

# The INSTRUCTOR

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No. 12

## WORDS

**W**HAT could we do without words? This is not so important as **S** to ask ourselves what we can do with them. More important still is it to inquire what we can do with one word. The man who puts ten thousand men to flight must be just the right man. So the word that takes the place of ten thousand other words must be just the right word. But one word can do it — send them flying from the pages they were about to cumber, leaving the mind free and the meaning clear.

**O**CCASIONALLY we find the right word, but we make it stand **D** in the wrong place. Like a captain with untrained or demoralized troops, it is forced to surrender.

**R**IVER, torrent, brook, and spring serve as illustrations for **R** words as men use them. Some men's words are an Amazon, astounding for their volume, so wide that from mid-current we can hardly see either shore. Others are not navigable above tidewater. Others still would seem hardly able to float a canoe, but afford excellent fishing if you angle long enough. Again, the words of other men are noisy, swollen torrents resulting from stormy occasions. These go dry when the storm is past and water is really needed. Then there is in language the woodland spring, quiet indeed, but clear and cool and refreshing. All too frequently found, there is the word-stream from the poisoned source, like the deadly desert spring which slays all thirsting creatures who drink it.

**D**O men set telephone poles with no space between them? **N**O That would be a foolish waste of poles. Yet how often we set up a solid stockade of words to support one thin wire of meaning.

**S**ET only sound words, firmly, in the right places. Do it now **W**

EUGENE ROWELL.



# From Here and There

American Legion posts in the United States and foreign countries now total 6,561.

Sixty million moons would be required to equal the sun in bulk. The surface of the moon is about the size of North and South America.

The Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission has decided that the lowest wage upon which a girl can live decently is \$12.50 a week.

Oscar Mathiesen, of Christiania, Norway, has won the world's skating championship from Robert McLean, of Chicago. The races were run in Christiania.

Italians are taking 2,500 children from Vienna to Italy to save them from death by starvation. Many children, too weak to take the journey, are in the hospitals, where, however, food is very scarce.

Great building activity has been carried on in the liberated region of France. The cost of the work done since the armistice, exceeds \$4,000,000, and an additional amount of \$4,000,000 has been spent on furniture, while the small artisans and dealers have received \$2,500,000.

The world's record for deep-sea diving is now claimed by John S. Turner, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who said he attained a depth of 360 feet off Graves Light, in an armored suit, the invention of a Boston mechanic. The suit is made of brass and weighs 400 pounds. Turner reported that he was unaware of a pressure, although at that depth it is said to be 150 pounds to the square inch.

For the various expenses of its own government New York City spends almost \$500,000,000 a year — more than the Japanese Empire. It has 1,000 theaters, 1,500 hotels, and 1,600 churches. It turns out one tenth of all the manufactured goods of the country, one fourth of all the printed matter, and one half of all the clothing. The annual output of its 38,000 factories is worth more than \$3,000,000,000.

A new wireless searchlight, but with no light, has been invented by Godfrey Isaacs of the famous Marconi Wireless Company. By means of a patent transmitter the wireless waves are concentrated into a wireless beam like the beam of a searchlight. These beams will be placed around towns, and will regularly and automatically flash into the skies the name of the town, guiding airmen exactly the same way as a lighthouse or a lighthouse guides a seaman by its intermittent flashing of light.

One million five hundred thousand Armenians were massacred during the war, according to the latest report from that country. The numbers of this people are still further being reduced by demobilized Turkish troops, who are killing them and robbing them of what is left of their possessions, according to Dr. Kunzler, a Swiss pastor, who was in Armenia throughout the war and has just returned to Zurich. He declares that there are some 250,000 homeless orphans now wandering about the country.

Carrying a grand piano by aeroplane from a London store to a customer in France was only a spectacular feat, done for the advertisement. No one thinks seriously of establishing an aeroplane line to carry grand pianos; but merchandise of many kinds is transported across the Channel every day by aeroplanes that run on a regular schedule. A British aeroplane company has received an offer of five dollars an ounce to bring from Shanghai to London certain essences that are used in manufacturing perfumes; London papers are delivered regularly in distant cities by aeroplanes; passenger aeroplane lines are announced between New York and Atlantic City, between Los Angeles and San Diego, and a number of other cities of the United States.

An artificial light, the nearest to daylight of anything which science has yet produced, was recently perfected in London. The apparatus for producing this artificial light consists of a high-power electric light bulb, fitted with a cup-shaped opaque reflector, the silver side of which reflects the light against a parasol-shaped screen placed above the light. The screen is lined with small patches of different colors, arranged according to a formula worked out empirically by Mr. Sherigham, the inventor, and carefully tested and perfected by the imperial College of Science and Technology.

A Newfoundland dog recently effected the rescue of passengers and crew of the coastal steamer, "Ethie," numbering ninety-two persons. The vessel ran aground. The boats could not make the hazardous passage, and an effort to shoot the line ashore failed. Men did not dare to attempt the trip, and the dog was put overboard. The intelligent animal succeeded in releasing the rope, and holding it tightly in his teeth, fought his way through the breakers to the shore. A life-saving device was rigged up, and one by one the passengers and crew were safely landed.

Life in jail at Port au Prince, Haiti, is apparently so pleasant that it is harder to keep the natives out than in. A recent roll call showed five more prisoners than had been committed. Officers of the Marine Corps who investigated the matter found that the five "extras," attracted by three good meals a day and a comfortable cell to sleep in, had sneaked in with a returning road gang. Now prisoners who work outside the walls are carefully counted before they are readmitted.

The Japanese Government has decided upon an eight-year naval program, costing \$824,000,000. The program includes the construction of 40,000-ton battleships of the "Nagato" class, four battle cruisers, 20 light cruisers, 80 destroyers, 70 submarines, and 30 other craft.

Ohio Columbus Barber, of Akron, Ohio, president of the Diamond Match Company and known as the "Match King," is dead at the age of seventy-nine years. His company is the largest of its kind in the world. Mr. Barber was a lineal descendant of Cotton Mather.

According to the United States Public Health Service, there is at least one rat for every person in the country, and it costs about half a cent a day to support each rat. In other words, rats cost us about \$180,000,000 a year. They hardly seem worth it.

The former German crown prince has written to President Wilson, offering to give himself up to the Allies if the Allies will relinquish their demand for the German war-guilty persons.

## The Youth's Instructor

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor  
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

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## In the Place Called Go-Ahead

E. F. COLLIER

THERE'S a place somewhere, in a land somewhere,  
That is fitly called Go-Ahead,  
Where not one quibbler or coward lives  
(At least I have heard it said);  
Where the people always do the things  
At hand with their very might,  
And the only question they ever raise  
Is whether the thing is right.

In this wonderful place there never was heard  
A contention or weak excuse;  
And no one ever was known to ask,  
"Will it pay?" or, "What's the use?"  
They find there a time for every task,  
But they work when it's time to work;  
The slacker's a stranger, for they never knew  
Of a person who loved to shirk.

On the Sabbath day they all go to church,  
And they always get there on time;  
And the way they rise up in unison  
To sing is a sight sublime.

Their pastor is not the least afraid  
To preach against people's sins;  
But he's always prudent, and quits on time  
Just the same as he begins.

Now in other places where I have been  
The people do love to wait,  
And think awhile, and talk a lot,  
Until it is oft too late.  
But the people there all scorn delay,  
They would rather act instead;  
They do things there, and they get things done,  
In the place called Go-Ahead.

I'd like to live in a place like that.  
Now, candidly, wouldn't you?  
I think that a Scripture text somewhere  
Says, "Blessed are they that do."  
For a thing that is done is better by far  
Than a thing that is merely said;  
That's the way, at least, they look at things  
In the place called Go-Ahead.

## The First and Last Sabbath on Earth

GEORGE H. JEYS

THE work of creation, conceived in eternity and executed in the brief space of six evening-mornings, is so far complete that the Creator sees it to be "very good." Man, the crowning work of the Master Architect, has been made "in the image of God." At his side has been placed a helpmeet, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. God views his handiwork and sees no blemish or lack. The earth is perfect in its symmetry. The mighty deep has been rolled back and the bounds which it must not pass, established. The light of the sun and the moon and the stars has been made to shine upon the earth. The green trees, the beautiful flowers, have come full-blown from the hand of their Maker. The fish that sport in the waters and the birds that sing among the branches have come by the magic of the Creator's voice. The beasts, fearless and harmless, roam through the fields or rest beneath the trees. Man, the "express image" of the Eternal, is acknowledged as sovereign of the beautiful paradise.

And now God is about to place the seal of his approval upon this his handiwork. Quick as the lightning, a holy angel is sent to tell Adam and Eve that the day before them is to be set apart as a holy reminder of the perfection and greatness of God's creative power, the sign of his supreme authority. Their hearts thrill with wonder as they realize that the day they are entering is to be given them as a special time of praise and adoration of him who has placed them in this lovely spot and endowed them with life and joy. See them there as they bow reverently, hand in hand, under the canopy of heaven as that first Sabbath begins, and as raising their eyes to the heavens, they see for the first time the starry hosts of God's vast universe and hear from their heavenly instructor that the Sabbath is given them of God as the seal of his loving authority.

Small wonder then that the enemy of God and of man has, through the long ages sordid with sin and

misery, sought to obliterate the sign of God's power and love. Small wonder that in the closing drama of earth's history, those who have the "seal of God" are the special objects of Satan's fiendish hate.

Let us picture before us what the last Sabbath on earth will probably be like: Come with me to a lonely mountain vale. The thunder crashes and reverberates, echoing from mountain to mountain. Great rocks, torn from their places, go thundering into the valley. The rain descends in torrents — surely no human life is here; but yes, I will show you a company hidden in a cavern of the mountain, in a "cleft of the rock." Here are men, women, and little children; their clothing is torn, their bodies are emaciated; they are fugitives from the laws of the land. Criminals? — No. One look at their faces is proof of that; for there is a calm and peace that "passeth understanding," not the hunted look of evil-doers. It is dusk in the gloomy mountain valley, and the company is bowing on the damp, rocky floor of the friendly cavern. A torch, cautiously placed in a crevice of the rock, sheds a mellow light through the mist that seems to create a halo of light around each head. Hear the prayer of the venerable, white-haired man who seems to be the leader of the company. But first let us bow our heads in reverence, for it seems that we are in the very presence of Jehovah himself.

Here are the words that fall from the old man's lips, simple, sincere, freighted with meaning: "Father of mercies, we bow before thee in humble adoration in the name of our beloved Elder Brother. We thank thee for bread and for water, Lord, and for this sanctuary away from our enemies who have driven us from among men because we will not forget thy Sabbath that is the precious sign of our sanctification. We thank thee for life and strength; but most of all, O Lord, we thank thee for Jesus, our Saviour, who has created us anew, rescuing us from the bondage of sin;



and for this thy holy Sabbath that has come to us again as a sign of thy power to create. Keep us, O God, as thou hast kept us thus far. Come quickly, Lord, and deliver us, and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen."

Thus the last Sabbath on earth is kept, and then the Saviour comes. He does not tarry longer. The experiment of sin is ended, and God's elect are taken home to glory. Who does not rejoice with these ransomed ones as "from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another," they come up to worship him whose sign the Sabbath is, and to sing the song of experience that none can sing except those who have passed through the experience.

### The Sago Palm

THE sago palm, or *rumbiah*, grows abundantly in Borneo. Two kinds are known, *Metroxylon lœve*, the spineless variety, and *M. rumphii*, the trunk of which is armed with long spikes, which tend to preserve it, when young, from the ravages of wild pigs which are found almost everywhere in Borneo.

The palm attains a height of from twenty to fifty feet, and grows vigorously in damp localities, vast forests being found in swamps and along the banks of rivers. Each palm gives off numerous offshoots, which in the course of time ripen and take the place of a parent tree. Each parent tree is surrounded by young ones, which ripen in due succession. Thus sago is never exhausted.

What in civilized countries is known as sago is obtained in the shape of fine white flour from the heart of the palm. When the tree is about eight or nine years old, the terminal spike of the flower appears. The palm is then cut down at the root, and hauled by buffaloes or floated down the rivers to the factories, which are usually built over running water. The skin, or rind, is then removed, and the pith shredded by means of a board full of nails, used as a saw. It is then placed on mats over a trough by the waterside. With the aid of a long bamboo pole placed in the fork of a tree, a tin is lowered into the water. The weight of the end of the pole lifts the water up to the mats, and a constant supply is poured over the pith, which is trodden out by the feet of the natives, a rough separation of the starch from the woody matter being thus effected. The starch runs off with the water into the trough below, where it settles, while the water is carried off by means of bamboo pipes.

The starch is then collected from the troughs, made up into packages about twelve inches long and six inches in diameter, and wrapped in palm leaves. This is

known as *lamunta* (raw). The packages are put in native boats and paddled to the nearest Chinese factory. It is no uncommon sight to see a buffalo, owner astride, hauling a flat-bottomed boat, laden with sago, over land and water. The Chinese pay about eighty cents (forty-five cents gold) a package for raw sago. The packages are emptied into large cribs, where the sago sours and gives off an odor like that of a tannery. It then undergoes frequent washings in tubs and troughs, and is placed in the sun to dry. At this stage it resembles fine white flour. It is then packed and sent to Singapore, where it is converted into the pearl sago sold in the shops.

Before the war, large quantities of sago flour were shipped to Europe, where it was used for sizing cloth and in the preparation of confectionery. For some time the government has prohibited the export of sago. The present food shortage and high prices have taught the Bornean native that he has an unlimited supply of nutritious food near at hand, which can be obtained without much labor.

A full-grown palm is said to produce 200 to 300 pounds of sago. Some trees have been known to produce as much as 500 pounds. If the palm is allowed to flower and seed, the pith of the center is found to be dried up and useless. ELIZABETH MERSHON.

*Sandakan, British North Borneo.*

### "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"

REGINALD HEBER, the author of this hymn, was born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. His father gave him every educational advantage, and he made the most of his opportunities. When a young man in Oxford he gained fame as a poet, and won a prize for a poem on Palestine. Later the young man became a minister of the Church of England, at a time when the country was newly aroused to the great need of the heathen world.

One Saturday in May, 1819, Mr. Heber visited his father-in-law whose pulpit he was to occupy the next day. As a special collection for foreign missions was to be taken they considered the selection of a suitable hymn, and the older man finally asked Heber to write one for the occasion. He retired to a quiet part of the

room, and in a short time read the first three stanzas of his most famous hymn.

"There, that will do very well," exclaimed his father-in-law.

"No, no, the sense is not complete," answered Heber, and he added the fourth stanza.

It is also interesting to note that the beautiful tune to which the hymn is sung was written as extemporaneously as the hymn itself. "A printed



HAULING SAGO IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO



copy of the poem reached Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Georgia. She admired it greatly, and wanted a tune for it. The meter was a new one at that time, so Miss Howard sent the poem to Lowell Mason, then a young bank clerk and singing teacher in Savannah. In half an hour he sent back the 'missionary-hymn' tune that is universally used."

As a young man, Heber twice refused an appointment to India, but later in life became the first bishop of Calcutta. As he went out to the India of which he had sung, he had an opportunity to breathe the "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" and carry the fragrance of the aromatic forests far out to sea. The hard work in the mission field proved too much for his health, and in less than three years he laid down the burden. "During his life, however, Bishop Heber wrote fifty-seven hymns, which after his death were published in book form. It is said that every one of these hymns is in use, an honor paid to no other hymn writer that ever lived."

Following are the words of the "missionary hymn" as originally written:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden strand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

"Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

"Waft, waft, ye winds his story,  
And ye, ye waters roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

### A Message of Cheer

**T**HE colored young people of the Southeastern Union Mission made great progress during 1919, especially after the camp-meeting season.

The Carolina Conference for the first time in its history was able to supply a separate tent for the young people, and they showed their appreciation of this effort by being present one hundred twenty strong. They took an active part in all the meetings, especially the Missionary Volunteer meetings. At one of the early morning services eleven of the unconverted youth gave their hearts to God for the first time, and all the professing Christians renewed their consecration. This was a wonderful meeting. No minister was present — just the young people's workers. The Holy Spirit came upon us in a marked manner and worked wondrously upon our hearts. At the camp-meetings alone we were able to pass our goal for the union in young people converted and added to the church.

The next thing of special interest was the opening

of our mission schools, and the junior work. Suffice it to say that as a whole our mission schools in the Southeastern Union Mission, with few exceptions, are the largest and best we have ever had, and the Junior work is excellent.

The activities of the year closed with the Harvest Ingathering work, and again the young people took an active part. Some societies raised their goal for missions in this campaign, and are now following up the interest created by the work done with that excellent number of the *Watchman*.

The colored church at Asheville, North Carolina,



ROBBIE LEE GLADIS BRIGMAN

was the first in the union to reach its goal of \$5 a member, and little Robbie Lee Gladis Brigman, one of our Juniors, raised more than one third of the church goal.

May the Lord richly bless all our young people, and help them to find and fill their place in the Master's vineyard. May he also help our fathers and mothers in Israel carefully to train, encourage, and help these tender lambs of the flock, for there are wonderful possibilities bound up in them, which time alone can reveal. What a solemn, sacred work is this! Let us give ourselves unreservedly to it, praying and working unceasingly till all the lambs are safe within the fold.

ANNA KNIGHT.

WHEN I saw your "sky-scrapers" in New York for the first time, I was interested not in the beauty of them, but in their construction; for I learned that each part is tested to a hair's breadth that it may properly bear its burden. That is the way our Father deals with us. He will make the burden no greater than it ought to be. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."—*Dr. W. J. Dawson.*



# THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC

HELEN V. ROSS

WHAT and where is the smallest republic in the world? I know you are going to answer, school-boy fashion, "San Marino, situated between the provinces Forli and Pesaro e Urbino, Italy."

No, the smallest republic is out under your apple tree, or in the open field, or right at your feet as you tread the sidewalk, or stroll along the path that leads to the spring or the pasture. It is unique and paradoxical in its form, in that while it is a republic, its government being "for the people, by the people," it also has a queen who lives in royal state, surrounded by her loyal subjects, and receiving every care and attention usually bestowed upon royalty.

He who has never observed one of these interesting little colonies, would do well, the first bright summer day, to sit down beside an ant hill and watch the little folks as they go about their daily tasks. The observer will be much impressed by the seeming intelligence and the industry and patience with which they attend to the various duties assigned them in their community welfare work. But every republic must have a beginning, even the little republic under the apple tree, so let us go back to the first pioneer.

It happened in the course of time that the colony under Deacon Jones' hydrangea bush became overpopulated. Many queens had been born, and reared in the royal chambers, not to mention the young males, and the neuters, or workers. The presence of so many queens threatened the peace of the reigning queen, and so it was decided that the time had come for the marriage flight to take place, that these young queens might go out into the world and establish colonies of their own.

So one bright day the workers rounded up these young queens and the males, and gently drove them out into the warm sunshine. There they spread their unused wings and discovered they could fly. Up into the air they mounted, and for several hours the happy, dizzy flight continued. Then the males, their useful-

ness ended, soon died, and the queens descended to earth, which was thereafter to be their habitat. No more delightful excursions through the warm, balmy air, for soon after reaching the earth their wings fell off, or were pulled off by the ever-helpful workers.

One little queen came to the small hillock under the apple tree. After thorough investigation she decided that this was the place of her dreams, for was it not high, and dry, and easy to tunnel? This last was no small item, for being unattended by workers, it behooved her to be engineer, excavator, interior decorator, housekeeper, and head nurse. She was equal to the occasion. Patiently she tunneled until she had made a few small galleries. These were the nucleus of the republic-to-be.

Obedient to the call of motherhood, she laid some tiny white eggs, and carried them to the little nursery which she hollowed out for them. Every day she carried them up to the surface and laid them in the warm sunshine, taking care that the hot rays would not shine directly upon them and kill them. These eggs were moved about from place to place during the day, to get the full benefit of the heat, and at the first sign of chill or storm, were carried back to the nursery. Finally, in from four to six weeks' time, her patience was rewarded, and she became the proud parent of some little naked, legless grubs, which in about six weeks became full-grown ants.

Most of these were workers and males. A few of them were queens, which in their turn laid eggs, and the helpless babies, as fast as they were hatched out, were taken in charge by the workers, who took care of them while in the larval state until they were transformed into pupæ; then they assisted them in emerging from the cocoons, unfolding their legs and helping them expand their wings, with all the tenderness and dexterity of a nurse.

Thus did the little republic grow. And as it grew, new activities and industries sprang into life. The queen no longer had a part in the manual work of the colony, but, confined now to the royal chambers, she was fawned and waited upon by her loyal subjects, who anticipated her every want, and washed, combed, and fed her assiduously. She did not eat such common food as her subjects ate, but a specially prepared food fit only for royalty. If she wished to take exercise, she might walk in the galleries, but always surrounded by her special guard, who attended her every step to see that she did not go beyond the bounds of her domain.





One day she escaped her guards, and threading her way through the maze of galleries, she found the front door open, and walked right out into the beautiful, golden sunshine. What a thrill she had! With all speed she started off, but alack! The guards had discovered her absence and were in hot pursuit on her trail. They caught her before she had gone far from the door, and gently compelled her back into captivity again. Poor queen! Perhaps the rulers of much higher kingdoms than hers have sighed for freedom to roam the world.

#### Cow Keeping

Have you ever examined the leaves of your rose tree, and did you find little black specks, like grains of gunpowder, scattered over their surface? Those are the eggs of the aphides, or plant lice, as they are more familiarly called. These later become the tiny green insects familiar to all. The aphides play no small part in the domestic life of our little colony under the apple tree. They are the cows, and cow keeping, let me tell you, is of as much importance to the ants as it is to us, and they are fiery warriors, prepared to defend their property against all foes. If the plant in which the aphides live is within reasonable distance of the nest, so much the better. But if not, our ingenious little workers know what to do. Like the Irishman who "kept the pig in the parlor," they bring the cows home, and introduce them into the bosom of the family, so to speak, though they improve on Paddy's plan, and build chambers especially for their cows. Sometimes they build stalls around the plants on which the aphides feed, for the greater safety of their dairy herd.

A drop of honeydew is the connecting bond between the ant and the aphid. The latter exudes this honeydew through certain tubercles which are situated at the end of the abdomen, and it is the product of the sap which these insects are forever drawing up from the plant and swallowing. It is this honeydew that the ants like, and they have learned to obtain it by a process of milking the aphides, which thus become their cows. Other insects are sometimes used as cows by the ants.

"In one of the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, a medium-sized black ant occurred in considerable numbers, attracted by the presence of plant lice and mealy bugs upon the hot-house plants. . . . A number of years ago some Siberian coffee trees were started in the greenhouse. On the underside of the leaves of these coffee trees, there exist at the bases of certain of the leaf ribs, some very minute, nectar-secreting glands. The ants soon found this out and sipped the nectar. Then the idea occurred to some clever ant that these nectar glands would be the best places in the world for mealy bugs to live and grow fat, and they would in consequence secrete a great deal more nectar than they would if they lived on other parts of the leaf. But the nectar glands were too small to accommodate even one good-sized mealy bug. So, the word was passed around,

and the ants gnawed the edges of the gland and enlarged it so that it would accommodate a good-sized mealy bug, which was carried to it.

"Doubtless to the delight of the ants, the result was as we may imagine it to have been anticipated. The mealy bug thrived exceedingly. The gland was enlarged still farther, and a whole family of mealy bugs was raised in the same hole. Thus a custom grew up, and many such enlarged glands were found after a few months. Here was an ant, then, apparently taking advantage of an opportunity which was new not only to the experience of the individual, but new to the experience of the race, and if we adopt the most reasonable of the definitions of instinct, here seems to have been displayed positive intelligence of a high order."

#### The Honey Ant

Out in the Far West live some country cousins of our little friends under the apple tree. They have imbibed the spirit of true hospitality which characterizes the West, and are veritable walking pantries, or lunch wagons, if you please. These are the "honey ants," so called because of the fact that their abdomens are distended to the size of a currant and entirely filled with grape sugar, or "honey." When a lean and hungry tramp ant meets one of these good Samaritans, he has only to make known his wants, and the honey ant feeds him from his store by the process of regurgitation.

#### Further Progress

Our little colony under the apple tree had now grown to the dignity of a full-sized republic, fit to hold up its head and associate with any of its neighbor republics. Each member of it had his own special work to do, and every worker contributed to the common welfare of the community. There were the engineers who had charge of the work of excavating new galleries and tunnels as they were needed; a corps of workers were constantly in waiting in the royal chambers; a troop of nurses were detailed to care for the eggs and pupæ; sentries paced their beat around the nest to give alarm in case of danger, and scouts hurried here and there on various important business concerning antdom. Then there were the warriors, doughty fighters, every one of them, ready to sally forth and give battle on the least provocation. They had their dairy herd, tended by a special band of "cowboys."

But one thing they lacked. As they mingled with their sister colonies, they found that their neighbors toiled not, neither did they spin. Their slaves did all that for them. Then a desperate yearning took possession of the colony. "Why work when we can get slaves to work for us?"

#### "Let's Go Slave Hunting!"

One day a scout, returning posthaste from an excursion, big with exciting intelligence, encountered a comrade, to whom he communicated in antennæ

(Continued on page thirteen)





### By Faith

CALM splendor of full moon and blazing star,  
Clothed Beersheba in a velvet sheen.  
Half in deep shadow, half in silver light,  
The tents of Abraham reposed.

Between  
Sunset and midnight there had come a voice,  
An arrow of the Mighty, lightning-shod,  
Bearing the fiat dire: "Thine only son  
Must offered be on altar-fire of God."

The young man slept. His father ventured near  
And with his fond old eyes beheld him there,  
Deep in the youthful dreams of innocence,  
Kissed by the moonshine on his curly hair.

The patriarch recalled with breaking heart  
The golden years of Isaac's babyhood,  
Since first the tiny hands had clutched his beard,  
Since first his prattle had been understood.

"He is the promised son, the gladdened light  
Of my old age, my hope and staff. Through him  
The righteous seed is called, Jehovah said.  
O God of righteousness, the way is dim!"

How nearly Abram failed to drink the cup  
And stand the fiery test, is unrevealed;  
Or how insistently the powers of hell  
Battered against his soul to make him yield.

But in the gray of morning there set out  
The father, with the fagots and his son,  
Pale and serene, his parent-heart wrung dry  
With anguish, but his fiercest battle won.

He still believed the promise, pinning fast  
His stalwart faith to Him who cannot lie;  
Counting that God was able to restore  
Again to him the one who was to die.

The knife was raised, but there his hand was stayed,  
And in the sunlight came again the voice,  
"Touch not the lad to do him any harm,  
I know now truly that I am thy choice."

Down from Moriah, back to Sarai  
The two returned, their hearts athrob with pride  
Of Him they served, the father gazing long  
And ardently upon the boy who had not died.

ROGER ALTMAN.

### Your Guide Book

**H**AVE you read the Bible through? If not, why not? Perhaps you do not realize what a wonderful book the Bible is. Men of the world who have no regard for it as a spiritual book, praise its perfect use of the English language; its beautiful similes; its wonderful poetry. As a classic, the Bible ranks first.

Here we find history, biography, poetry, tragedy, adventure, beautiful stories. Such a variety is found in no other book. Where but in the Bible may we find history told before its occurrence? We open a book of adventure and read it eagerly from cover to cover; but where may we find a more interesting story of love and adventure and heroism than the tale of David and Jonathan? Where a more wonderful account of leadership than that of Moses?

In Ruth we have a story of devotion unsurpassed; and in Esther, one of sacrifice. If we wish to read of brave men, we have but to turn to the story of Gideon; or to that of Daniel for steadfastness. We need not read the "Arabian Nights" to find marvels beyond the ken of men. We have but to read of the plagues of Egypt; the Israelites crossing the sea on dry land; of Lot's wife turning to a pillar of salt; and the monarch of Babylon eating grass with the beasts of the field.

But the Bible was not written for entertainment. It is God's letter to mankind. Would you think of receiving a letter from a very dear friend and reading

only a part of it? Yet that is what we really do when we read only parts of the Bible. The Bible is a perfect whole. Only by reading all of it can we get a perfect picture of the Eternal, and see the plan of salvation in all its fulness and completeness. If we read only a part of the Bible, we lose its full significance. Yet it is impossible for the most brilliant minds to grasp it in all its fulness, or see all its beauty with one reading.

One may read the Bible through every year of a lifetime, and find new thoughts and new beauties with each reading.

Reading it through in a year is not a stupendous task. The Bible contains only sixty-six books, with 1,189 chapters—an average of a trifle more than three chapters to read daily and about five books a month. With some books containing only one chapter, and some chapters only a few verses, this is even easier than it sounds. Especially for the youth, whose habits are forming, the "Bible Year" plan is an excellent one. The daily-reading plan will teach system and regularity. Having a definite aim and accomplishing it, goes far toward character building, to say nothing of the knowledge that may be stored in the youthful mind by even one careful reading of the Scriptures.

But should it be the youth only who read the Scriptures daily? Jesus said: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. 4:4. In order to keep up his physical strength, man partakes of food regularly, two or three times each day. Spiritual strength is just as dependent on a regular supply of the bread of life. By beholding we become changed. It is only by daily contact with Spiritual things that we grow spiritually, and keep our connection with heaven.

The Bible is translated into more languages than any other book in the world. Men have risked their lives, have paid fabulous sums, have walked hundreds of miles, and endured every hardship to obtain a copy of it; yet we calmly let it lie on the shelf day after day without reading it.

The Bible is the only book in existence that can raise a drunkard from the bottomless pit of sin; convert a naked savage into a sane, gentle human being; turn a brute into a Christian gentleman; and lead a murderer into the way of eternal life. If it can do such wonders for these, what may it not do for those who already confess the name of the Lord? Might it not, do you think, seal our lips against all unkindness, and take all selfishness from our hearts and fill them with love unspeakable? Might it not even rid our countenances of lines of care and fretfulness, and give us the look of divine peace that characterized the face of the Saviour?

It is impossible to read the Bible and not feel its uplifting influence. Even the atheist, seeking in its pages proofs against its divine origin, ere long finds himself on his knees, crying: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

If you wish to become better acquainted with the Saviour, and to better understand the plan of salvation; if you would be equipped to vanquish the enemy, and wish to develop a character that will fit you for heaven; if you would be a worker that needeth not to be ashamed—read the Bible; for Jesus himself has said: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." John 5:39.

IDA CHAPMAN.



## If I Were Twenty

**I**F I were twenty, I would have a specialty. I do not mean necessarily that I would specialize on some life-work like becoming an oculist or aurist, or an authority on the thyroid gland; or that I would spend all my life studying the dative participle or the parasites of marine fish. Such specialists are very useful members of society; but some of us must be just plain doctors, ministers, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. Specialists cannot live on one another any more than a community of laundrymen can live by taking in one another's washing.

By having a specialty I mean having something aside from one's daily occupation to which one can turn for relief and relaxation. Call it a hobby if you will, though I mean something more than that word usually implies. For instance, if I had a liking for history, I would take some special era and know all there was to know about it. The Elizabethan era, for instance, so full of great names and daring deeds. I would collect a library, large or small, as my purse would afford; and I would try to know, before I died, everything that anybody else knew about those wonderful years. Or I might take the Reformation, or the Pilgrim era in America, and make the same effort to know all there was to know about it.

My research might result in something valuable, and in giving to the world a book it would not willingly let die. Very likely it would not. But, whether it did or not, it would broaden as well as sharpen my own mind, and would make me more of a man in all other relations. That, after all, is the main thing.

Or my specialty might be some great author. I might make a life-work of the study of some great book of the Bible, like the Psalms, or the writings of St. Paul. This study would lead me out into many happy excursions into the times and among the contemporaries of some of the greatest writers.

Perhaps my specialty might be beetles, or mushrooms, or mollusks, or little precious stones, or mighty stars. A busy pastor in Massachusetts has discovered more new stars than most professional astronomers. In the course of thirty years, if I began at twenty, how much interesting and useful information I could gain! It is good to know a great many things fairly well, and to be an authority on some one thing.

Then, if we can avoid boring everybody who isn't interested in our specialty, by keeping it well in hand, and not letting it run away with us, or trotting it out unless it is called for, we shall deserve David's description of the perfect man, or Solomon's eulogy of the virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies.

I would not put off deciding on my specialty beyond my twentieth year. By the time I were twenty-five I should be likely to be so engrossed with making both ends meet, or caring for a family, that I should never chose my specialty or take time to become thoroughly interested in it.

If I were twenty, I would begin to keep a journal. It might be better to begin at fifteen, but I would not put it off a day beyond twenty. This is one of the pieces of my own maturer advice that I actually took; but my journal was a meager, jejune affair, recording only commonplaces and often written up hastily at the end of the week, reminding one of the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," where almost every day began with the meteorological entry, "Brite and fare."

I would put down in that journal, if again I were

twenty, the great events of the day and my own comments on them. I would write down my deepest thought, however shallow the deepest might be. I would record my spiritual aspirations and adventures, as did Jonathan Edwards, my hopes and fears and gratitude to God for mercies given. I would jot down trivial things as well as the earth-shaking events of the day.

I would not write with posterity in view, or for any eye but my own to read, or else my journal would be stilted and self-conscious. An autobiography is the hardest of all things to write naturally and truthfully.

Such a journal as I have in mind would make me acquainted with my own youth at fifty, would amuse me at sixty, and be a solace at seventy, and, if a real record of a real life, might be a permanent contribution to the history and manners of our times.

If I were twenty, I would become a "good mixer." That is an easy task for some, but hard for the shy, self-conscious youth. I would do it, not simply that I might get on in life, surely not that I might cajole and cozen my fellow men, but in part as a religious duty. For many of us it is easier to retire into our shells; to enjoy ourselves, with our books, our family, or congenial friends, or our specialty; but such a man halves his usefulness, if not his happiness.

A good mixer is sometimes born; but he can be made if he is not born; and the way for him to make himself a mixer is to become genuinely interested in his fellow men. It is surprising how decidedly interesting almost everybody is when you come to know him and his history.

Learn something about everybody's life story, or, if you cannot learn it, imagine it (it is not hard to do); and you will be surprised to find how you will warm up to him, and become a good mixer before you know it. Most men hate or dislike some other men merely because they do not know them.

It is the same with nations. "Whence come wars?" They are mostly born of suspicion and envy, which, in turn, are the children of ignorance.

The good Christian will become a good mixer, since only thus can he influence his fellow men for the right. They will be peculiarly interesting to him, because they were interesting enough to his Master to lead him to die for them.

If I were twenty, I would learn to confer. Some men never learn this art; and the older they grow, the more self-opinionated and contradictory they become. They cannot sit down and reason out a thing with others. They can make a speech; they can bluster; they can overbear opposition; but a real conference they cannot abide. This is an art that must be learned when young. To give the other man a fair chance to state his views, to keep an open mind, to be humble enough to listen, are great virtues.

I know men who will invent not only arguments, but facts, to support their side, and with whom I would no more talk over a disputed point than I would with a calliope or a hand-organ. In social relations such men may be very delightful, and I am glad to pass the time of day with them; but argument or real exchange of opinion is out of the question because they never learned to confer with their equals when they were young.

If I were twenty, I would learn to save. Some men are hard up all their life, are a burden to themselves



and their friends, and always behind in paying debts, because they never learned that pungent little word "thrift." It matters little whether they have one thousand dollars' salary or ten thousand; they will spend up to the limit, always be poor, and die in debt.

Another man with a thousand dollars will live just as well on a thousand as his spendthrift neighbor, and will put by a hundred for the inevitable wet day. When he comes to earn ten thousand, his good habits will stick to him, and, whether he saves one thousand or five, he will never be haunted by dreams of the poorhouse.

The late war, with all its awful ills, was a blessing to many in that it taught habits of thrift and economy. When, however, the armistice deceived us into believing that the war and our troubles were over, many others launched into extravagances they never before knew, and prices rose as reckless spending grew.

The Attorney-General of the United States told us with truth that, if for six months all Americans would spend ten per cent less than they were spending, prices would fall to normal, and many of our national troubles would be over. If we wore our old clothes two months longer, and got our wives or sisters to darn our stockings, and the cobbler to patch our shoes, and were content with plain, nutritious food, the country would soon right itself, and the old dragon of H. C. L. would be vanquished by the Saint George of reasonable economy.

After all, thrift is merely learning to like what you have instead of having what you like. I thank the Lord that I was brought up in a poor but thrifty family, that my father had to make a minister's salary of a thousand dollars cover the family needs, if not the family wants. It came easy then to save something when I had something, however little, to save.

If I were twenty, I would learn to give. That, too, is an acquired accomplishment. The benevolent man is not born, but made. A spendthrift may be as mean as a miser. People who lean to right or left, to recklessness or parsimony, must, alike, learn to give, yes, learn the joy of giving. It is a threadbare old saying, "Give until you feel it, and then give until you don't feel it." Giving is the only way to learn to give.

It won't do to put off this self-education a year beyond life's second decade. Again, I am glad that the church envelope was as indispensable in my boyhood's home as the family prayer and the blessing at the table. I came to feel that one couldn't pray if he didn't give. Why should a stingy man expect a blessing? It was as much my duty to give something of my ten-cent earnings as for Rockefeller to divide up his millions.

A gentleman said to me the other day: "I always esteem it a privilege to have one appeal to me for money for a good cause. I thank you heartily for telling me of this one, and I will surely help." I had hesitated to present the cause to him; for he had been giving liberally to another cause to which I had directed his attention, and had just intimated to me that he might double that sum. That man had learned the joy of giving, "hilarious giving." No "crowding-the-mourners" spirit about him; no impatient "Wish you hadn't come with your everlasting benevolences," but, "Thank you, thank you, for giving me the chance."

How different that from the man who has to be prodded and pleaded with and shamed into giving! Yet such a man is perhaps to be pitied as much as blamed. It is the fault of his education, his self-education. He actually suffers a keen agony when he

opens his pocketbook, because he did not begin when he was twenty to learn to give, to have a "God's chest."

At twenty-five and thirty and forty and fifty and sixty the avaricious habit got more and more a strangle hold on his heart, and he will die at last, despised as a "tight-wad" by the frivolous, and pitied by the judicious, as a money-mad heart-suicide. He starved his soul. Oh, if he had learned when he was twenty how to give, how different his life might have been! — *Rev. Francis E. Clark, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

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## The Correct Thing

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### Before and After

WE have splendid attention in our society meetings," confided the leader, "but the order before and after troubles me considerably. We've taken the matter up in the executive committee meeting, but so far we have found no remedy."

And he is not the only leader who is struggling with the question of order, which is really a question of reverence. Nor are officers the only Missionary Volunteers wrestling with it. Some poetic genius has given rather homely expression to the longing in the hearts of many earnest Christians who sit in the pews:

"We tried to come straight out, as Christians should,  
And bring away all of the program that we could;  
But there were certain persons there today,  
Who, after church was over, clogged the way,  
And, standing 'round, with worldly nods and smiles,  
Held a week-day reception in the aisles.  
Now, when one's mind falls in celestial frame,  
He wants to get home safely with the same;  
And hates through jostling gossipers to walk,  
And stumble 'gainst the smallest kinds of talk,  
Intended, by some power, his mind to bring  
Down out of heaven to every worldly thing —  
From office, and good methods to insure it,  
To rheumatism, and the proper means to cure it."

"But," says one, "to walk right out without talking gives me a funereal feeling. Surely we ought to be cordial and speak to our friends." Yes, we ought to be cordial in church, and speak not only to friends but to strangers especially. And sometimes the dividing line between warm Christian cordiality and neighborly visiting is hard to define, especially when we ourselves are concerned.

"You know," said Gene to Agnes one day when they were discussing society plans, "I have learned a great deal about church behavior by just attending meetings with Mildred. I believe she has a pretty good idea of what constitutes genuine reverence. For instance, take last evening at Missionary Volunteer meeting. She came in quietly. After meeting, as she walked out, she did not stop to visit. Still she had a cheerful greeting for every one and cordially invited the stranger we found near the door, to come again. Once I overheard her say: 'Good night, Marjorie, you'll be at Sabbath school tomorrow, won't you?' 'I must see Edith a minute,' she said as we reached the vestibule. 'Tomorrow is the day for us to visit the Old Ladies' Home, and I want to be sure that she has not forgotten it.' No funereal atmosphere around Mildred. She was a veritable sunbeam penetrating the crowd — she always is. But all her cordiality is so reverent that it seems a real benediction, entirely in keeping with the place of worship. . . . Down in my heart is a longing to be more like the Master whom Mildred serves so beautifully."



Another example of beautiful reverence occurs to me. You may have heard of it before. It comes from one of our churches in England, and carries our minds back to the time of the Great World War. During the service the siren announced that an air raid was imminent. The people in the pews knew that this danger signal called them to hasten to places of safety. The minister concluded his remarks at once and pronounced the benediction. Then what? — No, the worshippers did not rush out. They dropped into their seats for a moment of silent prayer, and then quietly walked out. The habit of reverence had become a strong cable in the lives of those Christians.

Truly, reverence that does not forget to be reverent even in the face of danger, is beautiful indeed. I venture to guess that Mildred is forming a habit similar to that which kept our English friends from being irreverent when there seemed to be such good reason for it. You and I may do the same. And do you not think we should be doing it? Just as Mildred's quiet cordiality was a blessing to Gene, and doubtless to many others, so ours may be. And in this way we can help to promote reverence in the Father's house.

Some societies have tried the plan of having the organist play while the audience passes out. A moment of silent prayer follows the closing exercises. Then the organist gives the signal for leaving. They have found this an excellent plan. But whatever plan you follow in your society, be sure to do all in your power to promote reverence, for the spirit of reverence is one of the most beautiful ornaments that a Missionary Volunteer can wear, and it is one that he should wear out of respect for himself and in honor of the Master whom he serves. MATILDA ERICKSON.



### Oral Hygiene

**P**ROPER care of the teeth is of the greatest importance. Oral hygiene is an essential part of personal hygiene. More recognition is being given to bad teeth as a causative in disease than to any other one factor.

The teeth need thorough brushing each morning and after each meal. Care should be taken to reach the farther sides of the back teeth so as to remove all food remnants from under the gums and from the crevices of the teeth.

The tongue, too, needs to be "toothbrushed." A coated tongue becomes a clean tongue after the vigorous application of the toothbrush. Begin at the back and brush forward. If you have a coated tongue, you will be surprised to see what scrubbing with the toothbrush will do to it.

Children should be taught the use of the toothbrush at an early age. A child of four or five years can learn to brush his own teeth.

The care of the toothbrush itself is an important matter. The bacteria of the mouth and teeth are taken up by the brush,—and under the favorable growing conditions of moisture and warmth, they multiply and reproduce in enormous ratios.

To disinfect the brush, scald it with hot water after brushing the teeth, and then sprinkle the bristles with salt, allowing it to remain until the next using. The wet bristles will become soaked with a strong salt solution, which acts as a germicide to the entire brush.

The teeth need dental cleansing about twice a year. People ought to be as particular about consulting the best dentist available as they are about securing the best surgeon.

Beware of unnecessary extraction of teeth. The pendulum has been swinging much that way in the last few years. C. M. SCHUNK, M. D.

## For the Finding-Out Club

### PART I

Who said?

1. "Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."
2. "Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."
3. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see!  
What shall I render to my God  
For all his gifts to me?"
4. "Hold the fort! I am coming!"
5. "Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring  
Eternity shall tell."
6. "Facts are stubborn things."
7. "Remember that time is money."
8. "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."
9. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."
10. "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."
11. "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven."
12. "He makes no friend who never made a foe."

### PART II

#### A Riddle

There's a queer little house  
That stands in the sun;  
When the good mother calls,  
The children all run.  
While under her roof  
It is cozy and warm,  
Though the cold wind may whistle  
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer  
Little house moves away,  
And the children run after,  
So happy and gay;  
But it comes back at night,  
And the children are fed  
And tucked up to sleep  
In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house  
Has no windows or doors;  
The roof has no shingles,  
The rooms have no floors;  
No fireplaces, chimneys,  
No stoves can you see,  
Yet the children are cozy  
And warm as can be.

The story of this  
Little house is quite true;  
I have seen it myself  
And I'm sure you have, too.

—Selected.





# Just for the Juniors



## Suggestions in Rhyme<sup>1</sup>

EUGENE ROWELL

EVERY time we tell a lie  
Something good in us must die.  
When a good, true thing is dead,  
Something bad lives there instead.  
When a bad thing comes to stay,  
Jesus' love must go away.

WATCH the moments as they fly.  
Let not one go idly by.  
Little moments make a year.  
Use each wisely while it's here.

LITTLE children, while you may,  
Get your lessons for today.  
Study every word and part,  
Hold them in your mind and heart.

JESUS, help me to grow wise.  
Give me willing ears and eyes.  
Help me hear and help me see  
Just what you would teach to me.  
Give me hands that gladly do  
All my duty, and more too.  
Give me feet that quickly go  
On kind errands to and fro—  
Ears and eyes and feet and hands  
Quick to answer thy commands.

BE right, be true, be kind, be fair,  
And you will win friends everywhere.

LESSONS mastered well today  
Help you on tomorrow's way.

## A Study of Hawaiian Industries<sup>2</sup>

CLARENCE STAFFORD

TO study the Hawaiian industries by seeing the actual processes in operation, was the object of our teacher when he decided that our room, composed of the sixth and eighth grades, should go to Ewa on the leeward side of Oahu Island. Here is located one of the largest cane-sugar mills on the island, and a large sisal plantation, as well as one of the United States Magnetic Observatories.

Monday morning at 9:15, the train left Honolulu for Ewa. Some of the children went by automobile, with Mr. McKeague, but I happened to be one that went by train. Soon after leaving Honolulu, the train circled around Pearl Harbor—one of America's greatest naval stations. From the window of the train we could see some submarines, the mammoth wireless poles, a large crane, and the aeroplane hangars on Ford's Island.

We passed several more towns, and soon the train arrived at Ewa, after a ride of fifty-five minutes.

The sugar mill is in a large sugar-cane plantation. But about two miles from the sugar mill is a sisal plantation, and a mill where the sisal is prepared for rope making. The road leading to the place passed through acres and acres of sugar cane, towering far above our heads. As we neared the sisal mill, instead of sugar cane, all around us was sisal. One thousand acres are planted to it there.

Sisal is a plant about three feet high, with flat leaves about two inches wide, all centering at the root of the plant. When the plant is five years old, it is cut down, and the leaves are tied in bundles and taken to the mill.

Arriving at the mill, to our disappointment it was not running. The workers here are Japanese, and as we went through the mill, one of these men explained how it worked. He said that the reason it was not running was because the sisal they had been drying got wet in the morning rain. After the sisal is cut, the fiber is separated from the pulp by a machine, then

washed and hung in the sun to dry. The plant is green, but the fiber is cream white. When the fiber is dry, it is made into bales which weigh seven hundred pounds each. It is then ready to be sent to another place where it is made into rope.

From here, we went to the United States Magnetic Observatory. It was fully a mile from the sisal mill, in a most desolate place. The reason the observatory is so far away is because it is necessary for it to be a certain distance from any iron. The magnetism in the iron and the electricity in the air would cause their delicate instruments to register incorrectly. The man in charge was very kind to us, and showed us everything he could. There is a very delicate instrument, called a siesmograph, which records even the slightest shake of the earth. In another building was a kind of telescope which was used to find the true north pole. Still another building, which we could not enter, was composed of three buildings, one within another, and sawdust packing between the walls. As these observatories are located all over the United States, they send their reports to Washington, where maps are drawn and kept. These maps are a great help to seamen and to surveyors. The man also showed us a sextant with which he can tell the correct time by observing the sun. We gave the man some of our papers to read.

On leaving the observatory, we had our lunch and went back to Ewa. Although the mill was not running, we went in and learned all we could about the machinery. The cane arrives at the mill from the fields on cane cars. Large hooks take the cane out of the cars, throwing it onto a moving belt which carries it through seven sets of steel grinders. What is left after the juice is pressed out is used for fuel in the furnaces. The juice is carried through pipes into large vats where it is boiled. Then it is something like molasses, and is put into pans where it is whirled around until it is dry. The sugar is not refined at this mill. On the top of the mill is a little platform from which we obtained a fine view of the country.

We sold quite a number of our magazines at the plantation office, and then it was time to go to the station, where we took the train, and at 4:25 arrived in Honolulu, having put in a full school day.

<sup>1</sup> Written by Eugene Rowell, of Hamilton, Bermuda, for use on the schoolroom blackboard. These stanzas are worthy of being memorized by Junior readers.

<sup>2</sup> Written by a thirteen-year-old pupil attending the church school in Honolulu.



### Good Extension Work in Iowa School

THE Albion consolidated school in Marshall County, Iowa, did unusually good agricultural and home economic work during the past year in connection with its regular work, according to its report. The pupils and their parents for several years have exhibited much interest in vocational studies, but it was not until early in 1919 that the vocational work of the school was put on a systematic basis. It was then decided that pupils who wished to do vocational work should be organized into boys' and girls' clubs, and that the projects should make a regular part of the school work.

As a preliminary step, the school district bought five acres of land which had been used as a pasture for many years and which adjoined the school grounds. Last April the tough blue-grass sod of this field was plowed and the school gardens started. Much work was needed to get the old pasture in condition to grow garden truck, but by the last of that month the club gardens, twelve in number, each 25 by 36 feet, were laid out. These were planted and cultivated by the children of the school, and were kept in splendid condition all the growing season. The rows were planned to be long enough and far enough apart to permit the use of a horse for cultivating purposes. Potatoes, cabbages, beans, peas, beets, lettuce, and radishes were grown, but the potato proved to be the favorite. It is easy to plant and to cultivate, and seemed more appreciated by the parents than any other vegetable. Prizes were given to the club member who had the best gardens.

### The Smallest Republic

(Continued from page seven)

language, that he had found a nest not highly populated, and he believed they would fall an easy prey to a well-organized party of raiders. They roused the guard with the news of plenty of pupæ to be had for the taking. At once the city hummed with excitement, and workers ran to and fro with orders from headquarters to one another. "There's a big fight on. Brother So-and-so has discovered a city that is entirely demoralized from a recent marriage flight. We are all going out to battle. Come on, and help fight."

Soon they were pouring out of the nest and, led by the discoverer, took their martial way to the hoped-for prize. The sentries of the beleaguered city saw them coming and quickly gave the alarm. Instantly the division detailed as nurses sprang to the work of carrying the precious eggs and pupæ to the lowest and most inaccessible of all the chambers. The rest sallied forth in defense of their city.

The invading army met and killed the outer sentries, then the battle began in earnest. Mandibles clashed as they crushed heads and dismembered each other in the fury of the fight. The besieged ones, diminished in numbers, and unable to withstand the fierce assaults of the enemy, were soon routed, and the invaders, breaking into the nest, stole the eggs and pupæ, as well as the cows, and carried them off to their own nest. There the eggs were taken to the nurseries, where they were duly hatched, and grew up into willing slaves. Never having known any other condition, these little creatures took it for granted that their natural task was to clean and forage for their captors, and when the warriors went out on their slave raids they cheered them on, and on their return received the spoils with equal delight.

But as time passed, and slaves increased and prosperity continued, the little colony became degenerate, as does any slave-owning nation. They became mere fighting do-nothings, too lazy to work or even to feed themselves. Sir John Lubbock tells us that a "great lady left alone without slaves in the presence of food, did not even know how to feed herself; she was positively starving to death in the midst of plenty." Then Sir John provided her with a single slave. "Instantly the industrious little creature set to work to clean and arrange her mistress, and to offer her food. This is a striking illustration of the moral truth that slavery is at least as demoralizing for the master as for the servant."

Wasserman publishes some observations in which he states that ants appear to determine direction only by paths previously traveled by members of the same community, and which they distinguish by sense of smell located in the antennæ. Who has not watched the erratic wanderings of an ant as he darts about here and there, and wondered if he had the ghost of an idea in his head where he was going? Mark Twain, in his inimitable "chapter on natural history," in "A Tramp Abroad," awakes a responsive chord in our minds. He says:

"During many summers, now, I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world,—when anybody is looking,—but his leatherheadedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging; he makes a capture; and then what does he do? Go home? No—he doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away—no matter, he can't find it!

"He makes his capture, as I have said. It is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be. He hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up into the air by main force, and starts; not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with frantic haste, which is wasteful of his strength. He fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him; tumbles down on the other side, jumps up again in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him a moment, gets madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction. Comes to a weed. It never occurs to him to go around it, he must climb it; and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple. When he gets up there he finds that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction. At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down."

After continuing this for some time, and meeting another ant and having a fight with him over nothing, "each starts off in a different direction, to see if he can't find an old nail, or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it."



And now we must take leave of our little colony of ants, for they are snuggled down in the bottom of their nest in their long winter's sleep; for in the Northern climes the ants hibernate through the winter months. Many of them will not live through the rigors of the season, but some of each species have shut themselves up in the lowest cells, with a few plant lice, and so survive the long, ice-bound months of winter.

But in the spring, when the sweet, warm breezes blow from the west and the apple blossoms drift softly down, then come out, bringing along a cushion for your elbows, and watch the renewing of life under the old apple tree. Was it not a certain great wise man who said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise"?

### Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting for April 3

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "Ideal Sabbath Keeping." Our subject today concerns the seal of God. Mrs. White says: "The Sabbath is a golden clasp that unites God and his people." All should attend the meeting, and let us pray that we may each get a new vision of the importance of the Sabbath, its place in the Christian life, and what true Sabbath observance embraces.

[NOTE.—Let the person reciting the poem on page fifteen introduce it with a talk of one or two minutes, on the persecution that will come to Sabbath keepers. The Sabbath is our seal. Satan has tried in many ways to get us to cast away our seal. Soon he will try to force us to break it. For help see "Testimonies for the Church," especially Vol. IX, pp. 229-236.]

## Our Counsel Corner

*How can we decide whether reading, aside from our own literature, especially stories of social life or adventure, is good or bad? Please tell what is meant by exciting reading, against which we are warned.*

S. E. C.

Reading is simply the means to an end. The end is to acquire information that will enable us to be more useful men and women, to be of greater service in general. Whenever we find that our reading does not enlighten, encourage, or strengthen our mental powers, we should repress our desires and refrain from it. I believe the Testimonies give a very precise definition of what constitutes good or bad reading. I will let them answer. "The mind must be kept free from everything that would lead it in a wrong direction. It should not be encumbered with trashy stories which do not add strength to the mental powers. The thoughts will be of the same character as the food we provide for the mind."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, p. 544.

"Let all repress the desire for reading matter that is not food for the mind. You cannot possibly do the work of God with clear perception while the mind is occupied with this class of reading. Those who are in God's service shall spend neither time nor money for light reading. What is the chaff to the wheat?"—*Id.*, Vol. VII, p. 204.

By exciting reading, we understand is meant reading matter that excites the mind but contains no real food for the brain. Novels, romances, and common love stories belong to this class. "One of the greatest reasons why you have so little disposition to draw nearer to God by prayer is, you have unfitted yourselves for this sacred work by reading fascinating stories, which have excited the imagination and aroused unholy passions."—*Id.*, Vol. I, p. 504.

"Many of the young are eager for books. They read everything they can obtain. Exciting love stories and impure pictures have a corrupting influence. Novels are eagerly perused by many, and, as the result, their imagination becomes defiled."—*Id.*, Vol. II, p. 410.

It is well always to remember that, "You cannot be one thing and your brain another, nor can your brain be different from yourself. What you are is determined by three things—

What you read.

What you say.

What you hear.

These three things are yourself. In the privacy of your study, where the real mind does all its growing in depth, power, and character, you are molded by influences from your reading and conversation; and what you talk is a reflex of what you think and feel."—*Balston, Book I, p. 142.*

J. J. REISWIG.

# The Sabbath School

## Young People's Lesson

### I — Angels Real Created Beings

(April 3)

#### Questions

1. By what term does the apostle Paul show the close relationship that exists between all created beings? Eph. 3: 14, 15.

2. By what name are the members of this family called? Job 1: 6; 1 John 3: 1.

3. By what name are those composing the family in heaven commonly known to us? Rev. 5: 11. Note 1.

#### Angels Not Spirits of Dead Men

4. How far back can the existence of angels be traced? Job 38: 4-7.

5. What other fact shows that angels are not the spirits of men who have died? Gen. 3: 24. Note 2.

#### Relation of Angels to Christ

6. To whom are the angels subject? 1 Peter 3: 18, 22; Heb. 1: 6.

7. What work has been given them by Christ? Heb. 1: 7, 14.

#### Controversy in Heaven

8. What controversy arose in heaven involving the angels? Isa. 14: 12-14; Rev. 12: 7.

9. What was the result of this war in heaven? Rev. 12: 8.

10. To what place were these evil angels finally cast down? Verse 9.

#### Controversy on Earth

11. Because of the recognized evil power of Satan and his hosts, what words of woe did an angel once utter? Verse 12.

12. Under the figure of the prince of Tyrus, how is the powerful leader of wicked angels described? Eze. 28: 11-17.

13. Against what strong influences do God's children in this world have to war? Eph. 6: 12. Note 3.

14. What aid may we have in our warfare against the powers of darkness? Heb. 1: 13, 14.

#### Notes

1. "There are different orders of angels. 'Cherubim' (Gen. 3: 24); 'Seraphim' (Isa. 6: 2, 6). . . .

"Some of their names are 'Michael' (Dan. 10: 13, 21; 12: 1; Jude 9); 'Gabriel' (Dan. 8: 16; 9: 21; Luke 1: 19); 'Uriel' (2 Esdras [Apocrypha] 4: 1, 36; 5: 20. See 1 Chron. 15: 5); 'Ariel' (doubtless of angelic origin. See Ezra 8: 16).

"Michael means, 'Who is like God,' and hence is a fit title for Christ. Gabriel signifies, 'The strength of God,' an appropriate name for the angel or being who stands next to Christ (Dan. 9: 21). Uriel means, 'The light of God;' Ariel, 'The lion of God.'"—"Bible Readings for the Home Circle," p. 524.

2. "Satan commenced his deception in Eden. He said to Eve, 'Thou shalt not surely die.' This was Satan's first lesson upon the immortality of the soul, and he has carried on this deception from that time to the present, and will carry it on until the captivity of God's children shall be turned. I was pointed to Adam and Eve in Eden. They partook of the forbidden tree, and then the flaming sword was placed around the tree of life, and they were driven from the garden, lest they should partake of the tree of life, and be immortal sinners. The fruit of this tree was to perpetuate immortality. I heard an angel ask, 'Who of the family of Adam have passed that flaming sword, and have partaken of the tree of life?' I heard another angel answer, 'Not one of the family of Adam have passed that flaming sword, and partaken of that tree; therefore there is not an immortal sinner.' The soul that sinneth, it shall die an everlasting death,—a death from which there will be no hope of a resurrection; and then the wrath of God will be appeased."—"Early Writings," p. 218.

3. The American Revised Version reads: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

"The power and malice of Satan and his host might justly alarm us, were it not that we may find shelter and deliverance in the superior power of our Redeemer. We carefully secure our houses with bolts and locks to protect our property and our lives from evil men; but we seldom think of the evil angels who are constantly seeking access to us, and against whose attacks we have, in our own strength, no method of defense. If permitted, they can distract our minds, disorder and torment our bodies, destroy our possessions and our lives. Their only delight is in misery and destruction. Fearful is the con-



dition of those who resist the divine claims, and yield to Satan's temptations, until God gives them up to the control of evil spirits. But those who follow Christ are ever safe under his watchcare. Angels that excel in strength are sent from heaven to protect them. The wicked one cannot break through the guard which God has stationed about his people." — "The Great Controversy," p. 517.

## Intermediate Lesson

### I — Healing the Paralytic; Call of Levi-Matthew

(April 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 2: 1-22.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 9: 1-17; Luke 5: 17-39.

MEMORY VERSE: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Mark 2: 17.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 267-280.

PLACE: Capernaum — in Peter's home; the place where taxes were paid; the home of Levi-Matthew.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; the paralytic and four friends; the people, among whom were scribes and Pharisees; Levi, also called Matthew.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Jesus again visits Capernaum, and the lesson story indicates that he spoke in a private house to the people who gathered. The usual Oriental house was of one story with a flat roof with outside stairs leading to it. Writers tell us that the roofs were "made of branches of trees, canes, palm leaves, laid upon rude rafters, covered with a thick stratum of earth or clay." The spirit of prophecy thus portrays the condition of the palsied man: "This paralytic had lost all hope of recovery. His disease was the result of a life of sin, and his sufferings were embittered by remorse. He had long before appealed to the Pharisees and doctors, hoping for relief from mental suffering and physical pain. But they coldly pronounced him incurable, and abandoned him to the wrath of God." — "The Desire of Ages," p. 267.

"By any way, however rough it be,  
By any way, however thronged it be,  
By any way, however steep it be,  
O Good Physician, if I but get to thee."

#### Questions

1. Into what city did Jesus enter? What shows the desire of the people to hear Jesus? Mark 2: 1, 2.
2. Who was brought to Jesus for healing? How was he brought? How did these men overcome a serious difficulty? Verses 3, 4. Note 1.
3. When Jesus saw the faith of the paralytic and of those who carried him, what words of hope did he speak? How were these words regarded by the scribes? Verses 5-7.
4. What did Jesus immediately know? How did he answer the thoughts of these men? Verses 8, 9. Note 2.
5. What proof did Jesus give of his power? How complete was the man's restoration? What was the effect upon the multitude? Verses 10-12. Note 3.
6. What did the multitude continue to do? As Jesus passed along, whom did he see sitting at the place where the taxes were paid? What did Jesus say to Levi-Matthew? How promptly did the publican obey? Verses 13, 14. Note 4.
7. What honor did Levi-Matthew show to Jesus? What class of persons were invited to the feast? Luke 5: 29.
8. What caused the scribes and Pharisees to find fault? Who answered their question? What was Jesus' reply? Verses 30-32. Note 5.
9. What question was asked Jesus about fasting? What reason did Jesus give for his disciples' not fasting? When would they fast? Mark 2: 18-20. Note 6.
10. What two illustrations did Jesus use to show the people that the truth he taught could not be united with the traditions and forms of the Pharisees? Verses 21, 22. Note 7.

#### Some Things to Think About

What shows that the crowd about Jesus was extremely selfish in their desire to be near him?

What evidence does this lesson give that our thoughts are known by the Lord?

What shows that the palsied man had at least four good friends?

How does this lesson show the fulfilment of the words of the angel to Joseph? Matt. 1: 20, 21.

#### Notes

1. "The palsied man had sunk into despair, seeing no help from any quarter, till news of the miracles of mercy performed

by Jesus had aroused hope again in his breast. Yet he feared that he might not be allowed in his presence; he felt that if Jesus would only see him and give him relief of mind by pardoning his sins, he would be content to live or die according to his righteous will. His friends assured him that Jesus had healed others who were in every respect as sinful and helpless as himself, and this encouraged him to believe that his own petition would be granted." — "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, p. 293.

2. "Which is easier? Both were equally easy to say; the effect of the latter saying was, for Jesus, easier to prove. An impostor could say that a man's sins were forgiven, and there would be no proof forthcoming of his imposture, but if he bade a palsied man arise and walk, the proof of his powerlessness would at once be shown." — *Tarbell*.

3. "Then he who had been borne on a litter to Jesus, rises to his feet with the elasticity and strength of youth. The life-giving blood bounds through his veins. Every organ of his body springs into sudden activity. The glow of health succeeds the pallor of approaching death." — "The Desire of Ages," p. 269.

The bed was but a mattress or padded quilt. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan suggests this practical thought: "Why was he to take up his bed? Because, as some one has beautifully said, there is to be no provision made for the relapse. Oh, how many of us have made that provision in the past! Yes, we will get up, but we will have the bed ready for the relapse. So far as you are able, make it impossible, by the absoluteness of your surrender and consecration, ever to get back."

4. "Of the Roman officials in Palestine, none were more hated than the publicans. The fact that the taxes were imposed by a foreign power was a continual irritation to the Jews, being a reminder that their independence had departed. And the tax-gatherers were not merely the instruments of Roman oppression; they were extortioners on their own account, enriching themselves at the expense of the people. A Jew who accepted this office at the hands of the Romans was looked upon as betraying the honor of his nation. He was despised as an apostate, and was classed with the vilest of society. To this class belonged Levi-Matthew." — "The Desire of Ages," p. 272.

5. "The Pharisees claimed to be spiritually whole, and therefore in no need of a physician, while they regarded the publicans and Gentiles as perishing from diseases of the soul. Then was it not his work, as a physician, to go to the very class that needed his help?" — *Id.*, p. 275.

6. The Bridegroom in his physical presence left his people and is still away. There is still need of fasting and prayer.

7. The new, unshrunk cloth would by shrinking tear the old fabric. The wine bottles were made of the skins of animals. When new, they would expand with the wine. When old, they were dry and would crack, or break, with the pressure of the fermenting wine. This contains a spiritual lesson for all time. We cannot retain the old errors and selfishness in our hearts and at the same time receive the new life from above.

#### We Won't Give Up the Sabbath

We won't give up the Sabbath,  
God's holy, happy day;  
We will not yield its sacred hours  
For all that men may say:  
The link that binds our earth to heaven,  
And draws our souls on high;  
The precious harbinger of rest  
In homes beyond the sky.

We won't give up the Sabbath,  
Our heritage from heaven;  
The gift of God to rich and poor,  
The day of all the seven;  
The hours of rest for weary minds  
And tired and toiling hands;  
The day when open wide to all  
The gate of heaven stands.

We won't give up the Sabbath,  
Though pleasures tempt and try;  
We will not sell our day of rest  
At Mammon's tyrant cry.  
The ancient and divine command  
Our guide and strength shall be;  
We'll holy keep the Sabbath day  
From sin and labor free.

We won't give up the Sabbath;  
Its hours are all the Lord's;  
And precious peace and purest joy  
The holy day affords.  
Lord, help us all to value more  
Thy boon to mortals given;  
Enjoy the Sabbath rest below,  
And then the rest of heaven.

— Selected.



The Name of Jesus

WEARY and spent and fainting —  
For bitter had been the day,  
And rough the road I had traveled —  
At the foot of the cross I lay.  
No prayer could my spirit utter,  
No word my white lips frame;  
With only a breath there fluttered  
From my famished heart the Name.

The sweet, dear name of Jesus,  
I whispered that — no more;  
But straight there thrilled an answer  
Deep to my being's core.  
Soul of my soul was lifted  
By the wondrous strength that came,  
In an instant, swift from heaven,  
At the mention of the Name.

The tears that from my weakness  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
Were dried by the gentle touch of him,  
The Father's equal Son.  
'Twas God who stooped to help me,  
Whose help I dared to claim,  
When out of the depths I whispered  
The mighty, conquering Name.

From the foot of the cross, then onward,  
I took my way at length;  
Not now in pain and febleness,  
But on from strength to strength.  
For love had given me courage,  
No foe my face could shame;  
By faith my soul had spoken,  
In its hour of need, the Name.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Blessings in Disguise

THERE is a pathetic little story of a blind girl, told by Ian Maclaren in an old number of *Frank Leslie's*: "If I dinna see," and she spoke as if this were a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake, "there's naeboddy in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but that I ken his name, and there's no voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me,—the roses and the carnation and the bonny moss rose,—and I judge that the oatecake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill treated by my God, for if he dinna give me ae thing, he gave me mony things instead. And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht ha' failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting." — *From the Missionary Outlook.*

Do You Know Him?

ONE may know a great deal about the Lord Jesus Christ without knowing him. You believe that he is the Saviour, but is he your Redeemer? An inspector examining the pupils at a deaf and dumb institute, placed upon the blackboard, among other questions, the query, "Who is Jesus?" In answer one little girl wrote on her slate, "He is my very own Saviour." Could you give the same reply? Happy indeed is any heart that has this satisfying assurance.

The great Reichel was once conducting a final rehearsal of his choir for the rendering of the "Messiah." They had reached the point where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The soloist's technique was perfect, and all eyes turned to the master for his look of approval. Instead

he silenced the orchestra, and said sorrowfully: "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "I think I do."

"Then sing it!" cried Reichel. "Tell it to me so that I will know, and all who hear you will know, that you have experienced the joy and power of it!"

Then he signaled the orchestra to play the solo part again. This time the singer sang her own heart story, and none who heard doubted the reality of her experience. The master turned to her with tear-dimmed eyes, and exclaimed, "You do know, for you have told me."

It is only when we have made the Lord Jesus our very own that we shall be able to help others in the attainment of this same intimate relationship. Let us not forget that "to know Christ and to make him known is our business here."

L. E. C.

If You Want to Be Loved

DON'T contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: Do unto others as you would be done by.—*Christian World.*

Heart Worth

MICHAEL ANGELO's wonderful statue of David is said to have been made from a rejected block of marble. And the great Master Artist has chiseled many a beautiful character from the most unpromising human material. Truly, the All-Father seeth not as man seeth, for we in our shortsightedness consider only the outward appearance, "but the Lord looketh on the heart."

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