

The YOUTH INSTRUCTOR

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No. 13



THE GOOD TIMES TO COME

From Here and There

The appointment of Sir Auckland Geddes as British ambassador to the United States is officially announced.

Maj. R. W. Schroeder, of Dayton, Ohio, has established a new world altitude record. He climbed to 67° below zero at 36,020 feet, using a La Pere airplane.

John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, the oldest member of the United States Senate and the last surviving veteran of the Confederate Army in the upper house, died March 2.

Amelita Galli-Curci is considered the most popular soprano of the age. She will sing 115 times this season — in 25 operatic performances in Chicago and New York and in 90 concerts.

The inhabitants of Schleswig, on the border of Denmark, have voted 72,773 to 24,793 in favor of union with Denmark. This country had been taken from Denmark by Germany years ago.

The Supreme Allied Council has agreed to allow the sultan of Turkey to keep his court in Constantinople, but he must have no army, and the Allies will control the Dardanelles, which will be internationalized.

In Australia rabbits are so great a nuisance that in order to restrict their depredations the people of New South Wales alone have spent more than \$27,000,000 and have built 98,000 miles of vermin fences.

Natives of Algeria are said to bury with the dead all the medicines used in their last illness. Perhaps many of them would not have been obliged to bury their friends at all if they had buried the medicines a week or two earlier.

The Aero Club of America has announced that in the near future there will be an aerial race around the entire world, and a special commission has been appointed to visit the Far East to make arrangements for landing places for planes, and to get in touch with conditions in the countries through which the racers will pass. In crossing the Pacific Ocean, the route taken will be via Vancouver, Alaska, and across the Aleutian Islands to Japan. In spanning the Atlantic, contestants will be allowed to choose between the two routes, via Greenland and Iceland, or via Newfoundland and the Azores.

Whatever the national memorial to Theodore Roosevelt may be, the Audubon societies and other lovers of nature have determined to give him one of their own. It will take the form of a bird fountain to be erected probably either in New York or in Washington. They intend to intrust the matter of design to the ablest sculptors in America, and to make the fountain one of the most beautiful works of art in the country. All his life Mr. Roosevelt was a champion of the preservation of wild life. As President he advocated the principle of national bird reservations, and by executive order established thirty-eight of them.

The Mayo brothers, of Rochester, Minnesota, accounted among the world's greatest surgeons, whose wonderful skill has restored thousands of afflicted people to health, have announced that henceforth the bulk of their great wealth will be used in the cause of humanity. An extensive hospital building is to be erected, in addition to those already in use, where the sick and the afflicted, unable to pay for treatment, can receive it "without money and without price." In making the announcement of their benefaction, the brothers use these noble words: "The great wealth we have is not our own. It is the product of human suffering, and we will give it back that others may receive healing and that young doctors may go far beyond what we have in their aid of human suffering."

Electricity plays a surprisingly varied and useful part in the modern business office. Telephones, electric lights, electric fans, electric bells and buzzers, we accept without a second thought. But there are also electric adding machines and electric multigraphs, electric machines that will print letterheads and that will typewrite and address duplicate letters, and an electric machine that seals and stamps letters at the rate of one hundred fifty a minute, and that at the same time automatically counts the stamps used.

Secretary of State Lansing recently resigned his position. President Wilson had expressed his disapproval of the action taken by Mr. Lansing during the President's illness in calling informal meetings of members of the cabinet. This, President Wilson held, was usurping the President's authority. Mr. Lansing repudiated any intention of doing this, and offered his resignation, which was accepted.

A large industrial corporation that suffered great losses because of the influenza last year, has given to Harvard the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of conducting an influenza research. The greater part of this amount will be used by the department of preventive medicine and hygiene to attempt the discovery of some means to prevent outbreaks of the disease.

The first book to be printed in English in America, was a book of psalms, in 1640, and because it was published in Boston, the Massachusetts Bay Colony, it was commonly known as the Bay Psalm Book. Three famous old New England preachers compiled it, Rev. Mr. Welde, Rev. Richard Mather, and John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians.

Government ownership of the railroads of the country ended March 1. During the twenty-six months of government war control the cost to the United States Treasury amounted to nearly \$1,000,000 a day.

Fireside Correspondence School

THE year 1919 has been the most successful in the history of the Fireside Correspondence School. The enrolment for the year is 1,090 — 455 old students and 635 new. Last year it was 310 old students and 457 new, or 767 all together. The enrolment of new students is double what it was three years ago. The 1920 catalog is now ready. Besides the usual matter, it contains a new plan for ordering books, announcement of new studies, and pictures of faculty and board of managers. Send for a copy. It is free. C. C. Lewis, principal, Takoma Park, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Faithful Worker

A WEARY, careworn worker for the Lord
Sat in her room on far-off India's strand;
The sun was setting in the western sky:
A hush seemed ushering in the day of rest,
A quiet, holy hush o'er all the land.

She thought of home and loved ones o'er the sea,
And lived again those happy days supreme.
She heard again their voices, saw each face,
Then heaved a long deep sigh of love and pain—
A sigh for what was but a fleeting dream.

Her form so frail is worn with work and care;
Her strength seems not sufficient for her load.
Quickly but surely pass the hours away;

All nature sinks to rest. No sound is heard,
No sound to break the hush of her abode.

At length she rouses from her happy dream;
The hour is late, her faithful timepiece shows.
The coming dawn will be the day of rest;
No 'larm of clock or clang of bell shall rouse:
No sound disturb her deep and calm repose.

O dear one, weary with your labor hard,
Worn and oft-times disheartened and forlorn,
Fear not if God should call you from your toil;
For angels bright and voice of God himself
With trumpet sound will wake you in the morn.

— Author Unknown.

A Man Who Made the Supreme Decision

PAUL was born in the Roman province of Cilicia in the city of Tarsus. Though the exact date of his birth is not known, we know it was soon after that of John the Baptist and Jesus. His parents were Jews, descendants of the tribe of Benjamin and of the sect of the Pharisees. This sect being very strict in the observance of the law and ceremonies given by Moses, Paul received a thorough training in the Jewish religion and became well acquainted with the whole system.

He received his early training at home, but later was taken to Jerusalem where he was given a rabbinical education under Gamaliel, who was then the great Hebrew teacher. With a keen intellect and a good teacher, Paul advanced rapidly and was soon recognized as a coming teacher in Israel. At about thirty years of age he was admitted as a member of the Sanhedrin. This was a great honor to be conferred on so young a man, but his wisdom and zeal merited it.

Paul, the Persecutor

Paul, without doubt, must have known of Jesus, of his teachings, of the great miracles he performed, and of his death and resurrection. Perhaps he may have seen and heard him, but not until he entered upon a vigorous persecuting campaign against the early followers of Christ is he brought to our notice in the Bible. Being zealous of Judaism, he persecuted the early Christians from city to city, himself bearing testimony afterwards, that he caused many to be put to death or imprisoned, and was the chief accuser of Stephen. It was while on his way to Damascus on an errand of persecution that the incident occurred which caused him to make the supreme decision of his life.

Paul, the Missionary

On the dusty, sun-scorched road not far from the city, Jesus revealed himself to Paul as the Messiah of the Jews and Saviour of the world, the One whom he persecuted. Paul was honest at heart. Several times before, when he saw the forbearance of those persecuted and heard them speak, he had been touched by the Holy Spirit, and might have yielded but for his prejudice and the influence of the scribes and the Pharisees. Now he saw Jesus himself. Like a flash the fulfilment of the prophecies relating to his birth, life, work, and death was seen.

His conversion was complete. He got such a vision of the love of Jesus and his own unworthiness that his surrender was full and his decision final. His words, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" show a spirit of readiness to obey. He was willing, if necessary, to give his life for his Saviour, as he tells us later, "I count all things but loss . . . that I may win Christ."

The zeal and energy with which he labored in error was now thrown into the preaching of the gospel. In Damascus, after the recovery of his sight and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he with boldness preached "Jesus and the resurrection." Realizing, however, the greatness and importance of the work to which he was called, he sought the Lord earnestly for power and knowledge through supplication and the study of the Scriptures. He became the greatest evangelist the world has ever seen. His faithful service was rewarded by thousands saved through his preaching. He bore persecutions and privations gladly and patiently, always laboring with his hands for the necessities of life. He was always steadfast, courageous, and helpful under all circumstances.

A glimpse of the recognized great men of the world and their accomplishments will serve to reveal Paul's greatness. Alexander conquered the Eastern world and gave Greek civilization to Asia and Africa; Julius Cæsar subdued the barbarians of Western Europe and gave them a stable government; Charlemagne united the broken fragments of the feudal world; Columbus discovered the New World; Napoleon shattered the ancient system of the European States and made room for the new; but Paul gave the gospel of salvation through faith in Christ to the Gentiles of the then known world in about thirty years. His preaching brought to thousands the hope of eternal life, while his writings have given hope, cheer, comfort, and salvation to countless thousands all down the ages. True greatness comes through Christian service. Such was Paul's.

S. M. SCHLEIFER.

Paul, the Victor

A prisoner stands in chains before his captor. He is a man past middle age, grown gray in service for his Prince. The courtroom is gay with brilliant armor and the costly draperies of the king, queen, and governors. The face of the old man is calm as he looks

into the pitiless eyes of his judge. He is accused of being a spy, a turncoat; of attempting to show captives the way to freedom. A moment of supreme interest is at hand. The prisoner is offered an opportunity to renounce his Prince, or to await imprisonment and probable death. "Speak for thyself," commands the haughty voice of Agrippa, and the aged man raises his chained hand, and in a mild voice full of love, tells the story of his life.

The brief struggle is over. Pride has conquered the heart that was almost persuaded to yield to Christ, and the cold, white features of the king are settled once more in their habitual lines. The prisoner, with the wonderful light in his eyes, is led away. He must go to Cæsar, and perhaps from him to death; but he walks with the step of a conqueror, and sitting alone in his narrow home he sees again the heavenly vision and hears the same loved voice calling, "Paul, Paul, henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away;" for Paul had made the supreme decision.

ETHEL TEMPLETON.

Paul, an Example to Us

It is alarming that the lessons to be obtained from Bible characters are so little studied and appreciated by some of our Adventist young people. We have often heard the proverb concerning the sluggard and the ant. But how many who do not have the power of decision to the extent they wish they had, have been told to learn the lesson of decision from Paul?

During the first few years of his life, after he reached his maturity, Paul decided in favor of an evil cause. At times he believed that the cause Stephen represented was right, but instead of seeking heavenly wisdom as to the right course, he sought the advice of the priests and rulers, in whom he believed. Later, convinced that he was wrong, he made an entirely opposite decision. He now decided to win souls to God, and with that decision came the power to do that kind of work. Soon followed the Macedonian call. When you decide as Paul did, to be a soul-winner, you, too, will have power for service, and you, too, will hear the Macedonian call. Then answer it as Paul did, no matter where your Macedonia may lie. It may be some distant field beset with difficulties, it may be a neighbor in need, a schoolmate whose heart is troubled with doubts or sorrows, or it may be the stranger that knocks at your door. But whatever it be, *go over and help*. Say with Paul, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Truly Paul has set us a good example. He made the supreme decision. And when he had made it, nothing could swerve him from it. He said, "*This one thing I do.*" Come life or death, he would cling to the supreme decision. Our greatest need today, as young people, is to make the supreme decision with an undiscourageable determination to cling to it as Paul did. And by the grace of God we may do this. But day by day let us remember that the supreme decision always takes the way of the cross.

"I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

"I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,
The path that the Saviour trod,
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul is at home with God.

"Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it no more;
For my Lord says, 'Come,' and I seek my home,
Where he waits at the open door.

"The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know, as I onward go,
That the way of the cross leads home."

EDITH CHRISTIANSEN.

First Things First

IT was one of those unexplainable evenings when everything goes wrong and nobody appears to be happy. The committee on entertainment was making little progress because of the discussion and differences of opinion. A number of times there was danger that personalities might be used, and some had threatened to go home. But Harry Sykes brought the climax when under nervous tension he grew angry and said: "If we only had some one with brains to run this thing, we might get results."

Everybody looked at Roy Harris, for they knew that as chairman he would receive the full force of the criticism; but he merely replied, "We shall have to use the ability we have to the best advantage. No one holds us responsible for power that isn't ours."

After that the meeting quieted down; but, when it was over, a number remained to talk with the chairman.

"I don't see how you kept your head so well," said one. "That was an insult. It would have served Harry right if you had told him a few things. Why didn't you?"

"One reason why I didn't," replied Harris, "was because I care a great deal more about having this entertainment a success than I do about squaring a personal grievance."

It is a splendid example of a person lost in his task to the point of St. Paul, who said, "One thing I do." About the only way a person can do anything in the world is by being more interested in his job than he is about personal offenses. The man who is always carrying a chip on his shoulder never gets much out of life except trouble.

Just a few weeks ago a man asked to be released from a certain task which he had promised to perform. In answer to questioning he said that he had been accused of having a double motive in being interested in the altruistic work. The criticism had injured him. So he wanted to quit. The criticism was unjust, but the man was not so strong as he should have been. If he had been interested in his work, he would have kept on and ignored the personal offense.

President Wilson, in one of his messages, speaks of the courage that is necessary for one to have to do his duty amid unfriendly remarks. "It is hard to face bullets and do one's duty amid the fury of criticism, not alone of the well-intentioned, but the careless, who know not the weapon they are letting fly."

A great minister was congratulated upon his beautiful sermon preached at a time when he was the center of many attacks within and without his own church. His reply is worthy of serious thought.

"I never really amounted to much as a preacher until I came to the point where I ceased to worry about what people might be saying about me and gave my entire attention to the work to which I was called."

In other words, when he considered the performance of his task a greater and more important thing than personal criticism, he began to get results.—*Rev. William H. Leach.*

I WILL study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come.—*Lincoln.*

This Is Woman's Day

ROGER ALTMAN

THE achievements of woman during the past have not been published so widely, perhaps, as those of men, but those whose names have found a place on the pages of history are worth studying. Think of the queens of the past. What an enviable record they made! There was the Queen of Sheba, who made the long journey from Ethiopia to Palestine, not to wage war or to start a rebellion, but to learn wisdom in the administration of her kingdom. During the reign of Queen Hatchepset,—said to be the first great woman in history,—who ruled over Egypt in the sixteenth century before Christ, a marvelous engineering feat was performed. Two immense obelisks of stone, each a single piece of granite weighing about 350 tons, were hewn out, shipped down the Nile 150 miles, and set up behind the Karnak Temple in Thebes. One of them still stands as a witness to the achievements of a woman. This same queen sent an expedition of five ships through the Red Sea to Punt, for myrrh, ebony, ivory, gold, cinnamon wood, incense, cosmetics, apes, monkeys, dogs, and other valuable and costly things with which to beautify her kingdom.

Great Britain enjoyed its most successful growth and prosperity during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria. It was in Elizabeth's time that literature flourished so remarkably; in her reign also, the East India Company was formed, Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and Sir Walter Raleigh made his important voyages of discovery. In Queen Victoria's time the British Empire gained its full growth, increased in power and influence abroad, and enjoyed a peace and stability at home that has not since been seen.

Joan of Arc saved France. She had no political influence, no money, no education, but she had the fiery zeal that ignored everything except the task in hand. Florence Nightingale, who died recently in comparative obscurity, was the pioneer of the thousands of nurses who ministered to the needy and suffering during the World War. The works of Frances Willard have followed her, and today our United States rejoices in freedom from the curse of strong drink.

With these shining examples, it would have been strange if the recent war had not called forth from woman the greatest efforts she has yet made. American womanhood threw herself into the breach left by the demands of the army, and with a noble disregard of comfort and convenience, took hold of the tasks the men were obliged to leave. Their achievements are known to all of us, and their record is one to which we may point with respectful pride and sincere gratitude. As a result of her unselfish heroism, woman is now established more firmly than ever in the political, social, and economic life of the nation. Today we have women policemen, judges, lawyers, doctors, bank cashiers, managers of large mercantile establishments, directors of various kinds of institutions; in fact there is hardly a pursuit that women have not taken up to some extent.

A Few Instances

One day in France, after a great battle, a squad of American girls was hurrying toward the front. On the way the road became blocked by the stream of refugees coming from the battle zone. Slipping ahead to the place of obstruction, one of the girls "reached the open space where several roads crossed and where many people and animals, among all sorts of machin-

ery, were jostling and pushing, or meekly waiting to be pushed into or out of the various roads that met at this point.

"Here the girl climbed upon a halted wagon from which she could overlook the whole space. 'Yes,' she was saying to herself, 'these are the troops ordered to the rear, those are the ammunition wagons needed so terribly at the front. Here are the sad-eyed grandparents and bewildered mothers with children and all the worldly goods which it was possible to bring away from their destroyed homes. None of these lines know where they are to go—but I do; I overheard an officer directing some of them just now—but most of them are just dazed and are getting in another's way. What would one of our traffic cops in America do about it? Why, there's just the safety zone he would take possession of—the concrete block with the high cross to which all these people look up eagerly and expectantly.'

"Before the girl knew it she was standing up there against the bare cross. She can't tell today just how she managed to do it, but when the people looked up, their eyes met a quick, decisive look and a directing, outpointing arm which inspired confidence. It didn't take long to get the lines straightened out, for she used the very methods that our American traffic policemen, who stand on crowded street corners and show traffic how to keep moving, have taught us to respect and admire.

"Her own commanding officer came along and gave her a commending look, and said, 'Stay on the job until I send you relief. You've saved more than one village for France today.'

At the University of Washington in Seattle, one junior "is imbibing knowledge of works in iron with the forge; in other words, she is learning the trade of blacksmith, and is the only female student taking this course at the university. The course is designated 'Engineering Forging,' but a forge where iron or metal is wrought by heating and hammering is the goal toward which this young girl is working. The anvil chorus attracts her, while jazz strains hold no lure. Her highest ambition is to be mistress of a farm, with chickens, cows, and all such as contribute to the 'joys' of ranch life. The desire to learn blacksmithing emanated from her ambition to be a real farmer, and as such to know somewhat about mechanics; so she is giving her time to learning how to fashion bolts and bars from rough iron as well as to point a plowshare.

"This energetic girl does not balk at rolling up her sleeves and working to attain her ambition. She intends to earn her contemplated farm, then to manage it personally."

Lady Astor is the first woman to take her seat in the English House of Commons. She is an American from Virginia, and represents the Plymouth district. It is interesting to recall that Virginia was settled by people from this same region which Lady Astor now represents in Parliament. English women are now eligible to be magistrates, and the Lord High Chancellor has chosen seven women to fill such positions.

When our colporteurs were called to the front in Europe, instead of letting the publishing houses stand idle, the sisters stepped in and printed the books, bound them, packed them, shipped them, and sold them. The book work did not fall to the ground. The

scarcity of paper kept the output down, but the work of saving souls by the printed page did not stop.

Mrs. Isabelle Oram of Bristol, Maine, is probably the only woman who has navigated the Atlantic. She had sailed with her husband on his four-masted schooner for sixteen years. Just after leaving the Canary Islands on a homeward trip the captain was taken sick, and Mrs. Oram took command. In spite of a short-handed crew, severe storms, and the death of her husband, the heroic pilot brought the ship safely to the Florida coast, although it was so badly damaged by storms that it had to be towed into port.

There is no good reason why the career of a woman may not today be fully as successful and brilliant as that of any man. While we hope the time will never come when woman generally will forsake her sacred responsibilities in the social and home life in order to enter on a public career as such, there is no doubt that woman's day has dawned, and that her efforts and influence will enjoy a wider range than in the past.

"All Fools' Day"

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

APRIL is the month of all months. It is the month when every living thing begins to take on new life. It is the month of snow and sunshine, showers and flowers. The showers are plentiful, causing the rippling brooks to laugh and roar; the springing flowers are numerous; myriads of birds busy themselves with their nests, and pour forth their merry notes proclaiming spring's return.

April begins with what is commonly known as "All Fools' Day." Our English word "fool" comes to us from the Latin *foliis*, meaning a bellows, a windbag. It is a picture word, showing how one acting the fool puffs out his cheeks like a windbag, or bellows. The Bible speaks very kindly of weak-minded people, but condemns all who, having brains, misuse them and act foolishly. Should we act the part of a fool on April 1?

Here is a story that shows how a foolish man — an unbeliever — was made wise. One day he was walking in the woods. He thought to himself, "If I could see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up and began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower — there were just five. He was very much astonished. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower's being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were 125 to 1. He thought that was strange. All about him were multitudes of these little stars; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought that this order showed intelligence, and that the mind that ordained such order was the mind of God. Picking up one of the little flowers, he kissed it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flower; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God. The God that made the birds and flowers made me. I am depending upon his mercies even as thou art. I am subject to him and I will serve him." The God of nature became this man's God of love — his Saviour.

Instead of seeking to lead the minds of our friends and chums into paths of sin by dealing in lies — or statements closely akin — and foolishness on April 1, let us make an earnest effort to tell them of the God of

nature and the God of love. The One who rules over all, the One who has ordained that birds should sing, that flowers should bloom, that rippling rivulets should rejoice with laughter, has also ordained that he should be the object of our adoration and our praise on this spring day of joy and happiness. May we return to him our praises!

A wise father, who was anxious that his little son see God revealed in nature, wrote his son's name in the corner of the garden. Ten days after this the boy ran to his father and said: "My name is growing in the garden." The father replied: "Yes, but what is there in this to interest you? Was it not a mere chance that the seeds scattered in the garden grew into your name?" The boy said: "No, some one must have arranged this; scattered seeds never could have got together and spelled my name."

As this little boy saw his name growing, he could almost see God walking in the garden. He was led to believe that God is Creator of all things and that he was subject to him. And he said in his heart, "There is a God."

May we as Missionary Volunteers be able to bring the God of nature, the God of love, the Creator of birds and beings, before our companions in such a way that they will exclaim, "There is a God!" May we not be a reproach to our motto by our foolish words and deeds on April 1!

ENNIS V. MOORE.

Federal Aid to Soldiers

IN almost every community in the United States there is a discharged soldier, sailor, marine, or war nurse, suffering from some injury, or ailment, which dates back to service with the fighting forces.

Often this injury or ailment has made it hard or impossible for him to fit in where formerly he did. He is handicapped and needs help; not charity, but mental and physical reconstruction. In many cases such people unfortunately keep their troubles to themselves. They are reluctant to seek aid or advice, for fear their friends might consider them weak. Possibly you know such a person.

If you do, encourage him to take his troubles to the Government. The War Risk Insurance Bureau and the United States Public Health Service are especially anxious to get in touch with such individuals. The Public Health Service has set up a chain of reconstruction bases throughout the country for beneficiaries of the War Risk Bureau. These are not army hospitals, nor is there army discipline in connection with them, but rather a system of hospitals similar to the general hospital in large cities, except that the treatment is free and goes much farther than in the ordinary hospital.

Recreation, vocational training, and wholesome entertainment are combined with treatment. While men are being bodily rebuilt, they have the opportunity of learning some useful occupation or pursuing academic studies. They are taught not only to find themselves, but to better their condition. The environment is as homelike as it is possible to make it.

A great many men who went into the army have developed tuberculosis and other diseases requiring special treatment. The Public Health Service has separate hospitals and sanatoriums for these patients, where they may get the best treatment known to medical science.

A large number of soldiers do not know the Government offers them free treatment. Please tell them.

Nature and Science

House Tenants of Siam

LIZARDS of all kinds and sizes are said to infest the houses of Siam even more commonly perhaps than mice and rats do our own. Perhaps the most objectionable type is the Tokay lizard, which is about a foot long, has a black or striped body, ugly, bulging eyes, and short, clumsy legs.

Mr. George Pratt Ingersoll, formerly United States minister to Siam, gives a glimpse of this unwelcome house guest. He says:

"The Tokay crows with a hoarse, infernal voice quite loud some five or six times, followed by a rattle or fiendish chuckle. He is not pleasant to look upon, and his creepy motion is not attractive, but, with it all, the reptile is not in any way dangerous, and will run away, when disturbed, as rapidly as his uncanny body and legs will allow him.

"These large lizards are found all through Siam in the thickly inhabited cities as well as in the uncultivated districts. In the city of Bangkok they are a common sight on the trees, on fences and walls, often on the outside of houses, and sometimes indoors around the shutters, stairways, and halls. They run along the walls in a rather uncanny way, seeking shelter, when attacked, in dark corners or crevices or in the water drainpipes. They are harmless in one sense, but no one rejoices in their society.

"These lizards rarely travel on the floors, preferring, for some reason, the side walls, and when safely established in their retreats in the wall, will begin their unwelcome call, which is particularly annoying during the night after one has retired. From their Buddhist training, Siamese servants have an aversion to killing any creature, so when a Tokay is discovered in a house, the Chinese servants are called, and they fly, with sticks and glee, to the attack, and usually succeed in dispatching the reptile.

"During my tenure of office at the Legation in Bangkok, I think perhaps a dozen of these Tokays were destroyed. For eight months an unusually large and noisy Tokay, nicknamed by us 'The Kaiser,' made his residence in an opening between the upper story and the chancellery of the legation, and though every known device was resorted to to dislodge him, he held sway, starting in on his hideous croakings just as soon as we retired, and at intervals throughout the night reminding the neighbors, as well as us, of his presence."

There is a small lizard that is more numerous than the Tokay. Of this Mr. Ingersoll says:

"The small lizard, known as the chingchok, is about four to five inches long, brown in appearance, with beadlike eyes, and toes flattened into suckers which enable him to cling to the smooth surface of walls and ceilings. These infest houses in great numbers. I counted twenty-one on our parlor wall one evening. They run rapidly on the floor and are not much in evidence during the day, but as soon as the evening shades prevail they appear, coming from crevices, from behind pictures, cracks in walls, etc. They are harmless in every respect, and live on small flies and mosquitoes. They are really useful, therefore are seldom interfered with. Unlike the Siamese, however, they are not peace-loving in their intercourse with each other. Two of them will often dart for the same fly or bug, and a fight will ensue between them over the spoil, often resulting in both losing their balance and falling from the wall to the floor or into some one's lap.

"There are countless other varieties of lizards in Siam, but these are the only ones so sociably inclined as to come without invitation into the house."

Bird Migration and Its Mysteries

THERE are one or two days each spring when trees and shrubbery are filled with wood warblers darting so rapidly hither and thither that the eye scarcely can find satisfactory opportunity to glimpse them. It is then that the "warbler wave" is at full tide. For the brief day or two that it lasts, the bird lover enjoys a veritable feast. These diminutive songsters, however, pass as suddenly as they have come, pressing on toward summer haunts in the northland where they are to nest and rear their young. The trees which have held them one day in such numbers may shelter but few of them the next.

What is it that urges the birds to this protracted physical effort twice a year? The best we can say is that certain instincts probably prompt these creatures to seek particular nesting localities. Either habit or instinct starts them on their way to the places which long lines of bird ancestors have been visiting for untold generations. Then, when the duty of nest building and the rearing of young is completed, it is probable that a diminishing food supply urges most of them to return to localities where instinct also tells them their physical wants can be supplied. All this seems likely. But we do not know.

Some strange things, however, have been discovered. Certain birds — perhaps more of them than we imagine — return year after year to the same dooryard. This has been proved beyond a doubt. A bird lover near Chicago, for instance, has captured wrens, bluebirds, purple martins, and other species which nest in the boxes he puts up for them. He has placed upon their legs aluminum bands bearing numbers, and then liberated them. A surprisingly large proportion of them have returned a second season — sometimes for several seasons. The rest have perhaps lost their way or fallen victims to accident.

What guides these migrating hosts of winged creatures as they come and go? Again we face inscrutable mystery. Some have surmised that the older birds serve to pilot the younger and less experienced ones, but it has been found that in some instances young birds arrive at certain points several days in advance of mature ones. Hence, it appears that some other explanation must be found.

Migration takes place largely at night. There are those who claim that migrating birds fly at a height of one or two miles, but the writer on numerous occasions has heard the migrating host calling back and forth as it wings its way seemingly at no great height overhead. This has been especially noticeable on stormy, rainy nights in spring. On one night calls were heard plainly above the noise of the storm from dark until dawn. The birds were evidently at so low an altitude in many instances as to have barely cleared the tree tops. Untold thousands of them must have passed through the murk and storm of that particular night. It seemed quite possible now and then to identify the species through notes which were uttered.

One bird enthusiast studied this problem through a large telescope turned directly upon the full moon. In this way he gathered statistics as to the probable number of birds which passed overhead during a given period. Using the figures which he obtained, a mathematician of national repute estimated that no less than 9,000 birds an hour passed within range of ordinary daylight vision. The number passing in a night over a stretch of country five or ten miles wide would be well-nigh incredible.

Migrating birds show wonderful endurance. The golden plover, for instance, launches out over the Atlantic Ocean on its southward flight from the region of Nova Scotia. From the time it takes wing it is not seen again on any of the islands of the Atlantic or along the coast until it reaches Brazil, some 2,500 miles or thereabouts in an air line. Does this bird make the distance in one sustained flight? Evidently it does. At best, it means about twenty hours of constant flight, since the plover is capable of considerable speed. But even the Twentieth Century Limited, which covers the distance between Chicago and New York in this same number of hours, must have fresh engines and new supplies of coal and water to make

the trip! How the bird does it is beyond human comprehension.

On its return trip the golden plover provides us with another mystery. He comes north by a different route than the one pursued when going south. After he reaches this country on the Gulf Coast, he follows the Mississippi valley, pressing straight north into Canada, where, at a pretty well defined place, he makes a sharp turn to the east, and thus reaches his nesting site somewhere in the north Atlantic region up along the edge of the arctic circle.

The golden plover is not the only bird which follows different routes on its north and south trips. The Connecticut warbler goes south by way of the seacoast States, but in spring it is never seen on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies. Why do these birds choose to go south by one route and return north by another? Verily, there are enough unsolved problems associated with the migrations of the birds to keep the wise men busy until the end of time! — *Orin Crooker, in The Boys' Comrade.*

The Correct Thing

Our Promises

DO you see John in the audience?" asked the leader quietly of the assistant standing by him. The assistant shook his head. Just then the leader spied Charles, John's chum, entering one of the last pews; and while the society was finishing the opening song, he stepped down to inquire about John. The leader always endeavored to see all on the program before the meeting opened, in order to make sure that they were prepared. He had learned from embarrassing experiences that some promises seem made only to be broken.

"Yes," whispered Charles, "I stopped for him on my way to church. He said he had decided he just could not give the Bible study and thought the easiest way out would be to stay at home."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the leader, and returned to his place at the front. Of course, there was nothing left for him to do but to conduct the study himself. None of the other members would feel free to give it extemporaneously; he must not expect it.

But, John, why did you break your promise? The Master once said of the Pharisees: "They say, and do not." You cannot afford to belong to that class. I am trying to forget the disappointment you caused the society. I am trying to forget what it will mean to the officers each time your help is needed to feel, "O, if we only could depend on him! Few things are harder to excuse in a Missionary Volunteer than unreliability — the unreliable member is the broken reed of Egypt that ever brings to grief those who lean upon it. But my deepest regret comes from the thought of what your broken promise means to you — to your future.

Yes, I know it was "only a Bible study" you had promised to give; and I, too, know that circumstances sometimes hinder us from keeping a promise after we have honestly and sincerely tried to do so. But do not forget that a promise is always big no matter how little the deed it obligates us to perform.

"Ah, master," said the old colored cobbler, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler; but I feel, when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I take a stitch, it is

a stitch; and when I put on a heel tap, it is not paper, but good leather."

Just so when you and I make a promise, it should be a promise. Now, I am sure, John, you did not mean to be untruthful or dishonest; but really, are we strictly honest or truthful when we break a promise without good reason? "No ordinary excuse," says one writer, "absolves one from the obligations of a promise." Do you remember the story of a promise James A. Garfield made while a public school teacher? One evening he walked four miles through a pouring rain rather than break his promise to a little boy to return his knife after school. "A promise is a promise," said Mr. Garfield, "and I must keep mine."

One morning an embarrassed young woman stepped up to the college business manager to explain: "Father says my tuition money for this semester will be a little late. I am very sorry, Mr. —." "That will be all right, Miss —," said the business manager encouragingly, "don't you worry about it. Your father's word is as good as his gold, and so is yours." With a lightened heart she went on to the classroom. She knew her father deserved the compliment, for she could not recall even one broken promise registered against his honored name. But somehow the business manager's recognition of her father's integrity lent new radiance to this element of strength and beauty in his sterling character, and she renewed with strong determination her former feeble resolution to be the right kind of promiser.

Young friends, let us individually ask ourselves this morning: Am I the right kind of promiser? When we say, "I will," does the committee feel at ease, knowing they can count absolutely on that promise, provided no insurmountable obstacle hinders our keeping it? That is just what your promise and mine should mean. A promise is a promise, no matter to whom it is made — peasant or king, child or adult, man or God. There are many things you and I cannot do, but here is one quality that shines brighter than many rare accomplishments that we may possess: *We may be reliable.* We may each be the right kind of promiser. And do you not think we should say with Mr. Garfield: "A promise is a promise, and I must keep mine"?

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Hints to Sojourners

THE carrying of the third angel's message to all the world in this generation calls many of us, both old and young, away from home, and makes it necessary for us to sojourn for a time with others, sometimes with friends, sometimes with strangers.

Whether we pay our way or are being entertained, the following hints will greatly add to our desirableness as guests, as well as increase the respect with which we shall be regarded by those with whom we sojourn.

1. Do not shake your fountain pen on art squares, tablecloths or mats, or even on floors. I have known a hostess to be put to considerable trouble to clean up after such carelessness.

2. Observe the regulations of the household and make special effort to conform to them as far as possible.

3. Be on time at meals.

4. Do not appropriate the individual towel or soap of any member of the household. Always go provided with your own toilet articles, then if the courtesy of an individual towel is overlooked, no one will be embar-

ressed. In any case it is well always to provide one's own toilet soap.

5. Remove your rubbers before entering the house whether others do or not.

6. Be unobtrusive at all times.

7. Do not do more than your share of the talking. Without doubt you can be of more help by doing some of the listening.

8. Look for chances to lend a helping hand.

9. Do not presume to use the typewriter, the sewing machine, or the piano, unless the privilege is offered you, and even then it is better to use the privilege sparingly.

10. When you go away, take all your belongings with you; do not leave anything to be forwarded by your hostess or to be held over by her for an indefinite period.

Let us earnestly strive to become in thought and action like Him who is "altogether lovely."

M. W. HOWE.

Echoes of History

The Lost Colony of Roanoke

CONSIDERING the heroism shown in the early attempts to colonize the American continent, and establish a temporary home in a vast wilderness, it seems not a little surprising that so many falter before hardships met on the way to an eternal inheritance. By way of justification some may suggest that the heavenly objective seems very far away, and besides, is only visionary, being based entirely on hearsay, since no one has actually returned from that country to report its superior advantages.

But it was much the same regarding the "new world" of America in the sixteenth century. Vague rumors were then afloat in Western Europe that "across the seas" existed a land of delights, one where the soil not only produced bountifully of the richest food products, but held hidden gold in its depths. Many, anxious to better their circumstances, were induced to join in the attempt to colonize such a country.

So in 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh, wealthy statesman of England, under charter of the British Empire, fitted out two ships for a cruise along the American coast, in quest of a suitable point at which to locate a settlement. It has always been supposed that his object was to secure control of enough territory in the New World to gain ultimate recognition as a king. Let us trace the course of this his first western expedition.

By reference to the accompanying map, it may be noted that the coast of North Carolina has long tongues of land running parallel with the shore, which inclose large sheets of water between them and the mainland. These projections being low and sandy, openings have formed across them. Through these inlets the sea rushes at the rising of the tides, and the waters of the interior rivers flow out through them with the outgo of the tides.

On the voyage under consideration, the mariners coasted along these points of land for two days, enchanted with the rich scent of native flowers, the fragrance of which their journal of travel says "was as powerful as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding in all kinds of odoriferous flowers."

Discovering an opening in the seagirt shore, the ships were headed into what has been supposed to be

Ocracoke Inlet. The scene all about filled the voyagers with delight. Birds sang, insects chirped, and varieties of creatures either browsed on the thicket foliage, or gathered sustenance from branches of lofty trees. When the ships were anchored, natives came out in canoes to investigate and welcome the white strangers.

After some days of cruising about in small boats, seven of the ship's crew came to the island of Roanoke. Here they found the residence of the Indian chief of that region. During this visit they were very cordially treated, and while there learned that twenty-five years before, a vessel had been wrecked on the coast not far away, and that in the attempt to save themselves in small boats, all were lost.

In due course the explorers returned to England, carrying glowing reports to Sir Walter Raleigh. This resulted in a second expedition, which brought numerous families for settlement on Roanoke Island. After landing the colonists, the vessels again set sail for England, but not before certain acts were committed which incensed the Indians against the new settlers. Indeed, it seems that the whites did not hesitate to appropriate to their own use anything they saw, and thought that they needed, even though it was the property of the natives.

The diplomacy of the Indians, however, forbade them immediately to retaliate for the injuries received, but they carefully bided their time, appearing very friendly, until they had procured from the settlers,



by trade, hatchets, knives, and other useful weapons. Then they lacked but one thing, that was a good and valid excuse for ridding themselves of their hated rivals. This they found in the firearms of the whites, which they saw would kill a victim a long distance away. So when a native died, the tribe was morally certain that he had succumbed to the secret power of the white man's guns. A plan was therefore formulated by which to drive the colonists from their midst. Only a few escaped, and these suffered great hardships.

No expected food relief coming from England by the following spring, and not being able to procure needed supplies from the natives, the newcomers were soon reduced to a state of semistarvation. But for a small number of fish occasionally found in some Indian fish trap, no food was to be had. Relief, however, providentially came when a fleet, under the command of Sir Francis Drake, appeared in the offing.

Arrangements were perfected by him for the transfer of the unfortunates to their English home, which ended the first attempt to colonize Roanoke.

In 1587, however, another effort was made to settle the abandoned island. This second expedition was accompanied by Manteo, an Indian who had been taken to England from Roanoke by the first exploring vessels sent over by Sir Walter Raleigh. This man proved a friend to the whites as long as he was permitted to do them service. Through him a treaty of peace was arranged for the newcomers with all the Pamlico Sound tribes.

About a fortnight after this colony was established at Roanoke, the first white child born in America saw the light of day. The mother was a daughter of a Mr. White, governor-elect of the colony. The father's name was Ananias Dare, and the child was christened Virginia Dare, the first name being received from the fact that all that part of America was then called Virginia, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was called the virgin queen.

These new settlers were left long without needed supplies from their home base, and so came to great need. But in 1590, the governor of the colony, who had been on furlough in England, succeeded in obtaining passage back to Roanoke. The ship came to anchor off the shore, and men in small boats started for the island. One of the boats was wrecked at the inlet, and seven men were drowned. After a day and night of hard pulling, the island was reached, but found to be silent and desolate. The houses had been taken down and removed. Upon a near-by tree was found distinctly traced the word "Croatan."

The place thus indicated was some distance up the sound, inhabited by a tribe of supposedly friendly Indians. But Roanoke was desolation intensified. Broken chests, books torn from their covers, with maps and pictures, all ruined from long exposure to storms, were lying scattered about. The prospect of sailing to Croatan was cut off by an approaching storm, and the vessels did not return for further investigation.

The fate of the Roanoke colony has never been satisfactorily answered. Twenty years later, when Jamestown had been settled, it was asserted that some of the Roanoke members were yet alive. This statement, however, was never verified. Another claim has been made which may add light to the question. Long years later, when the country in that region was settled by Europeans, numerous members of the Hatteras Indians gave evidence of traces of white blood, some having light hair and eyes—peculiarities never seen in true members of the native American tribes.

There was a tradition long ago that the lost colony was deserted, and its inhabitants adopted by red men who had been friendly to them. This would cause them to become absorbed in an Indian tribe, and in time lose their identity as white men, thus making them disappear as completely as if massacred. It is indeed a strange story of vicissitudes through which men have passed in order to gain a foothold in a country of wonderful possibilities. J. O. CORLISS.

Facts About the First Day of the Week

THE first day of creation week is:

1. "The first day" of the world. Gen. 1:1-5.
2. The first of "the six working days." Genesis 1; Ex. 20:8-11; Eze. 46:1; Luke 13:14.
3. The first day after "the end of the Sabbath," when it is "past." Matt. 28:1; Mark 16:1, 2.

4. Jesus' resurrection day: "He rose to life early on the first day of the week." Mark 16:9.—*Weymouth's Translation*. Also others.

5. The day on which, after having "rested the Sabbath day," the women visited the sepulcher. Luke 23:54-56; 24:1; John 20:1.

6. The day on which Jesus walked eight miles to Emmaus, arriving at sunset. Luke 24:1, 13-29.

7. The day (Roman time) on which Jesus, with two disciples, meets the eleven. Luke 24:30-36; John 20:19. But "the evening [night] of the next day," Bible time. Compare John 20:19 with 1 Samuel 30:17; Mark 1:32.

8. The day on which Paul held (in the night) one meeting, walking nineteen miles in the light part. Acts 20:7-13.

9. One of "the six working days" in which to transact business. Eze. 46:1; 1 Cor. 16:2.

Dr. Schaff says of the word "Sunday:" "It does not occur in the Bible, but is now in common use for the first day of the week."—*Schaff's "Bible Dictionary," fifth edition, art. "Sunday."*



Water Within and Water Without

THE old adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," has never sounded exactly correct to me. It seems it ought to read, "Cleanliness is a *part* of godliness." I know individuals who are scrupulously clean about their person, as well as their homes and premises, and yet make no profession of religion; but it is difficult to conceive how any one professing godliness can be careless in the matter of personal cleanliness.

Water is absolutely essential to life and the functions of the human body. It is necessary for digestion, nutrition, and circulation. It is the agent for dissolving and removing the waste products of the system. Copious water drinking is necessary to perfect health. From six to eight glasses of water a day may be taken with advantage.

Cold water is by far the best for the average person. The practice of drinking hot water upon arising in the morning is not a good one as a general rule. Many persons think they are increasing its virtue by adding a teaspoonful of salt. This practice is to be condemned. It is productive of harm rather than good.

Water on the outside of the body, with the addition of a free use of soap, is no less essential to health than the internal bath. Many persons are reproachfully neglectful of cleanliness of the body. Such carelessness is detrimental to the health of the body and represents also a very questionable environment for the development of the soul.

The liberal and frequent use of soap and water is an indispensable part of healthful living. In the health instruction given in the public schools, the frequency of bathing is taught in the words, "more than one bath a week." Yes, no less than two baths a week will suffice for cleanliness; and many find the daily bath agreeable in winter as well as in the warmer seasons.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

For the Round-Shouldered

PERHAPS you are one of those who hear the command, "Stand up straight," spoken by parents or teachers several times a day. The command in itself is all right, but too often it is not understood. I well remember the pain and discomfort I used to endure trying to stand up and keep my shoulders back, when I was bidden to do so. Now, since I am older, I realize that I had no idea how to do it.

There are several things that it is well for you to learn and keep in mind. The first is, the position you keep your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. If you sit with head bent forward, chest in, shoulders rounded habitually, your body soon grows in that position, and any other posture gives you pain if kept up for any length of time.

Form the habit of sitting firmly on your chair or seat, shoulder blades resting against the back support, your neck against the back of your collar. If you read or study much, the book should be held high enough so that you do not have to bend forward to see. Usually a book rest should be used, because the arms soon tire, which naturally causes you to drop the shoulders forward.

It is a bad plan for a growing boy or girl to form the habit of folding the arms in front. This forces the shoulders forward. But to walk with the arms folded behind you is good exercise for sagging chest and shoulders.

Some boys and girls have a habit of walking along the street with head bent low. This is a very bad habit and often comes from weak or tired eyes. Wear a hat that protects the eyes from strong light, or have glasses properly fitted. To get a correct position for the head in walking, hold the chest well out in front of the rest of the body, neck back against the collar, and fix the eyes on some object about thirty feet ahead of you. Take this position, but hold it easily, and breathe deeply a dozen times. Then notice how you are standing. That will be the correct and natural position for you to strive to maintain.

If you do much stooping work, or study a great deal, take time several times a day to hold the shoulders up and back, and then work them slowly back and forth and up and down and round and round. This loosens up the tired muscles and prevents their growing in the one sagged position.

A correct carriage is necessary to bodily health, and to good appearance, and is certainly worth cultivating. —*Selected.*

For the Finding-Out Club

TODAY I saw a wonderful thing — a house walking! It was four stories high, had a thatch roof, and there were more than two hundred pieces of material in its framework. The studding and rafters were not fastened together with nails, but by a queer white substance that must be tough and strong, yet very flexible, for would you believe it, while I was looking at this house, and wondering about its queer fixtures, it turned a regular handspring, and stood upside down on its roof!

This singular dwelling was sided with the queerest sheathing that seemed to be put on in three separate layers, with ample provision for plumbing and electric wiring. And the plumbing was surely marvelous, in-

cluding among other things a system of drainage pipes which if straightened out and laid end to end would be more than four miles long.

This house had only two windows, and they were in the upper story. But I found out that they lighted the workshop, the most important room in the structure. Between these windows was a veranda with a sloping roof covering two private entrances, and just below these was a pair of folding doors which opened into the main reception hall of the house. And these doors were the queerest! They looked like pink curtains, but I found that they could be closed loosely or drawn up tightly as with a puckering string.

Entering this main reception hall, every guest is received by between twenty and thirty attendants, all dressed in a uniform supposed to be white. It is their duty to help the stranger remove his wraps and prepare him for a visit to the kitchen. It is rather unusual to take visitors to the kitchen the first thing, but this is one of the most interesting rooms in this interesting house. The roof of the reception hall is arched, and at the rear is a dainty, soft pink curtain which the stranger passes when entering a most peculiar hall — one that has no floor and from which open seven passages. A queer pair of stairs nine inches long leads down to the kitchen, where the door is in the ceiling! This kitchen is particularly the domain of the cook, who is introduced to the visitor as Eciuj Cirtsag. And the name isn't French or Italian, or anything but plain English, when you pronounce it right.

In this marvelous house there was also a butler's pantry, a dining-room, a force pump, a corps of competent servants, and a most wonderful heating plant, a laboratory, storeroom, complicated electrical apparatus, a wonderful clock, a music-room, a library, and a picture gallery, as well as a studio where exquisite art work is done.

You have all seen houses like this, but perhaps you did not recognize them as such. Can you solve the puzzle?

L. E. C.



Treat your dog kindly, and he will always be your friend.



Dickie's Second Thought

DICKIE had just come. So, of course, he had to look at everything on the place. It took him the most of the day; for there were the chickens, and the geese, and the turkeys, and the pigeons, and the bees, and the calves. There was old Dan in the stable, and there were the plow horses, and the frisky colts in the meadow.

Late in the afternoon Dickie, his tour of inspection ended, sat down on the side porch to rest.

"Well," asked Uncle Jack, "what do you think of us?"

"I think everything is splendid," said Dickie, "except —" He paused. He did not wish to be impolite.

"Except what?" said Uncle Jack.
"Not I?"

"O, no!" answered Dickie, quickly. "Not you. Jonas."

Grandmother, who was looking over the top of her knitting needles, and grandfather, who was looking over the top of his newspaper, both smiled.

"Jonas is not pretty on the outside," said Uncle Jack; "but," picking Dickie up, and swinging him to the rail of the banister, "let me give you a piece of advice, youngster. It doesn't always do to make up our minds too fast,—about human beings or other things."

Dickie thought of the big, awkward hired man in shabby blue overalls, with a fringe of wild hair under his wide, broken straw hat. He had a great beard, too, and there was a long scar beside one eye. Dickie said nothing, but he did not believe that he should change his mind.

Next morning, after breakfast, Jonas stopped his horses outside the kitchen window in the lane.

"I thought p'raps," he called in, "the boy'd like a ride atop of my load."

"Will you go with Jonas?" Uncle Jack asked Dickie, with a twinkle in his eye.

Dickie hesitated only a minute. What boy could refuse the lofty seat on all that mass of sweet-smelling hay, even if Jonas were his companion? He went.

They had not gone far up the road when they overtook a little old bent woman, who walked with a limp along the dusty side path.

Jonas pulled in his horses.

"Good morning, Mrs. Green," he said. "What's that you've got — a letter? I'm going past the office, if it'd be any accommodation."

Every wrinkle on the old face smoothed out a little.

"Well, now, if that ain't good!" she cried. "I can get right back to my work."

Big Jonas lumbered down off the hay, and took the letter.

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Green," he said, "I'll be careful of it."

The little old woman chuckled delightedly.

"I won't worry," she promised, "not a mite."

After the horses started again, Dickie stole a sideways look at Jonas. The ugly scar was toward him.

Jonas caught the look, and said, in a tone of apology: "Mrs. Green is too old and too poorly for such walks in the sun. She's getting up in her years, Mrs. Green is, and she hasn't any of her folks around to do for her."

Dickie told this to Uncle Jack later in the day.

"I suppose," said Uncle Jack, "Jonas didn't tell you who it is

that chops her kindling, and carries her coal, and 'does' for her, without being any of her folks."

"No, he didn't say," answered Dickie.

"I suppose not," said Uncle Jack.

Then he walked out of the room, and left Dickie wondering who it was he meant. Could he mean Jonas?

When Dickie came into the house at supper time, he said: "I asked Jonas how he hurt himself on the eye."

Uncle Jack laughed.

"Did you? Well, no doubt I asked a few questions myself when I was a boy."

"You did," agreed grandmother.



WE met within the schoolroom door,
My chum and I.
How quaint the dresses which we wore:
Our ways, how shy!

I was but eight, and she was ten.
Her heavy hair
Was, oh, so black and glossy, then;
And mine was fair.

We mutely stood there, side by side;
We dare not speak.
At last, I smiled; and she replied,
With dimpling cheek.

The deed was done; a knot was tied
That bound us fast;
A friendship born that will abide
When time is past.

"What did Jonas say?" asked Uncle Jack.

"He said that something fell on him there once when he was running away from a barn that was on fire."

"Did he tell you that the barn belonged to a man who had cheated him out of his money, and told mean lies about him, and that he was saving that man's horses and cows from the fire when the beam struck him?"

"Why, no!" said Dickie. "Was he?"

"Jonas is a foolish man," said Uncle Jack. "He has a bad habit of leaving out the best part of his stories."

After Dickie had been a week on the farm, he announced, one day, rather shyly: "I think Jonas is an awfully nice man."

"You do!" said Uncle Jack. "I thought you said that he was the one thing in the country that wasn't nice."

"But that was when I first came,—that was the first day. You know a good deal more in a week than you do the first day."

"Very true," said Uncle Jack; "still, Jonas is not a beauty."

"But it doesn't matter," protested Dickie, eagerly, "what you look like, if, whenever people think about you, they think about being kind, and looking out to help folks. I think God likes to look at Jonas, and so do I."—*Sunday School Times*.

A Faultfinder Punished

A GREAT many years ago a little black-eyed, watchful maiden stood beneath the tall palm trees on the bank of the river Nile, guarding the bulrush ark which hid her baby brother. The baby's name was Moses; the little girl's, Miriam. Some years later the Lord delivered his people from Egyptian bondage by the hand of Moses, and this same sweet, songful Miriam led the women's chorus on the shores of the Red Sea, in a song of victory for the delivered hosts of Israel.

Miriam had a cheerful disposition, and was richly blessed in song and poetry. In all the camp of Israel she stood second only to Moses and Aaron in the hearts of the people, and in heaven, too, the name of Miriam was dear, for the Lord had said by the words of the prophet Micah, "I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam." So for almost ninety years God had used Miriam in the working out of the deliverance of his people. Then it was that the seeds of dissatisfaction and complaint began to grow in Miriam's heart. And she directed her complainings against the brother whom she had loved and tended all his life.

In the appointment of the seventy elders, Miriam and Aaron had not been consulted, and this aroused their jealousy. They complainingly said, "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? Hath he not also spoken by us? After this it was not hard for Miriam to find other causes for faultfinding. Moses had chosen a wife from among the Cushites, a tribe very different from the one to which he belonged. The Cushites were a dark people, and much despised by the other tribes. Miriam felt that this was an offense to the whole family, and deeply resented the place Zipporah had taken in the affections of her brother.

Zipporah was of a timid, retiring disposition. She really belonged to the Midianites, though called a Cushite, and worshiped the true God of the Israelites. Her great distress at the sight of pain and suffering

caused Moses to send her back to Midian that she might be spared witnessing the plagues of Egypt. When Jethro, the father of Zipporah, brought his children to join Moses again in the wilderness, Zipporah found that the burdens Moses was bearing were too heavy for him to endure long. She confided this to her father, hoping to obtain some suggestions that would bring relief to her husband. This was the chief point of Miriam's dissatisfaction. She was jealous of Zipporah, and considered her the cause of the supposed neglect shown to herself and Aaron.

So Miriam began to talk among her friends in camp about those Cushites until she had raised quite a storm of feeling. Aaron, too, caught her faultfinding spirit, and soon it became very hard for Moses in the camp of the Israelites. God had chosen Moses, and his Spirit had long rested upon him; Miriam and Aaron by their faultfinding murmurings were disloyal not only to Moses, their appointed leader, but to God himself. For these disloyal whisperings, Aaron and Miriam were summoned to appear before God on the mount. There the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, and in token of his displeasure, Miriam was stricken. She "became leprous, white as snow." Aaron, fully punished by his sister's dreadful misfortune, confessed their sin, and entreated that she might not be left to perish by such loathsome disease. And Moses, who had "answered not a word to the evil whisperings," cried out in heartfelt prayer, "Heal her now, O God, I beseech thee." The Lord heard the prayer of his servant, and healed Miriam, but the whole camp was delayed a week because of her sin.

CATHERINE B. COMB.

What Is Failure?

MOTHER," said Hester Fulton, "I have about decided that I'm a failure so far as trying to be a Christian is concerned. I try and try, but I don't seem to come anywhere near my ideals. I feel like giving up the whole thing."

"The danger with young people, Hester," said her mother, "is to set up absolute standards for themselves, and to call anything less, failure. As you grow older you will learn that failure is a relative thing. You young folks talk in superlatives most of the time.



THREE CHUMS

But life will weather down these jagged cliffs of judgment."

"But haven't I failed if I haven't reached my ideals?" Hester asked.

"Every one who has ideals fails in that sense of the word," replied her mother. "But which is better, to set your ideals so low that you can easily reach them, or so high that, although you far outreach a low ideal, you do not attain the higher? You know the old saying, 'Not failure, but low aim, is crime.' It is always a sorrowful thing to see a person whose fortune is as big as his heart and whose dreams are always within reach of fulfillment. When a person has ideals that are never satisfied, he is facing an inevitable failure that really means success."

"Yes, but I don't get *done* what I want to do," replied Hester, "and surely that is failure."

"There again you are mistaken, dear. There is no failure when you are doing your best. You may not be producing the result that you expected. But your effort is producing a result of its own, which, in the providence of God, may be better than the one you intend."

"To God, my dear, the ideal is the real, the intentional is the actual. Thoughts must be things to him, and purposes nobly striven for credited for deeds done, or else men are being mocked who dream in marble but must build in mud, think in gold but must give in brass, feel in scarlet but must act in fustian. But I like to think that it is with us as with David, when he was disappointed in building the temple, and God comforted him by telling him, 'Thou didst well that it was in thine heart.' Don't get to thinking in ultimate terms too quickly about life, my dear. There are not so many finalities in life as you young folks think. Remember the old saying, 'Man's periods are God's commas.' — *Selected*."

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for April 10

SENIOR: "A Faultfinder Punished."

JUNIOR: "Criticizing Others."

Victory over the spirit of criticism is the aim of our meeting today. Few things cause more suffering than does the spirit of criticism. So let us approach the subject today in a spirit of self-examination, asking God to give us the victory over this evil.

Our Counsel Corner

AN explanation is due you who are waiting patiently or otherwise for certain questions to be answered here. We have received many questions, but please bear with us a little longer. We will answer them as rapidly as possible. M. E.

Could you suggest profitable ways in which a young person might spend the Sabbath enjoyably, where there are no church privileges? The Sabbath should be a delight, but somehow it often seems the opposite. I should like to know just what should be done and not done on this day. Is it right to visit with young people who are not Christians, when there are no others in the community? and is it right to walk to town merely for pleasure? I should be very glad for answers to these questions. M. F. W.

The Sabbath is the seal of God. It comes to us as a sacred trust. We need to ask the Father to teach us how to keep it reverently, unbroken in the face of every temptation. If a friend should lend you a choice book, would you not try to return it in as good condition as you received it? Surely you would. But every week God lends us his Sabbath. How do we return it to him at the setting of the sun? Are the edges nicked with unfinished duties or plans for Saturday night? Are the hours between tainted with selfish ease, common talk, and unprofitable reading? How would our Government feel to see a standard bearer trailing the flag behind him in the dust? How must God feel when his standard bearers trail his flag of allegiance in the dust? Still is not that just what we do when

we follow our own inclinations in Sabbath observance? The Sabbath, like the tithe, is his, not ours.

Does this seem a stern answer to your question? I do not mean that it should be stern. Truly our hearts go out in deep sympathy to all who, like yourself, are deprived of the fellowship of other Sabbath keepers. And yet God has a purpose in placing you just where you are. For one thing, I am sure it is his purpose that you shall be drawn so close to him that you may find fulness of joy in Sabbath observance. Through Bible study and the reading of other good books, Jesus may become so real to you that companionship with him will largely crowd out the feeling of loneliness that must often grip you. Try this.

Whether it is right to visit with young people who are not Christians would, it seems to me, depend entirely upon the motive and nature of the visiting. Some one has well said: "No Sabbath should pass without an attempt to do good to some one." If it is your purpose to lead your unconverted friends to Jesus, and you can keep the conversation on Sabbath topics, then such visiting will be suitable indeed. Missionary work, like visiting hospitals, calling on the sick, the aged, shut-ins, or sending a note of Christian cheer to a lonely missionary or to a prodigal friend, deserve room on your Sabbath program.

Perhaps we had better let Isaiah 58: 13, 14, answer your question about walking to town "merely for pleasure." Remember, God loves you. He wishes you to be happy. He would not deprive you of pleasure on the Sabbath, but he wishes to give you something far better than *your own* pleasure—he wishes to share with you the fulness of joy that can be found only in his presence. I hope and pray that the Sabbath may indeed become the sweetest, happiest day of all the week to you. M. E.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II — Angels a Higher Order of Being Than Man

(April 10)

Man's Rank Compared with That of Angels

1. When man was created, what dominion was given to him? Gen. 1: 26-28; Ps. 8: 6-8.
2. In whose image was man made? Gen. 1: 26. Note 1.
3. In God's creative plan, how did man compare with angels? Ps. 8: 4, 5.
4. How did John recognize the superiority of an angel? Rev. 22: 8, 9.

Power of Angels

5. How weak and helpless are human beings in the presence of an angel? Matt. 28: 2-4.
6. How was Daniel affected by the presence of an angel? Dan. 10: 8.

Man's Body Compared with That of Angels

7. What questions do some ask regarding the resurrection? 1 Cor. 15: 35.
8. What differences in bodies does the apostle Paul call to our attention? Verses 36-41.
9. What change of body comes to man in the resurrection? Verses 42-44.
10. What terms distinguish these different bodies? Verse 44, last part. Note 2.
11. When the Son of God was born in Bethlehem, had he a spiritual or a natural body? Heb. 2: 16, 9. Note 3.

Man's Change at the Resurrection

12. What change of body will be given to the righteous in the resurrection? 1 Cor. 15: 51-53, 49.
13. In what respect will the redeemed be "equal unto the angels" after the resurrection? Luke 20: 36. Note 4.

Notes

1. "Man was to bear God's image, both in outward resemblance and in character. Christ alone is 'the express image' of the Father; but man was formed in the likeness of God. His nature was in harmony with the will of God. His mind was capable of comprehending divine things. His affections were pure; his appetites and passions were under the control of reason. He was holy and happy in bearing the image of God, and in perfect obedience to his will.

"As man came forth from the hand of his Creator, he was of lofty stature and perfect symmetry. His countenance bore the ruddy tint of health, and glowed with the light of life and joy. Adam's height was much greater than that of men who now inhabit the earth. Eve was somewhat less in stature; yet her form was noble, and full of beauty. The sinless pair

wore no artificial garments; they were clothed with a covering of light and glory, such as the angels wear. So long as they lived in obedience to God, this robe of light continued to enshroud them."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 45.*

2. "From this scripture, it is plainly seen that there are spiritual beings with spiritual bodies—bodies unlike the material bodies we possess. Just as surely as there are earthly, or material bodies, just so surely are there spiritual bodies. 'There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.' 'It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' Man was created with a natural, or material body. He belongs to this earth; for he was made from the dust of the ground. But though man's eyes are holden from perceiving spiritual beings with his natural senses, still these are revealed to him through the word of God and by the influence of the Holy Spirit."—*"Ministry of Angels," p. 35.*

3. When Jesus came into this world he came as a man. He did not take the "nature of angels," but he took the nature of the "seed of Abraham." Jesus, then, was made for "a little while" lower than the angels. Read carefully Hebrews 2:7, 9, 17, noting marginal readings of the verses.

4. "Let us not forget that the promise is never given to man that he will at any time become an angel. We are assured, however, that in one respect we shall be made equal to the angels—we shall not be subject to death. Of those who are accounted worthy to have a part in the first resurrection, Jesus himself said, 'Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels.' At that long-desired and triumphant day, the saved of earth will be made 'equal unto the angels.' Every longing of the heart will find complete satisfaction. The fear of death will be banished; and they will receive from the hand of God, through faith in Jesus Christ, the priceless gift of immortal life."—*Id., p. 39.*

Intermediate Lesson

II — Healing the Infirm Man at Bethesda

(April 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 5:1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life." John 5:24.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 201-213.

PLACE: The pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Jesus, the sick lying at the pool of Bethesda, the infirm man, the Jews.

Setting of the Lesson

"Jesus was again at Jerusalem. Walking alone, in apparent meditation and prayer, he came to the pool. He saw the wretched sufferers watching for that which they supposed to be their only chance of cure. He longed to exercise his healing power, and make every sufferer whole. But it was the Sabbath day. Multitudes were going to the temple for worship, and he knew that such an act of healing would so excite the prejudice of the Jews as to cut short his work."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 201.*

Questions

1. Why did Jesus go again to Jerusalem? John 5:1.
2. Describe the pool of Bethesda. Who lay in the porches surrounding the pool? Verses 2, 3.
3. For what were these persons waiting? What was commonly believed concerning this pool of water? Verse 4. Note 1.
4. What man especially attracted the attention of Jesus? What question did Jesus ask him? Why had the man not been able to get into the pool? Verses 5-7. Note 2.
5. What did Jesus say to the infirm man? What did the man immediately do? Upon what day was this miracle performed? Verses 8, 9. Note 3.
6. Whom did the man meet as he went on his way? What did the Jews say to him? What explanation did the man make? Verses 10, 11.
7. What information did the Jews then seek? Why could the man not answer their question? Verses 12, 13. Note 4.
8. Where did Jesus and the man he had healed soon meet? What did Jesus say to him? How did the man unintentionally work against Jesus? Verses 14, 15. Note 5.
9. What did the Jews then seek to do? Verse 16.
10. What reply did Jesus make? For what other reason did the Jews then seek to kill Jesus? Verses 17, 18.
11. What has God not forbidden nature to do on the Sabbath day? What work should man perform on that day? Note 6.
12. What relationship did Jesus say existed between himself and the Father? Verses 19, 20.
13. What work has God intrusted to his Son? Verses 21, 22.
14. How only may men honor the father? Verse 23.
15. What will faith bring to the believer? Verse 24.

Can You Tell?

What excuses might the sick man have made for not trying to arise?

In what way is our condition similar to his?

In what way may we obtain the healing we need?

Notes

1. "At certain seasons the waters of this pool were agitated, and it was commonly believed that this was the result of supernatural power, and that whoever first after the troubling of the pool stepped into the waters, would be healed of whatever disease he had. Hundreds of sufferers visited the place; but so great was the crowd when the water was troubled that they rushed forward, trampling underfoot men, women, and children, weaker than themselves."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 201.*

2. "Jesus visited this retreat of misery, and his eye rested upon this helpless invalid. The poor creature was weak and despairing, but as the looked-for moment arrived, he gathered his feeble energies in a last effort to reach the water; but, just as he had almost gained his object, another stepped in before him. He crept back to his pallet to die. But a pitying face bends over him, saying, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' The desponding man looked up, thinking it might be some one who had come to assist him into the pool; but the faint glow of encouragement faded out of his heart when he remembered that it was too late, his opportunity for that time was gone, and, in his state of sickness and exposure, he could scarcely hope that he might live to see another."—*"The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, p. 158.*

3. "Jesus does not ask this sufferer to exercise faith in him. He simply says, 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.' But the man's faith takes hold upon that word. Every nerve and muscle thrills with new life, and healthful action comes to his crippled limbs. Without question he sets his will to obey the command of Christ, and all his muscles respond to his will. Springing to his feet, he finds himself an active man.

"Jesus had given him no assurance of divine help. The man might have stopped to doubt, and lost his one chance of healing. But he believed Christ's word, and in acting upon it he received strength."—*"The Desire of Ages," pp. 202, 203.*

4. "These rulers knew well that only One had shown himself able to perform this miracle; but they wished for direct proof that it was Jesus, that they might condemn him as a Sabbath breaker."—*Id., p. 203.*

5. "In the temple Jesus met the man who had been healed. He had come to bring a sin offering and also a thank offering for the great mercy he had received. Finding him among the worshipers, Jesus made himself known, with the warning words, 'Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'

"The healed man was overjoyed at meeting his Deliverer. Ignorant of the enmity toward Jesus, he told the Pharisees who had questioned him, that this was he who had performed the cure."—*Id., p. 204.*

6. "Should God forbid the sun to do its office upon the Sabbath, cut off its genial rays from warming the earth and nourishing vegetation? Must the system of worlds stand still through that holy day? Should he command the babbling brooks to stay their course from watering the fields and forests, and bid the advancing and receding waves to still their ceaseless ebbing and flowing? Must the wheat and corn stop growing, and the ripening cluster defer its purple bloom for a single day? Must the waving trees and the delicate flowers put forth no bud nor blossom on the Sabbath?

"Surely in such a case man would miss the fruit of the earth and the blessings that make life desirable. Nature must continue her unvarying course; God must not stay his hand a single moment, or man would faint and die. And, in a like proportion, man has a labor to perform on this day. The necessities of life must be attended to, the sick must be cared for, the wants of the needy must be met. God does not hold him guiltless who stays his hand from relieving the suffering on the Sabbath day. The holy Sabbath was made for man, and acts of mercy and benevolence are always in order upon that day."—*"The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, p. 163.*

"Joy Cometh in the Morning"

THERE must be thorns amid life's flowers, you know,
And you and I, wherever we may go,
Can find no bliss that is not mixed with pain—
No path without a cloud. It would be vain
For me to wish that not a single tear
Might dim the gladness that you hold so dear.
I am not wise enough to understand
All that is best for you. The Master's hand
Must sometimes touch life's saddest chords to reach
Its sweetest music, and his child to teach
To trust his love, till the long, weeping night
Is all forgotten in the morning light.
Trust—trust him, then, and thus shall good or ill
Your trustful soul with present blessing fill.
Each loss is truest gain, if, day by day,
He fills the place of all he takes away!

—Message Ballarat.

Your Opportunity

DO you memorize the Morning Watch texts? Can you repeat all of them from the beginning of the year? Can you repeat last year's texts, and those of the previous year? If so, you are laying up treasure of infinite worth, treasure that will satisfy when all else palls, treasure that will comfort and instruct in the deepest of trials, treasure that will make you a blessing to others.

Solomon, the wisest of men, says that there is a time for everything. Surely childhood and youth is the time to memorize. The school system of the country is based upon this fact. There is no time in life when one can memorize so readily, and when the mind holds more securely that which it learns, than in this early impressionable period. Therefore, young people, neglect not this great opportunity offered you by the Morning Watch to fix hundreds and thousands of choice texts in the mind and in the heart. Forget not, and neglect not, your opportunity. It is the gateway to an enriched life. Thus shall the beauty of the Lord our God be established upon you. F. D. C.

Wireless in Africa

SOUTH AFRICA is a land of sunshine. As in Arizona, the sun shines nearly every day of the year. The natives have learned to use the sun for wireless communications.

Last week I arrived at a village unannounced. When the natives learned that I was a missionary, they asked if I would hold a service for them. I told them I would be glad to have them call the people together, but that I did not have much time at my disposal. They said it would not take long to gather the people.

A woman went outside with a mirror, and flashed the sunlight on a neighboring village across the valley. In a few minutes there was an answering signal. Then she spoke in the same way to another village, and afterward to a third. In half an hour we had the church full of people, called to the service by the flashes of light from the mirror. W. H. ANDERSON.

God His Own Witness

SHE sat behind her neatly arranged fruit stand—a girl of fourteen—absorbed in reading her Bible. She did not hear the footsteps of a gentleman who was passing by, and was startled by his question:

"What are you reading that interests you so much?"

She timidly replied, "The word of God."

"Who told you that the Bible is the word of God?" he inquired.

"God himself told me," she replied, with childlike innocence.

"God told you! Impossible! How did he tell you? You have never seen him or talked with him. How, then, could he tell you that the Bible is his word?"

For a moment the girl seemed confused, and was silent. The man, who was a skeptic and took delight in undermining the faith of people in the Scriptures, felt confident that he had confounded the simple-hearted girl. She soon recovered, and her ready wit came to her aid. There was a flash in her dark eyes, as she asked: "Sir, who told you there is a sun yonder in the blue sky above us?"

"Who told me?" said the man, smiling somewhat contemptuously, for he fancied that the girl was trying to hide her ignorance under an irrelevant question.

"Who told me? Nobody. I don't need to be told. The sun tells this about itself. It warms me, and I love its light."

"Sir," cried the girl with intense earnestness, as she stood before him with clasped hands, "you have put it right for both Bible and sun. That is the way God tells me this is his book. I read it, and it warms my heart and gives me light. I love its light, and no one but God can give such light and warmth through the pages of a book. It must be his. I don't want more telling; that's telling enough, sir. As sure as the sun is in heaven, so sure is God shining through this book."

The skeptic was abashed. The earnest faith of the young fruit seller amazed him. He could adroitly insinuate doubts into the minds of those who have only given an intelligent assent to the truth that the Bible is God's book; but the girl's heart experience of the power of God's word was an evidence he could not shake. This same evidence we all may have and should have, and it is the most satisfactory and blessed of all testimony. — *Selected.*

Is Sin Pleasure?

WOULD you, could you, in some way just tell young people that sin is *not* a pleasure? Tell them not to be determined to find out for themselves just what sin is. Oh, if only we could be willing to accept the advice of those who know, those who have tried, and borne the sorrow and heartache that comes through seeking for such pleasure, what anguish of heart we would save ourselves and others!"

This is the earnest plea of a young person who speaks from the viewpoint of bitter experience. This person has learned what all who cling to sin will realize sooner or later, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

A young woman, after fifteen years of wandering from the Father's house, writes: "I have learned that there is absolutely no pleasure outside of Christ, that does not leave a sting." Would that all our young people might believe this, and be saved from the sorrow, shame, and eternal loss that many are suffering, who, like Adam and Eve, are determined to taste the forbidden fruit. M. E. KERN.

We Beg Your Pardon

A SYMPOSIUM entitled, "The Man Who Made the Supreme Decision," printed in this issue, was advertised in the *Gazette* to appear in the *INSTRUCTOR* of March 2. Through an oversight occasioned by the illness of the editor, it was omitted. We regret the inconvenience this omission caused the Missionary Volunteer Societies.

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