

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 17

Sermons We See

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*I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds;
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.*

*I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do;
For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.*

*When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind.
When a weaker brother stumbles, and a strong man stays behind
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.
And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.*

*One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold;
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day.*

— Edgar A. Guest.

From Here and There

Isn't the poem on the preceding page worth memorizing?

Dr. W. H. Meyer, of the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, has been successful in treating superficial cancer by graduated dosages of the X-ray. He does not claim a cure for the deep-seated cancer.

Installation of libraries on all ships of the United States merchant marine, and in all coast-guard stations and lighthouses, is an item of the comprehensive plan recently announced by the American Library Association.

A new anesthetic is said to have been developed that allows a patient to be insensible to pain but conscious, so that he can unfeelingly witness his own operation. The new gas is a refined ether combined with other gases whose nature is not revealed.

Airships have been used in place of the usual funeral hearse, and for carrying a prospective buyer to see a farm, when poor roads forbade other transportation, and for taking an insurance adjuster a distance of 275 miles to the scene of a conflagration.

A wood-boring beetle in California, undismayed by lead or even by alloys that are harder than lead, has put hundreds of telephones out of use. The beetle bores into the cables that carry the wires, then water gets in and makes the wires useless until the damage is repaired. As yet no one has found a way to keep the beetles out.

The recent experience of the "Glance," which tore a hole in its hull on Plymouth rocks, is a counterpart of the story of the boy who saved Holland by stopping up a hole in the dike with his arm; for one of its men wrapped himself in canvas and, forcing his body into the hole, stopped the leak for four hours while the boat was being towed in.

The date palm begins to bear fruit three or four years after being set out in orchard form, and becomes more valuable each year. It is considered in its prime when about a hundred years old. It is being successfully cultivated in a small section of the United States; and that is in the Coachella Valley of California, a part of the great Colorado Desert.

Great Britain has provided her new ambassador to the United States with emoluments much greater than those of his predecessors, amounting to a sum of \$100,000 a year, in addition to an official residence at Washington, heated, kept in repair, and furnished, even to the extent of a magnificent service of silver plate, by the government. This is much more than our President receives.

The Eusatia Pallidani who lately passed to her reward was not, as might be supposed, an Italian opera singer, but a black Spanish hen of New York State. She had attained the remarkable age of thirty-two years. In her youth a prize-winning beauty of distinguished birth, she was in her old age a careful and solicitous mother, for she hatched and raised a brood only last spring. Though she was never noted for her musical voice, her lays nevertheless endeared her to a wide circle of friends.

Although Britons speak the same language that we do, they speak it with differences that persist in spite of the growing intercourse. The Englishman asks for a "reel of cotton," the American for a spool of thread; the Englishman's "stick" becomes a cane when he crosses the Atlantic, and his "biscuit" a cracker. He buys his ticket at a "booking office" and carries a "box" with him instead of a trunk. When the Forty-niners found gold in California, they staked out claims; but when the Australians found a valuable deposit of black opal in New South Wales recently, they "pegged" their claims. The American word gave us the picturesque "pull up stakes." Will the English word give us anything as good?

Is commercial flying dangerous? In England, since last May, 21,000 flights have been made, carrying 52,000 passengers, and there have been only thirteen accidents. Airplanes cross regularly from London to Paris, and from London to Brussels, carrying any one who has the fare. In the Philippines a Curtiss "Seagull" has flown over 1,100 miles, touching practically all islands, the start of commercial flight in that area. The German airship "Bodensee," a remodeled Zeppelin, continues to make its 400-mile journey from Berlin to Lake Constance on the border of Switzerland, recently covering the distance in three and three-fourths hours, a rate of 108 miles an hour, which is exceedingly fast time for a balloon.

One of the functions of the Biological Survey, which is under the direction of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is to make a census of the birds at frequent intervals. It is pleasant news that the count since the international migratory bird law went into effect shows a marked increase, especially in the song birds, most of which are insect eaters, and particularly in the number of robins. The birds would be welcome visitors if they did nothing more than entertain us with their songs; but they do an incalculable amount of good in destroying noxious insects.

A number of interesting suggestions have been made for attempting communication with Mars. One plan is to group together 120 or more high-intensity searchlights, of the kind used by the United States Army, sending a combined ray of at least 120,000,000,000 candle power, or a candle power of one billion each. The width of the beam of light that would reach Mars is estimated to be 1,000,000 miles. This would be equal to one candle at 130 feet, and is thought to be sufficient to attract the attention of Martians.

Invading a field monopolized in pre-war times by German manufacturers, an American company is now producing the extremely fine platinum wire used as cross lines in telescopes, and for other purposes. The material is prepared by embedding a platinum core in a silver wire, and drawing the latter to a small size. By this treatment, the core is reduced to .00006 inch in diameter. The silver is later removed with acid, exposing the slender platinum filament.

Long distance flights are now the chief interest of aviators. A few weeks after the journey from London to Australia was accomplished, another pilot flew from Cairo, Egypt, to Capetown, near the extreme southern end of the continent of Africa. A Caproni triplane is now making the trip from Rome to Tokio, Japan. Soon only the Pacific Ocean will remain uncrossed.

Nearly 2,400 ships, not counting navy vessels, passed through the Panama Canal last year.

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"His Way with Thee"

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER

So kind! He looks on, smiles on me —
I in my unshamed worthlessness!
Signals from the great Unknown,
That I his deityship might guess!

My tiniest, inmost thought he reads,
And answers my unspoken prayer;
Close, close, I clasp the pearls I sought
Amid life's darkness and despair.

Amazing grace! He stooped to hear,
To please me, tinged my world with gold!
And lower still I bend my ear
To catch the "voice" men heard of old.

That voice so low! yet carrying far
Past bugle blast, or bells that ring! —

I flee the throng; and desert spot
Is audience chamber of my King.

He teaches, disciplines, directs,
Turns all my vagrant soul to him;
Day is a step toward heaven to climb,
And night a psalm in arches dim.

Earth's things recede; the dross of sin
Before his glory burns away;
High throned within a human life,
He wields the scepter of his sway.

Undying love! Great heart of God
Poured out to save a recreant race!
Worlds marvel, praise; angels adore;
Man only stands with listless face.

He Had a Grouch

ROBERT B. THURBER

IT rolled out of bed with him on a rather-sleep-longer morning. Symptoms: Head, muddled; mouth, dark brown; tongue, furred; legs, shaky; in general, out of sorts.

Because, — O well, he had it anyway, —
A sullen, surly huff to start the day;
A rabid, crabbed, rusty, crusty moodiness;
A frumpy, grumpy, pouty, glouty broodiness.
He stubbed his toe on nothing but the floor,
And jerked his shoestrings into three or four.
He lost his collar button down his back;
Regaining it, he gave his head a whack.
He cut his face, and blamed the razor blade;
Pronounced his strop the poorest ever made; —

And so on through a miserable day.

The dictionary politely informs me that "grouch" is "[Colloq., U. S.]." Now this may be true of the word, but it is not true of that for which the word stands. Far from being confined to the United States, it may be found in earth's remotest corners, as travelers have observed. Also, my authority mainly sanctions the use of the word, as a noun, only when applied to a person. But for the practical purpose of this article, a grouch is the feeling a grouch has when he is grouchy.

A grouch is an out-of-sorts, cantankerous feeling that a man or a woman gets without any good reason, or at least finds no good reason for retaining. And yet he is always sure that he has the best reason for it that any one ever had for any grouch. It makes every one within touch, hearing, or sight of it very miserable; and makes its host more miserable than all he meets taken together. Its underlying cause may be a sour stomach, an insult, liver on a strike, auto-intoxication, or just plain meanness; but it is a disease in itself, and has all the earmarks of an independent corporation.

That it is a common ailment is proved by the large number of synonyms that the lexicographers allow for the naming of it. Witness: sulky, peppery, touchy, testy, naggy, glum, grum, mumps, dumps, peevish, waspish, churlish, snappish, splenetic, irascible, spinosity, dudgeon, morose, cross-grained, and hangdog; and more of a long-drawn-out list that rasps the ear like sandpaper rubbing against the grain.

The most peculiar thing about a grouch is that it is so hard to let go. It stings, cuts, and burns, coming, going, and at rest, — and yet its harbinger is loath to part with it. Like the man in the story who was chased around a tree by a tiger, and laid hold on the tail of the animal to help his speed, it seems impossible to hold on longer and impossible to let go.

Nurses are in great demand these days, and always command respect for their calling and good wages for their work. But the man who secures his R. N. by nursing grouches is in a class by himself; and the more cases he loses the better it will be for humanity.

There are a great many sores in the suffering world: open sores, running sores, bed sores, foot sores, shin sores, and eyesores; but the worst of them all is a sorehead.

The only way to kill a grouch is to drop it. Don't pay any attention to the "Fragile — handle with care" marked on it. Drop it, and it will smash all to smithereens. Sometimes it helps to stand off about ten feet from yourself and take a searching look at your actions and facial expression. And actually, if you ever had a semblance of a sense of humor, you will laugh at the ludicrous figure you make and the time you are having hugging a grouch that does you and every one no good and much harm, and is a kill-joy of the first water. If there is a cause, find it and remove it; if you can't remove it, laugh at it.

When you rise on a lie-a-bed morning, with a kick-a-hole-in-everything temper and a no-thank-you appetite, seat yourself at a table surrounded by glum-and-grumpies, and view a warmed-and-thrown-together breakfast, — *drop that grouch*; and say "Good morning" with a far-from-sickly smile. Then watch the sun rise.

Do you know that your thoughts rule your life,
Be they pure or impure in the strife?
As you think, so you are;
And you make or you mar
Your success in the world
By your thoughts.

— Emily Tupper-Bendit.

Missionary Volunteers in Canton

NOVEMBER 17, those attending the Kwangtung conference, held in the newly finished chapel in Canton, November 14-18, met at noon to consider the Missionary Volunteer work. Besides the delegates and regular workers of the conference the students from the Bethel Girls' School and the "Sam Yuk" school for boys at Tung-shan (our mission compound a few miles out from the city of Canton) with thirty or more children from the primary school in the city, were present. These children, ranging in age from four years to eleven or twelve, it may be added, attended all the meetings,—sermons, studies, business sessions and all,—with an average deportment that was wonderful to see.

After the opening exercises, including a song by the girls of the Bethel school, one of the young men from the boys' school gave a report of the work of their Missionary Volunteer Society. He said, in part:

"Every Sabbath, our society divides up into groups of two or three, and these groups go into the villages or into the city of Canton to teach the people the gospel. As young people we have opportunities that older workers do not meet. We do not need to sing to bring the people together. When they see us, they gather around, and we speak to them of the things that are taking place in the world and what they mean, and also teach the gospel to them."

A seventh-grade girl, in giving the report for the Bethel school, said:

"The girls in our Missionary Volunteer Society felt that we ought to do something, so we counseled with the teachers and divided into two companies, going out to work on Sabbath afternoon. Sometimes our companies unite and go to Canton. When we sing 'Jesus Loves Me,' sometimes as many as sixty women and children gather around us. Then we talk to them, explaining who Jesus is, and about his coming to this world to die for men. Usually we hold about three meetings every Sabbath afternoon, and always distribute a number of leaflets, usually about one hundred forty. If it were not for our faith in Christ, these leaflets would be of no account, but we believe that he will use some of them to bring people to him. In one family where we visited, the old woman said: 'If we come to your church, will you give us a home and educate our children, and see that we have something to eat?' I told her that this was not our business. Jesus did not come to the world to gain things for himself, but to give to others. The people who come into our church will gain blessings in their hearts, but they must not expect the church to take care of them. Instead, they must learn to give to help others."

Following these reports, Denton Rebok spoke on the Morning Watch, the Standard of Attainment, and the Bible Year. Six months ago, he said, he made a trip to Waichow, and talked with a class of boys who were studying to become better acquainted with the Bible. He set before them the Standard of Attainment plan, and urged them to take it up. This they agreed to do, and a week ago papers from this class of young men were received. In all, thirteen boys successfully passed the examinations in Bible doctrines and denominational history, and they are now awaiting their certificates. This is believed to be the first class in all China to study for the Standard of Attainment as a class, and receive their certificate.

A tableau showing a householder receiving a canvasser for "Health and Longevity" was next given. This part of the program was especially interesting to the younger members of the audience. When the canvasser spoke of the harm of the use of tobacco, and told the deadly effects of a drop of nicotine, and said that this book would show how to break the habit, gales of giggles swept over these children. Here was something that was quite within the range of their comprehension, for even little children in China use tobacco if they can get it.

The teacher of this primary school is the wife of one of the evangelists. It is interesting to know that as a

little girl she attended the Bethel school on the first day of its opening in the city of Canton, in 1904. Such a shy little thing she was that she screamed whenever the teacher, Miss Ida Thompson, came near her; but she kept on coming, and today is an earnest, careful teacher of other little girls and a number of little boys. This is one concrete example of the good work that was begun by this school so many years ago, and that is still being carried on. Her husband came to the boys' school with all his earthly possessions tied up in an old red handkerchief. Two sisters from Boston contributed toward his support in school, and he is now an earnest worker.

It gives us courage to see these young people entering into the activities of the Missionary Volunteer department, in this province in South China, and to know that the same work is being carried on in many other mission lands. ADELAIDE BEE EVANS.

A 1920 Program

SOME of the Missionary Volunteer Societies in one conference are working on the following suggestions for 1920. What is the program of your society?

"1. Weekly meetings in jails, homes for aged, county farm, and soldiers' home.

"2. Sunday night meetings in rural schoolhouses, organization of Sunday or Bible schools.

"3. Look after shut-ins and the poor. The children will enjoy carrying water and wood for widows or aged people.

"4. Take regular clubs of our magazines. Why not each Volunteer have at least one regular reader each week or month for *Signs* weekly and monthly, *Watchman*, *Life and Health*, and *Present Truth*? Follow up this work with Bible readings.

"5. The Anti-Tobacco number of the *Instructor* should be presented to the public. Let us be identified on the right side of the tobacco question.

"6. Be friendly with the friendless, timid, and backward.

"7. Remember that there are young people and children in our own church who need personal effort. Why should we do all our missionary work outside the church? 'Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'

"8. 'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.' M. E. KERN.

He Filled His Place

It wasn't much of a place he filled,
But he tilled and plowed, and he plowed and tilled,
While the greatest cause for his soul's unrest
Was a fear that he wouldn't do his best.
So he smiled at his work and went ahead
With a tuneful heart and a Christian grace.
It wasn't much of a place he filled,
But he filled his place.

The hands that they folded yesterday
On his breast were rough and hard — but say,
What does it matter, let me ask,
If they did get rough at a humble task?
For when life gets to the very end,
And death looks up from the pallid face,
What does it matter the place you filled,
If you filled your place?

I fancy the joys of paradise,
When they're given out, will cause some surprise,
For the greatest will fall, or I'm no seer,
To those that did simple duties here;
To the man who smiles and goes ahead
With a tuneful heart and a Christian grace,
Though it wasn't much of a place he filled,
If he filled his place.

— Selected.



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



What My Father Did for Me

THE people to whom we owe the most never remind us of our debts. They send no bills and they demand no settlement.

We receive joys beyond our present knowledge or understanding; wisdom is slipped into our mental pockets when our backs are turned; our feet are guided, and we know not how; we are shielded from harm and shame and misery; lifted over rough places and carried far on backs that may be wearier than our own; and it all is taken for granted; it all seems to be just a matter of course.

Then, some distant day when we are come to manhood and must stand alone before the world, we suddenly look back and discover how great were all those seemingly little things, and how courageous was the sacrifice which youth took unheedingly.

We are never furnished with a statement of such indebtedness. We discover it for ourselves — frequently when it is too late!

Why do I write this? Because I am thinking of one of the greatest of my own debts — the one to my father.

Lately I have been going back through the incidents of my life, trying to itemize the account. He isn't here to help me now; he kept no ledger in his dealings with me: he asked no return on his investment. I demanded much of him, and he gave it all without one murmur of complaint.

Daily the debt grew, without my knowing it. In the first place, I didn't understand the kind of business my father was conducting on my behalf. Boys never do. I didn't know the extent of my drawing account with him, nor how diligently he was laboring to make my path the smooth one it has been.

I knew he was as fine a dad as any boy ever had — kind, cheerful, humorous, hard-working and patient; severe at times over my indifferent effort and boyish carelessness, but severe always with a kindly purpose, and very proud of his children whenever they did anything which seemed worthy. What I didn't know until too late was the depth of his wisdom and the magnitude of his sacrifice.

I was sixteen years of age when my father died, in the summer of 1897. My mother tells me that in his youth his hair was jet black. "The color of a raven's wing," was her poetic description of it. I can remember him only with gray hair which changed rapidly to white.

That snowy-white glory fascinated me. It seemed to me to be the most beautiful hair I had ever seen on a man. He used to laugh at my adoration of it; and when, in my boyish way, I asked what made it so white he gave always the same terse answer: "It just faded."

I know now, what I never guessed then — that white hair was the badge of my father's struggle for us all. He had suffered much; borne privations himself; stood reverses; seen failure come, through no fault of his own; and finally, leaving the land of his birth and the friends of his lifetime, had come to the United States to start life anew, that his children should have their chance.

He died in his fifty-seventh year, respected by all who knew him, in debt to no man, and unstained by any act of shame or dishonor.

Once as a little chap I had a train of cars which I was very fond of. It was then my prize possession. A playmate who had come into the house wanted to play with it. I demurred. To me it seemed too precious to be risked in other hands. My father, who was

reading in the next room, heard me refuse the boy's request for that train and track and called me to him.

"What does Bobby want?" he asked.

"To play with my train of cars," I said. "He'll break it, and I don't want him to have it."

"Get it out," said my father quietly. "Let him play with it."

I did as I was told, for he insisted always upon obedience. I remember that I thought my father unjust, and I know I did his bidding grudgingly. As I had feared, the boy broke my toy! It was a sobbing, heartsick little fellow that my father called to him a second time.

"What are you crying about?" he asked.

Hard Luck

AIN'T no use, as I can see,
In sittin' underneath a tree
An' growlin' that your luck is bad,
An' that your life is extra sad;
Your life ain't sadder than your neighbor's,
Nor any harder are your labors;
It rains on him the same as you,
An' he has work he hates to do;
An' he gits tired an' he gits cross,
An' he has trouble with the boss;
You take his whole life through and through,
Why, he's no better off than you.

If whinin' brushed the clouds away,
I wouldn't have a word to say;
If it made good friends out o' foes,
I'd whine a bit, too, I suppose;
But when I look around an' see
A lot o' men resemblin' me,
An' see 'em sad, an' see 'em gay,
With work t' do 'most every day,
Some full o' fun, some bent with care,
Some havin' troubles hard to bear,
I reckon, as I count my woes,
They're 'bout what everybody knows.

The day I find a man who'll say
He's never known a rainy day,
Who'll raise his hat right up an' swear
In forty years he's had no care,
Has never had a single blow,
An' never known one touch o' woe,
Has never seen a loved one die,
Has never wept or heaved a sigh,
Has never had a plan go wrong,
But allus laughed his way along;
Then I'll sit down an' start to whine
That all the hard luck here is mine.

— Edgar A. Guest.

"Bobby broke my train, as I knew he would if I let him have it," I said. He put down his newspaper and smiled. Then, taking me on his knee, he said very gently:

"You're not hurt at all. Bobby didn't kick you, or give you a black eye, or anything like that. Your fingers aren't cut and your legs are all right. I've looked you all over and I can't find that anything has happened that should make you cry."

Then he talked it all over with me.

"Toys are made to give little boys pleasure," he said. "A toy which nobody ever uses is a wasted toy. If toys were never broken, never scratched and soiled, it would be a sign that no one had ever had any fun out of them. Now you had a train, and Bobby wanted to play with it. To have refused him that pleasure would have been selfish, and I don't want you to be selfish. I am sorry that Bobby broke it, but you shouldn't cry about it, for we can get more trains. It is easier to mend broken toys than it is to make an unselfish little boy out of a selfish one."

That sounded like injustice to me. I still felt that I had been wronged in some way, but later I came to learn that it was this spirit of my father's which enabled him to face any material loss without whimpering. I owe to him the knowledge that in the mere possession of things there is no great happiness, and that there is no great sorrow in the loss of them. He taught me to use freely my possessions, especially if in the use of them I could bring joy to others.

Since then I have had the average man's run of hard luck; I've seen my precious little toys go all to smash; I've been given the worst of it at times; but so long as my losses have been *material* only I have tried not to "cry" over them. My father had taught me that they were not worth it.

The days of our comradeship began in Birmingham, England, where I was born. My memory begins in happy times before reverses brought heartache and trouble to us all. I was my father's companion on his Sunday-morning walks. Holding his hand, I trudged gayly at his side up and down the hills of that city, learning from him then, unconsciously, much that was to serve me later on. I was too young to understand his purpose or to sense the process of his training. It is perfectly clear now — I was to see, with him, all that was good to see; and to learn, with him, all that was good to know.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a kind old lady in Iowa. Something of mine had attracted her attention.

"You must be a very old man," she wrote. "You seem to have lived so much and to know what life is. How do you think of the things which touch us all so closely?"

I smiled as I read the letter, for I'm not so very old — unless you call thirty-eight a tremendous weight of years. I'm still a kid, fond of play whenever I can get it. I think of myself only as a boy, and I do the same old wilful, boyish things without ever pausing to think that I ought not to do them. I may grow up some day, but I don't want to. The only change that has come to me in the last twenty-five years that I can see is that I now wear long trousers. Oh, yes, there is one other — Father Time has made it necessary for me to shave every day.

But I know what it was that made that dear old lady in Iowa think me very old and wise. It was the voice of my father. I was but echoing in that bit of verse some lesson that he taught me. The rhyme may have

been mine, but the thought was his. It was something that he gave me out of his wisdom on one of those wonderful walks of ours.

My father was the first to show me a business office. It was the one where he had been employed for many years as an expert accountant. I remember that I was curious, as all small boys are; but he was not content merely with gratifying my curiosity. He wanted me to learn the reason for all things.

Very proudly he led me into the office of the general manager, who took me on his knee and talked very kindly to me. I recall that father seemed pleased with the way I answered his questions.

There seems nothing extraordinary about such an event. It occurs in countless offices every day. Innumerable fathers have taken their little boys to the place of their employment, and the little boys, no doubt, have all enjoyed their experiences. But not every father thinks to make these happy little visits object lessons of real value.

On the way home he talked to me of the people we had seen.

"That was a good man you met this morning, sonny," he said to me. "Did you like him?"

When I replied that I did, he smiled and added: "Once he was a little boy, just like you; and when he first went to work he was cheerful and willing and obedient, and did his best to please others. By and by he worked his way upward, until now he is in charge of the big factory you have just seen. Because he is a good man, people like him; because he has worked hard and faithfully and made the most of his opportunities, he has succeeded. Copy from good men and you will never go wrong."

The incident impressed me as my father intended it should. During our walks together he had a way of calling my attention to men he wanted me to know, and always he talked about them. He seemed to be acting as a pair of magnifying glasses for me, enlarging the good qualities of others that I might see them clearly. I never saw a great man without my father's explaining to me why he was great, nor a bad man without being made to understand what made him bad. In that way I learned what traits to acquire and what faults to avoid. He was teaching me by example and I didn't know I was being taught.

I did not have to come to America to learn the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. My father told me that famous episode, in Birmingham, England. He loved the truth! And for that reason the story appealed to him. He had no patience with a liar, and he taught me always to be less afraid to tell the truth than to lie.

As I grew older my father's counsel became broader and broader and deeper. He told me more and more about the ways of men; pointed out their finer virtues and their subtler faults; explained to me why he liked some and disliked others. Conceit was a trait which he detested. I never heard him boast of anything he had ever done. He had one favorite story, which he told me as soon as he felt I could understand it.

"Don't ever get the notion into your head that the people you work for cannot get along without you," he said. "There was once a very bright young man who made himself valuable to his employer. He was clever, industrious, and sharp, and rose quickly to a position of some importance. One day a friend unkindly suggested to this clever young man that he was not being paid in just proportion to his worth. The youth decided this was true, and asked for an increase

in salary. This was readily granted. The additional money had been given so willingly that he concluded he must be worth even more, and within a few weeks he approached his employer with another demand. This, too, was met, but the youth remained dissatisfied. The third time he filed a request for more money the firm demurred:

"I know all about your business," said the conceited youth, "and either you'll pay me what I'm really worth or I'll leave. You can't get along without me."

"Oh," replied the president of the company, "that's rather a broad statement! What should we do if you were suddenly to die?"

"Well," stammered the young man, "in that case of course you would *have* to get along."

"Then, in this case," retorted the president, "we'll just consider you as dead."

We laughed together over that conceited man's downfall. My father thought it a splendid joke, or pretended to. "It taught him a lesson he sadly needed," he added; and I realize now that the purpose of my father's frequent repetition of that story was to give me a lesson I might some day need. Later he amplified the idea by adding:

"Don't think people can't get along without you, for they can. The thing to do is so to live and act that they won't *want* to get along without you."

My father made no distinctions of dress or class between men. There were but two kinds of men in his catalogue — good and bad. If he thought them bad, he told me why, and urged me never to be like them. I remember one day we were stopped on the street by a wreck of humanity. He was dirty, drunken, ill-smelling, and repulsive to the sight.

"That," said my father, after we had passed on, "is what drink does to a man. Take a good look at him, my boy, and remember him always."

I have heard many temperance lectures since, but none so vivid or so lasting as that one.

After we came to America, where father had elected to start life anew, following the failure of his business venture in England, I continued to take those Sunday-morning walks with him to the place of his employment. He was bookkeeper for a lubricator factory in Detroit, Michigan.

If I visited the factory during the week days I was permitted to follow him about the place. I learned from him then that any man, no matter how grimy his work made him or how soiled his clothing, was worthy and fit for me to associate with if he was honest, straightforward, and clean of speech.

Nor was my father more friendly to one man than to another. I never knew him to flatter a rich man or to scorn a poor man. Once he told me that the way to know men is to know what they are thinking; and that the way to know what men are thinking is to listen patiently to their conversation.

From my father I learned in that way that every honest man who does his work well is a good citizen. I had heard it said that clothes do not make the man; my father taught me to understand that statement. Had I been allowed to judge by appearances I should have lost many a true friend.—*Edgar A. Guest, in American Magazine.*

A YOUNG man who knew that Wellington was acquainted with conditions of India, asked him whether it was worth while attempting to convert India. Wellington replied: "What are your marching orders, sir?"

Nature and Science

Yosemite Park Elevator Will Hoist Visitors to Glacier Hotel

VISITORS to the Yosemite National Park in the near future will not be compelled to remain on the floor of Yosemite Valley because of the dangerous roundabout trip to the summits of the cliffs above.



Instead they will enter an elevator, to be quickly hoisted through 3,164 feet of solid granite, and step out on Glacier Point at an elevation of 7,214 feet above sea level, according to an announcement recently made by the Federal director of the national park service at Washington.

In spite of the fact that Glacier Point is one of the most majestic high places in all the world, very few of the countless thousands of visitors to the National Park have ever stood thereon. This is for the reason

that the trip to it necessitates a climb up the face of the cliff over a stairway cut in the rock, or a motor trip of sixty-five miles over a dangerous mountain road with grades up to 34 per cent that practically wear out a complete set of tires. Because of the high elevation of this road it is blocked with snow during a large part of the year, making it possible to operate the Glacier Point hotel only during the summer months. The elevator service through the cliff will enable travelers to reach Glacier Point quickly and easily, and at any time of the year.

This elevator was planned several years ago, but the actual construction was regarded as an almost impossible feat of engineering. The Government, however, refused to abandon the idea, and recently closed a contract with a mining engineer for the construction of the shaft. Work is to begin at once, and it is expected that the elevator will be in operation within a year. The plan also calls for the erection of a power house near the foot of the shaft, where hydroelectric power will be developed from the Merced River for the operation of the lifts.

Delicate Measurement of Heat

FOR some years the measurement of extremely small amounts of heat has been carried on by means of the thermocouple, or thermopile, an arrangement of tiny wires of different metals twisted together at one end, and connected to a sensitive galvanometer at the other. The least change of heat will cause the electric current passing through the galvanometer to change.

The astonishing sensitiveness of these instruments can hardly be appreciated. The amount of heat which the earth receives from certain stars has been measured, the quantity sometimes being only that of a candle fifty miles away! A new use of the thermopile in warfare, just announced, was for the detection, by the heat of their bodies, of an enemy crawling over No Man's Land at night. It was found by experiment,

using a 14-inch mirror to reflect the heat on the ends of the tiny wires, the presence of a man could be detected at a distance of 600 feet by a movement of the galvanometer needle, while several men could be discovered at a greater distance. Whether this instrument was much used or not remains a war secret. — *Selected.*

The Water Buffalo in China

THE water buffalo used for work on the farms and in the rice fields, like his Chinese master, is gentle, faithful, patient, and hard-working. He is the rice grower's greatest friend. When he is too old to work, he is sold to the butcher, but as long as he is able to wade through the rice ponds and drag the plow after him, his life is protected by the government. No one dares under the heavy penalty to kill one of these animals without permit from the officials.

It is said that some of the Chinese are so covetous for the present dollar and for the high rate of interest upon money lent, and others are so pressed by the holder of mortgages upon their property, that if these animals were not thus protected, so many of them would be killed that it would greatly interfere with the cultivation of rice. No other animal is so adapted to this work as is the water buffalo, and the nation is more dependent upon rice for its existence than upon any other article of food.



Preparation for Rice Sowing with the Buffalo in the Philippine Islands.

Other article of
O. B. KUHN.

The Devil's Sign as a Christian Landmark

LOOKING north from Moulmein can be seen a large mountain range which looms up behind Paan some forty-five miles distant. Away up on the highest peak, a tiny pagoda is distinctly visible. In reality, the pagoda is a large one, being about twenty-nine feet at the base, but on account of the distance, it appears as a small finger on the mountain peak. A narrow, tortuous path leads up to this pagoda, and at certain seasons of the year, hundreds and thousands of Buddhists find their way to this mountain, and willingly undertake the three-hour climb up to its pagoda-crowned peak, that they may obtain a little merit.

At the foot of this mountain giant, the ground is marked off into the irregular patterns of the rice fields, and the rice fields near the base make up Ko Aung Baw's rice farm. Who is Ko Aung Baw? He and his family were among the first in this district to accept the last gospel message.

So the devil's pagoda sign becomes the landmark of a little Christian company, whose house and farm nestle at the base of the pagoda mountain.

E. B. HARE.

A good American must possess four things:

A strong body.

An education.

The spirit of Christ in his heart.

A will to help his neighbor.

— *Selected.*

The Correct Thing

Broken Pledges

YEARS ago a young man left his home over the seas to make his fortune in this land. He and the young woman of his choice agreed that when he could support her comfortably, she would come to him. "Never fear, Mary; I'll be true," he told her.

Then he set sail. Soon the loved one left behind heard of his success, and the frequent letters of fervent love kept up her courage. In the lonely hours she dreamed of the beautiful home that was to be theirs some day — soon.

But months of waiting grew into years of gnawing suspense. Why were the letters growing shorter and fewer, and coming farther and farther apart? Why did he who had written "Yours devotedly and eternally," now close his letters with "Yours truly"? Why was "Dearest" now simply "Dear Mary"?

There is only one explanation. The young man had broken his pledge. An American girl had taken his eye — no, not the girl, but her money, her father's money. Money, — that was what he had come for. Here he could get it easily, and prestige and success. So the tragedy proceeded over the broken pledge.

And did she care — she who was waiting for her faithless lover's call? Oh, need you ask? Need you see her fainting at her mother's knee as the morning paper brought the news? Need you see her pale face grow thinner each passing day to know that she cared — to know that a broken pledge always means an aching if not broken heart?

What a sad story — and a true one, too! But may I call your attention to one that is sadder by far? Still, I need not. Let each one of us look within. What about our vow, our pledge, to the Master? He gave his all to purchase the redemption of the lost around us. He has called on us to throw out the life line to them. He is counting on us, for he has our pledge to loyal service. I wonder how he feels today as he looks down upon us. I fancy I hear him say: "Why did you let that opportunity slip by unimproved? If you had spoken to that person when I kept urging you to, he would not have gone down to a hopeless grave. You would have had a star in your crown. But, alas, you failed, and my blood, so far as he is concerned, was shed in vain. O that I could get you to see things as I do! O that I could make you see that the money you seek, the pleasures you crave, bring only bitter disappointment in the end. O that I could fill your hearts with my love. But, alas, your forgotten pledges almost break my heart, for I am counting on you."

What about these broken pledges? Let us take careful inventory. Yes, here is one where the first clause has been broken off. The rest of the pledge is there, but with the love of Jesus missing, service is but "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Surely that is a serious break. Here are some pledges with several large nicks in the last part. The friends to

whom these belong must have forgotten that keeping the pledge means loyal, soul-winning service, and that every neglected opportunity leaves a new nick in the pledge. But no matter how badly broken our pledges are, let us not become discouraged. There is one way to mend a broken pledge. That is to climb up through the path of unconditional surrender and renew our consecration to the Master whom we have promised to serve. And here is a way to preserve a pledge unbroken. That is to live where we will be a connecting link between the Jesus we love and the people whom we endeavor to serve.

"Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oft-times counts a service most complete.

"And yet he does love service when 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty —
Be sure to such he gives but little heed."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Mind Your Own Business

THE crested Anolis, a species of lizard, is very timid and will hide itself at the sound of a footstep. But it is also so curious that it will poke its head out to see what is making the noise that has frightened it, and so it betrays itself.

Curiosity about other people's business is a bad thing. "Mind your own business" is a good maxim. — *Selected.*



Food Habits

HOW we eat and what we eat determine to a large extent the degree of health and strength that we possess. The oft-heard saying, "As a man thinketh, so is he," would be equally true if expressed, "As a man eateth, so is he." Our bodies are made up of the things we eat. Good food makes strong, healthy bodies; inferior food makes weak, sickly bodies.

The quality of food upon which a person subsists not only determines his physical caliber, but it affects his mind and his morals also. This is illustrated by the following story: A company of men in an army was divided into groups. Each group had its respective diet. An inspector visited the camp. Upon inquiring of the men what was their chief article of diet, the men of the first group answered in a gruff, abrupt manner, "Pork." Those in the second class said civilly, "Beef, sir." The men of the third division lifted their hats and answered graciously, "Lamb, your honor."

The food we eat makes us refined or coarse, gentle or brutal.

Not only the quality and quantity of food we take, but the manner of eating it, demands our careful study. The Massachusetts Department of Health publishes cards for distribution in the schools which contain sixteen food rules for school children. In subsequent articles, we wish to study these good rules and also to learn many things concerning food values which are

important for us to understand in choosing our day's rations.

In these days of high cost of living, it is quite necessary to understand the nutritional value of foods, so that we may know how to purchase at the least cost, those things that serve the greatest use in the body.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

Information Corner

When did the business of coal mining begin in this country?

Coal mining for commercial purposes has grown up since 1825, though it was known before the Revolution that coal existed in Pennsylvania. "As early as 1769, a blacksmith, Obadiah Gore, in the Wyoming Valley, used coal found lying on the surface of the ground. Forty years afterward he tried the successful experiment of burning it in a grate for fuel. During the Revolution anthracite coal was used in the armory at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for blacksmiths' fires. In 1790 an old hunter, Philip Gintner, in the Lehigh Valley, discovered coal near the present Mauch Chunk. In 1792 the Lehigh Coal Mining Company was formed for mining it, but it did little more than purchase lands. In 1806, 200 or 300 bushels were taken to Philadelphia, but experiments to use it for ordinary fuel failed. In 1812 Col. George Shoemaker took nine wagonloads to Philadelphia, but could not sell it. It was soon afterward used with success in rolling mills in Delaware County, and it soon found purchasers elsewhere. But it was not until 1825 that the coal trade began to assume notable proportions, when anthracite was used in factories and in private houses for fuel. The whole amount of anthracite sent to market in 1820 was 365 tons. . . . The coal mines of the country were credited in 1910 with an output exceeding half a billion short tons (501,596,378).

How many gallons of water a day does New York City require?

"The Croton Aqueduct of New York was thought by its designers to be on a scale large enough to last for all time. It is now less than sixty years old, and the population of New York will soon be too large to be supplied by it. It is able to supply 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 gallons daily, and its cost, when the Cornell dam and Jerome Park reservoir are finished, will be a little more than \$92,000,000.

"It is now suggested to store water in the Adirondack Mountains, 203 miles away, by dams built at the outlet of ten or twelve lakes. This will equalize the flow of the Hudson River so as to give 3,000,000,000 to 4,000,000,000 gallons daily. It is then proposed to pump 1,000,000,000 gallons daily from the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, sixty miles away, to a height sufficient to supply New York City by gravity through an aqueduct.

"If this scheme is carried out, the total supply will be about 1,300,000,000 gallons daily, or enough for a population of from 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 persons. By putting in more pumps, filter beds, and conduits, this supply can be increased 40 per cent, or to 1,800,000,000 gallons daily. This is a fair example of the scale of the engineering works of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

HARTFORD was the first permanent settlement in Connecticut, and New Haven the second large settlement.



Just for the Juniors



On the Woodland Wire

TING-A-LING! This is spring!
 Calling up 1-9-2-0!
 Ting-a-ling! This is spring!
 Let me have the line! Hello!
 Give me, please, the wintry world
 With her little twigs upcurled.
 Tell her I am on the way,
 And may be there any day;
 Tell the valleys and the hills,
 Tell the yellow daffodils,
 And the wild crab-apple trees,
 Crocuses, anemones.
 Are you listening? Don't forget.

Tell the purple violet,
 And the velvet moss that clings
 To the rocks and woody things.
 Tell the little frozen brooks
 They may wander from their nooks.
 Tell the pussy willows how
 They must shortly make their bow.
 What! You can't remember all?
 Wait! Hello, there! Please to call
 Robin Redbreast on the wing,
 Tell him that I said to sing!
 When he trills his merry lay
 They will know I'm on the way.

—Sophie E. Redford, in *Youth's Companion*.

Being Beautiful

IRENE STUART CURTISS

"Not the things that I like to do,
 But the things that are right to do;
 Not everything that I want to do,
 But whatever I ought to do."

THIS stanza is a good motto to help the boy or girl who desires to be faithful. If you follow this motto you will find it good in your work, in your play, and in all places, and it will result in gaining for you this desirable recommendation, "He is a person to be counted on."

The boy who does the things that are "right to do" is the kind of boy the world needs; and the girl who does the thing that she "ought to do" is sure to be in demand. Be a person to be counted on. "What I like about Herbert," said the principal of the school, "is his faithfulness. If I am told that he has undertaken a task or has promised to deliver a message, I give the matter no further thought. Herbert does not promise more than he can do, and he always keeps his promises. He is a dependable boy."

The boy who is not talented can still be faithful and do what is expected of him; and the girl who is neither beautiful nor accomplished can be reliable and keep her promises. And these are things that build up strong characters that are of more worth than all else. Starting to be faithful may be hard, but it gets easier as one keeps on faithfully. Bad tempers can be cured, bad habits left off, and much service done if one faithfully keeps at the work. A little boy with a small shovel can clear away a lot of snow if he *keeps at it*, so you can do big things if you are faithful.

It was the quality of being faithful that made such a heroine of Mrs. Katie Walker, of the Robbins Reef Lighthouse. She loved her flowers and her chickens, and had been a faithful worker in caring for them. But one day a new task was given her. She came as a young bride to help keep the lights at Robbins Reef.

At first she thought she couldn't stand it to live out there with nothing but water on all sides. She wanted her flowers and her chickens. Besides, she was very much afraid of water. She never could overcome this fear, but she soon settled down to her duty to help her husband.

One day her husband took a hard cold which developed into pneumonia. She sent him ashore to the hospital, and said: "I'll tend the lights. You needn't

worry. You can depend upon me." But the husband never came back. Word was brought to the wife of his death. Efforts were made to find a new keeper, but as one after another came to consider the work, each one said, "I wouldn't live in such a dismal place."

Mrs. Walker watched on year after year, never for one minute thinking she could leave until a new keeper came to relieve her. She stayed for thirty-three years. In this time she saved many lives. When the war broke out, she was entitled to retire on a pension. But she was needed as never before. While her light burned steadily, she said, New York was safe.

Then a glad day came: the war was over, and a man came to take her place. When she was leaving, the Government official pressed her hand and said, "You have been a faithful keeper. You have always done more than your share."

"I want a little home on land now, and raise flowers and chickens," said Mrs. Walker, and the Government was glad to see that she got it, because she had been so faithful to duty.

Duty is a thing that ought to be done. It ought to be done because God asks it. It has been said that if two angels were sent forth from the throne of heaven, one to wear the brightest crown and the other to sweep the streets of the city, one would perform his work as willingly and as well as the other; and the spirit with which each would obey the King would make the work done equally noble and divine. So you see that being faithful doesn't necessarily mean doing some great thing, but it means doing the little things, the everyday duties at home, at school, in the church, and in the neighborhood where we live, just as God would have us do them. Not as grown-up folks would do them, perhaps, but just as faithfully and as well as any child can, working with a willing mind, a loving heart, with both hands—getting good, being good, doing good.

I am reminded of a story I once heard of a girl who gave her heart to the Lord and determined to follow the Master in all her ways. One day some one asked her how she knew she was a Christian,—what made her think she had been converted. She replied: "I know that I have been changed. Before I gave my heart to God I used to sweep around the rugs, and now

I sweep under them." She had learned now to do her work for the Saviour, and it made her faithful in sweeping the corners and under the rugs as well as the middle of the floor. So when we do our work with the desire to please Jesus, we shall render faithful, obedient service.

Every time we do a thing carelessly, failing to give our best, we lessen our ability to do good work. But whenever we put our best into our work, doing carefully the smallest thing, we add to our powers. This is the reward of faithfulness. One who is faithful in small things will not fail in some great trust or when some great occasion comes, for the Bible says: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Once a prominent judge who wished to have a rough fence built, sent for a carpenter, and said; "Mend this fence. As it is out of sight of the house, these unpainted boards will do and I will pay you only a dollar and a half." When the judge came to look at the fence, he found the boards planed and the work finished very neatly. When he asked the carpenter why he had put so much labor on the fence for so little money, he replied: "For the sake of the job, sir; I should have known the poor work was there sir." Ten years afterward this carpenter obtained a large contract from the judge, which made him a rich man. "I knew," said the judge, "we should have only good, genuine work from him." His faithfulness in the small thing, won for him the chance to do the big thing.

There is need for every boy and girl definitely to promise the Lord to strive to do faithfully whatever he would have them do. There is need for faithful Bible study and prayer. There is need for boys and girls who will be in their places every Sabbath, and who will do small duties with as much zeal as they do the greater ones. When you accept a duty, do you grasp it with all the power of your will, and try to fulfil the duty, or do you drop off? What is needed is the dependable boy and girl, who will say, "I can, and I will"—faithful at all times. Such boys and girls will make men and women of true worth.



Frank Paton

SOLID COMFORT

When there is missionary work to be done, you should not let carelessness, or laziness, or indifference, or love of pleasure turn you from your duty. The result that may be obtained from faithful missionary work is illustrated by a little girl's work with the *Signs of the Times*. She had a customer to whom she faithfully carried the papers for several weeks, and then he asked for other reading matter, which she obtained for him. Then she took him one of our larger books. Later a conference worker visited him, and finally he accepted the truth. But remember, the entering wedge was the *Signs* in the hands of a faithful little girl.

So do your work, whatever it may be, in such a way that in the last great day, when "every man's work shall be made manifest," and faithfulness alone will win the crown, you may each hear Jesus say to you, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Conscience as a Guide

JACOB'S sons were feeding their flocks in the vale of Dothan when Joseph, their younger brother, came to bring them greetings from their father. Instead of welcoming the lad, they spoke roughly to him, and then, prompted by jealousy, decided to put an end to his life. But just here Providence intervened, and he was sold to a passing caravan of Midianites bound for the land of Egypt. As they journeyed south past the vale of Hebron, Joseph caught sight of the hills among which his father's tents were pitched, and although heartbroken and alone, he resolved to be true to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and his father, Jacob.



Members of the Portsmouth, Virginia, Sabbath School Who Are Interested in Missions.

Having been carefully "instructed out of the law," the young man found the life of a slave in a strange land and in a heathen household particularly trying. His integrity was strangely tested, first in one way, then in another; nevertheless he remained faithful to truth and right. The voice of conscience, which he followed implicitly, proved a safe guide. Even those who did not believe in his God came to recognize his worth as a man, and Joseph was at last made ruler over all the land of Egypt, next in authority to Pharaoh himself.

It is always safest to shun the path which conscience tells us is not the right one. The man who disregards this inner voice cannot stand against the forces of evil, and his life will surely end in failure. The Master never forces us to follow his way, but always points it out as the one to be preferred. The choice he leaves with us entirely. What will your decision be? The Lord will reward any sacrifice you make for him, just as he did in the experience of Joseph.

B. G. WILKINSON.

Safety Rules

AN eleven-year-old Washington, D. C., girl, Beulah Garland, received the prize offered by the Co-bourg, Ontario, Motor Club for the best composition on "How Children May Help to Avoid Motor Accidents." Miss Garland gave the following rules, which are worth heeding:

1. Do not play upon the street.
2. Do not cross the street except at crossings. There you are given the right of way.
3. Look before crossing the street.
4. Remember on leaving a car not to cross the street behind the car.
5. Do not board or leave a car in motion.
6. Do not interfere with cars, as you may put them out of order and cause accidents.
7. Do not drop nails, glass, or pins upon the road, for these things may cause the motorists to have blow-outs and perhaps accidents.
8. Do not light matches near gasoline.
9. Keep the motor rules when riding on a bicycle.
10. Help old people across the street.

Little Things

If you would have friends, be friendly;
Be gracious, be noble and true;
For the good you show to others
Will surely come back to you.

If you would win love, be lovely;
Leave no kindly deed undone;
Thousands upon thousands are longing
For the touch of some lovely one.

If you would have help, be helpful.
God will measure to you, by and by,
By the service you have rendered to others,
By the way you have answered their cry.

If you would be great in the future,
Learn first that true greatness consists
Of the little things on life's pathway,
That seekers for greatness have missed.

You may sit in the schools of learning
A lifetime, only to find
That the secrets of wisdom lie hidden
In the little things left behind.

If you would have friends, be friendly.
If you would be lovely, just love.
If you would have help, help others
On the road to the city above.

MRS. A. BERNARD CRAW.

Boulder, Colorado.

THE United States has declined a mandate in Turkey, but American enterprise already has found its way to Jerusalem, and given to it its first daily paper, *Jerusalem News*, printed in English.

For the Finding-Out Club

The Club Rules

Give date of paper containing questions being answered.
Don't repeat question.

Write on one side of paper only.

Sign name plainly.

Address envelope to the editor.

One perfect set of answers entitles one to membership in the club.

The figure at the right of name shows the number of correct lists the person has sent in.

Answers must be sent in within one month after distribution in the Sabbath school of the paper containing the questions.

One question unanswered or answered incorrectly prevents the author from receiving any credit.

The person sending the largest number of correct lists during the year receives his choice of any book printed by the Review and Herald.

PART I

A Medicine That Comes from the Sea

EVERY one who has been to the beach has experienced the invigorating qualities of salt sea water and the bracing breezes that blow over the rolling waves. Old Neptune is kind to us in many ways. Not only in his frolicsome, splashy white caps may we find renewed health and strength, but he flings at our feet many a treasure that is of great benefit to man.

Among these is a seaweed that is called "the tangle," and when there is a heap of it, there is more tangle than anything else. It has a long, ribbon-like frond split up into a kind of fringe, and it grows in deep water, but is cast on shore by the tide.

Its great, woody stems are made into a heap and burned, and a blue vapor arises from their ashes. This is the medicine, the name of which you must find out. The chemist condenses this, and makes it pass from a vapor to a real body, after which it is ready to put on that painful swelling you developed after a head-on collision with something that wouldn't move.

This medicine is good for other ailments also. In South America, little sticks, called goiter sticks, were sold in the shops. People used to chew them. These sticks were nothing but the stems of seaweed, and the reason they were beneficial was because they contained this medicine.

Guess what it is.

HELEN ROSS.

PART II



NAME THE PICTURE

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for May 8

SENIOR: "A Man Who Lacked Stability."

JUNIOR: "Being Faithful."

Webster gives the definition of stability as "steadiness or firmness of character, resolution, or purpose." Did you resolve to be faithful in attending Missionary Volunteer meetings this year? Have you attended every one so far? If you have, then this meeting will be a source of encouragement to you to press on. The society needs all who are developing firm character. If you have failed to keep your resolution, the society needs you too, but above all, you need to learn the meaning of stability, and learn it so well that it will hold its place in the character which you are ever building. Begin by being faithful in attendance at the Missionary Volunteer Society meetings.

A Questionnaire

RECENTLY a new conference Missionary Volunteer secretary sent out the following list of questions to all the societies in the conference. Will all Missionary Volunteer leaders and secretaries please look them over, and if you have reason to believe that your conference secretary does not know the answer to some of them, or if you feel that the true answer to any would not be the proper answer, will you not write your secretary, giving information or asking for suggestions? Remember that progressive Missionary Volunteer officers always keep in close touch with the Conference Missionary Volunteer Department.

1. Name of society.
2. Time and place of meeting.
3. Do you have a regular membership list?
4. How many have signed the Missionary Volunteer Pledge?
5. Do all your members belong to the church?
6. How many of your society members are associate members?
7. How many young people ought to be society members who are not?
8. Do you have prayer bands? How many?
9. Do you have a secretary-treasurer's record book?
10. Are you using the Memoranda of Attendance and Work?
11. Do you have "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work"?
12. Do you have "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers"?
13. What work bands do you have?
14. What are your missionary activities?
15. Do you have Standard of Attainment classes?
16. What are your plans for raising your goal for the Inea Union Mission?
17. What method of reporting do you use?
18. How often do you have executive committee meetings?
19. How often do you plan for social evenings?
20. What is your greatest present need and in what way do you think the Missionary Volunteer Department can best help you?

Perhaps this questionnaire will help you to answer the question, Is my society a standard society? M. E. KERN.

Our Counsel Corner

I am convinced that I should become a Christian, but I do not feel any emotion about it. What should I do?

We think of the mind as having three chief powers, or functions. They are, first, the intellect, by which we know or understand and reason; second, the emotions, which embrace what we term our conscience and all our feelings; third, the will, by which we choose or decide. Knowledge awakens feeling, and feeling leads to decision. For illustration, we may hear a missionary tell of the conditions among the heathen. This knowledge awakens our pity and sympathy, and these feelings lead us to decide to act by giving of our means, or going as missionaries. In the word of God we are given great and solemn truths about sin and righteousness, death and life, the devil and God. These truths are designed to appeal to our judgment and reason. This should arouse our conscience, and feelings of fear and horror toward sin, and feelings of love for the Saviour, and a desire for righteousness and life instead of sin and death. If we do not resist or stifle these feelings, they will speedily constrain us to decide and to act as God desires we shall. (See Acts 2: 37.)

But it is possible to blunt or paralyze our emotional faculties, or, as we say, become hardened. We may do this by resisting the feelings awakened by the Holy Spirit who speaks through God's word, or by refusing or neglecting to act as those feelings prompt us to act. From all this it is plain that there may be two reasons for the absence of feeling or emotion concerning spiritual things. One is ignorance of the Scriptures. If one does not feel a conviction that he is a sinner, and that sin is unspeakably loathsome and dreadful, then it is quite certain that he does not study God's word or know much about it.

If he will go to the Bible, praying for the Holy Spirit to attend its perusal, he will not be disappointed.

But if he is familiar with all this, and knowing well the nature of sin, still loves it and feels no fear of it and no deep longing for salvation from it, it is quite likely that he has so resisted the appeals of conscience and refused to respond to the emotions previously awakened by the Holy Spirit that he has become hardened. This is one of the most terrible facts connected with the wilful indulgence in known sin. The feelings by which sin is detected and by which God constrains the soul to choose right and refuse wrong, become more and more insensible, until at last one may become "past feeling." Eph. 4: 19. When one reaches that condition, we understand he has no more concern about his sins. One's only safety therefore, when he is conscious of a growing indifference and insensibility to sin, is to cry earnestly to God to arouse his dormant spiritual faculties. If he will study the Scriptures and pray whole-heartedly, the Lord will arouse his conscience and quicken his hatred for sin, and kindle in his heart a longing for Christ and for holiness. We are told that "the Spirit of God is gradually but surely being withdrawn from the earth." Many are in a condition of indolence and stupor from which they will probably never arouse until it is too late. The terms of salvation are given pointedly in Isaiah 55: 6, 7. MEADE MACGUIRE.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VI — Angels and the Judgment Books

(May 8)

The Work of Angels in the Judgment

1. For what event has God appointed a time? Acts 17: 31.
2. How many must appear before the judgment bar? 2 Cor. 5: 10.
3. When Daniel beheld the scene of judgment, how many of God's ministers assisted in the work? Dan. 7: 9, 10.
4. What witness is there of our actions and words? Eccl. 5: 6. Note 1.
5. Where did the psalmist indicate that his life record was kept? Ps. 56: 8.
6. When all men finally stand before the "great white throne," what records will be opened? Rev. 20: 11-15.

The Heavenly Recorders and Records

7. Who have kept these records? Note 2.
8. For whom is a book of remembrance kept? Mal. 3: 16, Note 3.
9. What is taken into account in the judgment? Matt. 12: 36, 37. Note 4.
10. What will then be revealed? 1 Cor. 4: 5; Heb. 4: 12. Note 5.
11. What shows that the secrets of our lives are registered in heaven? Eccl. 12: 14. Note 6.
12. In what book are the names of the overcomers registered? What will be done with these names before the Father and the angels? Rev. 3: 5.
13. Who will be delivered in the "time of trouble"? Dan. 12: 1.
14. Who only shall enter the city of God? Rev. 21: 27.
15. Why should the Christian rejoice? Luke 10: 20.

Notes

1. "Many have a form of godliness, their names are upon the church records, but they have a spotted record in heaven. The recording angel has faithfully written their deeds. Every selfish act, every wrong word, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling, is faithfully chronicled in the book of records kept by the recording angel."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. II, p. 442.*

"I was shown that the recording angel makes a faithful record of every offering dedicated to God, and put into the treasury, and also of the final result of the means thus bestowed. The eye of God takes cognizance of every farthing devoted to his cause, and of the willingness or reluctance of the giver. The motive in giving is also chronicled. Those self-sacrificing, consecrated ones who render back to God the things that are his, as he requires of them, will be rewarded according to their works. Even though the means thus consecrated be misapplied, so that it does not accomplish the object which the donor had in view,—the glory of God and the salvation of souls,—those who made the sacrifice in sincerity of soul, with an eye single to the glory of God, will not lose their reward.—*Id., pp. 518, 519.*

2. It is evident that angels are familiar with every detail of our lives (Eccl. 5: 6; 10: 20; 1 Cor. 11: 10, A. R. V.), and it is reasonable to believe that they are the heavenly recorders. In each note of this lesson quotations are given from the spirit of prophecy containing direct statements declaring that angels

are keeping these record books. In 1882 an important testimony was sent to one of our denominational centers; the following paragraph is taken from it:

"A few weeks since, I was in a dream brought into one of your meetings for investigation. I heard the testimonies borne by students against Brother ——. Those very students had received great benefit from his thorough, faithful instruction. Once they could hardly say enough in his praise. Then it was popular to esteem him. But now the current was setting the other way. These persons have developed their true character. I saw an angel with a ponderous book open, in which he wrote every testimony given. Opposite each testimony were traced the sins, defects, and errors of the one who bore it. Then there was recorded the great benefit which these individuals had received from Brother —'s labors."—*Id.*, Vol. V, p. 59.

3. "It will pay, then, to improve the privileges within our reach, and, even at some sacrifice, to assemble with those who fear God and speak for him; for he is represented as hearkening to those testimonies, while angels write them in a book. God will remember those who have met together and thought upon his name, and he will spare them from the great conflagration. They will be as precious jewels in his sight; but his wrath will fall on the shelterless head of the sinner."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, p. 107.

4. "Some talk too much; they stand in this position, 'Report, and we will report it.' Miserable indeed is such a position! If all these gossipers would ever bear in mind that an angel is following them, recording their words, there would be less talking and much more praying."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, p. 40.

"You all have an influence for good or for evil on the minds and characters of others. And just the influence which you exert is written in the book of records in heaven. An angel is attending you, and taking record of your words and actions. When you rise in the morning, do you feel your helplessness, and your need of strength from God? and do you humbly, heartily make known your wants to your heavenly Father? If so, angels mark your prayers, and if these prayers have not gone forth out of feigned lips, when you are in danger of unconsciously doing wrong, and exerting an influence which will lead others to do wrong, your guardian angel will be by your side, prompting you to a better course, choosing your words for you, and influencing your actions."—*Id.*, Vol. III, pp. 363, 364.

5. "Words and actions and motives are recorded; but how little do these light, superficial heads and hard hearts realize that an angel of God stands writing down the manner in which their precious moments are employed. God will bring to light every word and every action. He is in every place. His messengers, although unseen, are visitors in the workroom and in the sleeping apartment. The hidden works of darkness will be brought to light. The thoughts, the intents and purposes of the heart, will stand revealed. All things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, pp. 589, 590.

6. "Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

Intermediate Lesson

VI — Sermon on the Mount — Giving Alms; Prayer

(May 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 1-15; Luke 11: 1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.
Amen." Matt. 6: 9-13.

LESSON HELPS: "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pp. 116-121; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 139-149.

PLACE: The mountain side, near the Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus, the twelve, the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

The portion of the Sermon on the Mount selected for this study is better understood in the light of the following quotation from Mrs. E. G. White, in "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," page 117.

"In the days of Christ the Pharisees were continually trying to earn the favor of heaven, in order to secure the worldly honor and prosperity which they regarded as the reward of virtue. At the same time they paraded their acts of charity before the people in order to attract their attention, and gain a reputation for sanctity. Jesus rebuked their ostentation."

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

Questions

1. Of what does Jesus warn his followers to take heed? Matt. 6: 1.
2. What are those called who do good in order that they may have glory of men? In receiving the glory of men, what have they already received? Verse 2.
3. How should alms be given? How will they be rewarded? Verses 3, 4. Note 1.
4. What is said of the prayers of hypocrites? Why do they choose public places in which to pray? What is their reward? Verse 5.
5. Where should Christ's followers love best to pray? What is said of their reward? Verse 6. Note 2.
6. How do the heathen pray? Why do they pray in this manner? Verse 7.
7. Why is there no need for praying thus to our God? Verse 8.
8. Repeat the model prayer Jesus gave to his disciples. How close is the relationship of God to his people, as expressed in this prayer? What are we to pray concerning his will? For what are we to ask daily? What is the measure of forgiveness for which we may ask? Of what help are we constantly in need? With what words of praise does the prayer close? Verses 9-13.
9. In what way did Jesus emphasize one part of the prayer? Verses 14, 15.
10. In the parable which Jesus used to illustrate prayer, what did a man ask of his friend? How urgent was his need? Luke 11: 5, 6.
11. What answer was given to the request? Verse 7.
12. What shows that the man continued to urge his request for aid? Verse 8.
13. What lesson is taught by this parable? Note 3.

Practical Points

Why should the Christian pray?

When we see the direct answer to our prayers, should this increase our faith in God?

When we do not see the direct answer to our prayers, should this weaken our faith in God?

Of what may we be sure when our prayers are not answered?

Notes

1. "It is intimated, (1) That we must not let others know what we do; no, not those that stand at our left hand, that are very near to us. Instead of acquainting them with it, keep it from them if possible. (2) That we must not observe it too much ourselves: the left hand is a part of ourselves; we must not within ourselves take notice too much of the good we do, must not applaud and admire ourselves. Self-conceit and self-complacency, and an adoring of our own shadow, are branches of pride, as dangerous as vainglory and ostentation before men. We find those had their good works remembered to their honor, who had themselves forgotten them."—*Matthew Henry*. (See Matt. 25: 37.)

2. "It is often said that we have no such place, and can secure none. We are away from home; we are traveling; we are among strangers; we are in stages and steamboats, and how can we find such places of retirement? I answer, The desire to pray, and the love of prayer, will create such places in abundance. The Saviour had all the difficulties which we can have, but he lived in the practice of secret prayer. To be alone he rose up 'a great while before day,' and went into a solitary place and prayed. With him a grove, a mountain, a garden, furnished such a place."—*Barnes*.

3. "The selfish neighbor in the parable does not represent the character of God. The lesson is drawn, not by comparison, but by contrast. A selfish man will grant an urgent request, in order to rid himself of one who disturbs his rest. But God delights to give. He is full of compassion, and he longs to grant the requests of those who come unto him in faith. He gives to us that we may minister to others, and thus become like himself."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 141.

"KEEPING God's commandments is the way to true power. Breaking them always means loss of strength."

"Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then today fulfil your vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it — do it now."

The Bolshevistic Spirit

THE bolshevistic spirit may be found in those who know nothing of bolshevistic propaganda, and who may not even understand the meaning of the term. Bolshevism is highly contagious, and fills the air, so it behooves us all to be on guard, lest we unwittingly come under its blighting influence.

Perhaps the bolshevistic spirit may best be understood by a concrete illustration. In our good State of Kansas, there recently occurred a disgraceful procedure in connection with one of the normal schools. It seems from accounts given in newspapers that a college running track was to be built. The president, on being called away on business, left word that a half holiday should be given so that the men students could work on the track.

A chance remark made in fun, developed into a bolshevistic notice being posted, to the effect that all persons, including the faculty, who did not report for work on the track at a certain hour should be ducked in the lake.

The first victim of this "student soviet," or bolshevistic régime, was the editor of the college paper. He was taken from the college library by fellow students, and thrown into the water over his head, though he could not swim. Another victim was a college professor, a bridegroom, who was captured on the way to his classes and thrown into the water. Another professor happily surprised and evaded his captors by diving into the lake before they could act.

The first professor said that he had intended to do his part on the track; but after being threatened if he did not work, he determined not to be governed by force and threats. The one who dived into the lake, said: "I was working on the track when the notice was posted, and I expected to work that day, but two things arose: Tuesday afternoon was my only afternoon for debate work, and I will not be forced to do anything by threats. I dived into the water for the sake of an ideal, and I protest against the use of force to promote school spirit."

The bolshevistic spirit is one of force, of disregard for law and order, an ignoring of personal rights. It is the spirit that has the great Russian Empire in its grip, and which now threatens throughout the world the best the present civilization offers.

The bolshevistic spirit is easily imbibed in this age of lawlessness, selfishness, extravagance, and irreligion. As young people set apart for the winning of souls for

the kingdom of God, we must ever be alert, on the watch, lest this anarchistic, lawless spirit take possession of us in ever so small a degree.

The faintest breath of the Christ spirit within us opposes the bolshevistic spirit, while any spirit to disregard rightly constituted law and authority encourages Bolshevism in oneself and associates.

"Keep steady" is heaven's marching orders to young people who have any desire to ally themselves with the stable elements of society or religion. One cannot afford to risk character or reputation in any cause not built upon proper respect for the powers that be, the powers that are ordained of God to rule and direct.

May the young people in our schools cherish the spirit that upbuilds rather than destroys the solid foundation of government, society, and the church.

F. D. C.

Your Crown

DO you want to be rich? The Bible says, "The crown of the wise is their riches." This evidently means character riches, and not an abundance of gold and silver. "Rich in good works;" "rich in faith;" "rich in mercy;" rich in liberality; rich in long-

suffering; rich in the fear of the Lord,—how beautiful are the riches of the wise!

"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

So, boys and girls, if you want to be truly rich, be kind, generous, helpful, merciful, patient, and forbearing. Do something every day for some one; bear with the faults of others; and be wonderfully quick to minister to the aged and the needy. If you thus become rich in good works, as was Christ, your crown will be one of imperishable glory.

F. D. C.

The Law of Self-Control¹

The Good American Controls Himself

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country. Therefore:

I will control my tongue, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.

I will control my temper, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

I will control my thoughts, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

¹ From week to week we shall give one of the ten laws comprising Mr. W. J. Hutchins' code of morals for the children of the nation. This code won a prize of \$5,000. Will not all the Juniors memorize the pledges and endeavor to make them a part of their lives?

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