

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 15



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JESUS AT NAZARETH

# From Here and There

Mr. Bainbridge Colby's nomination as Secretary of State was confirmed by the Senate on March 22.

A sudden thaw in the mountains at the Rhine's source has caused the river to overflow its banks for the first time in thirty years.

Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, has been appointed by President Wilson as United States ambassador to Mexico.

More than 1,200 former soldiers, sailors, and marines have filed applications for Government land in Wyoming. The drawings began on March 5.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of New York, author and editor, has been appointed ambassador to Rome, to succeed Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who resigned several months ago.

Miss Anna Scott has been elected president of the Bantam Ball-Bearing Company, a \$1,000,000 concern in Connecticut. She entered the employ of the company some years ago as a stenographer at \$12 a week.

The foremost of all Polar explorers, Admiral Robert E. Peary, died on February 20 at Washington, D. C. A stray copy of a shelf-worn old book on Greenland read by him when an enthusiastic youth, aroused the inspiration which actuated him to give more than twenty years in solving the mysteries of the Northland.

As the result of an operation performed by an American dentist, Viscount Grey, the well-known English diplomat, has recovered his eyesight. While attending to the viscount's teeth, during his recent stay in Washington, this dentist discovered a large abscess which he removed. This had indirectly affected the statesman's sight.

Some dogs are of practical value; some dogs are of sentimental value; some dogs are of no value at all. Each person who owns a dog must decide for himself how much it is worth. But the United States Department of Agriculture quotes the statement that every dog costs its owner \$36.50 a year—and it adds significantly that every sheep brings a profit of \$27.60 a year.

The district in New York City occupied by the wholesale commission dealers, the agency by which 14,000,000 people in the Eastern States are provided with food, has an area about half a mile square that was once a swamp where cattle frequently strayed and got lost. Two hundred years ago one Anthony Rutgers got the land for the promise to drain it. Today it is assessed at \$140,395,300, and in 1919 did \$2,400,000,000 worth of business.

In a recent issue of the Washington Post was the following news item: "Seven persons, who according to police were driven insane by constant use of ouija boards, were under observation here today. Adeline Bottini, fifteen, was nearly nude, so as to communicate better with the spirits, when the police entered." This item is not without special significance in view of the spiritualistic disclosures made in an article on page four of this issue.

Today there are a number of modern flying craft in hangars in Peking, preparing for government mail and commercial service, and more coming. Several aero clubs are in process of incubation. A delegation of Italian army officers are in Shanghai with planes. Supplies, a hangar, and a landing field have been provided in preparation for the Rome-Tokio flight, and the Beaumont mission has just concluded arrangements to make the International Settlement at Shanghai one of the sixty landing stations in the world air Derby to be held this summer.

Lashes on the bare back with cat-o'-nine-tails used to be a favorite sentence in British courts, but in modern times this mode of punishment has been practically abandoned. However, the present rapid spread of crime has led to the revival of the old law, and two men were recently sentenced to twelve lashes.

At last we have a nonrolling ship. The gyroscope has solved the problem, and science claims that there is no reason why a passenger steamer should not be steadier to ride in than a Pullman car.

Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, is to establish a large branch store at Havana, Cuba.

## "Stories Worth Rereading"

A NEW edition of this most popular book has been printed. Material and all costs entering into the publication have greatly increased the price. It is necessary now to ask \$1 for the book. It can still, however, be secured as a premium with the INSTRUCTOR by adding eighty-five cents to the subscription price of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

## "Q. E. D."

HAVE you read this book by Prof. George Meade Cready Price? Mr. Buckham, head of the department of theology, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, pronounces it "an unusually readable book." It presents the origin of matter from the viewpoint of creation as opposed to that of evolution. It is scientific, and "marshals the most recent discoveries in radioactivity, in energetics, in histology, as proofs of the Biblical idea of creation.

It is intensely interesting and instructive, and should have a place in both private and school libraries. Order of your nearest tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. Price, 75 cents.

## A New Spanish Paper

ARGENTINA has begun the publication of a Spanish young people's paper, *El Monitor de la Juventud*. It is an eight-page bimonthly, with a subscription price of \$1 gold. Brother D. R. Buckner, a graduate of the University of California, has been chosen editor of the paper. It may be some of our Spanish-speaking young people in this country would like to subscribe for this periodical. Order of your tract society.

# The Youth's Instructor

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVIII

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## The Loveliness of Christ

M. E. KERN

**I** LONG for the loveliness of Christ. How can it be obtained?" writes a young person who knows from experience the bitter struggle against the power of sin.

In the sin darkness of this world Jesus shines forth as the Light of life. He is the one "altogether lovely," and when we really see him, it is difficult ever again to be satisfied with our sinful selves. We are attracted by his loveliness.

And how can that loveliness of character be obtained? Not by striving to make ourselves lovely, but by admitting him into our lives. Jesus does not offer merely to help us in a fight for character; he has promised to live in us and to work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. "I in them, and thou in me" is the threefold union Jesus prayed for on the night of his betrayal. And through the beloved disciple on Patmos he sent to us this message: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3: 20.

To open the heart's door for his entrance means the surrender of your life to him, that he may mold your character, determine your life's purposes, and guide you in your life's work. "Surrender all your plans to him, to be carried out or given up as his providence shall indicate. Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ."

Some one has well said that a Christian is like an iron in the fire: the fire soon gets into the iron; and the coldness, hardness, and blackness of the iron is displaced by the heat, softness, and glowing luster of the fire. If Christ is in us and we are in him, the loveliness of his character will more and more appear in our lives.

As we commune with Christ in Bible study and prayer, as we contemplate his loveliness with the heart open to the sweet influences of his presence, as we behold him, we "are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3: 18.

On the other hand, "When the mind dwells upon self, it is turned away from Christ, the source of strength and life. Hence it is Satan's constant effort to keep the attention diverted from the Saviour, and thus prevent the union and communion of the soul with Christ. The pleasures of the world, life's cares and perplexities and sorrows, the faults of others, or your own faults and imperfections — to any or all of these he will seek to divert the mind. Do not be misled by his devices. Many who are really conscientious, and who desire to live for God, he too often leads to dwell upon their own faults and weaknesses, and thus by separating them from Christ, he hopes to gain the victory. We should not make self the center, and indulge anxiety and fear as to whether we shall be saved. All this turns the soul away from the Source of our strength. Commit the keeping of your soul to God, and trust in him. Talk and think of Jesus. Let self

be lost in him. Put away all doubt; dismiss your fears. Say with the apostle Paul: 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Rest in God. He is able to keep that which you have committed to him. If you will leave yourself in his hands, he will bring you off more than conqueror through him that has loved you."—"*Steps to Christ*," pp. 76, 77.

The blessed thing about this wonderful truth of a changed life is that any one and every one may have it. It is not for a favored few who are "just naturally good," for "Christ has given his spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress his own character upon his church."—"*The Desire of Ages*," p. 671.

"Even John, the beloved disciple, the one who most fully reflected the likeness of the Saviour, did not naturally possess that loveliness of character. He was not only self-assertive and ambitious for honor, but impetuous, and resentful under injuries. But as the character of the Divine One was manifested to him, he saw his own deficiency, and was humbled by the knowledge. The strength and patience, the power and tenderness, the majesty and meekness, that he beheld in the daily life of the Son of God, filled his soul with admiration and love. Day by day his heart was drawn out toward Christ, until he lost sight of self in love for his Master. His resentful, ambitious temper was yielded to the molding power of Christ. The regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit renewed his heart. The power of the love of Christ wrought a transformation of character. This is the sure result of union with Jesus. When Christ abides in the heart, the whole nature is transformed. Christ's Spirit, his love, softens the heart, subdues the soul, and raises the thoughts and desires toward God and heaven."—"*Steps to Christ*," p. 78.

The boast of Cæsar was, "*Veni, vidi, vici*,"—I came, I saw, I conquered. The Christian — not putting his trust in the arm of flesh — can say, "I came, I saw, I was conquered, and now Christ liveth in me, my Sanctifier, my Guide, and my All."

### It Is Human Nature!

**Y**OU received this threefold message not of yourself; some one gave it to you. It came to you either by sermon, book, tract, Bible study, or perhaps by that missionary visit, that Christian help work that your neighbor did, or that letter you received. It may be that you were born in the message. In either instance, some one told you about the soon coming of Christ and the message you now hold above every earthly treasure. I know that you are grateful for receiving the message, but have you been giving your best service to it, have you been telling others of this great truth that means so much to you? May we all consecrate ourselves anew for service!

When we have accomplished something, how anxious we are to make it known! That is human nature. When we get hold of an interesting item, we want every one else to know about it. The schoolboy can hardly wait until he reaches his mother's side to tell her of the high mark he received in spelling, or that he received 100 per cent in his arithmetic examination.

Human beings are very eager to tell others of their desires, their ambitions, their hopes, and, yes, their accomplishments. We are so prone to say, "See what I have done!" Go into any home in the land, no matter how humble, and before you have been talking very long its inmates are sure to tell you of something some member of their family has done or is going to do. It is human nature, I say. How much of our conversation is merely reporting what we or others have done, or plan to do. If it were not for this trait of character we would not have the four Gospels, or the book of Acts. This is positive proof that humans believe in reporting their experiences.

If we take the time to report such trivial events, such items, should we not use our God-given instinct in reporting the work we do for the Lord and our message? It is God who has given us the desire to report the work we do, but he has not given us the desire to report our works that we might be glorified, but that we might glorify him, through whose grace and power they have been wrought. We should report only the work that will bring honor to the Lord, that will glorify him. When he has ordained that it should be done, should we neglect it? dare we refuse?

There is a world to be warned of its certain doom. Let those who are helping to carry forward this warning message be faithful in reporting their work.

It is human nature to report. If we must report, let us report something worth while, not mere gossip! Report your missionary work.

ENNIS V. MOORE.

### A Peril to Young People

**R**EALIZING the shortness of time, Satan is certainly making use of every device he can to ruin and deceive the people of God. Because of their teaching, very few Seventh-day Adventist young people can be led from the truth of God to communion with evil spirits through the same channel that the enemy might use with people who believe in the immortality of the soul — the hope of communing with their dead friends. Nevertheless there is grave danger that even our young people will be led into sin through the ouija board or through using the Bible and a key to tell fortunes. Feeling that their knowledge is a protection, many young people think it no harm to tamper, "just for fun," with these devices of the evil one. But once on Satan's territory, no amount of knowledge is a safeguard. Christ taught his disciples to pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" then how wrong and how dangerous for us to presume to lead ourselves into temptation!

While visiting at the home of worldly friends one of our young men consented reluctantly to take part in playing with the ouija board. He did not believe in it or its messages, yet the following night he was so troubled with rappings and other terrors that he could not sleep. It seemed that his knowledge of the Bible left him and he had no protection from the evil one whose presence he felt. Finally, the twenty-third psalm came to his mind, and he repeated it until he found peace and rest in the Lord. His experience

was such that he decided not to tamper again with the ouija board.

There are other equally, if not more, dangerous ways of allowing Satan to gain advantage. Many young people can see no possible harm in telling fortunes with a key and the Bible, reasoning that Satan cannot make use of it because it is the Bible, or else thinking it is just a joke, really "nothing to it." Such thoughtlessly repeat the beautiful words of Ruth to her mother-in-law: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." When repeated frivolously, it is taking the name of the Lord in vain. Also the words become a solemn covenant with the evil intelligence which gives the answers to the questions. In one of our schools the girls became interested in this method of fortune telling. They began by trying to find out the initials of their future husbands, and from this went to other things, until they were having all sorts of answers spelled out, just as they might with a ouija board. Upon asking it what it was, it spelled out, "devil," but still they were too infatuated to quit. One evening, after they had been engaged in this evil work, one of the girls who had been thus engaged, invited one who had taken no part in it, to sleep with her. The two girls were hardly in bed before they heard a thump as if something had been thrown into the middle of the room. The lights were out, and they were frightened. In the morning, the Bible, which had been left on the study table, was on the floor, and the key and the string were in it, inviting further action on the part of the girls. When the matter came to the principal, it was necessary for him to threaten to expel any one taking part in such a thing, before those who were engaged in it were willing to give it up. What a terrible thing to occur in a Christian school! The extent of the harm thus done is not known even yet. Thank God, some of the girls were made of sterner stuff and would have nothing to do with the evil work.

Another manifestation of Satan which seems to be on the increase is making inanimate objects move apparently of their own volition. Four of our boys were in a barn, when suddenly the great door swung open as if pulled with great force. They saw no one, nor were there any tracks in the freshly fallen snow, and the door was so heavy and so hung that the wind could not open it. Since there is no reason apparent why an angel should have opened the door, it is presumable that it was done by Satan or one of his agents.

A young man and his wife moved into an old house, which soon proved to be "haunted." Both were Christians and paid little attention to the strange noises and other phenomena, for some time not even mentioning them to each other. They did not believe in ghosts, but day by day as the young man saw the outside door glide back and forth on its hinges apparently for his convenience in entering and going out, and his wife listened to footsteps in the house in his absence, and both heard strange noises and footsteps at night, they were slowly convinced that there must be evil spirits in the house. One day the young woman felt such a horror that it seemed she must have the protection of the Lord, so after closing her eyes in prayer she commanded the evil spirits in the name of Christ to depart. From that day forward they have

had no more difficulty with haunted rooms in their house, or strangely acting doors. As a very dear friend of theirs had died in the house, who knows what would have been the outcome if they had not known the Bible teaching on the state of the dead?

In view of these astounding facts which have come to my personal notice, and the myriad of supernatural happenings daily reported by the press, there can be no doubt that Satan is indeed come down with power and lying wonders, knowing that he has but a short time in which to work. It behooves our young people to study the word of God so that they will not be deceived, and also to study the method recorded of expelling evil spirits. Christ alone conquered Satan, and it is his spirit only which can drive him out of human hearts or dwellings. By a study of the word it is apparent that not only prayer, but direct commands, in the name of Christ, are sometimes needful.

FLORENCE BASCOM-PHILLIPS.

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## The Correct Thing

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### The Pledge We Signed

SOME Roman soldiers, in the days of Manlius, were taking the oath of allegiance, the *sacramentum*. "The company was drawn out and the oath was read to them, and then, when it had all been rehearsed in their hearing, the captain lifted up his hand and said, 'That for me.' And the one next to him raised his hand and said, 'That for me.' And the one next to him lifted his hand and said, 'That for me.' And one after another they made their vow of allegiance to the Roman government to serve as her soldiers."

That oath of allegiance was an outward sign of an inward surrender. Those Roman soldiers were no longer their own. They belonged first and foremost to their country. Her calls came in for first consideration. Wherever personal ambitions militated against the welfare of the state they had to be crushed. There was no room for enterprises that did not contribute to the success of the Roman government. Truly, it meant a great deal to be a Roman soldier.

But it means more to be a Missionary Volunteer. It means more to be a member of your society. That is, it should mean more. Let me say it once again: It should mean more. When you and I signed the Missionary Volunteer pledge, we declared our allegiance to the Master in a very definite way. Signing the pledge—if it was what it should be—was an outward token of an inward surrender. First, the pledge is a declaration of our love for Jesus. And then upon that declaration rests a promise so full and so all-inclusive that it does not leave standing room for even one selfish ambition. Have you ever thought of the benefit you gain through signing a pledge such as we have? Of course, it makes you a member of the society and of the world-wide movement, and it is well worth your while to be that; but if with the signing of the pledge goes a sincere desire to keep your promise, then there is an even greater blessing in store for you. Then your pledge will be a magnet drawing you out of self, away from selfish pursuits, up to God through fields of faithful service for others. Never did a pledge link life to a nobler purpose.

Our pledge grows as we gaze into it. How it spreads itself over the entire life! "George, come and go to the 'movie' with me tonight," called a friend.

"No, Frank," said George, "I have signed the Missionary Volunteer pledge."

"But what has that to do with this?"

"Well, I am sure that going would not help any one, and you know in my pledge I promise to do what I can to help others. No, I can't go. I'm going to deny myself that pleasure, and in that way do one thing to help some one else to do right."

Did you let the pledge guide you in the decisions you made today? Do you see in it a plea for self-denial? Do you hear in it a Macedonian call to do what you can to lead that friend to Christ? Do you find in it a call to faithfulness in Bible study and prayer? Well, all these calls are there. "Doing what I can" is quietly calling us to greater efficiency—it is calling us to be better Missionary Volunteers this week than we were last. Then do you not think we would do well to get more thoroughly acquainted with the pledge we signed that we may keep it better? Remember, the more the pledge means to us the more our lives will mean to others.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

### A Hint to the Wise

DON'T snub any one. It is neither courteous nor kind. If you are tempted to think yourself superior to some one else, just remember that in five years' time, or even less, that person may hold an office superior to yours, and it may be slightly embarrassing as a subordinate for you to recall your past insolence.

"A certain general railroad superintendent held one of his periodical inspections of the lines under his charge, accompanied by his staff. Mr. A., as superintendent of motive power between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, was a member of the party. Entering the general superintendent's car at the beginning of the trip, Mr. A. was introduced to him and received a rather gruff welcome. The young man then turned, walked to the other end of the car, and sat down. As he did so, a member of the staff seated beside the general superintendent, turned to his superior and asked, 'Who is this fellow, A.?'"

"'I don't know,' was the reply. 'Somebody new they have shoved in on us from the West.'"

"Five years later, Mr. A. was general manager and boss of everybody who had been in that car, including the general superintendent."

F. D. C.

### How He Lost His Finger

A YOUNG man was treating a man who had lost one of his fingers. The nurse asked his patient how he lost his finger. The patient answered: "I froze it off picking strawberries in Michigan."

The absurdity of the answer awoke the young man to the fact that he had trespassed upon a rule of good form; and on learning later that his patient had had his finger bitten off in a fight, he vowed that he would never again ask a personal question—a very good rule for us all to follow.

"WHEN you hear a sermon it may bore you, but when you apply it in your life, it will arouse the enthusiasm of your friends."

ENTRY in Livingstone's diary on his last-birthday, except one: "My Jesus, my King, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to thee."

## Information Corner

What do the birds do for food and shelter during such a snowy winter as the last one has been?

The birds never use their nests after the little birds leave them, so they must find other nesting places when they are grown. Some make their roosting places in the thick cedars and pines; but the meadow larks, even in winter, roost upon the ground, under the grass or beside some bush. They often awake in the morning covered with snow, but are as cozy and warm as need be. Sometimes, however, under a heavy snow they are smothered to death.

The crows often have a hard time in winter. They can discern a coming storm, and "there's not a croak as they settle among the pines—scores, sometimes hundreds of them, in a single tree. Here, in the swaying tops, amid the heavy roar of the winds, they sleep." Mr. Dalles Lore Sharp gives the following pathetic description of what they sometimes suffer:

"They sit close to the branches, that the feathers may cover their clinging feet; they tuck their heads beneath their wing coverts, thus protecting the whole body, except one side of the head, which the feathers of the wing cannot quite shelter. This leaves an eye exposed, and this eye, like the heel of Achilles, proves to be the one vulnerable spot. It freezes in very severe weather, causing a slow, painful death. In the morning, after an unusually cold night, one can find dozens of crows flapping piteously about in the trees of the roost and upon the ground, with frozen eyes. In January, 1895, I saw very many of them along the Hollow, blind in one eye or in both eyes, dying of pain and starvation. It was pitiful to see their sufferings. The snow in places was sprinkled with their broken feathers, and with pine needles which they had plucked off and tried to eat. Nothing could be done for the poor things. I have tried time and again to doctor them; but in the end they were sure to die."

The birds eat the seeds from evergreen trees, from bushes, and dried grasses. They scurry around in search of food wherever it may be found; and sometimes they have abundant opportunity to know that some of their human friends have purposely provided seed, suet, and other delicacies for them. Were more boys and girls careful thus to remember the birds, they would fare better.

Where do the meadow mice and other small animals spend their winter?

They burrow out their little mansions with rooms and corridors innumerable, way down underground, four or five feet below the surface. They store away in their underground homes clover roots and other edibles for winter use. The whitefoot or deer mouse may make use of an abandoned bird's nest high up in a tree, after having thatched it over with a water-tight roof of shredded bark.

The gray squirrel has for its winter bed an oak-leaf hammock that swings and rattles in the threatening winds, or he takes refuge in the hollow of some old tree. "A secure and sensible harbor, this, in which to weather the heavy storms, and I wonder that a nest is ever anchored outside in the tree tops. The woodsmen and other wiseacres say that the squirrels never build the tree-top nests except in anticipation of a mild winter. But weather wisdom, when the gray squirrel is the source, is as little wise as that which

comes from Washington or the almanac. I have found the nests in the tree tops in the coldest, fiercest winters.

"It is not in anticipation of fine weather, but a wild delight in the free, wild winter, that leads the gray squirrel to swing his hammock from the highest limb of the tallest oak that will hold it. He dares and defies the winds, and claims their freedom for his own. From his leafless height yonder he looks down into the Hollow, upon the tops of the swamp trees, where his dizzy roads run along the angled branches and over the swamp to the dark pines, and over the pines, on, on across the miles of white fields which sweep away and away till they freeze with the frozen sky behind the snow clouds that drift and pile. In his aerie he knows the snarl and bite of the blizzard; he feels the swell of the heaving waves that drive thick with snow out of the cold, white North. Anchored far out in the tossing arms of the strong oak, his leaf nest rocks in the storm like a yawl in a heaving sea.

"But he loves the tumult and the terror. A night never fell upon the woods that awed him; cold never crept into the trees that could chill his blood; and the hoarse, mad winds that swirl and hiss about his pitching bed never shook a nerve in his round, beautiful body. How he must sleep! And what a constitution he has!"

## For the Finding-Out Club

### PART I

1. WHAT important office did John Marshall hold for thirty years?
2. Who was Stephen A. Douglas?
3. What is the process of impeachment?
4. What President was subjected to impeachment proceedings? Why?
5. Why was Aaron Burr tried for treason?
6. What great American city does not give to its citizens the privilege of the vote?
7. What is the "referendum"?
8. What are our rice-producing States?
9. Where is the Golden Gate?
10. How many signed the Declaration of Independence?

### PART II

#### A Riddle

FLICKERY, Wickery, Spickery Spark  
Carries a lantern around in the dark;  
There he goes, tippy-toes, over the clover,  
Wink a bit, blink a bit, saucy young rover;  
In and out, round about, as he may please,  
Out of sight, now he's bright, up in the trees!  
Oh, who is this fairy who flies up so far  
That before very long he will look like a star!

— Selected.

#### A Two-Part State

THE only State found on the charts  
That is all one, but in two parts,  
Is this. And as you look at it  
The lower part seems like a mitt;  
The thumb, as you can plainly see,  
Is in a lake 'most like a sea.  
With Great Lakes, too, this State is bounded,  
And on three sides almost surrounded.  
The upper part is full of trees,  
And mines of copper, if you please.  
While in the south there is a city,  
Af-Ford-ing food for poets witty.

What State is this?

— Selected.

Answers to Questions Printed in "Instructor" of  
February 17

1. THE United States and Mexico lead the world in the production of silver.

2. The State of Nevada is given by some authorities as leading in the production of silver. This may be true as to the entire quantity mined; but in 1917, Utah produced \$14,355,300 ounces; Montana, 13,711,100; Idaho, 11,683,100; while Nevada came in with only 11,441,000 ounces. (Nevada was not counted an incorrect answer, however.)

3. Russia, Colombia, and the United States, are the principal sources of platinum.

4. Platinum is used in dentistry, photography, and in jewelry manufacture. It is also used for chemical vessels, and incandescent lamps.

5. The Constitution is more than 130 years old.

6. The national anthem is the "Star-Spangled Banner." The national hymn is "America."

7. According to Nelson's Encyclopedia: An embassy "is a mission presided over by an ambassador, as distinguished from a mission or legation intrusted to an envoy or other diplomatic minister."

8. The disastrous floods of the Hwang-ho River have given it the name of "China's Sorrows."

9. Paul Deschanel succeeded Mr. Poincaré as president of France.

March 2

1. Speech.
2. Island of Trinidad, South America.

March 9

1. A cuckoo is one of our songless birds. We have the yellow-billed cuckoo, and the black-billed cuckoo. Mabel Osgood Wright says of these birds: "It seems a slur upon literary tradition to call our birds, which bear the name, cuckoos. We are so used to associate the word with the merry wanderer that 'sings as it flies' of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and all the lesser singers since their day. And every child, in thinking of a cuckoo, expects to find the twin of the irrepressible little foreigner who bobs out of the clock, and will insist upon calling mother's attention to the fact that it is bedtime."

2. Polar bear, reindeer, Eskimo dog, walrus, penguin, auk, and Greenland whale.

3. Vatican is the name of the Pope's home.

4. "Decease" means to depart from this life; die.

5. The charter of the English liberties, dated June 15, 1215, but actually sealed (not signed) and delivered June 19, 1215, by King John, at Runnymede, on the demand of the barons of England. This instrument, solemnly declaratory of the rights of the people, has been for more than six centuries, regarded as the basis of the English constitutional liberty.

6. The government of the Turkish or Ottoman Empire. The term "Sublime Porte" is never used of the person of the sultan. It simply means the government, the cabinet, or the country.

7. Reubens was a celebrated Flemish painter.

8. By what is known as tacking, a vessel may be made to sail against the wind.

9. After the conquest the English Church was reformed and reorganized. The connection between England and other European lands was strengthened, foreign trade expanded, and a great advance was made in literature, architecture, learning, and arts. Improvements took place in building and in the art of war, and changes were effected in the language of the land. While new laws were at times introduced, and

the administrative machinery improved, the old laws and institutions were preserved. The influence of the Norman conquest was rather productive and invigorative than destructive.

1. *Cave canem*: Beware of the dog.

March 16

1. Clara Barton.
2. Martha Washington.
3. Thomas H. Benton.
4. Winfield Scott.
5. Henry Clay.
6. Andrew Jackson.
7. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
8. John Paul Jones.
9. William McKinley.
10. Andrew Johnson.



The Weather and You

DO you dislike winter weather? Are you longing for spring to come? Are you huddling yourself up in a warm room all day long, fearful of venturing out lest you "catch cold"? If your answer to these questions is a decided affirmative, then you are likely missing both the benefits and pleasures that winter climate affords.

A person who is always disgruntled when the weather does not suit does not possess a healthy state of mind. Very likely he is easily fretted by other things. He ought to cherish the content expressed by Riley:

"Taint no use to grumble or complain,  
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;  
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,  
Why, rain's my choice."

It is generally recognized that a cold climate is conducive to good health. The appetite is quickened, the digestive functions are more vigorous, muscular development is improved, the circulation is stimulated, and longevity is favored by cold weather.

To obtain the benefits of the cold season, you should accustom yourself to daily outings,—walking, skating, coasting, snow-shoveling, woodcutting,—any vigorous outdoor exercise is of estimable value in the preservation of bodily vigor. Snow, wind, cold—none of them need stand in the way of a daily habit of outdoor life. Clothe yourself warmly, eat abundantly of nutritious, heat-producing foods, and adopt a program whereby you will not be deprived for a single day of the good, energizing outdoor air, no matter what the weather may be.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

SICKNESS is caused by violating the laws of health; it is the result of violating nature's law. Our first duty, one which we owe to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow men, is to obey the laws of God, which include the laws of health. If we are sick, we impose a weary tax upon our friends, and unfit ourselves for discharging our duties to our families and our neighbors.—Mrs. E. G. White.

## Nature and Science

### A Farmer Botanist

**M**R. ELAM BARTHOLOMEW is a well-to-do Kansas farmer with a hobby.

"He has chiseled a place for himself with the simplest of tools — patience and hard work. The great book of nature, open and free to all, has furnished him his hobby and his greatest happiness.

"He has traveled and collected specimens from every State in the Union, in addition to Canada and parts of Mexico. To him belongs the unique distinction of having collected more specimens in a given length of time than any other scientist, his record being fifteen thousand in fourteen days.

"His private herbarium now numbers well over fifty thousand distinct specimens. Thousands of commercial specimens are annually distributed by him to agricultural colleges, government experiment stations, and the leading universities of America and Europe. In return, he receives from them thousands of other specimens, which he classifies. He studies and describes their habits and, if the species is likely to become a menace to any particular crop, he tells how to eradicate the pest. He has also issued two publications on the subject of fungi which are read by scientists everywhere.

"So keenly has he promulgated his research work that scientific associations and academies have been delighted to honor him. The State Agricultural College of Kansas conferred the degree of Master of Science upon him, a degree most honorably and hardly won."

### Dangers of Exploration

**A**MONG the most courageous of men are explorers, especially those who join the polar expeditions. Mr. Cope, a member of the Shackleton expedition to the south pole, describes his thrilling experience while marooned on Ross Island, as follows:

"While leading three men over a dangerous glacier, I failed to notice a crevasse which was almost covered with snow. Suddenly I felt the snow give beneath my feet, and I fell headlong. Happily my comrades saw me disappear and promptly started to pull on the sledge ropes.

#### Weird Ice Columns

"These held, and I found myself suspended over a bottomless pit. I was about twenty feet down and was being held by the sledge harness, which was round my chest and shoulders. I dangled, helpless.

"About ten feet below my feet the opening suddenly widened until I could not see the sides of the crevasse. Huge columns of ice, many of them of the weirdest shape, were sticking out, some blue in color, others of a whitish pink tinge.

"I tried to look down, but below me, as far as I could see, there was nothing but ice and darkness. Now and again the roar of ice falling down the sides of the crevasse reached me, sounding like distant thunder.

"After what seemed hours of waiting, I heard a voice calling me from above, and looking up saw the face of one of the men of my party. 'Are you all right?' he asked, peering over the edge of the crevasse.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'but I cannot get up. I'm hung here.' 'Hang on, then,' he shouted, 'we'll make a rope ladder.' And while I continued hanging there

the two men on the ice above set to work to make the ladder.

"While I was thus suspended my mitts fell from my hands, and very soon I was half frozen. I watched the mitts falling, glancing off columns of ice, till they disappeared from sight. At last the ladder was lowered, but my hands were so frozen that I could feel nothing.

#### Lost Sense of Touch

"I swung about till my feet touched the rope, and I caught hold of it. But my sense of touch was gone, and I had to look to see if I was clutching the rope before I dared trust myself to start climbing.

"Swinging backwards and forwards over the pit, I climbed higher and higher, and as I neared the top the harness, which had held me up, fell from my shoulders. If I slipped, nothing could save me from being dashed to pieces on the ice.

"I shouted to the men, asking them to lower the harness to reach me, for I was so cold that I could not climb farther, and my legs would not stretch far enough to reach the rungs of the ladder.

"They lowered the loop of my harness till I was able to push my legs through it, and, half sitting on this, and gripping the rope ladder, I was literally hauled onto the ice field again. We continued our journey after I had been hanging over that bottomless pit for three and a half hours."

Mr. Cope is to be the leader of the British Imperial antarctic expedition, which is to sail from England in June of this year. The expedition expects to cover six years in exploring Antarctica, its land forms, mineral resources, flora, and fauna. Britain wants to know the extent of the coal, manganese, granite, marble, and ruby deposits already located. She wants to know where the breeding places are of the 12,000 whales, which recently enriched the world by \$10,000,000 worth of oil and other products.

### Fires in China

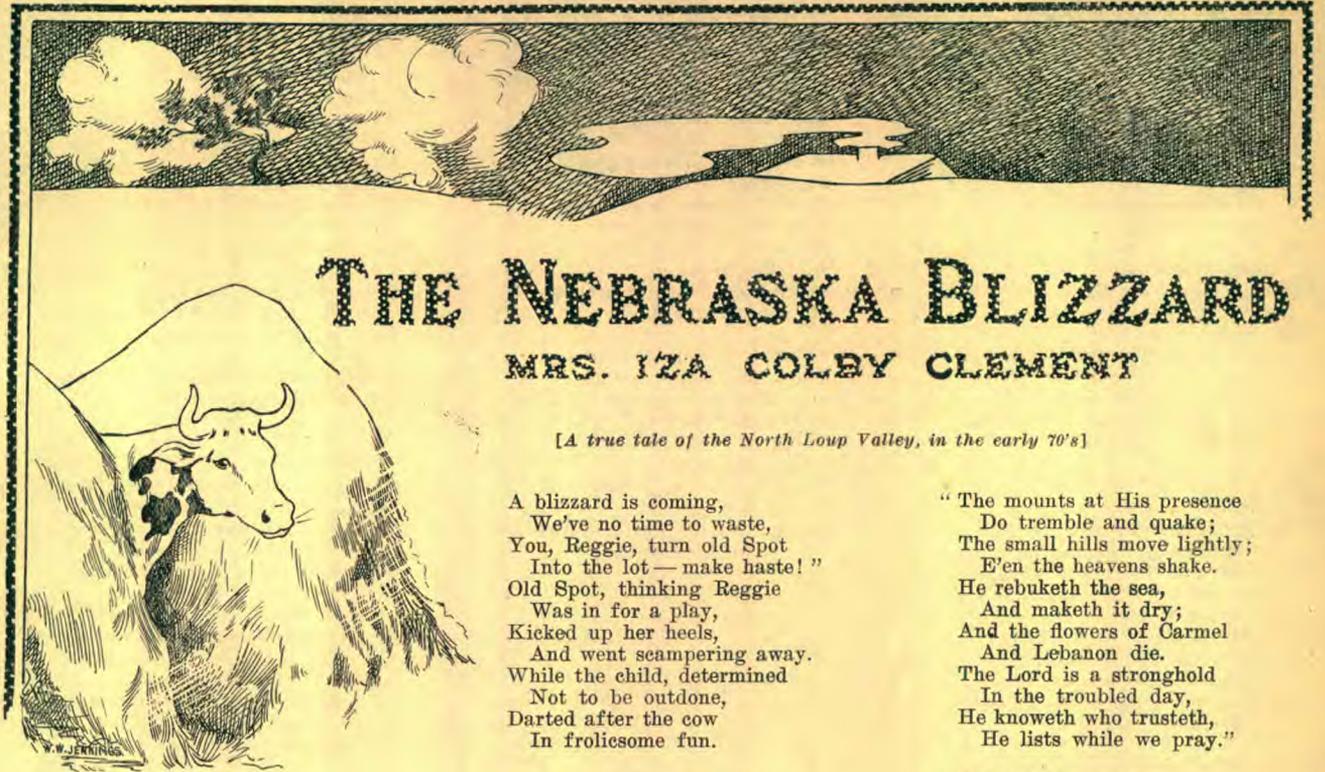
**A**CCORDING to Chinese philosophy the elements of fire and water are balanced in the atmosphere and held in check by each other so that neither one is visible. When fire breaks out, the people say, "*dzou-liao shui*," meaning that the water has run away and left the fire, which becomes visible. Or they may say, "*shih-liao hwo*," meaning that the water has lost the fire. Anciently no other reason could be given for spontaneous combustion, or for fires, the origin of which could not be learned.

Fires are frequent in China. Often thousands of reed-and-mud huts burn down in a short time. Most of these fires occur at night in the wintertime. The poor people, left without shelter from the wintry weather, suffer intensely.

*Fang hwo* (drop fire) is the name for the crime of deliberately setting fire to another person's property. Anciently it was a common method of taking revenge upon an enemy. Also, like Nero of old, wicked officials sometimes set fire to cities in times past. This practice is fast disappearing in the light of better things of modern thought. Soldiers of China, like soldiers of other countries recorded in history, also resort to this awful element of nature to inflict suffering upon the people. During the recent civil war in this province, the once beautiful and prosperous city of Liling was burned for ten days by the northern troops, who wished to revenge themselves upon the citizens for having expressed sympathy for the southern soldiers.

Changsha.

O. B. KUHN.



# THE NEBRASKA BLIZZARD

MRS. IZA COLEBY CLEMENT

[A true tale of the North Loup Valley, in the early 70's]

'Twas out on the prairies,  
Not a sound was heard;  
Not a leaf nor a blade  
By a breeze was stirred.  
And the sun in mid-west  
Was veiling his light,  
Outstripping and spurning  
The shades of the night.

A warm, balmy fragrance  
Arose from the plain,  
Which awakened heart throbs  
Of a grateful strain.  
The whole earth seemed sleeping  
In a silence deep,  
But a strange foreboding  
Would unbidden creep.

The cows from the pasture  
Had wended their way,  
And patiently waited  
Their night's feed of hay.  
A belated house fly  
Poised still in mid-air,  
While pussy looked wistful,  
And blinked at him there.

The dog, on the hillside,  
Dug a coyote's den;  
And the swine whisked the corn husk  
About in their pen.  
All nature seemed resting  
In peaceful repose;  
And a calm trustful joy  
Shut out all life's woes.

At the long furrow's end  
In a field near by,  
The farmer, while resting,  
Scanned keenly the sky.  
A low, prolonged whistle,  
A look of chagrin,  
"Come, Bonnie and Bessie,  
We'd better turn in.  
Hurry now to your stalls,  
Don't wait to look back—  
Here, Johnnie, go put some  
Fresh hay in the rack.  
And, Elsa, tell mamma  
To open the gate,  
The chickens are waiting—  
Quick, don't be too late!

"Frankie, stretch that rope  
From the house to the barn;  
And hang out the lantern,  
The traveler to warn.

A blizzard is coming,  
We've no time to waste,  
You, Reggie, turn old Spot  
Into the lot—make haste!"  
Old Spot, thinking Reggie  
Was in for a play,  
Kicked up her heels,  
And went scampering away.  
While the child, determined  
Not to be outdone,  
Darted after the cow  
In frolicsome fun.

A few huddled snowflakes  
Went eddying by,  
And the wind followed close,  
With a mournful sigh.  
Then faster and thicker,  
'Till in maddened craze,  
Danced the fine white crystals  
In fantastic maze.

Darker, and still darker,  
Grew the leaden skies,  
And a prayer for the traveler  
To heaven did rise.  
Now northward, now southward,  
And now with a whirl,  
Dashed the cold-stinging darts  
In smothering swirl.

The farmer, with shovel  
And hat in his hand,  
Hurried straight to the house  
And gathered his band.  
With rushing and stamping,  
And the dog's sturdy "woof,"  
They all gathered beneath  
The low sodded roof.  
How cozy and warm!  
How thick the walls stood!  
What a strong, firm shelter!  
Surely "God is good."

The storm king without  
Shrieked fiercely and raged;  
Till the children declared  
They heard lions caged.  
The snow drifted high in  
The deep window ledge;  
And a few tiny flakes  
Crept past the door's edge.  
The little ones seemed awed  
By the dreadful storm,  
And played in the bedroom,  
They said, to keep warm.  
Mother busied herself  
With the evening spread;  
Father took his Bible,  
And sat down and read.

"My way in the whirlwind  
And the storm, saith He,  
Though all powers defy,  
Belongs unto me.  
The clouds are my chariot,  
The winds are my steed;  
They render their service  
Whene'er there is need."

"The mounts at His presence  
Do tremble and quake;  
The small hills move lightly;  
E'en the heavens shake.  
He rebuketh the sea,  
And maketh it dry;  
And the flowers of Carmel  
And Lebanon die.  
The Lord is a stronghold  
In the troubled day,  
He knoweth who trusteth,  
He lists while we pray."

"Suffer little children  
To come unto me,  
And never forbid them  
My precepts to see.  
Their angels in heaven  
My face do behold,  
And children shall traverse  
The streets of pure gold.  
E'en the hairs of your head,  
I have numbered all;  
No sparrow to the ground  
Without me can fall."

Up spoke little Elsa,—  
The youngest of three,—  
Saying, "Mamma, O where  
Can our Reggie be?  
Here's Frankie, and Johnnie,  
And Towser, and me—  
I wonder,—I wonder  
Where Reggie can be?"  
The mother stopped quickly,  
And looking up, said:  
"Isn't Reggie in there,  
Asleep on the bed?"  
The three children's voices  
In chorus respond:  
"Reggie isn't in here;  
We've looked all around."  
Father's spectacles dropped,  
He closed the Good Book,  
And arose from his chair  
With a startled look.  
"Reggie—why I sent him  
To drive in old Spot,  
And told him to turn her  
Into the stacking lot."

A second's dread silence  
And abated breath,  
While all faces turned pale—  
Turned as pale as death.  
A low moan of despair,  
Then a frenzied bound—  
Father—no time to lose,  
Reggie must be found.  
With dazed, lusterless eye,  
And slow, shaky stride,  
Father reached his fur coat,  
The pioneer's pride.  
And grasping the storm rope  
Made fast by the door,  
He braved the wild blizzard,  
Its smother and roar.

With anxious heart longings,  
Which naught could express,  
Mother pressed her sweet face,  
So pale with distress,

'Gainst the cold windowpane;  
But so vain, so vain —  
It could only reflect  
Back her own again,  
As moment by moment  
Of awful suspense  
Dragged wearily over  
Our heartstrings intense.

Would Father find Reggie?  
Was the question now.  
He might be in the barn,  
Or up in the mow.  
If he followed old Spot,  
He'd surely come back,  
She would go no farther  
Away than the stack.  
Surely Father would find  
His own darling child,  
Though the snow darts might cut,  
And the winds beat wild.

The clock ticked off loudly  
The slow passing time,  
And its clamorous bell  
Rang a noisy chime.  
Five minutes, ten minutes,  
Then fifteen had passed,  
And finally thirty  
With the fled were classed.  
Still onward, and onward,  
In meaningless mock,  
Dragged the great slothful hands  
Of the household clock.

Why didn't father come?  
What kept him so long?  
'Twas time for his return,  
Something must be wrong.  
A low, muffled footstep,  
Then an awful roar,  
As father, snow-covered,  
Burst the storm-drift door.  
An outcry — then silence —  
The sad tale was told:

Yes, Reggie was dying  
Somewhere in the cold.  
Nothing left to them now  
But the words of their God:  
"I love thee, I love thee;  
Pass under the rod."

The dread, torturous night  
Passed slowly away,  
Intermittent with hope,  
And with prayer away.  
Until, with dying wind  
And suspicious gray,  
Dawned the first faint promise  
Of approaching day.

Then with shovels and brooms  
They dug their way out,  
When listen — what was that?  
A familiar shout!  
Looking out toward the lot  
They gladly espied  
A bright, crimson jacket,  
A red bovine side.  
There 'gainst the white background  
Of the prairies wide,



Reggie, perched on the cow,  
Was trying to ride.

"O papa, come get me!  
The snow is so deep;  
We slept 'tween the haystacks,  
Such a jolly hay sleep.  
I wasn't going out  
In that awful storm,  
When old Spot and I were  
So cozy and warm.  
You didn't get away,  
Did you, old Miss Spot,  
If you did jump the fence  
Of the stacking lot?"  
The cow shook her head,  
As if in reply;  
The children swung their brooms,  
And called out, "Hie!"

Once again in that home  
The table was spread,  
And again the Good Book  
That was closed, was read:  
"The effectual prayer  
From the hearts of such,  
Who in faith but the hem  
Of his garment touch,  
In this world of darkness  
E'en much doth avail,  
Causing rains to descend,  
Or the years to fail.  
In the bright city streets  
Shall the children be,  
Is the promise of Him  
Who said, "Come unto me."

Many, many long years  
Have passed on their way,  
And Reggie, now a man,  
His hair streaked with gray,  
Loves to tell even yet,  
Of the storm, and of how  
His own life was saved by  
The old spotted cow.

## The Growler Family

**I**N Grumbletown, on the corner of Crankiness and Complaint Streets, lived the Growler family,— father, mother, and five children.

They had moved from Pleasantville to Grumbletown a few months previous, because this had been the boyhood home of Mr. Growler, and he had grown homesick for the familiar scenes of his childhood, and the old associations. The children, Selfish, Pride, Discontent, Jealousy, and Peevish, did not like this change very well because their new playmates were all so different from the children in Pleasantville. In Grumbletown, their playmates were more like themselves. This should have made Grumbletown an agreeable place for them, but it didn't work out that way.

Selfish, the oldest boy, complained that all the fellows seemed to want their own way; he did not see that his own faults were but mirrored in the lives of his playmates.

Pride, a girl of twelve years, who in the quiet little town of Pleasantville had the name of being the best-dressed girl in town, no one caring to dispute this opinion, had received quite a jolt to her pride upon coming to Grumbletown. Here some of the girls had finer clothes than she; so she complained continually because she could no longer be first.

Jealousy, her younger brother, was a good deal like her in disposition, and he was her ardent sympathizer. He said the old folks ought either to move to some place where Pride could be first, or to spend enough money to make her the best-dressed girl in Grumbletown. Father Growler angrily retorted: "I have to work too hard now to keep you useless young ones."

Discontent had not been satisfied back in the old home, but he was even more dissatisfied here. The weather was too hot, the house too small, his playmates too mean. It just seemed that he was the most unhappy person in town.

Baby Peevish was just so naughty; she cried about this, and cried about that, until it seemed that the whole family would be driven insane. In fact, each child had to play by himself because of something which you must guess. It is very much like their names. Perhaps that is how they got their names. Do you know how Indians name their children? Well, they name them from something they do. Once a little Indian boy saw a wolf, and he was so frightened that he ran home crying. That gave him the name "Afraid-of-a-Wolf."

So I suppose that was the way Mr. Growler, his wife, Faultfinder, and the children, Selfish, Pride, Discontent, Jealousy, and Peevish, all got their names. I have been told also that the town was named Grumbletown because everybody grumbled so much.

Well, the strangest thing happened one day. A little girl about Pride's age came and knocked at the Growlers' door. There was so much noise and confusion inside, for Mother Growler was scolding loudly and boxing the children's ears, that the stranger had to knock several times. Finally, Pride opened the door and invited the little girl in. Little Sunshine, for that was the visitor's name, was almost frightened at the sight of the angry faces, but she bravely entered, and smiled sweetly as she told them her name and explained that she lived in Happytown just a little way

(Concluded on page fourteen)



# Just for the Juniors



## The Reader

SHE read the *Journal* and the *News*,  
The "Green Book" and the "Red,"  
She kept the serials of the month  
Securely in her head.

She went through books, both old and new —  
Best sellers, too, she thought;  
She read the jokes and studied styles;  
No item went for naught.

She read the sporting page,— she knew  
Each athlete by name;  
She read of baseball, football, golf,—  
Familiar with each game.

She looked the funny paper through;  
She watched the mails to seize  
The magazine she liked the best  
Whose columns most did please.

But in her house there was a Book  
With pages never turned,  
Whose messages of truth and hope  
Were still by her unlearned —

The Book that tells of Him who came  
To earth that we might know  
The beauty of a sinless life  
Lived here so long ago.

What pity 'tis she does not know  
This Man of Galilee,  
Who healed the lame, the blind, the deaf,  
Beside the sapphire sea!

And still she reads and laughs and cries  
O'er stories of the hour;  
And lets the Book, dust-covered, lie  
Unopened in its power.

And still the Book, dust-covered, lies,  
Its pages never turned;  
Its messages of truth and hope  
Are by her yet unlearned.

And shall we not a lesson glean  
From readers such as she,  
And let our favorite story be  
The Man of Galilee?

— *Herald of Hope.*

## God Answers Prayer

A SMALL boy at school was diligent, and determined to succeed, but found that parsing was rather hard.

"One day he went to his mother for a little help in analyzing some sentences. She told him the proper manner of doing it, and he followed her directions; but he was much troubled because he himself could not understand the whys and wherefores.

"His mother told him it was rather hard for him then, but that after he had studied a little longer, it would be quite easy.

"Johnny went into another room to study alone, but after a little came back, his face radiant with joy. He said: 'O mother, I want to begin again! I asked Jesus to help me, and now I think I see just how it is. He always helps us when we ask him;' and with unspeakable delight he with his mother went over his lesson again."

### "Of Course He Will"

"Mr. Moody tells about a little child whose father and mother had died. She was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she might pray, as she used to do.

"They said, 'O, yes!' so she knelt down, and prayed as her mother had taught her, and when that was ended, she added a little prayer of her own: 'O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were.' Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting an answer, and added, 'Of course he will.'

"How sweetly simple was that little one's faith; she expected God to 'do,' and she got her request."

### "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread"

"The *American Messenger* tells the story of Johnny Hall, a poor boy. His mother worked hard for their daily bread. 'Please give me something to eat; I am very hungry,' he said one evening. His mother let the work upon which she was sewing fall from her knee, and drew Johnny toward her. Her tears fell fast as

she said: 'Mother is very poor, and cannot give you any supper tonight.' 'Never mind, mother; I shall soon be asleep, and then I shan't feel hungry. But you will sit and sew, and be so hungry and cold. Poor mother!' he said, and kissed her many times to comfort her.

"Now, Johnny, you may say your prayers;' for dearly as his mother loved him, she could ill afford to lose a moment from her work. He repeated 'Our Father' with her until they came to the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' The earnestness, almost agony, with which the mother uttered these words, impressed Johnny strongly. He said them over again: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Then opening his blue eyes, he fixed them on his mother, and said: 'We shall never be hungry any more. God is our Father, and he will hear us.' The prayer was finished, and Johnny went to rest. The mother sewed with renewed energy. Her heart was sustained by the faith of her child. Many were the gracious promises which came to her remembrance. Although tired and hungry, still it was with a light heart she sank to rest.

"Early in the morning, a gentleman called on his way to business. He wished Johnny's mother to come to his home to take charge of his two motherless boys. She immediately accepted the offer. They were thus provided with all the comforts of a good home. Johnny is a man now, but he has never forgotten the time when he prayed so earnestly for his daily bread. *God will hear prayer* is still his firm belief."

### A Little Slave's Faith

"A missionary in India, passing one day through the schoolroom, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him say, 'O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending a big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me and bring me here, that I might hear about thee and love thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favor to ask of thee. Please to

send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach and may love thee.'

"A few days afterward, the missionary saw him standing on the seashore, looking very intently as the ships came in. 'What are you looking at, Tom?' 'I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer.'

"For two years he was to be seen, day after day, watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about and exhibiting the liveliest joy.

"'Well, Tom, what gives you so much joy?' 'Oh, Jesus Christ answers prayer! Father and mother came in that ship,' which was actually the case."

#### Prayer Heard and Answered

"The following beautiful and touching incident shows that God answers prayer. It was told by the son of the Christian lady who sent the basket:

"One winter morning a Christian woman, who had often distributed to the necessity of the saints, sat alone in her room, where advanced age and the beginning of what proved to be her last illness, confined her. Roused from her meditation by the entrance of her daughter, she said: 'My dear, old Mr. and Mrs. W. have been on my mind all night. I hear that they are poor; they may be sick and in want. I wish you would take a basket, and go to the city and buy a good supply of provisions, and take it to them.' Here she gave the address, and as her daughter was leaving the room, she said, handing her a thick flannel skirt: 'Perhaps you would do well to take this too; the weather is cold, and Mrs. W. may need it.'

"The young lady went. The provisions were bought, and at the head of the third flight of stairs in the tenement house to which she had been directed, she stopped. Through the door she heard Mr. W.'s voice asking a blessing upon the food before him. At the conclusion of the grace, and smiling at what she believed to be her mother's unnecessary anxiety, she knocked and entered. Sure enough, there they were at dinner, the wife at the foot of the table, waiting to be helped, the husband at the head, carving — one large apple, all the food they had!

"With tears in her eyes the daughter drew forth her kindly stores, and while a comfortable meal was being prepared, she listened to their grateful thanks, and heard from uncomplaining lips their pitiful story, of how they had fallen sick and had not been able to work, and so had been left destitute; how they had poured forth to God all their troubles, and how they believed that he would send some one to them. When dinner was ready and the visitor was about to leave, Mrs. W. accompanied her to the door, and with an expectant look, said: 'My dear, did you bring the flannel skirt?'

"In the excitement of her entrance, the daughter had quite forgotten the skirt that lay in the bottom of the basket. Astonished at the question, she said: 'Yes, I brought you a skirt, but why do you think so?' 'Because, dear,' said the old saint, 'when I told the Lord there was only one apple left, I told him I needed a warm flannel skirt, and I was only wondering whether you had it, or would send it by some one else.'"

"THE Occidental errs if he supposes that the Oriental is inferior to him intellectually." — *A. Judson Brown.*

## A Boy Who Proved His God

[The author, Mrs. Gates Buell, vouches for the truth of the following story in every detail. The incident narrated actually happened to a Scotch minister who was stationed in a town where she once lived.]

WELL, it happened when I was a lad about nine years old," began Uncle Donald, in answer to our earnest entreaties for him to narrate the most thrilling episode in his life. "My parents, as you know, were Scotch, and such devout Christians as to be almost Puritanical in their belief. They were considered the wealthiest family in Wick, the town where they resided, and were well known throughout northern Scotland because of their kindness and benevolence.

"From earliest childhood I had been taught to think of God as a great and loving Father, who was always willing to help his children so long as they were trying to obey him, and I had learned, in my childish way, to love and trust him absolutely.

"Late in the afternoon of one beautiful day in June, I was down on the beach building caves in the sand. So deeply interested was I in my play that I was surprised when a sailor bent over me and said, 'Well, sonny, are you having a good time? Now hadn't you rather go with me and have a boat ride on this old ocean than to stay here building houses in the sand? Come with me and I will show you how to row a boat.' I was used to talking with sailors, and went without a thought of fear.

"We must have been out two hours, but I had not noticed the time, for my host was most entertaining, until during a lull in the conversation, I was surprised to find that it was almost dark. I could hardly see the land. I was greatly alarmed, for I knew my parents would be worried, and told the man that I must return home immediately. But it kept getting darker and darker, and still we did not land. At last I became really frightened.

"Then his manner instantly changed, and he said, 'Now, see here, youngster, I have fooled with you long enough, and you may as well know, first as last, that you are not going home until your parents give us a good sum of money for your ransom.' I begged, I entreated, but all in vain. In a short time we came to a ship that had been anchored in a small cove several miles above Wick. I was taken on board, and informed that I might as well make myself at home first as last. I soon discovered that I was a prisoner in the hands of one of the most famous pirate crews that sailed the northern seas. You can never imagine my terror. Noticing my fright, the pirates began to laugh and torment me unmercifully. And the more I wept, the more it amused them. At last their rude jokes fairly drove me frantic, and I was half tempted to jump overboard and end my misery on the spot. But just then one of my captors bent over me, and in a scornful tone, said: 'Say, young piety, why not ask the God you and your parents claim to serve to help you out of this scrape?'

"While the man's comrades laughed uproariously at what they considered a huge joke, I dried my tears, and in my heart thanked the fellow for his sarcastic words. Had I forgotten my Father in heaven all this time? Surely he had taken this way to remind me that if I only put my trust in him no harm should come to me. Had he not promised aid in the hour of persecution, of affliction, and of danger? Certainly he had. And his promises were never known to fail his obedient, trusting children. As these thoughts crowded into my mind, all fear vanished, and I turned

toward the speaker and in a calm voice replied: 'Yes, God will take care of me. I am quite sure of that, sir. He'll never forsake those who obey and trust him. Of course I shall ask his protection.'

"My answer apparently provoked the pirates, for the most of them suddenly stopped laughing and commenced ridiculing my religion and blaspheming God. I was about to protest when ordered below deck to the rude bunk where I was to sleep.

"Before retiring, I knelt and asked God to watch over me and restore me to my home and friends; but although confident that he would allow no real danger to befall me, no sleep came to my weary eyelids until the light of another day began to dawn. Possibly I had slept two hours when I was rudely awakened. After partaking of a scanty meal I went on deck, where all was now hurry and bustle. During the night the ship weighed anchor, and we were now far out to sea. The captain, a surly sort of chap, gave me the freedom of the ship, but cautioned me not to get into mischief.

"The first two or three days they had plenty of work on hand, and paid very little attention to me. But a day came when one of the crew again began to make fun of my religious faith, and asked me if I did not think it nearly time for God to show some of the great power that I believed him to have. I told them I had no doubt that he would in his own good time. After some more of their banter, one of them, with much profanity, said, 'Boys, let's tattoo a cross on the lad's back, and see if that won't take some of the religion out of him!' The others readily assented, and in a short time they began their work. It would be impossible to declare the terrible pain I endured during the operation.

"Every little while one of them would call out, 'Say, you young imp, are you ready to say now that you have no God?' But I would answer with firmness, 'No. I am not ready! I have a God, and I'll never deny him. I'll trust him and obey him, come what may.' At last I fainted from pain and loss of blood. I suppose this frightened them, for they told me when I regained consciousness that they would finish on the morrow. And sure enough, they did.

"One morning, about a fortnight after the tattooing, the pirates collected in the captain's cabin where an earnest consultation was held. We had cast anchor the evening before in the neighborhood of a large island, and I concluded the men were planning a raid on the inhabitants. But it appeared such was not the case, for soon after dinner I was put into a boat and rowed to shore, and there deserted by the men. As they pulled back for the ship, leaving me standing on the beach, they shouted derisively, 'Don't worry, my boy, just obey your God; put faith in your God and he'll deliver you in time.' Why they deserted me in this way I could not tell, nor do I know to this day.

"I stood alone on the shore and watched the ship till it was lost to view. Then I fell on my knees and asked God to watch over me, and in his own good time rescue me from this strange prison. My faith in the Almighty was never stronger than at this moment.

"As I rose to my feet, a slight noise behind me attracted my attention. I turned, and there stood four of the most repulsive looking human beings I had ever seen or dreamed of. They forced me to accompany them toward the interior of the island, where I was taken before the chief.

"After carefully examining me, the chief commanded my guard to confine me in a sort of cage at the side of his rude wooden throne. On the morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment, I was taken out and led a short distance from the village, where at least two hundred savages—men, women, and children—were assembled in a circle about a large pile of dry, pitchy wood, in the middle of which was driven a stake. At the right of the pile stood a hideous god made of wood. As soon as my eyes fell on this image and the stake, I understood everything. I was to be sacrificed to their god,—burned at the stake!

"For a moment I was nearly crazed with fright. Then I thought of God, and, looking up to heaven, I silently prayed him who reigneth above, to save me from this awful death. Then I became calm, and, turning toward my captors, tried in every way possible to make them understand that if my life was spared, I could teach them many good things and help them in different ways. But my entreaties were in vain. I was led to the top of the pile, and while two warriors stood ready to chain me to the stake, a third started to remove my clothing.

"As the last vestment was taken off, I heard the chief utter a loud exclamation, and then silence immediately reigned. The old man pointed excitedly to my back, and motioned the guard to bring me down to where he stood. At first I could not imagine what had happened, but all at once it flashed across my mind that the superstitious rascals had discovered the tattooed cross on my back. It had saved me from a horrible death! Surely, God was with me!

"I was arrayed in a robe 'of many colors,' and for the next four years lived quietly among these cannibals, being treated with the utmost kindness. They stood in awe of so strange a being, and did everything possible for my comfort. But the prayer for deliverance was ever in my heart and frequently upon my lips. The Lord Jesus became very real to me. He was all I had. Finally, one spring morning, while I was on the beach all alone, I was overjoyed to see a ship riding at anchor not a mile from land. Hastening to a large rock that jutted out into the water, I signaled. Soon a boat was lowered, and in less than half an hour I was shaking hands with six jolly Scotch seamen. The ship was homeward bound to Glasgow, and I reached my native city just three weeks from the day I was rescued from the island.

"I had lived a lifetime in those four short years. But I had proved my God and found him true. Through 'all the days' he has attended my way, and 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"—  
*Adapted from The New York Weekly Witness.*

#### The Christian's Prayer

HELP me to be a little kinder  
To those about me day by day.  
Just to be a little blinder  
To what others do and say;  
And when I am tired and weary,  
Just to be a bit more cheery.  
Let me be a little meeker  
To my brother who is weaker,  
As I toil along life's way.

I would be a little sweeter,  
Whether in my work or play,  
Have my life a bit completer  
Every minute of the day.  
I would smile away life's care,  
Scatt'ring sunshine everywhere.  
Then most happy I, and blest,  
Gladly would I go to rest,  
-Feeling that God knoweth best.

MRS. O. E. DIEFFENBACHER.

## Facts About the Seventh Day of the Week

THE seventh day of creation week is:

1. God's Rest Day. Gen. 2:2; Ex. 20:11; Heb. 4:4.
2. God's Blessed Day. Gen. 2:3; Ex. 20:11.
3. God's Sanctified Day. Gen. 2:3; Deut. 5:12.
4. God's Hallowed Day. Gen. 2:3, R. V.; Ex. 20:11; Jer. 17:22; Eze. 20:20.
5. God's Holy Day. Ex. 20:8; 31:14; Isa. 58:13.
6. God's Sabbath Day. Ex. 20:10; 31:16; Deut. 5:14; Matt. 12:8; Mark 2:28.
7. The Lord's Day. Rev. 1:10; Mark 2:28; Isa. 58:13; Ex. 20:10; Gen. 2:1-3.
8. In God's Perpetual Covenant. Ex. 31:16; 34:28; Ps. 89:34; Isa. 66:23; Heb. 4:9, R. V.
9. God's Sign or Seal. Ex. 31:13, 17; Eze. 20:12, 20; Rev. 7:2. "Seal" in Rev. 7:2 is rendered "sign" in Wycliffe's Translation, 1380, and Douay Version, 1609. See also use of "sign" and "seal" in Rom. 4:11.

"The Sabbath was made a seal of God's covenant with Israel . . . a seal of God's covenant of mercy to all those who show their love to him by keeping it holy." — *"The Sabbath,"* by W. W. Everts, D. D., Baptist, pp. 34, 35. E. B. Treat, N. Y., 1885. The seventh day of creation week is the time from sunset Friday till sunset Saturday. Luke 23:54-56; Ex. 20:8-11; Gen. 2:1-3; Lev. 23:32; Luke 13:14; Mark 1:32.

## The Growler Family

(Concluded from page ten)

up the river. She had come to get acquainted with the Growler family, for she knew there was a girl there of her own age. Mother Faultfinder felt embarrassed and ashamed when she knew this little maiden had heard the wicked things she had said, and sincerely wished that things were different.

Sunshine invited them to come to her home. "You should know my mamma," she said to Mrs. Growler. They all promised to come in a few days, and even Father Growler was induced to accompany them. No one ever knew just how it happened, but a few days after their visit the Growler family decided to move to Happytown.

When they were nicely settled in their new home, Mr. Growler said to his family one evening: "A Growler can't live in Happytown; we shall have to change our names." The judge was very willing to do it for them. So it came about that the Growler family was henceforth known as the Love family, and Unselfish, Modest, Content, Meekness, and Joy were the children's new names. "Peace," said the mother, "shall be my new name. How happy they all were!

If you have a name like any of the Growler family, I am sure the Judge will be glad to change it for you. Just ask him and see. I have read somewhere about a new name. Look and see if it is yours.

J. L. BURGESS.

J. C. SCOTT.

## Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for April 24

SENIOR: "Our Aim, Our Motto, and Our Pledge."

JUNIOR: "Pet Sins."

As Missionary Volunteers we aim to help send "the advent message to all the world in this generation." If "the love of Christ constraineth us," it will be a real pleasure to do this. Some one has said that the highest honor bestowed upon men is that Christ gives us the opportunity of being coworkers with him.

We will all be needed at this meeting. We have already signed the pledge, but we need to show by our presence, and the testimony which we bear, that we are standing loyal to the promise which we have made.

What Junior does not like a pet? But there is at least one pet which is decidedly dangerous to keep. God is love, and sin is the one thing which he hates. There are so many things that God does love that surely we can afford to give up this one. Let each one of us determine to get rid of this undesirable pet.

## Our Counsel Corner

*I have quite a time convincing the people that it is wrong to go to moving picture shows. Do you have any literature along this line?*

B. A. S.

There are four leaflets that I would recommend:

"Morals of the Moving Picture Show," by J. M. Stanfield. Six cents a dozen, forty cents a hundred. "The Christian and the Theater," by Charles A. Blanchard. Same price. These two leaflets can be secured from the Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Theater," by Harold F. Sayles. 10 cents a dozen, fifty cents a hundred. The Evangelical Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

"The Menace of the Movies," by R. A. Torrey. Ten cents a dozen, fifty cents a hundred. The Biola Book Room, 536 S. Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

Very likely the last-named leaflets could also be obtained from The Bible Institute Colportage Association. M. E. K.

*At what age should Missionary Volunteers be classed as Seniors?*

A. P.

There is no definite age set. Local conditions determine somewhat. The broader distinction is between children and young people. We think of the Junior age as running from eight to thirteen. Of course all children of a church school belong to the Junior Society, regardless of age, and sometimes a child who is a church member might join the Missionary Volunteer Society as a Senior member. It is quite customary, however, where a few Juniors work with the Missionary Volunteer Society to join merely as "Junior members" and to be reported to the conference secretary as a band of Juniors.

M. E. K.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IV — Power of the Angels

(April 24)

##### Power

1. What does the psalmist say of the strength of angels? Ps. 103:20.
2. Where were Peter and John imprisoned the second time? Acts 5:17, 18.
3. What power was manifested by an angel upon this occasion? Verses 19, 20.
4. With what words did Rabshakeh, leader of the Assyrian hosts, taunt Hezekiah and defy heaven? 2 Kings 19:10-13.
5. What did Hezekiah do when he received the letter? Verses 14-19.
6. What was the message sent by the Lord through Isaiah in answer to Hezekiah's prayer? Verses 20-34.
7. That very night, what did one angel do? Verse 35; 2 Chron. 32:21. Note 1.
8. Cite from memory other Biblical incidents which illustrate the mighty power of heavenly angels.

##### Rapidity of Movement

9. What description does Ezekiel give of the swiftness of the movement of angels? Eze. 1:14. Note 2.
10. Note the time it takes to read a certain prayer offered by Daniel. Dan. 9:4-19.
11. While Daniel was still speaking, who appeared to answer his prayer? Verses 20-22.
12. When was Gabriel sent from heaven to answer Daniel's prayer? Verse 23.
13. What is said of the flight of this angel? Verse 21. Note 3.
14. When Herod had imprisoned Peter and designed to kill him, what did the church at Jerusalem do? Acts 12:5.
15. What speedy deliverance was effected by an angel? Verses 6-10.
16. What was the church still doing when Peter came to the house of Mary? Verses 11, 12.
17. How were the believers affected by the prompt answer to their prayers? Verses 16, 17.

Notes

1. "What a thrilling tale of deliverance from captivity wrought by God through the agency of an angel! Where, now, is the boasting of that proud, blasphemous monarch, who defied the Lord of heaven, and said he was not able to deliver out of his hand? Before the Assyrians can shoot an arrow or throw a javelin, the God of heaven sends an angel to smite their sleeping hosts. In a single night, one hundred eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's warriors are slain, not on the field of battle, but by this silent messenger from heaven.

"Was ever such victory won before, in the history of nations? — a whole army gone down into the jaws of death, not in battle, not on the field of campaign and strife, but while they lay sleeping, dreaming perchance of the morrow, when they hoped to scale the walls of Jerusalem, and satisfy their lust and appetite and greed in the plunder and spoils of a conquered city. From a study of this record, we must admit that the power of angels is limited only by the work which God designs they shall accomplish."—*Ministry of Angels*, p. 59.

2. Man has never attempted to measure the velocity of anything traveling faster than light. Light travels 186,000 miles a second—more than seven times around the earth in one second of time. Yet angels can travel faster than this. Ezekiel wrote of their movement that they "ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning." Men may move about by train, automobile, or aeroplane, at the speed of sixty, seventy-five, ninety, and even more miles an hour. When we compare such movement to that of an angel it is as nothing. Faster than the telegraph message these heavenly messengers speed on their errands of ministry to man.

3. "Here a messenger from heaven, standing before the throne of God when Daniel began to pray, was commanded to come to the prophet, and to give him skill and understanding concerning the revelations of Jehovah. While the prayer was still on his lips, before he had closed his petition, a messenger from the throne of God was at Daniel's side, announcing, 'At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee.' Surely one could not ask for a more speedy response to his supplication than this.

"Notice the expression, 'being caused to fly swiftly.' Our Father knows the need of immediate help for his children, and when the occasion demands, he causes his more than lightning-swift messengers to quicken their flight. The angel did not have to search from place to place in Babylon to find Daniel. He did not have to look for him in the palace of the king, or in the council halls of the wise men, or among the throngs in the streets, but he came direct from the throne of God to Daniel's side. No earthly monarch ever sent so swift a messenger to bear tidings of good or ill as Jehovah sent to this prophet in prayer. No heart of love, bound by the strongest cords of devotion, ever yet sent so quick an answer to the object of his affections as God sends through his holy angels to those who trust in him. For our Lord is no respecter of persons; what he did for Daniel, he will do for the humblest of his children who serve him in sincerity and offer their petitions to him in faith."—*Id.*, pp. 65, 66.

Intermediate Lesson

IV — The Sermon on the Mount; The Beatitudes

(April 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5: 1-16.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 6: 20-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are the light of the world." Matt. 5: 14.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 298-306; "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pp. 7-72.

PLACE: The mountain side near the Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus, the twelve, the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

"After the ordination of the apostles, Jesus went with them to the seaside. Here in the early morning the people had begun to assemble. . . . The narrow beach did not afford even standing room within reach of his voice for all who desired to hear him, and Jesus led the way back to the mountain side. Reaching a level space that offered a pleasant gathering place for the vast assembly, he seated himself on the grass, and the disciples and the multitude followed his example.

"The disciples' place was always next to Jesus. The people constantly pressed upon him, yet the disciples understood that they were not to be crowded away from his presence. They sat close beside him, that they might not lose a word of his instruction. They were attentive listeners, eager to understand the truths they were to make known to all lands and all ages."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 298, 299.

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart."

Questions

1. As the multitude surrounded Jesus where did he go? Who came to him? What did Jesus then do? Matt. 5: 1, 2.
2. What is required of those who would enter the kingdom of heaven? What does "poor in spirit" mean? Verse 3. Note 1.
3. What did Jesus say of those who mourn? Verse 4.
4. What did he say of the meek? Verse 5. Note 2.
5. Who does he say shall be filled? Verse 6. Note 3.
6. What promise is made to the merciful? Verse 7.
7. What is the promise to the pure in heart? Verse 8. Note 4.
8. What is said of the peacemakers? Verse 9. Note 5.
9. Who among the persecuted are blessed? What promise is given to all such? Verse 10.
10. In what ways may the Christian be persecuted? Why may he still rejoice? Verses 11, 12.
11. What does Jesus declare his disciples to be? What is the condition if the savor be lost? Verse 13. Note 6.
12. To what else did Jesus compare his people? For what purpose is a light used? Verses 14, 15.
13. What should God's people do? What should be their purpose? Verse 16. Note 7.

Examples

- Give an example of a man who was not poor in spirit and one who was. Luke 18: 10-14.
- Give an example of a man who was very meek. Num. 12: 13.
- Who suffered great persecution with a cheerful spirit? 2 Cor. 11: 24-27.

Notes

1. The poor in spirit are the humble, the penitent, the teachable. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Isa. 66: 2. In such hearts Christ sets up his throne, and there he dwells. (See Isa. 57: 15.)

2. True meekness comes alone from Christ. "It is the love of self that destroys our peace. While self is all alive, we stand ready continually to guard it from mortification and insult; but when we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God, we shall not take neglects or slights to heart. We shall be deaf to reproach, and blind to scorn and insult. . . . The meekness of Christ, manifested in the home, will make the inmates happy; it provokes no quarrel, gives back no angry answer, but soothes the irritated temper, and diffuses a gentleness that is felt by all within its charmed circle."—*Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 31, 32.

3. Hunger means much. Men become so overpowered by it that they have taken human life to relieve it; but thirst is even more intense. Men go insane from thirst, and thirst often renders hunger intolerable. Men may live without food many days, but they can live only a short time without water. These characteristics of our physical needs should teach us the importance of supplying our spiritual sustenance. Does our body need bread? More than this our souls need the bread of life. Does the physical man call for water? Infinitely more do we need God's Spirit, the water of life. But if we hunger and thirst, the Great Provider will abundantly supply our need.

4. "In one who is learning of Jesus, there will be manifest a growing distaste for careless manners, unseemly language, and coarse thought. When Christ abides in the heart, there will be purity and refinement of thought and manner."—*Id.*, p. 42.

5. It is easy to stir up strife, to cause hard feelings among associates. Many heartaches, much sorrow and suffering, has been caused by the thoughtless word and the unkind gossip. The true Christian will seek to heal all differences between others, and to promote a spirit of love and harmony.

6. Salt is a preservative, and is so used as a symbol here. So God's church, instead of bringing calamity upon the world, preserves the world. Ten good persons in Sodom would have kept it from destruction. But if the savor, the preserving power of the salt of the earth, be lost, both that which may seem to be salt and earth will perish.

7. Jesus is "the light of the world." See John 8: 12. God's word is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. See Ps. 119: 105. That word wrought into the lives of his children through Christ Jesus makes them the light of the world. How they should prize the sacred responsibility!

"If Christianity is worth anything, it is worth everything. If it calls for any measure of warmth and zeal, it will justify the utmost degrees of these. There is no consistent medium between reckless atheism on the one side and the intensest warmth of religious life and effort on the other."—*Mackay, Africa*.

**The Flight of the Birds**

O WISE little birds, how do ye know  
The way to go  
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they,  
"We but obey  
One who calleth us far away.

"He calleth and calleth year by year,  
Now there, now here;  
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, he calleth me  
Who calleth ye:  
Would that I might as trusting be!

— Selected.

**The Seven Bakers**

**T**HERE are seven brothers in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who bear the name of Baker, and who are bakers by trade. They took over their father's business, which was small, and together they have built up the work until in 1918 they did a business of \$750,000.

They attribute their success to their adherence to the following rules:

- Make the best product you know how out of the best materials obtainable.
- Then advertise it everywhere.
- Don't be afraid of it; charge every cent it is worth. Believe in it.
- But play straight; play aboveboard. Don't ever do anything crooked.
- Give service, first, last, and always.
- Look ahead as far as you can see.
- Ask for all the advice you can, from anybody you can, and take all you can.
- Treat your employees the way you would want to be treated in their place.
- AND WORK.

**Strength with Determination**

**I**HAVE written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." What young man does not delight in strength, in ability to do and power to successfully complete a task? Physical strength is an admirable quality; but moral and spiritual strength is even more desirable. The strength that carries a man into the thick of the battle often fails when he is called upon to stand alone for principle.

Moses, when resigning the leadership of the children of Israel, commanded Joshua, his successor, "Be strong and of a good courage." Deut. 31:7. He knew the qualifications necessary for a man who was to lead a people into the Promised Land. Had not God chosen Moses because he was strong—strong enough to resist the temptation of a life of ease in the Egyptian court, choosing rather to suffer hardship with the people of God?

Lack of moral strength kept the children of Israel wandering forty years in the wilderness. All were agreed that Canaan was a goodly land, but only two of the spies dared say that they were able to take it; so of all the host that came out of Egypt only Caleb and Joshua entered the Promised Land. Thus does the Lord reward those who in face of opposition have courage to stand on his promises.

God wants young men like Nehemiah, who will not be deterred from their purpose,— young men who will say, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Does the world offer position, wealth, ease? Have you the courage of Nehemiah to resist these invitations? John the Baptist was strong. In contrast to the men of his day, he lived in a peculiar fashion, in the wilderness, preaching a message that cut directly across men's paths. Do you think it was

easy? God needs young men who are strong enough to be different.

Saul, the persecutor of the Christian church, on the road to Damascus was brought face to face with a conviction of the error of his ways, and he had the moral strength to completely change his life and serve God. What about ourselves today, when we are convinced that something in our life is displeasing to the Master? Have we the strength to say, "I'll allow God to take that thing out of my life," or are we satisfied to wish that we might do it?

How can we possess this strength? By seeking the Lord who is the source of all strength; by spending much time in prayer and in the study of God's word; by getting a living, vital connection with Jesus, knowing him as a personal Saviour. Then we may say with the apostle Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

LINTON SEVRENS.

**Mammy's Advice to the Ambassador**

**W**HEN Thomas Nelson Page was our ambassador at Rome, he one day received a letter from his brother who lives at the old homestead in Virginia. While the brother was writing the letter, an old colored mammy came into the room to sweep up the hearth. Mr. Page said: "Aunt Violet, have you any message to send to Mister Tom?"

The old woman thought a moment, and said: "Yes; tell Mistah Tom dat while he's ovah dere goin' round wid de kings and princes, he mustn't ferget de King ob kings and de Prince ob Peace."

It happened on the very day that the ambassador received this message, he had an audience with the king and queen of Italy, so he told them of the old colored woman's words, and they seemed deeply impressed.

While we may not keep company with kings and queens, we are each in constant need of the same wise counsel. We are surrounded with much to take the attention from heavenly things, and if we would be kept in the right path, we must not forget for a day the King of kings, or the Prince of Peace. F. D. C.

If God gave me back my life to live over again, I would without one quiver of hesitation lay it on the altar to Christ, that he might use it among those who have never yet heard the name of Jesus.— *Paton, New Hebrides.*

They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." Isa. 41: 6.

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