come to so many in this high-tension age.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT is a cuckoo?
2. Name six animals peculiar to the polar regions.
3. What is the name of the Pope's home?
4. Define the word "decease."
5. What is the Magna Charta?
6. What is the Sublime Porte?
7. Who was Rubens?
8. Explain how a ship can sail against the wind.
9. What was it that the conqueror introduced into England?
10. Translate: *Cave canem*.



U and I

ALL the letters of the alphabet
The righteous way should choose,
But two of them, especially,
Should mind their P's and Q's.
A deal of trouble in this world,
And much that goes awry,
Could be prevented easily,
By those two — U and I.

If U and I are cross, you see,
There's bound to be a fuss.
If U and I untidy are,
Somewhere there'll be a muss.
If U and I are selfish, there
Will some one suffer wroth.
If U and I rob birds' nests, why,
The world will lose a song.

If some one feels dejected, or
'Tis cloudy for a while,
The sunshine may come back again
If U and I but smile.
If U should grumble, whine, or pout,
Or I should snarl and fret,
A storm would soon be raging that
We should not soon forget.

So U look out and mind your ways,
As I must likewise do,
And keep a cheery corner where
The skies are always blue.
The A's and B's and E's and O's
Do work that's good and great,
But U and I can do the most
To keep this old world straight.

—Onward.

When Mary Ellen Changed Her Mind

MARGARET EASTON

I DON'T ever have any time to do anything but just work. I've swept this floor three times this morning. James never cleans his shoes on the mat. I guess he thinks I don't have anything to do but sweep up mud. I shouldn't care so much if he wouldn't always be so cross. This morning he said I was slower than a mud turtle, just because I didn't open the door quick enough when he was carrying in the milk.

All this talking was done by Mary Ellen Allison, a little girl of twelve years. Mary's mother had been dead just three months, and during this time Mary had been maid-of-all-work-and-no-pay.

She was indeed small to be holding so responsible a position, but Mary Ellen was not a shirker. She had endeavored to do each task faithfully, even though her brother seemed so unappreciative of her efforts.

The door opened and in walked James.

"Have to go to the city this afternoon, Mary Ellen," he said. "Are there any clean shirts upstairs?"

"No," said Mary nervously, "I just haven't had time."

"That's a well-worn excuse. You had better invent a new one," he said curtly, as he turned to go upstairs, depositing mud at every step.

Mary looked rebellious, but said nothing, and turned again to peel the potatoes she was preparing for dinner.

"Work, work, work," she said to herself, "and never one task appreciated. There is always something with which to find fault. Nothing I do ever looks right to James. He finds fault with my cooking, mending, and everything else I do. I am just tired of it. I am going away. I can go to the city and be a nurse girl for some one. There are always ads. in the paper. I'll go away, that's it, and I won't let them know where I have gone. Then perhaps

James will feel sorry. He will wish he had treated me better. Perhaps he will learn to clean his shoes before he comes into the house if he has to do his own sweeping and scrubbing. Wouldn't it be funny to see James scrub or sweep? And while he is doing all this, I'll be having a fine time taking care of a sweet little baby, or perhaps two. I love babies — that is, when they don't cry. What if I'd have to take care of a crying baby — that would not be so much fun, but I guess I could stand that better than a faultfinding brother.

Mary put the potatoes on the stove and went into the living-room to finish the dusting. She began by dusting the pictures. When she came to her mother's picture, she stopped and looked at it long and lovingly. She could almost see the tender glow in the soft brown eyes, and the sweet face smile on her as it had a few months before.



I'M A JUNIOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER

"Mother," said Mary, very softly, "I've been thinking evil thoughts, but I am not going away. You wouldn't have done it. You stood the same criticisms from James and were always patient and sweet. I guess I am not very patient. You always said James was really good at heart, but just a little hasty and thoughtless. It wouldn't be just right for me to go away and make father suffer just to make James sorry. No, it wouldn't. So I'll stay and really try to take your place, as you said I should."

"Mary," called James, from upstairs, "have you ironed that shirt yet?"

"Not yet, brother," she said cheerfully, "but I'll bring it up in about five minutes."

The Sabbath Saved Her

ONE Friday morning in July, 1915, one of our young girls engaged in housework received a telephone call from her cousin, who invited her to go with her family on a picnic the next day. The cousin volunteered the information that her husband had already bought a ticket for her.

The temptation was strong. A lovely boat ride on the cool lake would be an acceptable change for a young girl who was so closely kept within doors, working hard every day except the Sabbath. She knew it was not right to go on this picnic on the Sabbath; yet she wavered enough to ask counsel of her mother over the telephone: "Mother, I am invited to go for an outing tomorrow with Cousin Tilly, Clara, and Fred. Fred has already bought my ticket. Do you think I should go?" The mother said, "You know it will be the Sabbath."

Friday evening came. Before going to bed, Anna told the lady for whom she was working that she was not going on the picnic trip, because it was the Sabbath of the Lord, and he says that on his holy day we should not seek our own pleasure. They had often had talks about the truth, and this Presbyterian woman said, "You are doing right in not going."

However, it was a disappointed girl who went to her bed that Friday night, because she would have so greatly enjoyed the day on the water; but she knew she was doing right, and there was peace in her heart when she knelt down to ask God's protection for the night.

The next morning being Sabbath, Anna went to her own home immediately after breakfast. While riding on the street car, she heard newsboys crying, "Extra! Extra!" but paid little attention to their calls, for she was thinking of what a lovely time her cousins were having.

When she reached her home, her mother threw her arms around her and said, "Thank God, you did not go, my child!"

"What is it, mother? Why are you crying?" asked Anna.

Then her mother told her that the "Eastland" had gone down, turned over right at the pier, and that "Tilly, Clara, and Fred all went down with it; but later Tilly was rescued, Clara and Fred being drowned with hundreds of others."

It was a sad ending of what promised to be a pleasant excursion. In the evening, when Anna returned to her place of work, the lady said: "Well, Anna, your Sabbath saved you, didn't it?" And Anna thanked the Lord, not alone because her life was spared, but because she had been kept from yielding to the tempter's wiles.

MRS. P. T. HJELLE.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for March 20

SENIOR: "Organized Missionary Effort."

JUNIOR: "The Junior and His Bible."

"Saved to Serve" is the keynote of the Senior meeting for today. We are here on business for our King. Are we worthwhile messengers? Every Missionary Volunteer should attend this meeting and reconsecrate himself to faithful daily service for the Master. The Junior program for today considers a phase of the Junior Pledge, and it should stimulate Bible study among the Juniors.

Our Counsel Corner

[Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department.]

How can I know if I am a Christian?

I. S.

A Christian is one who is born again, and guided by the Spirit of God. John 3:5, 6. Paul answers it in the following words: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. 8:16. He is a new creature. His purposes and ideals in life have been changed. Before, he lived for self, but now for Christ and his fellow men. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17. The Holy Spirit will guide him. See John 16:13. Christ dwells in us. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." 1 John 5:12. And "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." 2 John 9.

If you are born again and have the Spirit of God dwelling in you, and abide in the doctrine of Christ, you may know that you are a follower of Christ.

J. J. REISWIG.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — Doing All Things Through Christ

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 4:10-23.

GOLDEN TEXT: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11.

Forgetful of Self

1. For what did the apostle joy in the Lord? Phil. 4:10, first part.
2. How does he excuse them for a cessation in their care for him? Verse 10, last part. Note 1.

True Contentment

3. What lesson had Paul learned which shows that his joy at having received gifts from the Philippians was not based on his own temporal needs? Verse 11. Note 2.
4. Under what circumstances had Paul learned the lesson of contentment? Verse 12. Note 3.

Spiritual Power

5. What triumphant yet humble experience followed the learning of this lesson? Verse 13.

Thoughtful of Others

6. In thus providing for his temporal needs, which is uppermost in Paul's mind—his own needs, or their kind act? Verse 14.
7. Why did Paul especially appreciate their kind thoughtfulness? Verse 15 (last part, especially) and 16. Note 4.
8. What unselfish reason did he have for desiring gifts from them? Verse 17. Note 5.
9. How does he express his personal appreciation for their gifts? Verse 18, first part.

Reward of Unselfishness

10. How did God regard their labor of love? Verse 18, last part.
11. What reward will every unselfish sacrifice bring to the giver? Verse 19, first part.
12. What is the measure of God's blessings? Verse 19, last part.
13. To whom does all the glory belong for all our good deeds? Verse 20.

Impartial Interest

14. What shows the largeness of the apostle's heart? Verse 21.
 15. Who especially sent greetings? Verse 22. Note 6.
 16. With what benediction does he close his letter? Verse 23.

Notes

1. Since the brethren at Philippi had for some time failed of showing Paul any outward evidence of their care for him, how easy it would have been for him to conclude that he was being either purposely or carelessly neglected, and thus feel grieved either because of his own personal loss or because of their lack of true friendship. But the Christ abiding within saved him from these evil thoughts, and enabled him to rise above his own sense of need and neglect and to attribute to them right desires and intentions. "Indeed you have always been thoughtful of me," he says, "though opportunity failed you." A true Christian is always a true friend, finding in others the good, thinking no evil. Paul confidently expected their gift, not because he felt the need of it himself but because he fully believed in their Christian liberality.

2. *Contentment* is almost synonymous with *faith*; for he who implicitly trusts the goodness and wisdom of God, he who believes that God overrules "all things" for his good (Rom. 8:28), cannot complain in "whatsoever state" he finds himself. God permits it all, and every event of our lives is therefore a real blessing, though it may be "a blessing in disguise." He knows, and trusting our heavenly Father, sometime we too shall understand.

3. Verse 12 is also translated: "I know both how to live in humble circumstances and how to live amid abundance. I am fully initiated into all the mysteries both of fullness and of hunger, of abundance and of want."

4. In this, the Philippians set every Christian a good example. We are not to wait for others in a good work, saying, "I will, when others do." We should do our duty though others fail or refuse.

5. "Not that I crave gifts from you, but I do want to see abundant fruit bring you honor." Though suffering imprisonment and with death staring him in the face, Paul was not thinking of his own afflictions and needs; his thoughts were for his children in the faith, that they might lay up a rich reward "against that day." Of himself he says, "I have enough of everything and more than enough."

6. Of one of the European countries during the late war, it is reported that 436 of our brethren were killed in the trenches and that by their side in the trenches 476 others were converted to the truth for this time. So in Paul's experience, instead of wasting time in idle murmurings, during his two years' imprisonment at Rome, he accepted his lot, and as in the past, he continued his efforts for souls. His life of devotion, trust, and good cheer, coupled with his verbal witnessing for Christ, broke the power of the enemy over even those who were of the household of the cruel emperor Nero.

"History has few stranger contrasts than when it shows us Paul preaching Christ under the walls of Nero's palace."—*Houson*.

"*Cæsar*" was a general title applied to a line of Roman emperors the same as Pharaoh was a general title applied to a line of Egyptian kings. Nero, perhaps the most cruel ruler that ever sat upon a throne, was the emperor of Rome at the time of Paul's imprisonment.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — Calling of Fishermen; Healing the Leper

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 5:1-15; Mark 1:40-45.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4:18-20; 8:2-4; Mark 1:16-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "When they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him." Luke 5:11.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 244-251, 262-266.

PLACES: By the Sea of Galilee, sometimes called Tiberias, or the lake of Gennesaret; Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus; Simon Peter and his brother Andrew; James and John and their father Zebedee; the multitude; the leper.

Setting of the Lesson

"Day was breaking over the Sea of Galilee. The disciples, weary with a night of fruitless toil, were still in their fishing boats on the lake. Jesus had come to spend a quiet hour by the water side. In the early morning he hoped for a little season of rest from the multitude that followed him day after day."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 244.

There were many lepers in Palestine. Of all diseases it was most dreaded. "Its incurable and contagious character, and

its horrible effect upon its victims, filled the bravest with fear." News that Jesus was healing the sick reached the lepers, but most of them "dared not expect Jesus to do for them what he had never done for any man." One leper began to hope, and at last determined to find his way to the Healer of whom it was said that he turned none away.

"Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea,
 Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
 How he bade them follow him, and forsake the paths of sin,
 And to be his true disciples evermore."

Questions

1. How did the people show their eagerness to hear the word which Jesus spoke? Luke 5:1.
2. What were near by on the lake? What were the fishermen doing? Into whose ship did Jesus enter? What did he ask Simon to do? What opportunity did this give Jesus? Verses 2, 3. Note 1.
3. When Jesus finished speaking to the people, what did he tell Simon to do? What was the reply of Simon? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.
4. What was the result when the disciples obeyed Jesus? What assistance did they seek? Verses 6, 7.
5. What was the effect of this miracle upon Peter? What did he do and say? Verse 8. Note 3.
6. How were those who were with Peter affected? Name those who are mentioned. What encouraging words did Jesus say to Peter? Verses 9, 10. Note 4.
7. What did the disciples immediately do? Verse 11.
8. While Jesus was preaching in Galilee, who came to him? What appeal did this leper make? Mark 1:40. Note 5.
9. How did Jesus regard this poor man? What did he say to him? What change took place in the leper? Verses 41, 42.
10. What did he tell the man not to do? Where was he to go? Verses 43, 44. Note 6.
11. What did the healed leper do? How did this affect the work of Jesus? Verse 45. Note 7.

Some Things to Think About

How does this lesson encourage one to obey "immediately"?
 What financial loss did the disciples suffer in obeying?
 If leprosy is a type of sin, how does the lesson encourage the greatest sinner?

Notes

1. Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother, became followers of Jesus at the beginning of his ministry. It seems that after being with him for a time they returned to their business as a means of support.

2. "Night was the only favorable time for fishing with nets in the clear waters of the lake. After toiling all night without success, it seemed hopeless to cast the net by day; but Jesus had given the command, and love for their Master moved the disciples to obey."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 245, 246.

3. "Peter was unmindful now of boats or lading. This miracle, above any other he had ever witnessed, was to him a manifestation of divine power. In Jesus he saw One who held all nature under his control. The presence of divinity revealed his own unholiness."—*Id.*, p. 246.

4. "Note that the higher work comes to the disciples while they are faithfully performing their common daily tasks. So the song of the angels was heard by the shepherds while engaged in their ordinary work with wakeful zeal. It is to those who are faithful in the least that the call comes to higher duties."—*Peloubet*.

5. "Jesus is teaching beside the lake, and the people are gathered about him. Standing afar off, the leper catches a few words from the Saviour's lips. He sees him laying his hands upon the sick. . . . Faith strengthens in his heart. He draws nearer and yet nearer to the gathered throng. . . . He is a loathsome spectacle. The disease has made frightful inroads, and his decaying body is horrible to look upon. At sight of him the people fall back in terror. They crowd upon one another in their eagerness to escape from contact with him. Some try to prevent him from approaching Jesus, but in vain. He neither sees nor hears them. Their expressions of loathing are lost upon him. He sees only the Son of God. He hears only the voice that speaks life to the dying. Pressing to Jesus, he casts himself at his feet with the cry, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 263.

6. "Jesus desired the man to present himself at the temple before any rumors concerning the miracle had reached them. Thus an impartial decision could be secured, and the restored leper would be permitted to unite once more with his family and friends."—*Id.*, p. 264.

7. "The Saviour knew that his enemies were ever seeking to limit his work, and to turn the people from him. He knew that if the healing of the leper were noised abroad, other sufferers from this terrible disease would crowd about him, and the cry would be raised that the people would be contaminated by contact with them."—*Id.*

"He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul: he that keepeth understanding shall find good."

A Troublesome Fellow

THERE'S a little old fellow without any crown,
Sometimes he is black and sometimes he is brown;
But whatever his color, or shade of his hair,
He spoils all the castles we build in the air!
He is slender and small, but the mischief he brings
Troubles the children as well as the kings!
The czar and the kaiser must yield to his sway,
And even the sultan cannot disobey!
The lofty and lowly, the short and the tall,
The sober and smiling, the great and the small,
The aged and youthful — whatever befall,
This little old fellow just troubles them all!
If the weather were clear, what games we could play!
But alas! this old fellow stands round in the way.
And in spite of our longing, or even our frown,
The clouds thicken up and the rain tumbles down!
"If I were a man" — there he is to annoy,
And the youth must remember he's only a boy!
If Bess would be older, like mother, or Moll —
He bids her be quiet and play with her doll!
The birds and the fishes might even change places,
And all of us sail through the blue, airy spaces,
Over hills, over mountains so purple and dim,
But that he interposes his whimsical whim!
He chuckles and laughs in his sleeve, no doubt,
At the havoc he makes, within and without.
He scatters his troubles so slyly about,
That we scarcely can tell just when he is out.
A great many things might happen each day,
If he would consent to keep out of the way.
Lucky for us that he never grew taller —
And luckier still had he been even smaller!

If your dreams come to naught, and your castles in Spain
Tumble down as you build them again and again,
And the fairest of fancies go out with a whiff,
You may charge them all up to this horrid old "If!"

A very small fellow to shoulder such blame
When two slender letters spell out his whole name!
— Benjamin F. Leggett.

The Footpath Way

I KNOW what's the matter with you — you're homesick, Chloe Dana — just homesick!"

"I'm *not*!" said Chloe, valiantly. "But, oh, Myra King, if I could just see a real little brown footpath again!"

"A *footpath*!" Myra echoed the words in a tone so full of amazement that Chloe laughed in spite of the pain at her heart.

"Yes, just a little brown footpath wandering away over the fields. You haven't the least idea what it means, Myra King; no city girl could have. It means a thousand sweet, commonplace country things — violets and clover and blackberries, hot and sweet in the sun, and little cheepy bird songs, and sometimes a meadow lark or a thrush; it means children's voices — children always choose the footpaths — and neighbors, Myra King. I can't think of the little brown path that slipped across the fields without seeing Mrs. Capron coming over with the first cherries or a plate of fresh apple pie, or maybe just with her sewing, to spend the afternoon. And when mother died, it was down the footpath I looked for comfort; all those weeks such kindness had been coming across it! Oh, the city is so *lonely* without footpaths!"

"I see," Myra said gently.

The girls worked at different places, and Myra usually reached home first; but that afternoon, when Chloe arrived at the room, there was no Myra visible — only in a glass a handful of wild violets with a scrap of paper beside them.

"Do these look a little like the ones that grow along the footpath, Chloe dear?"

Chloe put her face down to the fragrant flowers with a quick, sobbing breath. "Oh, if Myra knew how they looked growing!" she cried.

The next Saturday the glass held buttercups. Myra must have been to the market where the country folks came in. The third Saturday there was wild honeysuckle, and the Saturday after — of all things! — a few wild strawberries. Chloe looked at them incredulously, almost unable to believe her eyes. How had Myra found them? And how much had she paid for the berries out of her small salary?

Then, of a sudden, Chloe saw. It was not the violets and the clover and the meadow lark that were the heart of the footpath. Chloe snatched up a pencil and a bit of paper, and wrote:

"I've been the blindest — the very blindest, Myra King! But I see *now*! It's the love that counts, not the road over which it comes. I'll never be homesick — that way — again."

She left the note where Myra would see it, and then went out on an errand. And all the city streets were full of light. — *The Youth's Companion*.

Thought Arrows

TOMORROW is always a new, fresh day, ready for us to do our best.

ALMOST all worry is about essentially unimportant things — that is the pity of it.

WISDOM and power come from God. He gives them to those who try to carry out his will.

THOSE who follow their sense of right do not need to get angry. They can afford to be calm.

ONLY unselfish people are cheerful. Cheerfulness is first cousin to content, kindness, humility, love, hope, and faith.

LITTLE things are not worth getting angry about. The irritable worker loses power all the while, by fussing over trifles.

FORCE seems durable and mighty, but it can never build as surely and lastingly as love. What conqueror can stand beside Christ?

FREEDOM to be and to do one's best is the only freedom that really counts. To do just what one likes is self-indulgence, not liberty.

A GOOD book has been defined as one "that leaves you farther on than when you took it up." That is why the Bible is the Book of books.

THERE is a certain part of God's will to be worked out in each Christian's daily work. Heathen week days have no place in the Christian life any more than heathen Sabbaths.

FIRST, learn your limitations. Then go to work to transcend them. There is always a point in the circle through which you can break. This kind of extension work is vital in youth. — *Young People*.

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