

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

June 22, 1920

No. 25



© U. & U., N. Y.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

The white of the passing lilies and the white of the eternal snows — twin symbols of purity for all time: the one of the heaven heavenly, the other of the earth heavenly; the one soilless, the other soil-born; the one catching transcendent views of boundless space and myriad worlds from the watchtowers of earth, the other with its feet in the mire, shedding sweetness and beauty over the filth of the swamp; the one the transformation of dewdrops, the other the transmutation of mud. Yet the mountain snows stand ghostly sentinel over a solitude appallingly cold and void, where never man dwelt and where life is forever barred. The immaculate lily, doomed hopelessly to an environment of contamination, baring its spotless bosom to a miasma of corruption, pulsates with the life of a thousand resurrections; and from the abysmal bog, fit figure of the darkness of utter despair, it rises triumphantly white and reflects the light of the summer sun. Lord God of the lilies, grant us lives "arrayed like one of these."

Robert B. Thurber.

From Here and There

Edison has taken out more patents than any other man living. One hundred in one year is his record. He has now over one thousand patents registered in his name.

The Southern Baptists last fall in a special campaign raised \$90,000,000 in cash and pledges in eight days. This money is to be used for evangelistic and other missionary purposes.

The crow is equally at home throughout the continent of North America, in the tundras of Siberia, along the shores of the Mediterranean, in Africa, India, China, Japan, and many islands of the eastern archipelagoes. South America alone knows him not.

A Chicago firm is said to have wired their agent in El Paso, Tex., to run over to Texarkana, Tex., to interview a prospective customer. The agent wired his company that smaller mileage would be covered by an agent making the trip from Chicago to Texarkana. The Texas and Pacific Railroad time-table shows 858 miles between the two Texas cities!

In the city of Washington a novel parade, the first of its kind ever held at the national capital, was scheduled for April 12, by the Humane Society. "Be kind to Dumb Friends" was the thought impressed by banner, motto, and deed. It is not unwise for the busy world to pause for an hour to consider the worth of animals to man, and also to remember they are God's creatures created to serve us. Why should they ever be treated otherwise than with kindness?

Where is Albania? Your geographies will tell you that it lies between Montenegro and Greece, and belongs to the Turkish Empire. The country is the least known region in Europe; and the people are illiterate, as the Turkish government for centuries has not allowed the Albanians to have schools. It is not strange, therefore, that it was difficult for the Junior Red Cross Society to so gain the confidence of the children that they would come to school. They feared that the effort to get them into the schoolroom was but an effort to entice them into a trap by which their liberty would be taken away.

A radio compass for aeroplanes which will enable them to locate other planes accurately, regardless of weather conditions, has been successfully tested by navy fliers. On a recent trip of the NC-3 from Philadelphia to Pensacola that machine and another, from the Anacostia, D. C., field, were equipped with the new compass. Officials at Anacostia kept in communication with the NC-3 constantly by radio and took bearings at stated intervals on both planes by means of the compass. The two planes were directed toward each other from the field until when sixty-five miles apart the compass of each came into operation, confirming their positions and establishing communication.

At Perrysburg, near Buffalo, New York, there is a sanatorium for treating children afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones and glands, and you may be sure the children are not made into hothouse plants. Instead they are made into real snow children, and this treatment seems to kill the disease germs, but saves the boys and girls. But before the snow treatment, comes the "sun cure" treatment. The basis of the sun cure as practised at the Perrysburg hospital, is found in the fact that the sun is a wonderful healer. The patients are in the open air at least twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. So injured do they become to the out-of-door régime, that in winter boys will play for hours out in the snow, wearing nothing but caps, loin cloths, and stockings. This freedom, however, is permitted only after months of gradual exposure to sun, air, and cold under the intelligent observation of doctors and nurses.

Of the personages present at the opening of the Suez Canal, there are today but two survivors, namely Empress Eugénie, who recently celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday, according to the "Almanach de Gotha," and her kinsman, Charles de Lesseps, eldest son of old Ferdinand de Lesseps, creator of the canal, and who inherited his dukedom of Suez, bestowed upon his father by Napoleon III, on the occasion of the inauguration of this wonderful international waterway. Charles de Lesseps has never cared to assume the title of Duke of Suez, to which he has every right. He justly considers the name of De Lesseps more illustrious, and assuredly more historic. He still remains a member of the board of directors of the Suez Canal, to which he has belonged for more than half a century, being, indeed, its dean.

British army officers who in times of peace marry actresses are required to resign their commission. The diplomatic service is said to be under the same law.

There are estimated to be 150,000 Portuguese in this country. They have settled largely in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and California.

A Boy's Words

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy from a missionary school, while on a visit to some friends, went into a village temple one afternoon, and there found a feeble old man passing from idol to idol, and praying and offering incense sticks. The boy's heart was touched by the sight, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At last he went up to the old man and said, "Would you mind a boy's speaking to you? I am young; you are old." The man was not offended, and after some conversation the lad told him the story of God's love. The man's heart was melted as he listened. "Boy," he said, "I have never heard such words before." He took the lad home with him, so that his wife might hear the wonderful story. And these two were led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary. — *The Quiver*.

Song of the Panama Canal Builders

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing the thing that no one can do."

"A WORD spoken in due season, how good is it." — Solomon.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE D. CHASE	EDITOR
LORA E. CLEMENT	ASSOCIATE EDITORS
MATILDA E. ANDROSS	
M. E. KERN	SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
C. A. RUSSELL	

VOL. LXVIII JUNE 22, 1920 No. 25

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each \$1.50
Six months	.80

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVIII

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 22, 1920

No. 25

Pay Day

MRS. ISA E. CLEMENT

I do not envy you, my friend,
Though of your wealth there seems no end.
For joys there are in my life low,
Which you can never, never know.
The consciousness of work well done,
And hope of rest at set of sun;
The earnest toil throughout the week,
Then happiness, which though you seek
At home, abroad, you'll never find.
Because you know naught of the grind
Of toil and moil, and sweat of brow,
Of course to rest you know not how.

The week-end's rest to me is sweet,
My feet turn down the busy street.
My lunch pail swings with rhythmic thrum,
As fainter grows the city's hum.
Laved in the evening air my brow,
With thoughts of wife and baby now;
The well-kept home, its comfy air,
The welcome that awaits me there,
While greetings of my girls and boys
Complete my share of earthly joys.

Then, bliss of home, the evening meal,
And pleasure trip adds to our weal,
The car ride to the city's heart,
Its noisy streets, its busy mart,
Its wide smooth walks and globes of light,
Its colors gay in windows bright,
Its ten-cent store with wealth of toys,
Rejoicing hearts with childhood's joys,
Its candies, too, so tempting sweet,
And ice-cream cone, a weekly treat.
Then homeward jogs the little band,
With sleepy eye and sticky hand,
A tired, content, and happy crew,
Their quiet home life to renew.

Go round the world, from end to end;
On sea and land your money spend,
Go honk your horn and speed the ways
And bow to men to gain their praise,
But give to me the "pay day's" joys,
And pleasures with my girls and boys.

Vacation Canvassing

E. E. FRANKLIN

THE father of modern subscription book business, as applied to vacation canvassing by nonprofessional agents, students, and others, was Mr. L. W. Yaggy, now retired, formerly head of the Western Publishing Company, and collaborator on that famous subscription book, "The Royal Path of Life." A few years ago the idea was conceived by some of our publishing men that the students of our own schools could sell our literature during the summer months, and arrangements were made between the publishing houses, schools, and tract societies, so that by selling a certain amount of literature, students could return to school with expenses paid for the year.

The labors of those who first ventured out in this new enterprise were signally blessed and some of the records made were surprisingly large. These returned to their respective schools enthusiastic about their summer's work and experiences. The attention of others was attracted to the plan, so now every summer we see an ever-increasing army of our students selling our subscription books. Many of the young women have recently demonstrated their ability, having pursued the same policy in their work in entering rural districts and partaking of the hospitality afforded by the people. They report being entertained in the best homes in the territory worked, and their experiences were most profitable.

An all-round, thorough education cannot be obtained merely in the classroom. Theory must be complemented by practice. Many men and women who have made a success in the world began their life-work by selling books, thus learning practical lessons which prepared them for other fields of usefulness.

George Peabody, born in New England, carried a pack and sold books from house to house. James G. Blaine, a former Secretary of State and candi-

date for President of the United States, began his life career by selling "The Biography of Henry Clay." Bismarck, when a student in Heidelberg, paid his way through college by canvassing for Blumenbach's handbooks. Bismarck succeeded in shaping the destiny of an empire, because he shaped his own life by his persistent good nature and by never hearing the word "no." Daniel Webster was a book salesman, and secured the money to pay his tuition at Dartmouth College by selling "Democracy in America." George Washington, at the age of twenty, sold Blyden's "American Savage." The book cost two dollars a copy, and he sold it for three dollars. His diary shows that he sold more than five hundred copies, delivering the books himself. Annie Besant, the greatest woman orator of her time, received her wonderful fund of knowledge concerning humanity by selling books. In the palace of the Louvre in Paris can be seen the canvassing outfit of Napoleon Bonaparte. On the dotted lines of the prospectus are more than two hundred subscribers' names. If canvassing for books proved so potent in the preparation of these people for their life-work, of how much more importance is carrying our truth-filled literature to souls hungering for the truth.

An editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, headed "Learning a Business," states very clearly why selling books fits men for big things. Here are some of the cogent parts: "Learning a *particular* business is not the important thing that most young men imagine it to be. The thing of first importance is to *learn business* rather than any particular business, and business is nothing but looking for opportunities in dealing with people." Through coming in contact with many minds you gather ideas and learn to understand humanity. This understanding of humanity is of paramount importance to the student making plans

to enter various departments of our world-evangelization propaganda. In this work you will meet many educated, successful men who will tell you that they, too, got their start in life by selling books.

On Writing Letters¹

YOUNG people interested in the fine art of letter writing, should by all means, carefully study Paul's letter to the Philippians. It is a model. Students often read the letters of Cicero, Cowper, Chesterfield, and others, but you, as a Christian worker, can learn more from Paul's model letter than from any other. You and I should write more letters—to our parents, relatives, and friends. We owe them the evidence of our love and sympathy and interest. Letters are more easily written when we understand clearly the characteristics of a good letter. You have them in this model of Paul's. Notice:

1. *It is brief.* This remarkable letter may be read in less than ten minutes. A good letter cannot be long, or it slips into some other form of literature, as guide-book or sermon.

2. *It is informal and incidental.* The occasion for writing a friendly letter should be a simple and incidental one. In this case, Paul is in prison, Epaphroditus had come with necessary comforts from old friends in Philippi, and that was where Paul first established a church in Europe. It filled a large place in his heart. He sat down to let them know how he was getting along and to thank them for their gift. The informal spirit of this letter gives it a naturalness that is charming.

3. *It is personal.* Yes, it is intensely personal about himself and the Philippians. Mark how it abounds in strong expressions of personal love. We do wrong to repress demonstrations of love. Many are starving for it. Others love, but omit to say so. Weeks and months go by, and when they do write they fail to put in affectionate things. *Paul speaks his heart out.* He assures them of his prayers. *He is ready to live or die for them.*

4. *It is newsy.* A good letter must be newsy, giving the news about you and what you are doing, but it must show an interest in the doings of your friend. Paul gives the news about himself, the prison, the chains, his suffering, his recovery, their gift, his joy and hope.

5. *It is inspirational.* A letter may be all of these—brief, incidental, personal, affectionate, and newsy—and yet go into the waste basket. If kept until yellow, faded, and worn at the foldings, it must reveal the deepest nature and feelings of the writer. "The unintended self-revealings of people are the most interesting things to us." Paul did not, *could not*, write his letter of thanks without showing his friends the mountain range of Christian beliefs that inspired his life. Thus his letter inspires others. He did not intend to make it half as long as he did. Right in the middle of it he says, "Finally," and is about to stop. One thought suggests another, and he runs on. It is like two friends parting at the door. Certain things you say as the door opens, other things on the walk, others at the gate. *Paul's heart is a geyser.*

A letter may be about things. But it must show how one who sees the greatest things looks at those

little things. Paul did not evidently intend to write a theological treatise when he began his letter to the Philippians, and yet it is full of splendid theology and practical Christianity. The great fundamental truths of the gospel were the motives of Paul's feelings and actions. *He held no dead creed.* Christ was so real to him that he made Christ real to others. It made little difference to Paul whether he lived or died. He and Christ were one. The letter is full of Christ's presence and, therefore, full of rejoicing. It was written at a time when Paul's trial before the emperor Nero was drawing to an end, and when Paul was daily awaiting the issue. Many had deserted him, death stared him in the face, and yet the letter sounds the Christian note of confidence and joy. Paul's life was sublime. His letters were sublime. Sublime living means sublime witnessing. So it may be with us. We may not have the great gifts of learning and ability that Paul had, but we can have the presence of the Lord of all power in our lives, and, with him possessing and leading us, our influence will gather for the kingdom.

ERNEST LLOYD.

A Thrilling Incident

ELDER W. H. ANDERSON, while itinerating in Bechuanaland, South Africa, heard of a company of Sabbath keepers living at Maribogo. He says:

"While waiting at Maribogo station for a train from the south, I took a chair and went outside in the shade of the building. Soon a native came and took a seat near me. I asked if there were any churches there. He pointed out the London Society Mission, Church of England, Ethiopian, and Wesleyan.

"I asked if there were not some people there who had lost the way and who were keeping another day for the Sabbath. He said, 'There are some people here who keep the seventh day, which is the Sabbath of the Lord. I do not think they have lost the way.' I asked if he was one of them, and he said, 'Yes.' I then told him that I also kept the Sabbath and had come to visit them. He asked, 'Do you keep my Sabbath? Then we are brothers.'

"Then I asked about a man who went into Basutoland to see a missionary named Silsbee. He knew all about the visit. I told him that I was the one who had now come to teach them. Many inquired about Brother Silsbee. This man eagerly agreed to be my guide, and we soon arrived at their village. I began visiting with them and asked how they came to know about the Sabbath. They went on to relate:

"About fifteen years ago, a young man named Thomas Sehare, son of a Basuto chief, was taken sick, and the local native witch doctors could do nothing for him. He was then taken to the hospital at Mafeking, but the doctor there did not know what was the trouble. The father then took him to Basutoland to noted native doctors there, but it availed nothing. After they returned home, the son grew worse, and they called a council of doctors, who decided that he needed a dose of poison. They spent about a month catching snakes and extracting the poison from them. In all they caught twelve different species. Then they mixed the poison, and scratching different parts of his body, rubbed in the poison. After three days, Thomas became paralyzed. For ten years he was not even able to close his blind eyes.

"Then a native minister came from Basutoland to Mafeking, looking for a man whose brother was sick. He met Solomon, Thomas' brother, at the station, and

¹ The writer wishes to express his indebtedness for some of the thoughts in his article to Dr. Ballantyne's book, "The Philippian Letter."

told him that the Lord had sent him to heal a sick man, and that he was to meet his brother in Mafeking. Solomon took him home with him, and when he saw Thomas he said, "This is the man the Lord sent me to heal." He prayed for two weeks, but with no results, and then returned to Basutoland. After more than two years he wrote and told them to pray for Thomas again, but to have the women pray this time.

"The women prayed every evening. After ten days, Thomas' wife heard him laugh. She was startled, for she had not heard that for over twelve years. She asked him why he was laughing, and he said, "Because I can see." She did not believe what he said, but when he had her stand at the foot of the bed and described her clothing, she was convinced. He then moved his arms and said, "I am entirely healed." He got up and walked about the room. That was Thursday evening. The next day he said, "Tomorrow is the Sabbath, and we must keep it." They all laughed at him, but he kept it just the same. He said he must obey the Lord, who had done so much for him.

"Soon after this he heard of a missionary in Basutoland who was keeping the Sabbath. So he went to Kolo to see him. It was Brother Silsbee. That was in 1913. He stayed with Brother Silsbee four months, and was quite fully instructed in the message. Thomas accepted it all, and asked for help for his people. He wanted Brother Silsbee to go back home with him. But no one was found for the Kolo Mission, so Brother Silsbee was asked to remain there, and we were lost sight of."

"Thomas returned with his new light, and began teaching it. The result is more than one hundred keeping the Sabbath. They baptize by immersion, pay tithes, expect Christ to come soon, and abstain from tobacco, alcohol, and swine's flesh. I found the village clean and tidy. On Friday they took their baths and prepared for the Sabbath. They observed it from even to even. They asked me if I would eat cold food, for they never kindled a fire on the Sabbath day.

"The man who went to heal Thomas was a Zionist, and he now opposes these converts because they keep the Sabbath. They call themselves Zionists, but as the Zionist Church does not keep the Sabbath, they want to leave that church and join the Sabbath keepers. Last year during the plague of influenza, Thomas died. He did not know that his teacher was coming to help him after he had pleaded so long. Surely his crown will be bright with stars. It is for us now to gather in the harvest."

It is a perilous thing to allow an unchristian trait to live in the heart. One cherished sin will, little by little, debase the character, bringing all its nobler powers into subjection to the evil desire. The removal of one safeguard from the conscience, the indulgence of one evil habit, one neglect of the high claims of duty, breaks down the defenses of the soul, and opens the way for Satan to come in and lead us astray. The only safe course is to let our prayers go forth daily from a sincere heart, as did David, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 452.*

Nature and Science

Rescuing the Fish

UNCLE SAM makes extensive provision for the saving of shipwrecked men through our well-organized and well-trained Life-saving Service; and while he is making heroic effort to save every unfortunate sea victim, he is also rescuing and restoring to their natural habitat the millions of fish that have been left in temporary pools, ponds, and lakes by the receding waters of the overflowing Mississippi River. As many of these temporary bodies of water completely dry up in summer or freeze throughout during the winter, they make no acceptable abiding place for fish; so the Government sends out well-equipped parties along the greater length of the Mississippi from July to November to rescue the fish and return them to the great river.

Since the river every year, and several times a year, overflows its banks, and sometimes wanders inland for miles, it is easy to see that as the waters recede, immense numbers of fish would become landlocked and in time would die from starvation, heat, or cold.

The Government last year rescued 156,657,000 fishes, having a prospective value of \$6,527,000. From one pond only fourteen inches deep, but which had covered twelve acres, ten varieties of fish were taken, aggregating 150,000.

The fish rescue service is not only of dietetic importance, but is an aid to the pearl-button industry. The *National Geographic Magazine* describes the relation of the two in the following paragraphs:

"Investigations conducted for the Bureau of Fisheries years ago showed an intimate relation between certain kinds of fishes and the mussels, which yield valuable pearls and support a pearl-button industry which gives employment to about 20,000 persons and has a product worth from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 annually.

"The young mussels, of microscopic size when thrown off by their parents in myriads, need to pass the first few weeks of their independent existence on the gills of fishes. If the fishes are not present at the proper time, the mussels cannot survive. Furthermore—and this is a most interesting feature of the co-relation of fishes and mussels—the young of particular kinds of mussels require the gills of particular kinds of fishes as nurseries.

"The black bass is host for several sorts of mussels, the crappies for several others, the catfishes for others. The skipjack, a kind of herring, is the only known host for the best of all mussels; and as this fish is not by any means abundant, its maintenance is of prime importance to the welfare of the button industry. In 1919 more than one and a half million skipjacks were rescued.

"The peculiar requirements of the young mussels having been carefully determined, the Bureau of Fisheries has gone extensively into the business of artificial propagation of pearly mussels by a method which is a vast improvement on nature. The spawning mussels, held in ponds, are at the critical period provided with the special fishes needed for the attachment of the young. The fishes obtained in the rescue operations are turned into the ponds at the time the mussels are spawning and become thickly inoculated. They are then liberated in the open water and distribute themselves and the mussels

throughout a wide stretch of river. Thus two important branches of the Bureau's work go hand in hand."

Salvaged fish are also used for replenishing distant waters and for furnishing hatcheries.

While the Bureau of Fisheries has accomplished much in rescue work, there are still hundreds of miles of overflowed land that are not visited by the rescuers for lack of means to carry on the operations. Congress will some day, doubtless, make an appropriation that will permit the necessary extension of this important work.

F. D. C.

Johnny Appleseed — Tree Planter

THE tree planter does not plant for his own fruitage alone; he thinks of those to follow him. Especially is this true of John Chapman, who was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1775, nearly 150 years ago. Wishing to serve mankind, he thought he could do it best "by plunging into the wilderness of Ohio and Indiana and planting apple trees." He planted tens of thousands of trees, and transformed a wilderness.

On his first trip he planted sixteen bushels of apple seeds, having obtained the seed from Pennsylvania cider presses. He lashed two canoes together, and with his cargo of seeds floated down the Ohio River, and sowed his seed broadcast. From year to year he returned to the little clearings to see how the orchards prospered, and as the apple benefactor foresaw, these trees proved a great blessing to the early settlers of this region. Sometimes when the farmers insisted on paying him for the young trees, the tree planter accepted a penny a tree.

In 1915 the children of Ashland, Ohio, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of their town by erecting a monument "in memory of Ashland County's pioneers, including Johnny Appleseed (John Chapman), an Ohio hero, patron saint of American orchards."

While Mr. Chapman was eccentric, caring little for the conventions of life, rarely if ever sleeping in a bed, choosing rather the leaves of the forest or the floor before the fire in a frontier cabin, dressing with extreme simplicity, his creed was that of purity of life and a love and tender regard for all of God's creatures.

What to Do in Case of Fire

THE State fire marshal of Ohio, W. J. Leonard, gives the following wise counsel on what to do in case of fire in your own home:

1. Carry out the program agreed upon in your home fire drills.
2. Get the people out to safety.
3. See that they are warmly clothed and taken to shelter immediately.
4. Follow the fireman, and have clothing arranged on going to bed so that one sweep would gather most of it up.
5. Throw bedding around you as you leave house.
6. Close doors and windows behind you.
7. Know where the nearest fire alarm is, and how to give the alarm.
8. If you have to pass through the smoke-filled halls or room, hold a wet towel over the nose and mouth.
9. Do not attempt to go back into a burning building, except to save life.
10. In case a person's clothing catches fire, roll him on the ground, and wrap anything handy about the flames in order to smother them.

"Mr. E. R. Townsend, fire protection engineer for the Western Union, has a regular fire drill in his home in Edgewater, Illinois. Whenever he gives the

alarm, the Townsend youngster runs directly to his father, his mother goes to the telephone to turn in the alarm, and the maid starts for the fire-alarm box. As soon as the child is in a place of safety and the alarm turned in, each has his precise duties as regards the chemical fire extinguisher, the pail of sand, and the ladder, which are the home fire-fighting devices.

"The alarms have sometimes been given at night, after the little boy was in bed, but he responded promptly, and Mr. Townsend believes that in case of a real fire he would be sure of the safety of his family, and would be able to extinguish the fire or get help much more quickly than if there were no organized action."

The Correct Thing

The Missionary Volunteer's Words

A FEW Missionary Volunteers seem to have about three distinct vocabularies — one for the home, one for the social circle, and one for the church. But this is not wise. It reminds me of what I once read of Talleyrand, a French statesman and ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century. Some one remonstrated with him for using profane language; but he replied: "It is not as an ecclesiastic, but as a statesman, that I swear." The other gave him this answer: "And when the statesman goes to hell, where will the ecclesiastic go?" Truly, if our words in the home and in the social circle deny our Master and condemn us, our Sabbath conversation cannot exonerate us.

Words are an index to the heart; but it is not the studied phrases that best reveal character. Emergencies more often uncover our real selves. It is the unconscious deed and the word that slips out when we "didn't think," that flow uncensored from the heart, and are a true index of its contents. We should study this index that we may know our own hearts and know how much we need God in them to keep the source of our words pure and clean.

Not only at the final reckoning will Missionary Volunteers be judged by their words, but today and every day those about us are measuring us by our words. Surely, as Lord Bacon said, "Discretion in words is more than eloquence." And he is most discreet who makes God his discretion.

The Missionary Volunteer needs to pay special attention to his words; they will attract or repel those he tries to lead to Christ. In every kind of missionary work in which the society member engages, his words stand between him and the object of his effort. For this reason "we should accustom ourselves to speak in pleasant tones, to use pure and correct English, and words that are kind and courteous. Sweet, kind words are as dew and gentle showers to the soul." The poet puts it this way:

"Walls and towers of fear are broken
When sweet, gentle words are spoken."

The Missionary Volunteer's words should be a "savor of life unto life." "I do wish she would be more careful about her language," said an elderly woman when speaking of one of her young friends. "She is an excellent young woman; her motives are good." Some years ago I met a man whose tongue was his worst enemy, according to the opinion of his friends. He was earnest, faithful, and energetic; but every little while he would make an unfortunate "speech" that would despoil his missionary endeavors

of half the good results that otherwise would have come from them. Missionary Volunteers must learn that careless words are as dead flies in the ointment.

Speech is one of the best talents we have to use in the Master's service; but it is one of the hardest to keep on the altar; a little breeze hurls it off, and we must stoop to pick it up out of the dust of humiliation, and replace it on the altar of consecration. Eternal vigilance is needed to keep it there; and even that will not always do it. James has truly said: "The tongue can no man tame;" yet you and I must not become discouraged.

My dear young friend, we need to enroll in the psalmist's class. In this class there are three lessons to master. First, we must steadfastly purpose "that my mouth shall not transgress;" this must be our daily determination. The second lesson is this: "I will keep my mouth with a bridle." That means eternal vigilance, constant effort; there will be many sharp tugs at the reins when the vehicle of speech is about to slip into a dangerous pit. And the third lesson is the prayer of consecration: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." This lesson must be learned before we can master one and two; for it takes more than human wisdom and strength to make all our words a "savor of life unto life." This can be done only when there is full submission to God and constant communion with him.

To speak always and only to the Master's glory is a high standard even for Missionary Volunteers, so do not be discouraged if you do not attain it at once. It "is not reached at a single bound." Little by little, you and God working together will succeed in cleansing your heart of every wicked thing that Satan has smuggled into it; then by God's grace it will be pure, and even as a pure fountain cannot send forth a muddy stream, so "out of the abundance of the heart" that is cleansed from sin will flow words that are a "savor of life unto life." What a blessing is the Missionary Volunteer whose tongue is kept for the Master's use!

"Take time to speak a loving word
Where loving words are seldom heard;
And it will linger in thy mind,
And gather others of its kind,
Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;
And somewhere on thy heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back."

M. E. A.



Meat Substitutes

PEOPLE who practise so-called health reform often talk about the things they do *not* eat — the foods they are leaving out of their dietary. Not infrequently we find people who do not see much more in reform diet than to "leave out" a lot of foods. They are thinking more about what they should *not* eat than about what they *should* eat. Their attempts at physical reform usually result in ill health and loss of strength, rather than in increase of vigor and well being.

"Leaving out" this or that food from the dietary does not constitute correct eating. This "leaving out" of foods and failing to provide proper substitutes has undoubtedly been the greatest fault in attempts at diet reform. When flesh foods are dropped, sufficient nitrogenous materials must take their place, or ill health is sure to follow sooner or later. Vegetables and fruits are good foods, but they do not serve as substitutes for meat. A dinner consisting of potatoes, spinach, cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, or the like, may be quantitatively sufficient, but it lacks in tissue-building elements. We must look in the realm of albuminous or protein substances for foods represented by meat.

Before listing the protein foods of vegetable origin, let us note the percentages of protein in flesh meats. Beef, which is considered the best of animal food, contains 18.5 per cent. Mutton has 17.1 per cent; veal, 19 per cent; chicken, 18.5 per cent; goose, 15.9 per cent; turkey, 24.7 per cent; fish, from 16 to 19 per cent. You will see from these figures that protein percentages do not run high. In nature also, proteins are distributed sparingly. We classify a food as a protein food which yields from 12 per cent to 25 per cent albumin. There are very few foods which contain more than 25 per cent of protein.

Now let us consider meatless proteins. We have first the grains, such as wheat, rye, oats, and corn. Although they are largely carbohydrate in constituency, yet they contain an appreciable amount of albumin: wheat, 12 per cent; rye, 12 per cent; oats, 10.7 per cent; corn, 10.2 per cent. Nuts come next in amounts, with filberts containing 15.6 per cent; Brazil nuts, 17 per cent; walnuts, 16.7 per cent; almonds, 21 per cent; peanut butter, 29 per cent; and pine nuts, 30 per cent. Legumes (beans, peas, lentils, peanuts) have been called "vegetable meats," because they are so rich in protein: beans, 22.5 per cent; peas, 24.6 per cent; lentils, 25.9 per cent; peanuts, 25.7 per cent.

Compare the foregoing percentages with those of flesh meats, and you will see that they run correspondingly higher. In addition to proteins, they contain also a large amount of carbohydrates and some fats. Of the animal products, milk contains 4 per cent of protein; eggs, contain 14 per cent; and cottage cheese contains 21 per cent. Few people appreciate the value of cottage cheese as a meat substitute. It is not only rich in protein but it contains lactic acid, which is of value as an intestinal antiseptic. The economical value of cottage cheese is another factor in its favor.

The nitrogenous needs of the body should be daily kept in mind. The amounts required are not large as compared with those of carbohydrates and fats. With so great an abundance of protein material in the vegetable world (with eggs and milk added), there need be no difficulty in providing proper meat substitutes. It is well to vary the protein supply, not depending too largely on two or three foods to meet the needs of the body.

Let us learn to choose our foods intelligently, and be as conscientious about *putting into* our bodies good materials as we are to *leave out* bad ones.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

A MAN too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools. — William Penn.

Daily Seeking God

EMILY JOHNSON

IN Japan every hill and every cliff is consecrated to some divinity, and travelers are obliged at all these places to repeat prayers. This, however, takes time, and for their convenience the Japanese have invented iron plates upon which the prayer is engraved. This flat plate is fastened to a post, and instead of stopping to repeat the prayer, the traveler turns the plate with his fingers, which is equivalent to saying the prayer. A traveler in Tartary tells of another praying machine, which consists of a praying cylinder turned by water power. So long as the stream flowed on, so long did its devotions last. It never stopped to take breath, never slept, never left off for meals, but prayed on continually. In more enlightened lands the worshiper religiously counts his beads, and calls it prayer. All this you clearly see is not prayer. But what shall we say of many of our own prayers? Do our devotions ever take the form of mechanical petitions which consist of mere words? Do we ever kneel before God and say our prayers while the mind is far away, and rise from our knees scarcely knowing what we have asked?

If we should receive an invitation to visit at a set time a great king, and should be given the assurance that any gift we wish will be freely given, how carefully we would plan to be there at the time appointed, how eagerly we would look forward to the day. But are we not invited, yes, urged, to come into the audience chamber of the great God, the King of the universe, who declares himself more willing to give good gifts to his children than is an earthly parent? We need not travel a long distance to find him, for wherever we may be, we may find the ladder let down, as did Jacob on the lonely plain. How strange that we should slight his gracious invitation, and be careless to meet our appointments with him.

There is nothing mysterious about prayer. It "is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend," simply talking with God and believing that he hears us, and drawing close to hear him speak. If Mary, when she sat at the Master's feet, had spent all the time talking, she would not have heard his gracious words. If Jesus were here today in person, and you could go to him and converse with him, what a blessed privilege it would be! Yet he is here, and his presence may be as real as if your eyes could behold him, for has he not said, "Lo, I am with you alway"? God gave his Son to us. He is still ours, and through communion with him we may become acquainted and enter into fellowship with him as truly as did Peter and John. Let us be intimate with this blessed Son.

Let us stop right here while each one asks himself, Is prayer a reality to me? Do I talk with God as I would to a familiar friend? Do my prayers sometimes become mere formal machine prayers? In a crew of eight sailors there were two who were professed Christians. The one was a praying Christian, the other a mere professor. The former conducted morning and evening worship, and through his earnestness two or three of the crew were induced to join him in seeking God. At this the backslidden sailor became conscience-smitten, and offered to assist his faithful brother in the devotions. But one of the crew objected. "I cannot hear him pray for me," he said. "His life does not pray." May it not be that sometimes our prayers degenerate into mere

form because our lives do not harmonize with our prayers?

In a certain tribe in Africa, many of the natives had accepted Christ. Since their crowded huts gave no opportunity to be alone with God, they were in the habit of seeking a secluded place in the forest near by where they could engage in secret prayer. If one became negligent in this duty, the brethren would remind him by saying, "Broder, the grass grow on your path yonder." Secret prayer is prayer at its best. It is the true gauge of our prayer life. It is necessary, to sustain the soul life. "When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

We read but little of our Saviour's public prayers, and those which are recorded are very short. Of one thing we are certain, however, that his secret communion with the Father was unbroken. How frequently we read such words as these, "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." An inspired comment on this text says: "Let the youth follow his example in finding at dawn and twilight a quiet season for communion with their Father in heaven. Could our children learn these lessons in the morning of their years, what freshness and power, what joy and sweetness, would be brought into their lives." "Christlike praying in secret," says one, "will be the secret of Christlike living in public."

There may be times for special prayer when some great need or peculiar trial drives us to the Master's feet, but the true Christian will have set times for prayer, and will be regular and constant in meeting his appointments with his Lord. David said, "Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray." Daniel in the midst of his busy career had the habit of praying three times a day. The founder of the Y. M. C. A. had written over the door of his study, "God First." There can be no more appropriate way of beginning the day than to make God first. "Consecrate yourself to God in the morning," is well-known counsel. "Make this your very first work." Then follows that simple, appropriate morning prayer, "Take me, O Lord, as wholly thine. I lay all my plans at thy feet. Use me today in thy service. Abide with me, and let all my work be wrought in thee." He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with his heavenly Father.

"A moment in the morning, a moment if no more,
Is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er."

It is said of the disciples that at the end of a day of service they "gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things." They told of their sorrows and disappointments, of their success and failure. At many a setting sun we come with heavy hearts, with the memory of broken promises and neglected opportunities. The tempter whispers, "You ought to be ashamed of such a record; you had better stay away from the Master tonight." But let us then, as the disciples did, tell the Saviour all. That is the kind of evening prayer that will help us when the weary day is done. It will make us very watchful all day if we remember that we must report to Jesus all we say or do or fail to do. It will keep us in more intimate relation with him, and it is a most fitting way to close the day.



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."



Barbara's Camel

THE Bennet family were at the supper table. There was tall, thin Mr. Bennet; there was plump, little Mrs. Bennet; there was round, rosy, black-eyed Barbara Bennet.

"I need some money," said Barbara as she judiciously selected a fat raisin cookie.

"That's nothing new, is it?" said her father.

"What do you want it for?" said her mother.

"Of course you may have it if you need it."

"Oh, I want it on general principles, and I have a scheme whereby I can acquire it all myself," replied Barbara.

"So long as it doesn't come out of me," said Mr. Bennet in mock relief, "you may have all the money you want."

Barbara held up her hand. "Listen, good people, all. This is my scheme. I'm going to take a boarder."

"A boarder, Barbara!" cried Mrs. Bennet in dismay. "What could we do with a boarder?"

"Now don't get excited, mother. You see, you're it." Helping herself to another cookie, she explained.

"It's this way. Mother has been talking for a long time of hunting up some nice quiet hotel or farmhouse where she could go for a rest from dusting and scrubbing and cooking. Now, she'll find no summer hotel that has a cooler, shadier veranda or pleasanter rooms than we have. So I propose that mother shall board with us a week, and longer if she likes it, and I will be the landlady, cook, and chambermaid combined. You've said yourself, mother, that I'm a very good cook. You can sit on the veranda all day long and sew and read, and you can take walks and go to see all the people you'd like to see, but never have time to—in fact, you can do whatever your fancy listeth."

"What remuneration do you expect?" asked Mr. Bennet cautiously.

"Well, it seems to me, mother, that you will get much better service here than you would at an ordinary hotel; but, because I am entirely too modest, I shall charge you only ten dollars a week for your room and board, with automobile service thrown in. I hope you will plan to stay three weeks."

"So it does come out of me, after all," said her father.

"Well, at least it's keeping it in the family. What do you think, mother?"

"I think I'd like it, but what could I do all the time?"

"What would you do in any other place? Read, walk, crochet, sew, sleep, visit—why, there are endless things to do! Do you agree? Very well," said Barbara, "I hope the family is on its good behavior. The boarder arrives next Sunday evening."

Barbara laid her plans carefully. She made her menus for each day and planned each day of work systematically. Sunday evening she prepared a

dainty supper. Then she went out on the veranda, where her mother was reading.

"I've come to welcome the boarder," she said as she very formally shook hands with her mother. "How do you do, Mrs. Bennet? I hope you are going to find your stay with us in every way delightful. You will find a list of the rules of the house posted under the clock shelf in the dining-room. Your breakfast will be served at seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. I have only one request to make of you. Our cook is somewhat temperamental, as all true artists are, and will stand no interference with her work. So you will please keep out of the kitchen."

"I'm willing to wager a dollar to a strawberry shortcake that she will be working in the kitchen inside of two days," said Mr. Bennet.

"Well, she'd better not, or the cook will leave," said Barbara. "Supper is served, Mrs. Bennet."

On Monday Barbara's plans worked out smoothly. It was a pleasant, sunny day, and Mrs. Bennet sat on the veranda all day and mended and mended, much to Barbara's disgust.

"If that's the way you want to spend your vacation, all right," she said.

"Why, Barbara, I've just been aching to get at these things this long time," said her mother, "and this is such a good chance."

"Now, mother, tomorrow while Mrs. Jones is here washing, I think it would be pleasant for you to spend the day with Mrs. Baker. She has wanted you to for a long time, and father can drive you out early in the morning. I'll speak to her now." And Barbara started toward the telephone.

"No, I'll telephone her myself," said her mother; but she forgot to do it, and the next morning it was raining so hard that a trip to the country was manifestly out of the question.

Barbara, coming from the basement, where she had been helping Mrs. Jones, found her mother sweeping the kitchen.

"Now, mother," said Barbara, taking the broom from her mother's hand, "you're not playing fair. The boarder hasn't any business out in the kitchen, to say nothing about sweeping it."

"I guess if I were in some other woman's home, and I found she had more than she could do, I'd help her a little," said Mrs. Bennet somewhat guiltily. "Here it is nine o'clock and the kitchen not swept and the dishes not washed."

"That's because I spent so much time on that fussy dessert. I'm just ready to do them now, and they'll be done in a jiffy. Now, shoo!"

And Barbara pushed her mother in by the crackling fire that was doing its very best to brighten the gloomy day.

Mrs. Bennet subsided for a time, but the next morning she was again guilty, as Barbara said, of

His Last High Dive

MRS. A. F. CALLICOTTE

DAY after day, on bended knee,
We prayed, "O Father, save!
Forbid our boy be sacrificed—
Sink in a watery grave.
Grant he may early learn to plunge
Beneath the cleansing flood,
Arise to walk in life anew,
Saved by redeeming blood."

His father, writing, did entreat:
"My son, high diving cease.
God something better has for you,
His ways are life and peace.
Let not ambition to excel
Prove fatal, we implore;
Renounce enticing things of earth,
And practise them no more."

Another date for diving came,
The seventeenth of May.
Just as the diver poised to spring
The platform then gave way.
Precipitated in mid-air,
His balance could not keep;

The terror-stricken watchers gasped,
Oh, God, a fatal leap!
Far, far beneath Willamette's wave,
The diver disappeared,
Never again its banks to gain,
The waiting people feared.
Full fifty seconds did elapse,
When, from the river's bed,
The lad emerged,—yes, still alive,
Not numbered with the dead.

The loud hurrahs and shouts arose;
The people, many a score,
Hurrahed and cheered, then cheered again,
On old Willamette's shore.
Say not to me, his life thus spared,
Was due to human skill,
God overruling, answered prayer,
According to his will.

Jehovah's worthy name be praised,
The boy is still alive;
A letter came wherein he wrote,

"I've made my last high dive."
God did protect and care for him,
High-diving sport is dross;
The price to see him dive, he gave
America's Red Cross.

The Red Cross Work does not destroy,
But serves to save men's lives;
Heroic deeds more noble far
Than making such high dives.
A note of warning sounding forth—
Young people, pause and think,
Why still the path of folly tread
Until you reach death's brink?

Unto the Lord give first thyself,
Let him the heart renew.
He'll send supplies; the Christian's part
Is just to will and do.
The love that gives by sacrifice,
Nor courteth earth's applaud,
Is love that seeketh not her own,
It's source the heart of God.

conduct unbecoming a boarder. Barbara told her trials to her Aunt Mary, who lived next door.

"Mother is absolutely incorrigible," she said. "This morning she insisted upon dusting the living-room, and before I caught her she had pared all the potatoes for dinner. Of course this wretched weather is against me—rainy yesterday, and so cold today that no one wants to be outside. She says she's tired of reading and sewing, and she doesn't feel like doing fancywork."

"You tell your mother she reminds me of the camel in the story," said Aunt Mary.

"How is that?"

"Why, it's an Arabian story. A man had a camel, and at night it slept outside his tent. One night the camel said, 'It's cold out here. Let me come into the tent, too.'

"Oh, no," said the man. "There would be no room for me, then."

"I'll just put my head in. You mustn't be selfish," said the camel, and the master consented.

"The next night the camel wanted to put its forelegs in, too, and after some argument the man let it do that. The next night it wanted to put its back inside, and before long the camel was entirely inside the tent, and the man had been crowded out."

"Well," said Barbara as she rose to go, "my camel has its head in already. But I shall endeavor to nip this movement right in the bud."

But Barbara encountered difficulties. The pleasant, warm days that she said she had ordered for her boarder turned out to be cold, rainy, and disagreeable. Mrs. Bennet was an active little woman, and she found it hard to be an idle visitor in her own home.

"Somehow," she said to Mr. Bennet rather wistfully, "the things I think I want to do when I can't I don't want to do when I can."

"You must give Barbara a chance, mother," said Mr. Bennet.

"Oh, I am! I think I've kept out of things pretty well."

"Maybe you think so, but I don't," said Barbara. "You did all the dusting, besides putting away all the clothes that Mrs. Jones ironed. The camel is halfway into the tent today."

Then the crisis came. After a week of rain and

cold weather, the day was warm and sunny. Some of Barbara's friends had planned to take advantage of it by having a picnic on the creek. One of the girls telephoned to Barbara.

"Oh, but I can't go. I have a boarder, and I've got to get her supper," said Barbara.

"Now, Barbara," protested her mother, "you go. I'll get supper. I'd really like to do it for a change."

"All right; I might as well. The boarder is gone now, anyway. This is where the camel gets all the way into the tent."

And Barbara turned to the telephone.

On Sunday morning Barbara found by her plate an envelope containing ten dollars and marked, "Mrs. Bennet's board money."

"I ought not to take this," she said. "I didn't earn it. Mother was only a really and truly boarder about two days."

"You earned it," replied her father. "Your scheme was a good one. The only trouble with it was that it didn't take your mother into account. You're not to blame for that. Through years of experience I've found that there's no accounting for mother—and, by the way, you owe me a strawberry shortcake."—
Helen H. Harrington.

Encouraging Words from Mrs. E. G. White's Works

HEAVEN and earth are no wider apart today than when shepherds listened to the angels' song."

"Angels from the courts above will attend the steps of those who come and go at God's command."

"Jesus purposed that no attraction of an earthly nature should call men to his side."

"The approval of God rests with loving assurance upon children and youth who cheerfully take their part in the duties of the household, sharing the burdens of father and mother. Such children will go out from the home to be useful members of society."

"Jesus came with the truth of heaven, and all who were listening to the voice of the Holy Spirit were drawn to him." It pays to *listen* for the voice from heaven.

"Neither gain nor pleasure, applause nor censure, could induce Jesus to consent to a wrong act. He was wise to discern evil and strong to resist it."

Just for the Juniors



THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE—WHEN THE HEART IS BIG

The Jolt

ANNA was seventeen, and decidedly good to look at. Nor did her appearance occupy the smallest place in her thoughts. Of course, she was interested to a certain extent in chemistry and basketball and English literature and history and skating and tennis and cooking clubs and motoring and a considerable number of other things, but clothes were her absorbing passion. She spent hours before the glass trying her hair in new ways, more hours pressing her skirts, and still more hours sewing sheer fabrics into dainty garments. Her mother now and then made the discovery that obscure hooks and buttons were not always replaced. But a good supply of pins and a clever hitch here and there will work wonders. Besides, the girl's blouses and trim skirts never failed of being absolutely correct.

Anna devoted most of her allowance and all her birthday and Christmas-gift money to clothes. A present of bronze pumps, or any other last word in the dictionary of up-to-date attire, pleased her far more than presents of a more practical nature. But inasmuch as the allowance was not very large, and the Christmas and birthday money likely to come in small sums, and bronze pumps not frequently given, a liberal expenditure of gray matter was always necessary to the attainment of her end. But her mother sometimes wished that Anna would show more interest in amusing the children, or in dusting the parlor.

Next to clothes, Anna devoted herself to having a good time. The good time was by no means confined to sports of a conventional character. Contrary to what one might suppose, she liked to go on tramps and picnics. She could propose or second an expedition of this kind with equal dexterity, and she was an adept at putting up lunches. If mother now and then found her stock of eatables embarrassingly depleted, she made very little fuss about it, being an amiable mother who wished her daughter to have a good time. Indoor affairs also came in for a share of Anna's attention,

and at social gatherings she was always at her best. On the periphery of Anna's attention revolved her family in their accustomed orbits, father, mother, Howard, Tim, little Barbara, and John, indispensable and taken for granted.

Anna came down the steps of her best friend's house one day, looking exactly as if she had stepped out of Hollander's or Filené's or any other place where they make one resemble a fashion plate. She ought to have looked that way, for, as I have said, she was a girl of brains, and no girl of brains can expend her freshest energy on a subject without having something to show for it. As she approached the corner, a little knot of girls melted away. That was odd, for she knew them all, and they certainly had seen her. In fact, Gail Warren and two or three others had looked around, and the heads drew apart somewhat hastily.

When Anna reached the corner and turned into her own street, Gail, who had crossed the road, suddenly changed her mind and came back.

"O Nan, wait a minute!"

Anna waited.

"Going home?" asked Gail, as she stepped to the sidewalk beside Anna. Her face, Anna noticed, was slightly pale.

"Yes, unless you have something better to suggest."

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"I heard," Anna could see Gail moisten her lips with her tongue as she spoke, "I heard that there had been an auto accident just outside of town. The Smiths' car slipped over a bank. They were turning out for another car and —"

"How terrible!" said Anna. "Was any one hurt?"

"They were all thrown out, and one of the guests was hurt. They had some neighbors riding with them."

Anna looked at Gail narrowly. "If you are trying to tell me something, you'd better do it straight out.

Gail. Is it Mrs. Waite? I heard Grace Waite say her mother was going to Plainfield with the Smiths this afternoon."

"No," said Gail. "No. They say it was — your mother."

Anna heard the words quite distinctly, but they seemed to have no meaning. She stared at Gail for a full minute with the discomforted sensation of having misunderstood what was said to her. It was obviously impossible that the words could mean what they seemed to. Things like that might happen to other mothers, but not to hers.

"Are you quite sure it was mother, Gail?" asked her lips incredulously.

"Yes," said Gail nervously. "O Nan, don't look so!"

"I think you must be mistaken," Anna said politely. "Some one would surely have told me."

"It happened only a little while ago. They hurried her right to the hospital. You weren't at home, so likely you missed the message. Maybe she isn't badly hurt. Let's find out. Oh, there's Howard!"

The instant she saw her brother hurrying toward her, Anna knew that the incredible was true. Howard's face was pale under his tan, and his black eyes looked big and excited.

"It's all right, Nan," he said reassuringly. He turned and walked back with them. "I mean, she's coming around. Father just telephoned from the hospital. They think, after all, she may not be so badly hurt as they thought at first. You'd better see to Jack and Babs. I left them playing in their sand pile. They don't know yet. Bridget's having hysterics in the kitchen. Mrs. Smith phoned that she and Mrs. Waite would be over in a few minutes. I'll go hunt up Tim. He went to the game."

"Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Waite needn't come," Anne heard herself saying. "Why should they?"

"I don't know, except that Mrs. Smith feels responsible for it all. Father says it wasn't her fault. The other car forced them too near the bank. I'm off. I'll be back as soon as I can find Tim."

Mechanically Anna sheathed her dainty parasol at her own gate. For the first time in several years she was entirely unconscious of her clothes. Her body felt numb and rather clumsy, but her mind was clear and alert. "Would you mind going around to the sand pile, Gail, while I telephone Mrs. Smith?" she asked.

Mrs. Smith, it appeared, was not at home; neither was Mrs. Waite. With a slight tremor in her clear voice, Anna called up the hospital. In a minute Mrs. Smith's voice came over the wire.

"She's better than we at first feared, dear. Her right ankle is broken. It is a clean break, and they say there will be no complications. I wish it were I. I tell your father she will have a chance to get rested, now. We may as well look on the bright side, if there is a bright side. I feel so responsible, though they tell me I shouldn't. Your father? He's with her now, dear. They're setting the bone. Of course, she will have to stay here for a while. She'll be very comfortable here. I've told your father to tell her she can count on us to look out for you and the boys and the children. Mrs. Waite and I were just starting for your house when you called. What's that, dear? We needn't come? Of course we're coming"

Anna hung up the receiver and sought the kitchen. As she passed the clock in the hall it recalled her thoughts to the daily routine. Half-past five. Mother

was very particular about the children's having their supper on time. She sought Bridget. When Bridget saw Anna, she threw her apron over her head and began to rock her body back and forth, sobbing and groaning. The girl suddenly remembered hearing mother say that in an emergency Bridget always went to pieces unless she had something definite to do.

"Bridget," said Anna crisply, "it is time for the children's supper. I want you —"

"Oh, your poor ma! Your poor ma!" wailed Bridget, hearing not a word that was said. "It's killed she is, killed entirely —"

Anna took hold of the apron and pulled it away from Bridget's face.

"Nonsense, Bridget. Mother isn't in the least bit killed. She is at the hospital and doing well. Do you hear what I say? But it is time for the children's supper, and you know better than I do what mother gives them. After you fix up their tray, you might get supper for all of us. Father will be home before long." Here Anna thrust a dainty square of linen into one of the big red fists. "He may be hungry." Anna had her doubts as to this possibility. She knew that if she tried to swallow even one mouthful, it would choke her.

The crisp tones seemed to galvanize the big woman into at least contemplation of action. "What will I be after gettin', Miss Anna?"

"What was mother planning to have?"

"She'd be makin' a salad after she got home, so she said." Here the tears broke out again. "Twas little she was thinkin' where she'd be endin' that ride."

"We'll omit the salad." Hurriedly the girl cast about in her memory. "You may slice some of that nut loaf we had yesterday. And make some of your good biscuits. Put on a pitcher of milk, plenty of cold bread, and a plate of cake. That will do nicely for tonight. The children's tray, first, please, Bridget. I'll be in for it in ten minutes. Was that the telephone?"

It was indeed the telephone, and scarcely had Anna returned the receiver to its hook, when the bell jangled, and she must take it down again. Twice she got as far as the hall door; once she reached the kitchen. Finally she hardened her ears and fled.

On the drive Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Waite met her.

"Poor child!" panted Mrs. Smith, "I have come for the children. Mrs. Waite will stay with you now, and I will be over this evening. We have decided to arrange it that way, if you don't mind."

Those two pale and shaken ladies were both very kind, but Anna could not help resenting the way in which they were taking affairs into their own hands. Her assertion that she was able to care for Barbara and John made no impression upon her kind volubility. Barbara and John, however, were not so easily disposed of. Both of them flatly refused to go home with Mrs. Waite.

"Marmee puts us to bed," affirmed John stoutly when their plan was announced.

"But Marmee can't put you to bed tonight, dear," explained Mrs. Waite. "Don't you want to come home with me and have a whole room to yourself?"

The child shook his head. "I sleep in Marmee's house."

"But Marmee isn't going to sleep in her own house tonight, John."

"Marmee always sleeps in her house."

"Not tonight, dear. Marmee would like to have you sleep in my house tonight."

John looked at the lady and a big tear welled over his lashes. The foundations of his world were toppling. "I want to sleep in Marmee's house," he wailed. And Barbara, clutching Anna's skirt, wept with him.

Anna went down on her knees, and took the baby in her arms.

"So you shall, dear. You shall sleep just as you always do, in Marmee's house, and take Tick-Tock to bed with you. Won't that be fun?"

John thought it would. His chest stopped heaving; his lip ceased quivering; but his grimy little hands continued to cling to his sister's neck.

"Over his head she signaled the women. "Thank you just as much, but I am sure he will be better at home. It is tremendously good of you—O Gail, will you answer that telephone? I hear it ringing again."

"I'll do it," said Mrs. Smith, "for I have just come from the hospital."

"Barbara will come home with me, I know," said Mrs. Waite, putting out a hand to the little girl.

But at this John sent up a wail and Barbara herself edged nearer her baby brother. "I have to take care of John," she said, her big, serious eyes full of trouble.

Anna was never quite sure how she lived through the next hours. Somehow or other she sent away Mrs. Waite without blunting her impulse of neighborly kindness. As a great treat she gave the children their supper out of doors. They were in the middle of a placidly thrilling narrative detailing the history and adventures of the chickens on John's bread-and-milk bowl, when Howard and Tim arrived.

"Mrs. Smith is answering the telephone," Anna said quickly. "She can tell you everything. And then can't you make her go home, Howard? She must be fearfully tired."

Ten minutes later Tim, long-legged and awkward, made his reappearance. "She's off. Anything I can do to help?"

His sister was on the point of refusing, when she caught sight of his face. Noisy, boisterous Tim! Instinctively she understood that the boy needed something to do.

"It would help a lot if you'd lend a hand at putting the children to bed. Give John a ride upstairs on your back."

"Marmee puts me to bed," John announced.

"I guess I'll do it tonight, old man."

"Marmee—" began the little boy. His words turned into a shout of glee as he was bundled uncereemoniously on Tim's shoulders and trotted off at a run.

Anna followed with Barbara's hand in hers. "Babs dear," she said, softly, "you will help sister, won't you? Marmee isn't coming home tonight, and she wants us all to be just as good as we can till she does come. John is so little he doesn't understand, but if you go to bed just as you do every night when Marmee is here, John will see it is all right, and will go, too."

"Where is Marmee?"

"She has gone away for just a little while, and we're going to be as nice as a basket of kittens while she is gone. Then when she comes home we can tell how good we have been and she will be so proud of us. Won't it be splendid to make Marmee proud of us?"

"Yes," said Barbara, but her chin trembled.

"I think I know something you'll see tomorrow," Anna said hastily. "I think tomorrow Mrs. Waite's

Smut will be willing to show us her two little black kittens."

She hadn't supposed that she could think up all the things that her tongue said in the next half hour. Tim proved an able assistant. He undressed John and made such a game of it that the little boy, who had fully intended to wait up until his mother came home, found himself giggling between the sheets, the disreputable Tick-Tock in his arms, before he quite knew what had happened to him.

And then father came home, bringing mother's love and the word that she was as comfortable as could be expected, and they all sat down to Bridget's supper table.

Busy days for Anna followed. She put up her hair in the way that went quickest, and after a hasty survey, forgot all about it. She got spots on her dresses and didn't know they were there. She hadn't a minute in which to whiten her shoes. But she bathed Barbara and John, and sent them out in fresh rompers for the day's play. She kept an eye on what they were doing; she coaxed Bridget into cheerfulness; she answered innumerable telephone calls; she sewed on buttons for Tim; she found Howard's lost cuff links for him, and wasn't too busy to remember to remind Bridget of father's favorite breakfast dish.

Before mother was hurt it wouldn't have occurred to Anna to think that she could do a quarter of these things. Nevertheless, she did them, not with mother's adroitness and dispatch, but so successfully that mother's smile, blithe as ever, and with a new pride in it, shone on her from the pillow of the hospital bed when at last she crossed the threshold of mother's room. That smile made up for weariness, anxiety, spots, smuts, and grime. "You are keeping them together for me, dear, and it is making it easier for me to stay here," she said.

But the odd thing about it all was that at the time, Anna never thought of the spots or the grime, or whether or not her hat was on straight, or how her skirt looked. As a matter of fact, it would have been quite clean if John hadn't embraced her just before she left home.

"Nan doesn't spend half the time on her clothes that she used to," said one of the girls one day. "She spends most of her time working over those children. She can do anything with them."

"But she's still one of the best-dressed girls in town," defended another. "She knows how to wear her clothes."

"That's so," nodded the third. "Just the same, Mary's right—Nan doesn't seem to care about them the way she once did."

"Mother says that Nan only needed a jolt such as she has had to show her what a slacker she has been. Nan always has been clever, but she didn't have her energy headed in the right direction. She's way ahead of any of us now."—*Elizabeth Earl, in The Wellspring.*

LEARNING, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense and happiness.—*Shenstone.*

JUDSON used often to sit and study his Burmese for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and it took him twenty-seven years to complete his translation of the Bible.—*Sir Mortimer Durand.*

Promises

MARIE walked hurriedly toward home, thinking of the many duties which awaited her there. "Marie, oh Marie!" a voice called, and she turned to see Bessie Wilkins running toward her. Bessie was soon with her friend, and Marie noticed the flushed cheeks and bright eyes of her companion.

"I thought I would never catch you, and I have something important to tell you. You remember Ruth Lewis, who took such a liking to me the first day she came to school? Well, she told me something today that is really too good to keep. I promised her I wouldn't tell a soul, but I am going to tell you." Bessie stopped for breath, her lips fairly quivering with the important something that was "too good to keep."

But Marie looked grave. "Are you sure you promised her not to tell any one?" she asked.

"Why, yes," Bessie answered, looking somewhat uncomfortable, "but then she will never know the difference. Come, Marie, now don't get preachy."

"Really, Bessie, I don't mean to be preachy, but I would much rather not hear what Ruth said if you promised not to tell any one. A promise is sacred, you know. If you told me something and I promised not to tell, but I did tell, that wouldn't be very nice, would it?"

"N-no," Bessie answered slowly, looking sober.

"I don't think so either, so let's forget all about Ruth's story, and talk about our new sewing class."

And the two girls walked down the street chatting happily.

EVA MAY BOSSING.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled. — *Roscommon*.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for July 3

SENIOR: "National Day."

JUNIOR: "Opportunities of True Americans."

It is hoped that through the influence of this program and the personal influence of the leader, a deeper appreciation of the privileges and liberties guaranteed us by the Constitution may be formed; also that the eyes of our young people may be opened to dangers confronting us.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — Education and Life

(July 3)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. . . . She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her." Prov. 3: 13, 18.

False Education a Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil

1. At creation, where did the Lord put the man whom he had formed? Gen. 2: 8.
2. What two trees in this garden are especially mentioned? Verse 9.
3. What liberty was given Adam regarding these trees? Verse 16.
4. What restriction was placed upon him? Verse 17, first part.
5. Why was he forbidden access to the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Verse 17, last part. Gen. 3: 3. Note 1.
6. What kind of knowledge would the eating of this tree bring? Gen. 3: 5, last part. Note 2.
7. Whose presence in the tree made it a tree of evil? Gen. 3: 1-5.
8. After eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, how did Adam feel? Verse 10.
9. As a result of eating of this tree, from what was Adam cut off? Gen. 3: 22-24.

True Education a Tree of Life

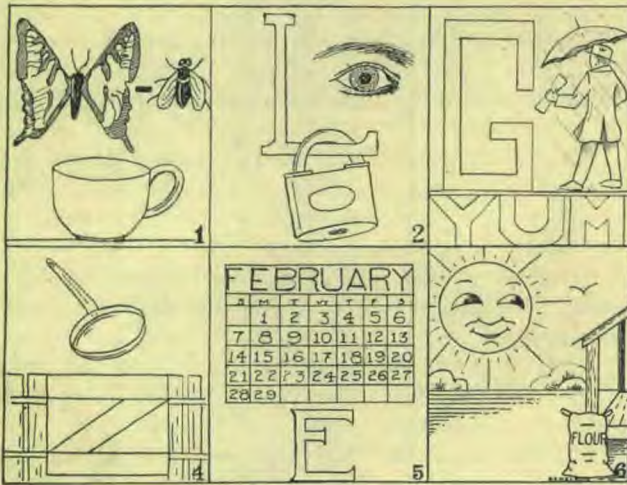
10. Who is the source of true wisdom — a knowledge of good unmingled with evil? Col. 2: 3.
11. What comes with the knowledge of God — the true knowledge? John 17: 3.
12. How does God give this knowledge to man? Prov. 2: 6; 6: 21, 22.
13. What is God's wisdom to those who lay hold of it? Prov. 3: 18; 4: 22.
14. How does God's tree of wisdom — the tree of life — differ in its effects from the tree of knowledge of good and evil in which Satan couches? Prov. 3: 24-26. Note 3.
15. What does the wisdom that God wants us to have, bring to us in her right hand? In her left hand? Prov. 3: 16.
16. How does this wisdom compare with riches? Verses 14, 15.
17. What will it do for us in our walk through life? Verses 17, 23.
18. If we eat of God's tree of wisdom here, to what shall we have access hereafter? Rev. 22: 2. Note 4.

Notes

1. When Satan was cast out of heaven he was allowed to come to this earth, and even to enter the beautiful garden of Eden. But he was not allowed to roam about at pleasure. He had access to but one tree — the tree of knowledge of good and evil. There was nothing poisonous in the fruit of this tree. The tree was pleasant to the sight and good for food. The reason God refused access to it was because Satan was lurking there, and he desired to shield his children from the deceitful temptations of their foe. He warned them not to go near the tree and neither to touch nor eat the fruit. So every restriction of God is made to save us from disappointment or sorrow, never to deprive us of any good thing.

2. "It was the will of God that Adam and Eve should not know evil. The knowledge of good had been freely given them; but the knowledge of evil — of sin and its results, of wearing toil, of anxious care, of disappointment and grief, of pain and death, — this was in love withheld." — "Education," p. 23.

3. The true child of God need never be afraid, for the eye of Omnipotence watches over every trusting soul. The beloved disciple says, "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear." 1 John 4: 18. The psalmist says, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee" (Ps. 56: 3); while Isaiah goes farther and says, "I will trust, and not be afraid"



Name These Flowers

Our Counsel Corner

Can the pictures which the Missionary Volunteer Department gives to those who finish a certain number of Junior Reading Courses be purchased? A. C. M.

Yes, but the price is not money. There are some things that money cannot buy. Those who have finished five Junior Reading Courses since Jan. 1, 1918, are given Hofmann's "Boy Christ," and those who have finished three Primary Reading Courses in this same time receive a reprint in colors of Copping's famous painting, "Christ the Hope of the World." These pictures are sent directly from the General Missionary Volunteer Department to those who earn them, but only on order from the union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. M. E. KERN.

(Isa. 12:2). God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him, but the presence of Satan brings unrest and fear.

4. God is now preparing his people for translation to the Eden above, where they may have free access to the tree of life. He is at this time sending out his last call to leave the forbidden tree, to shun that education which, though it may contain some good, is yet deceptively mixed with subtle error and infidelity, to come out from all this and be separate, "and touch not the unclean thing," and to make his truth "the groundwork and subject matter of education." To every child of God is this call: "Before the overflowing scourge shall come upon the dwellers of the earth, . . . prepare for that event."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, p. 195.* Shall Jesus at his coming find any one of the children of the Hebrews in an Egyptian habitation?

"The garden of Eden remained upon the earth long after man had become an outcast from its pleasant paths. . . . When the tide of iniquity overspread the world, and the wickedness of men determined their destruction by a flood of waters, the hand that had planted Eden withdrew it from the earth."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 62.*

Intermediate Lesson

I—Five Parables: the Mustard Seed, the Leaven, the Treasure, the Pearl, the Fish Net

(July 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13:31-35, 44-53.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Mark 4:30-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just." Matt. 13:49.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 95-134.

Setting of the Lesson

Apparently the parables of this lesson were spoken by Jesus immediately after the parables of the sower and of the wheat and the tares. The parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven seem to have been given to the multitudes who had gathered by the shore of Galilee. Later the multitude was sent away and Jesus entered into a house. He there explained the parable of the tares, and spoke the three other parables of the hidden treasure, the pearl of great price, and the fisherman's net.

"Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there."

Questions

1. To what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 13:31. Note 1.
2. How does a grain of mustard compare with other seeds? When the mustard plant is grown, how does it compare in size with other herbs? Verse 32. Note 2.
3. What does this parable illustrate? Note 3.
4. What other parable did Jesus speak concerning the kingdom of heaven? Verse 33.
5. What lesson is here illustrated? Note 4.
6. What method of teaching did Jesus use in teaching the multitude? Verse 34.
7. In so doing, what prophecy was fulfilled? Verse 35.
8. By what parable did Jesus show the joy and earnestness of one who has found Christ as his Saviour? Verse 44. Note 5.
9. How did he illustrate the great value set upon the kingdom of heaven by one who truly seeks for it? Verses 45, 46. Note 6.
10. What illustration of the kingdom did Jesus give which must have been familiar to many? Verse 47.
11. What was done when the net was full? What separation was made? Verse 48.
12. What future event is represented by the sorting of the fish? Verses 49, 50. Note 7.
13. What did Jesus ask his disciples? How did they reply? What was their work to be like? Verses 51, 52.
14. When Jesus had finished these lessons on the parables, where did he go? Verses 53, 54.

What Is the Lesson for Us

In the parable of the mustard seed?
The leaven?
The hidden treasure?
The pearl of great price?
The net?

Notes

1. It was customary among the Jews to refer to the mustard seed to denote anything very small, as Jesus did in the parable, also in Matthew 17:20.

2. "In the proper season the traveler on Gennesaret may ride by mustard bushes as high as his horse, and alive with flocks of merry bullfinches or of rock pigeons feeding upon the seeds."—*Professor Thompson.*

3. "The kingdom of Christ began as the smallest of seeds. The King himself began as a little babe, for whom there was no room in the inn. He was brought up in a carpenter's shop. When he entered his public ministry, he was so little known that Nathanael of Cana had never heard of him.

"The same is true of each Christian. He begins small, but he is ever growing."—*Peloubet.*

"Not only is the growth of Christ's kingdom illustrated by the parable of the mustard seed, but in every stage of its growth the experience represented in the parable is repeated. For his church in every generation God has a special truth and a special work. . . . And in this last generation the parable of the mustard seed is to reach a signal and triumphant fulfillment. The little seed will become a tree."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 78, 79.*

4. "The leaven hidden in the flour works invisibly to bring the whole mass under its leavening process; so the leaven of truth works secretly, silently, steadily, to transform the soul. The natural inclinations are softened and subdued. New thoughts, new feelings, new motives, are implanted. A new standard of character is set up,—the life of Christ. The mind is changed; the faculties are roused to action in new lines."—*Id., pp. 98, 99.*

5. "In ancient times it was customary for men to hide their treasures in the earth. . . . Often the place of concealment was forgotten; death might claim the owner, imprisonment or exile might separate him from his treasure, and the wealth he had taken such pains to preserve was left for the fortunate finder. . . . This parable illustrates the value of the heavenly treasure, and the effort that should be made to secure it. The finder of the treasure in the field was ready to part with all that he had, ready to put forth untiring labor, in order to secure the hidden riches. So the finder of heavenly treasure will count no labor too great and no sacrifice too dear, in order to gain the treasures of truth.

"In the parable the field containing the treasure represents the Holy Scriptures. And the gospel is the treasure. The earth itself is not so interlaced with golden veins and filled with precious things as is the word of God."—*Id., pp. 103, 104.*

6. "Sydney Cope Morgan describes such a merchant (condensed here from *The Christian*):

"Today we should call him a jeweler, but there was no plate glass in his shop. It was quite open to the public, a welcome shelter from the fierce heat outside. In little trays of copper or of shell, precious stones of various kinds were displayed, but this merchant specialized in one particular kind—pearls. He had a wonderful collection: big pearls and little pearls, pearls white and black, many of them very valuable indeed. He had a passion for pearls. One day he heard of one special and very wonderful pearl; far more beautiful than any in his collection; something absolutely unique.

"He longed to see, to handle, to possess it. He could think of nothing else by day; he could dream of nothing else by night. Then, one day, he went to see this marvelous pearl. It was more beautiful even than he had imagined.

"How much is it?" Can you hear the excitement in his voice as he asked the question? When the answer was given, he learned that it was a pearl of great price. Indeed, the price was so great that it staggered him. How could he afford it? It would cost him more than all the other gems in his collection put together. Can you imagine his returning to his shop and looking at all the lovely things in his possession? Yet how the finest of them seemed poor and ugly in comparison with the one pearl of great price, that he desired!

"He determined to have that pearl. He sold his own pearls, his other precious stones, his shop, his house, and all that he had, and bought that one pearl of great price.

"We are told that the kingdom of heaven is a thing so wonderful and precious as to be like that pearl. . . . Yet what is the price of the one great pearl—the kingdom of heaven? It is of great price. Can we ever buy it? Impossible. Then how can we possess it? The price has been paid. That is the end and the best of the story. Jesus Christ so longed to put his splendid treasure into the hands—the hearts, rather—of the poorest of his children that he paid the great price himself. He gave himself that all might enter the kingdom."—*Tarbell.*

7. The preaching of the gospel gathers both the good and bad into the church. There have always been foes within as well as without. Even among the twelve disciples were the bad as well as the good. Peter and Paul were troubled with false brethren. The judgment will reveal the difference between the false and the true.

"Do small things well; and great things, half begun,
Will crowd your doorway begging to be done."

A Worthy Standard

THE *Sunday School Times* recently, in answering a question in regard to church entertainments, expressed the following significant sentiment:

"Let this be remembered: the more wholly yielded to the mastery of the Lord Jesus Christ the members of any church are, and the more they find in prayer their chief method and in evangelism their chief mission, the less they will need to provide or even think about 'entertainments.' This has been proved over and over again, among young people, as well as among older. Problems of 'method' are at a minimum in the Spirit-filled, soul-winning church."

Judged honestly by this standard, what is the spiritual condition of your church membership? Of your Missionary Volunteer Society? Of yourself? F. D. C.

Remarkable Courage

ARE you a whiner, a grumbler? If so, read the following story of James Morrison Heady, who recently died at the age of eighty-three, and see what one can do under real misfortune:

"When he was six years old, a flying chip struck him on the right eye, and he lost the sight of the eye. At sixteen, he fell during a scuffle and his remaining eye struck against a boy's foot, and he became totally blind. He was educated in a school for the blind, and became an expert musician. But his calamities were not ended. At forty-four he lost his hearing also, and could no longer earn his living by music. Surely this was enough to make the ordinary person despair, but Mr. Heady was not an ordinary person. He found a way to write music, and books for children and the blind. In his own city he was well known, and children looked upon him as a fairy friend."

The Anti-Tobacco Annual

AS a people we finally got into the temperance harness and did some pretty good work before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed; but now that John Barleycorn has received a deadly wound, we are likely to forget that we are still under obligation to the boys and girls of the nation.

The tobacco interests, the Goliath of the present-day Philistines, by their opposition to the anti-tobacco reform and by their increased effort to extend their business, challenge us to enter the arena against them; and we are not fully awake to the necessity of answering this challenge; to the importance of our rallying to the help of those who are endeavoring to keep the youth of the nation from being poisoned to

death by the greed and willing ignorance of unscrupulous men.

We should be stirred to immediate action in undertaking a vigorous anti-tobacco educational campaign.

As schools, churches, conferences, and individuals we should whole-heartedly espouse the anti-tobacco cause.

The new Anti-Tobacco Annual is out. Can we not make it a personal matter to see that this number is scattered broadcast? that hundreds of thousands of copies are placed in the hands of the boys and girls, of the men and women, of the country? We can do

it if we will. Let us do it. Let us each feel a personal responsibility to see that at least one hundred copies get into circulation. F. D. C.

Many Keys Needed

THERE is a unique iron safe containing vast wealth in the establishment of a certain goldsmith. This treasure has been secured against burglars by making it impossible for any one person to open the safe, the keys having been placed in the hands of many trustees. Only by the concurrent effort of all these can the safe be unlocked and the immense treasure revealed.

"Thus it is," says one, "in the natural and spiritual world, the wealth of the divine blessing can be reached only through the brotherhood of saints. 'Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.'"

So important is this association of the people of

God that we are told a book of remembrance is kept for those that fear the Lord and that speak often one to another. Is your name in this book?

F. D. C.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
Pay Day (poetry)	3
Vacation Canvassing	3
On Writing Letters	4
Rescuing the Fish	5
Johnny Appleseed—Tree Planter	6
The Missionary Volunteer's Words	6
Meat Substitutes	7
Daily Seeking God	8
His Last High Dive (poetry)	10
Promises	14
 SELECTIONS:	
A Thrilling Incident	4
What to Do in Case of Fire	6
Barbara's Camel	9
The Jolt	11