

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

June 29, 1920

No. 26



Photo by Degner.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO SPRINGS

From Here and There

Eagle County (Colorado) Juniors raised \$107 to send a little crippled boy to a hospital in Denver, where he underwent an operation. Now he is at home again, able to walk for the first time in his life.

A twenty-million-dollar canal will soon connect New Orleans with the Gulf of Mexico through Lake Pontchartrain. When completed it will be no longer necessary to make the hundred-mile trip down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico.

A British scientist has discovered a new drug which has the anesthetic properties of morphia and cocaine, but none of their evil effects. The government is said to be considering the prohibition of the manufacture of cocaine and morphia, now that a substitute has been found.

In Santa Rosa, California, is a church which was built from lumber sawed from a single redwood tree. Every bit of wood used in the construction of this church was taken from this one tree, and there were sixty thousand shingles left. The church is one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. It will hold four hundred persons and it cost five thousand dollars.

Four years ago less than one quarter of the toys sold in American stores were made in America. Today nine out of every ten toys offered for sale in the United States, are American made. There are over two thousand toy manufacturers in our country. Last July one of these American toy companies shipped toys to nearly every Allied or friendly nation in Europe, to the West Indies, the Philippines, Madagascar, and South America.

The world's champion typist, William F. Oswald, recently gave a demonstration of speed, accuracy, and concentration at Washington Missionary College, before several hundred students and visitors. The best record was 148 words, or nine full lines in one minute, the only error being an extra space after a period. He wrote the word "the" 175 times in a minute without an error, making about twelve and one-half strokes a second. On a familiar sentence one line in length, made up of short words, he wrote 214 words in one minute. His most interesting feat was copying eight lines of new and very difficult matter in one minute while carrying on a conversation. In the International Typewriting Speed Contest, held in New York City last October, Mr. Oswald wrote 132 net words a minute for one hour, and 147 words in one minute without a mistake, thus winning the world's championship. Two or three Washington Missionary College students who have had only one year's training on the machine, can write a little more than one half as fast as Mr. Oswald.

The Eastman Kodak Company, at Rochester, New York, has something new in the line of engines—a fireless steam storage locomotive. "This engine carries a tank which is filled about four-fifths full of water, after which steam is admitted to the tank from the boilers at the power house by means of a pipe, until the pressure has reached 125 pounds. At this pressure, the boiling point of water is 353° F. instead of 212°, as at normal pressure. As the steam is used, the pressure is lowered, and the boiling point of the water is also lowered, so that more steam is formed. The pressure in the cylinders is 60 pounds, and at this point the pulling power of the engine is 14,520 pounds." This locomotive is used for moving freight cars in the yards of the kodak company, and frequently transfers from thirty to forty carloads of material in a day. They recently received a train of eighty freight cars, two thirds of a mile long, which this small engine was able to draw as one train. This type of locomotive eliminates all danger of fire caused by sparks, and can be operated by one man.

An old back-yard apple tree in an Ohio city is yielding, in rotation, crops of apples of the extra-early, early, medium-early, fall, and winter varieties, besides seven kinds of pears—a total of thirty-six varieties of fruit. The tree, more than seventy-five years old, was thought to be dead and in an advanced state of decay, when the horticulturist responsible for its metamorphosis began his experiments. Skilful and studied grafting, of course, accomplished the seeming miracle. The renewed tree is now vigorous enough to produce some forty or fifty bushels of fruit every year, all of the choicest kind. Its owner declares that yielding several varieties of fruit at different seasons makes a healthier tree than the usual production of a heavy crop all in one season.

On the walls of the Rothschild bank are the following maxims:

Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all trouble patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

When the great airship R-34 was on its way across the Atlantic from Scotland to the United States, a hole was discovered in the silk covering. When all the ordinary materials used for patching, failed to hold, chewing gum was resorted to with fine success. It is related that the whole crew chewed gum for hours, and the heavy envelope was perfectly repaired with this material—perhaps the best use ever made of this delectable confection.

It is now possible to use a single open-circuit bare wire, laid in the earth or submerged in water, for multiplex telegraphy and telephony, instead of many-stranded insulated wires. The current necessary is less than that required by a single office lamp.

"Boys and girls should be taught to think first of others in material things; they should be infected with the wisdom to know that in making smooth the way of all lies the road to their own health and happiness." This is an expression by John Galsworthy, the English writer, in a recent magazine article.

"The need of the day is performers and not reformers," said Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts.

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 }
MATILDA E. ANDROSS } ASSOCIATE EDITORS
M. E. KERN }
C. A. RUSSELL } SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

VOL. LXVIII JUNE 29, 1920 No. 26

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 29, 1920

No. 26

An Evening Reverie

C. A. RUSSELL

WHEN the day, with its duties, and pleasures,
Bursts forth from the dawn's blue and gold;
When she lays at my feet all her treasures,
Her moments of value untold,
It is then that the heart leaps with gladness,
And the eye gleams with joy and delight,
As I banish all feelings of sadness,
All thoughts of the darkness of night.

Every day's golden hours are all weighted
With duties which must be begun,
Even each fleeting moment is freighted
With tasks to be grappled and done.
So there's joy and exhilaration
In gripping of hard, stubborn work.
Life is action. No matter the station,
There's no room on earth for the shirk.

But when night her dark mantle is spreading
A pall over nature's calm breast,
And the moonbeams their pale light are shedding
O'er valley and hillside and crest,
It is then that the heart throbs are turning
Toward loved ones so far, far away,
With a deep, inexpressible yearning,
As homeward our thoughts wing their way.

And straightway on love's glowing altar
Our evening oblation we lay,
And our heart cry we tenderly falter,
As for loved ones we earnestly pray;
Then we think of the gladsome tomorrow,
When tears shall be all wiped away,—
No heartache, no sickness, or sorrow,—
And we long for the breaking of day.

Our Indian Leper Brother and His Coffin

J. E. FULTON

SADHAN CHANDRA SIRCAR is the name of our leper brother who lives in East Bengal; and yet we should not call him a leper, for he has been healed for a number of years of this dread malady.

He received knowledge concerning Jesus over forty years ago. An Indian preacher by the name of Bose, who was a man of prayer and faith, once visited our brother who is the subject of this sketch. Our brother at that time was a Hindu, and a reader of the shastras, or sacred books. When he became acquainted with this godly minister, Sadhan Sircar asked if he knew of a doctor who could cure lepers. "Yes," replied the minister, and he told him of Jesus, and then said, "We will call this doctor," and so they prayed together. As a result, the brother was healed of this loathsome disease. The leper brother, in turn, became a man of faith and prayer. He has prayed for and with others and has received direct answers to prayer. He wrestles with God, and tells God of the Red Sea, of the five thousand who were fed, and of various other things mentioned in the Bible, which seemed impossible of accomplishment, and then pleads with God to manifest his power.

During the late cyclone which wrought great havoc in East Bengal, his house was blown from over his head. Timbers fell all around him. Being an old man, over a hundred years of age, he sat up in his cot and prayed God to protect him; and although the timbers were falling about him and limbs of trees were carried like arrows through the air, he was protected. Many were suffering from cold. The rain fell in torrents, and all his clothing became wet. When he was

at last found, it was feared this might prove the end of his long life, but he assured his rescuers he felt no inconvenience, was not cold, and he received no harm from the hard experience.

The old brother is highly respected by many of the Hindus, and some come to him to learn of his God. It was by means of a tract by Elder W. A. Spicer, published in India many years ago, that Brother Sircar learned of the Sabbath truth and accepted it.



Since he has become very old he has thought it wise to prepare for death, and not only has he made the spiritual preparation, but he asked his relatives to have a coffin made so that he might not be hurried off at death by Hindu relatives and his body burned, according to prevailing custom. He desired to be buried like a Christian, and so the coffin was made, and was placed in his little

house, awaiting his death. But the old man lives on, and the coffin has been waiting ten years for its occupant, and begins to look older than the brother himself. I told the old man that I believed he would outwear the coffin yet.

He is an earnest Seventh-day Adventist and understands well the points of our faith. He is an ardent vegetarian. Perhaps some would think him extreme, for he will not even eat with a spoon that has been used by his relatives in any meat dishes, so he keeps his own and has it washed apart from all others.

About two years ago he lost his eyesight, and so he waits on in darkness for the end. He loves to meet with our brethren in the annual gatherings, and so at Gopalganj, at the time of our general meeting, he was

brought by relatives from his village some three miles away, and spent the Sabbath listening intently to all that was said. He has full possession of his faculties. In fact, when Hindus in his presence oppose the religion of Jesus, he can give in a most clear and convincing manner the arguments in behalf of Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

BIOGRAPHICAL

An Ambitious Stenographer

IN an old, old book I read the story of an ambitious stenographer. Secretary or amanuensis might be a better term, for so far as I know, the young man did not write shorthand, and I am positive he did not transcribe his notes on a typewriter. However, he was equivalent to a stenographer, so to speak.

The story goes that in a far Eastern land, a foreign power threatened to lay waste the capital. The king and his army and his advisers were for making strong resistance, naturally. But strange as it may seem, one man in the kingdom advised surrender to the invaders.

"It is our only safety," he said. "All who go out to the enemy will be safe; all who remain in the city will be slain."

The king was greatly incensed at such foolish counsel, and ordered the man put in prison, and his prison life was made as unpleasant as possible. And here the stenographer comes into the story, for it was this very prisoner whom he served. And his master had need of him, for though prison bars kept him from speaking to the people personally, and to the king, he dictated his warning to the stenographer,— call him amanuensis if you will,— who wrote the matter out.

With his message written on a long roll, the young man went before the citizens and stirred the city, especially as he read it at the time of a great gathering of people. A number of the king's courtiers heard the matter, and took counsel among themselves as to their best course. Sending for the young man, they commanded him to read his roll to them; then they asked how he came by such a message. He replied that his master had dictated it, and he had written it with pen and ink.

"You go and hide yourself," they said, "and we will tell the king. He should know of this matter."

They laid the roll carefully away upon an out-of-the-way shelf, and then went to tell the king of its contents; but the king demanded the roll itself. When he saw it, and heard it read, he knew the author, and at once destroyed the roll, and commanded that the young man and his master be kept in close ward. In the meantime, the master had been released, and now neither he nor his stenographer could be found.

Then the young man had another task. His master commanded him to prepare another roll, secure pen and ink, and write the entire message out again, with additions that would stir the most obdurate.

The enemy was not idle, but was making threatening advances, and the prospect of a long and terrible siege discouraged all in the city. The young stenographer felt that he was loser whichever way matters went; he and his master were under the ban of the

king; his prospects for advancement were gone, and death at the hands of cruel enemies was the unpleasant future.

"Woe is me now!" he wailed, "for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow; I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest."

All his glowing prospects were dissipated. Where he had hoped for glory and honor and wealth, he saw only failure. He had allied himself with an unpopular cause, and there was no hope for its success. In the midst of his self-pity and disappointment came a message from his master, who was a prophet:

"The Lord saith thus: Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted I will pluck up, even this whole land. And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not; for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord: but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest."

You may read the account for yourself in the Bible, in a section marked "Jeremiah," chapters thirty-six and forty-five. And I trust you can catch the excellent lesson to every young man and young woman who reads this sketch.

Has any one said, "Woe is me now! for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow"? Or "seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." God has a great work for his young people, and he offers a great reward for faithfulness. "Thy life will I give unto thee," he assures us.

Baruch dreamed of doing great things for himself; he was ambitious for the world's honor and praise and applause. Had he known it, he was doing the greatest work in the world as he served the prophet of God. Instead of adding grief to his sorrow, the Lord gave him life, when all the nation of Israel were in danger of losing their lives in the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

The Lord will make it true of all his faithful stenographers and teachers and colporteurs and nurses and doctors and ministers—"thy life will I give unto thee," eternal life, with glory and honor added. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not;" but consider the greater, God's things for you, and be content. The reward is worth the effort, and the time is not long.

Never before has the world offered more and better things to the youth than it holds out to them today. It is equally true that never has the cause of God held out greater things. The best the world can offer is for but a lifetime, while God offers his gifts for eternity. The enemy may lay siege to the city, the king may imprison our master, and we may feel at times that all is lost that is worth the effort. But God lives and promises and fulfils; the greatest thing for us is his service, not our own. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."

MAX HILL.

TAKE three pieces of fairly thick cord and plait them together. The plaited cords are much stronger united than they are apart. So a life is strengthened by comrades. Sympathy makes us strong and bold. Encouraged by companions, we can undertake tasks that we should hesitate to attack if we stood alone. And in the same way we can encourage others and be good comrades thereby. God has made us social beings, and we are at our best when with our friends. — *Selected.*

SMILES

Keep Smiling

WHEN the sun is shining brightly,
Gentle zephyrs murmuring lightly,
Stars of evening gleaming nightly,
In the azure vault of blue;
When all nature's face is shining,
Loving arms her own entwining,
Why not cease our sad repining,
And keep smiling, I and you?

Though the sun his face is veiling,
Winds of night are moaning, wailing,
Light of evening star-gleams failing,
Slipping, one by one, from view;
Through the blinding lightning flashes,
And the wildest thunder crashes,
Why not dry our tear-dimmed lashes
And keep smiling, I and you?

Friend, look up! though storm clouds lower,
From them falls the gentle shower,
Blessing field and wood and bower
With the cool, refreshing dew;
Don't forget the sun is shining,
Every cloud has silver lining,
Trials come as soul refining,
So keep smiling, I and you.

C. A. RUSSELL.

In the Cheering-Up Business

THERE is a great opening in the cheering-up business, plenty of room for everybody, and best of all, it does not interfere with any business. One may do a great deal more in this avocation than in his vocation.

Persons in this business are health promoters. They are the unpaid boards of health that look after the public welfare.

It is wonderful how the cultivation of the habit of enjoying things will transform the whole life, so that we see everything in a different light. This does not suggest frivolity nor flippancy. The habit should be cultivated. It is as medicine to the mind.

Mirthful tendencies in young people should not be subdued. Care and worry in a young face show that there is something wrong somewhere.

Joyous persons are not only the happiest, but the longest lived, the most useful, and the most successful. The little strain of humor, the love of fun in human nature, is a normal, natural lubricant which oils life's machinery, makes it run smoothly, and relieves the jar and grinding of the bearings which prematurely wear away so many lives.

The habit of looking on the sunny side, the laughter side of things, is a fortune in itself. I would rather be a millionaire of cheerfulness and sunshine than of dollars. No matter what your work may be, learn to find happiness everywhere. And surely the gospel work, while it is a serious work,—for the future life is concerned,—is a pleasant work, and every Christian should let it be known as such.

"Smile once in a while,
'Twill make your heart seem lighter.
Life's a mirror: if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us."

How gladly we welcome a sunny soul! We are never too busy to see him. It is a priceless gift to be able to possess a calm, serene, sweet soul which soothes,

enriches, which is a perpetual balm to the hurts of the world. Such souls reassure us. We seem to touch power and sympathy while in their presence, and we love to go near them when we are in distress.

There is one success possible to the humblest man and the poorest woman; and that is, to go through life with a smiling face and to scatter the flowers of kindness broadcast.

The habit of feeling kindly toward every one, an expression of love, of kindness in one's very face and a sincere desire to help and cheer, is worth a fortune to any youth trying to fight the battle of life. The wearer of smiles and the bearer of a kindly disposition needs no introduction, but is welcomed everywhere.

There is nothing wanted so much in the world as sunshine, and the greatest wealth is a cheerful, helpful disposition. These riches are not only a blessing to the one who possesses them, but are a blessing to others.

Everybody is rich who knows or comes in contact with the millionaire of good cheer, and the more he distributes of his wealth, the more it multiplies. A worth-while admonition then is: Do not look at life through a smoked glass.

OLIVER L. PASSEBOIS.

A Good Word from Pitcairn Island

OUR good friends on Pitcairn Island are rejoicing in a more frequent mail service, and some extracts from a recent letter may be of interest to our readers. Sister Christian, writing on April 11, says:

"How pleased I was a few days ago to get your good letter of January 14! That letter came more quickly than any other that has ever come to us from America or Australia. I received it just two and one half months after it was written. Through the kindness of the postmaster at Cristobal, Canal Zone, we had a most unexpected joy, that of receiving quite a large mail from our friends and relatives abroad. Letters that had been sent via Tahiti and New Zealand came that day. It must have called forth the sympathy of the postmaster for us; it certainly did his kindness, for he sent a letter suggesting that in the future we inform our friends to write us in care of "Postmaster, Cristobal, Canal Zone," and he would do his best to send our mail on as early as possible. Ships frequently come our way now, and the captains will often bring the mail.

"How much we appreciated your information regarding the advancement of the work! We are looking for the papers you say were sent on. We do not now have many papers to pass out, as we have used nearly all we had.

"Last year we sent a small box of souvenirs to King George and Queen Mary, also some of our tracts and papers. My husband sent a copy of "Armageddon," addressed to the Prince of Wales, and my brother sent one of the World's Crisis Series to King George. In sending a letter of thanks and a Victor phonograph, they stated they were pleased to receive the books. We are now looking for a visit from the Prince of Wales on his way to Australia. Almost fifteen dollars has been collected in honor of his visit, to be used in some kind of seamen's charity work when he returns to England. It is not much, but has been willingly given from our small store. . . .

"Your letter was read in our missionary meeting. It is not often we get such letters, and we surely appreciated it. . . .

"We know the Lord hears our prayers, and we trust he may continue to bless his people until the work is finished."

Our brethren and sisters are surely making use of every opportunity they have of giving this message to others. Perhaps some of our readers will be glad to forward them more literature and a letter occasionally, thus helping them realize more that they are truly a part of this great throbbing world.

LIZZIE M. GREGG.

NAPOLEON wrote in his diary, "I beat the Austrians because they never learned the value of five minutes." Have you learned this invaluable lesson?

Echoes of History

Early New England Rules of Conscience

WHAT a strange thing is conscience! An English dictionary defines it to be the knowledge of our own acts and feelings, as right or wrong. Adherence to this principle might be right under some circumstances; but when one lets his own sense of right or wrong for himself, drive him to make others comply with his views of right and wrong for himself, he then violates that Christian principle which requires every one to esteem others better than himself.

The fact that conscience in all cases now does not reach the extreme limits as in times past, reveals that it exists on somewhat of a sliding scale. It is therefore quite certain that the forces of civilization have done much to regulate the operations of this thing called conscience. One has only to read about the zealous leadings of conscience followed by early Jesuits to see, from present standards, to what unwarranted lengths they went in making the demands of personal conscience upon themselves, the rule for regulating the lives of others.

Making Others Worship as We Worship

They believed their province of duty was to spy upon the actions of all men, and thus be able to fathom the very secrets of human hearts. To do this effectually they interfered not only in matters of legislation and justice, but in household regulations as well, setting father against son, and son against father. Every earthly tie which men consider sacred was trampled upon when necessary, to satisfy their religious views of duty.

This same spirit ruled those who, while being dissatisfied with the papal trend, received civil government recognition to control religious thought. When James I succeeded Elizabeth on the English throne, he endeavored to make everybody conform to the ritual which had been formulated by the church bishop. There was at that time a small body of people in England known as nonconformists. They had not separated themselves from the English Church, but were content to ask for a *purser* religious system than was then maintained. These were simply plain farmers of Scrooby and Austerfield, but were called Puritans on account of their desire for the pure form of worship for which they pleaded. A delegation from these came with a petition to James, asking for a change in the ritual form. His answer was short and decisive.

"I will have," he said, "one doctrine, one discipline, one religion; I alone will decide; I will make you conform, or I will harry you out of the land, or else do worse—hang you."

So for conscience' sake these Puritans emigrated to Holland, then back to Plymouth, England, and finally to New England. Upon arriving on American shores, they re-enacted the English religious laws, especially that one requiring every one in their jurisdiction to attend church on Sunday.

Religious Liberty Championed by Williams

Shortly after the landing of the Pilgrims, a young minister named Roger Williams came overseas for the same reason the Puritans had headed that way. He began at once to oppose the Puritan Sunday law on the ground that it was contrary to the liberty of

conscience. "Under it," said he, "no man can be truly free. No man should be forced to attend worship, or maintain worship against his own free account."

Being brought before the magistrate to answer for his opinion, he was asked, "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

"Yes," said Mr. Williams, "from those who hire him."

The justices of the peace and other officers of the government were then selected from among church members alone. Taking advantage of this fact, Mr. Williams asked the magistrate: Do you employ a doctor because he is a church member, or because he is a good physician? Do you trust your ship to a pilot because he is a member of the church, or because he knows where the rocks are, and how to avoid them?

This was quite enough to settle the question at issue, but Mr. Williams bound off his idea with this positive statement: "Conscience belongs alone to the individual; it is not *public* property. The civil officer has nothing to do with conscience, since he is but a public agent of the people at large."

Church Attendance Compulsory

Yet the New England Puritans led a strange chase in their attempt to establish a standard of conscience. While every one must positively attend church each Sunday, yet the men were all to come there armed. The muskets were to be stacked around a post in the center of the church. In Concord, where it is said that the pastor was the best marksman in the community, he regularly preached with his treasured weapon in the pulpit by his side, ready to fire at any red man whom he might see lurking around the building.

The church services in those days were notably long. It is said that Cotton Mather had inscribed over his study door the warning legend: "Be short." Yet he paid little heed to this excellent motto when he had an audience before him. In his own diary was found the record that at his ordination he prayed for an hour and a quarter, and preached for an hour and three quarters. No doubt this would now be thought intolerable, but on those occasions no one was permitted to leave before the close of the service, since a "tithingman" was always present to stop any one who might attempt to leave before the proper time. Regarding those protracted services, Nathaniel Ward naively said, "We have a strong weakness in New England, that when we are speaking, we know not how to conclude; we make many ends before we make an end." It was simply a human habit extended in some cases to the present time.

The Stove Not Allowed in Churches

For a long time it was thought sinful to have a stove in the meeting house. The Old South Church of Boston, however, adopted the luxurious fashion in 1783, we are told, and the *Evening Post* shortly after printed a poem, of which four lines ran thus:

"Extinct the sacred fire of love,
Our zeal grown cold and dead,
In the house of God we fix a stove
To warm us in their stead."

When the church in Brimfield, as late as 1819, refused to pay for a stove, it ordered instead, two extra doors placed on the gallery stairs to keep out drafts. Later, when a subscription was circulated to buy a church stove, one old member refused to give anything, saying that "good preaching kept him hot

enough without stoves." It took fully two centuries of gradual modifying of the Puritan view of conscience character, to bring about the reform of having proper warmth in a meeting house in a New England winter.

Church Singing "Deaconed"

All church singing in those early days had to be "deaconed." This was done by the deacon reading each line of the psalm prior to its being sung by the audience. As late, however, as 1785, it was granted for the choir "to sing once on the Lord's day without reading by the deacon." Soon after, the custom of beating time was adopted. In Wilbraham bitter objection was raised against the leader's beating time too "ostentatiously." So the rule was made that the deacon should be allowed to "lead and line," and beat the time in the forenoon, and the "new school" should control the music in the afternoon. At this, the deacon left in anger, declaring that inquiry should be made "into the conduct of those who call themselves singers in this town."

Poor human nature! How little professed Christianity has been permitted to rule out the earthly and bring in the heavenly.

Sunday Observance Compulsory

But enough of this. We have only space for reference to another side of Puritan life, more practical in nature. A man in Maine was rebuked and fined for "unseemly walking" on the "Lord's day." He protested that he ran to save a man from drowning. The Court, however, made him pay his fine, but ordered that the money be returned to him when he could prove by witnesses that he had actually been on an errand of mercy. In Belfast, Maine, in 1776, a meeting was held to get the "town's mind" with regard to a plan to restrain visiting on the Sunday. The most that could be done so late in the advance of rationalism was "that if any person makes unnecessary visits on the Sabbath, he shall be looked on with contempt."

Thus it went then, and thus it will be when success is gained in making the civil power guardian of human conscience. May that day be put far away.

J. O. CORLISS.

The Power of the Truth in China

LI GWEI FU was born in a coolie family. When he was old enough, Gwei Fu became the puller of a jinrikisha, and for several years thus earned a bare living.

One day he entered our chapel on Fu Djen Kai and heard the interesting story of the Saviour. He was converted and learned to read the Scriptures. He also taught his wife to read, and sent his little daughter to our church school.

Gwei Fu joined the church and rapidly advanced in Bible knowledge and Christian experience. He became a teacher, and later the secretary in the Sabbath school, still pulling his jinrikisha and paying tithe on his earnings.

Giving up the jinrikisha business because of his desire to give his full time in telling others of the Saviour's love, he entered the canvassing work. After spending some time in this department of the work, Gwei Fu attended our training school at Shanghai. Today he is in charge of one of our outstations, and is an earnest evangelist and worker in the cause.

O. B. KUHN.

In the Christian Pathway

Summer Work

THE story is told of an aged colored man who in the course of his conversation about the weather and his health, said, "I'se always notice dat if I live through the month o' March, I'se live all de rest ob de yeah." So it is also quite noticeable that the Missionary Volunteer Society which lives through the summer months, will live the rest of the year.

To know how to keep a society from the "summer slump" disease is better than being able to effect a cure in September, for the saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," applies here. A real Missionary Volunteer Society, one with a real vision, knows the preventive and deals it out in large doses.

The following paragraphs from local leaders show how some societies planned their work and worked their plans for the summer:

"School is out, and although most of our members have gone away to canvass, the few of us who are left felt that we needed a new experience, and that we should make our society count for much this summer. I will tell you about our plans for the summer. Two automobile loads go to the county jail, twelve miles distant, every Sabbath afternoon, to hold a meeting and do personal work. We return and have our society meeting at 5 P. M., at which time a report of the jail work is also given. The Reading Course circle meets for one-half hour after this. During the week we visit the sick, distribute literature, and keep the reading rack in the station filled. We all are happy in our work."

Near the close of last summer I visited this society, and found it in a healthy condition. A large chart in the rear of the church kept the members checked up on the Reading Courses. There were thirty-eight stars, showing that number of courses completed by the few members the last three years. It was my privilege to attend one of the jail meetings where much good work was done, as is shown by the following letter sent me by one of the inmates, a girl of nineteen years:

"SEPTEMBER 2, 1919.

DEAR MISS WALKER: I am taking the privilege of writing you a letter. I know you will be surprised to hear from me. The two young ladies were over to see me Saturday. I enjoyed that little book that Miss Webber left. She has sent me several books to read. In here I don't have anything else to do but read. I don't get so lonesome when I read. I have to stay here until the twenty-second of September, so you see I will be here some time yet.

"Literature has an influence upon a person's character. I never intend to read any kind of literature except that which will inspire some good in me, and I shall also try to help some other young girls in life.

"I guess Christ is always ready to forgive and receive me now. I hope so anyhow. I found out the ways of sin are hard, and they have no reward in this life and no promise of life to come.

"P. S. I hope you will answer this letter. You don't know how much different a letter makes a person feel in a place like this."

One warm Sabbath day found me, without any previous arrangements, visiting a small society. The manner in which they spent the afternoon was not only pleasing, but inspiring. At 2:30 the young women's prayer band met, followed by a helpful society meeting at 3 o'clock. Each member was asked to relate his missionary experiences for that week. The young men's prayer band met at 4:30 and the Standard of Attainment class at 5 o'clock. This was surely a full program, but it was what these young people felt they needed in order to grow.

Noticing that four of their number came from a large city church a short distance away, I inquired

why, and was given this answer: "There are so many in our home society that our help really isn't needed there, so we just come out here and unite our efforts with these few, and we enjoy it much more." That summer the members of this particular society kept up their correspondence band, sold two hundred copies of the twenty-five-cent books, and organized a strong Junior society for the boys and girls in the church.

A pastor of a large city church who was to hold a tent effort, lined up every young person for work. He believed in placing responsibility upon young shoulders. The Missionary Volunteer meetings were conducted in the tent every Sabbath afternoon, and at the close a large number went to their special districts, where they distributed handbills giving the program for the tent meetings the following week. Neighbors and others were brought to the tent by the Volunteers, while they themselves were faithful in attendance and in helping with the music. Besides this, a few of the young people visited the city jail every Sunday afternoon, and assisted in meetings and in the distribution of literature. They also raised one hundred dollars toward the new church school building.

What were the results? A successful tent effort, a score of baptisms; four new children not of Adventist parents, entered church school because a Junior Missionary Volunteer took them to the children's meeting at the tent; one young man in jail quit the use of tobacco; another prisoner attended our church after his release and had Bible studies in his home; and there grew in that church a strong tie between the pastor and the young people.

Society meetings alone will not keep a society alive. There must be activity, something in which all can engage, if there is to be a real growth. There must be service for others. Prayer and personal work bands should always be maintained. No society should become more burdened for Samaria than for Jerusalem. The highest type of Christian endeavor is in being able to *win* and *hold* our own youth.

It would be difficult to outline plans which would fit every society. The following suggestions have helped some; they may help your committee in outlining your summer's program:

1. Plan early. Be definite. Be optimistic. Be persistent.
2. Make and keep prayer first. It releases work.
3. Do not load up too heavily. It is better to plan one thing and do it than to dabble in four things. Not how much, but how well.
4. Take into consideration all the material in the society and plan to use it.
5. Study the needs of your own society and the needs of the community, and let your plans meet those needs.
6. Have the correspondence band continue its work.
7. If there are jails, hospitals, or county houses, plan for work there. (In one large hospital, some young men distributed literature every Sunday afternoon, visiting every ward.) Sing and read to the aged in old people's homes.
8. Summer travel is heavy. Place reading racks in stations and barber shops, and keep well filled with clean papers.
9. Perhaps your Christian help work will include canning fruit for tired, sick mothers. Two years ago one Missionary Volunteer canned over one hundred quarts of fruit for a neighbor.
10. Offer your services to your pastor or elder, for whatever special campaign he may have for the church.
11. Keep the educational campaign going, remembering the slogan, "Every Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl in our own schools."
12. Be the big brother or big sister to the Junior boys and girls.

And summing it all up, "Be not simply good, but good for something." EDNA L. WALKER.

"A TOUGH journey toughens the man made of the right stuff."

For the Finding-Out Club

What Is It?

THERE is a multitudinous order of quadrupeds, this one order numbering perhaps more than all others combined, that is given its name from the character and use made of the teeth. These, like our finger nails, keep constantly adding to their length, sometimes their peculiar and vigorous growth causing the death of the owner by keeping the mouth from closing so that it cannot eat. It does not have many teeth as you do, but its front teeth are interesting. They are always sharp and rarely unready for service.

Members of this order minister to man's need in food and clothing; others are great enemies of the agriculturist; and still others are a menace to housewives and nations; but none of this order are man's servants, though some are his pets. Some are regular "water rats;" others live on land. Some hop, some run, and some fly. We are all very familiar with various members of this order.

There is a small dusky-gray, furry member of a family of this order which lives only in the Andes Mountains of South America, on the eastern slopes of Chile and Bolivia, at altitudes between eight and ten thousand feet. Its body is only about ten inches long, and its bushy tail about one third as long.

It is extremely active, agile, and good natured, though it has the fretful "prickly porker" for a near relative. Evidently it believes that "the early bird catches the worm," for it feeds very early in the morning. Towards sunset it is sometimes tempted to go out on another foraging expedition. It is a vegetarian, feeding on bulbs, roots, and grass, which it holds in its front paws to eat, while sitting on its hind legs.

It associates in communities and lives in burrows among the loose mountain rocks, the subterranean chambers so undermining the ground in some places as to menace the safety of horseback travelers.

Because of their attractive soft, bluish-gray marbled fur, every man's hand is against them, their skins being imported by Europe and America for muffs, tippets, and trimmings.

Were they not so very productive, each female giving birth to five or six baby — twice a year, the race would have been exterminated long ago. Name the order and the family to which this animal belongs, and list some of its relatives.

F. D. C.

Give His Name

WHEN he was a struggling young lawyer in New England his friends called him "honest Cal," and the name still sticks, even though he has now become a power in the politics of his own State, and is known from Maine to California as "the man who defied Bolshevism and won."

He was born on the fourth of July, at Plymouth, Vermont. With such a start it is not surprising that he is one hundred per cent American. Northampton, Massachusetts, was the scene of his early endeavors, and in 1899, at the age of twenty-seven, he was elected to the city council. Later he served as city solicitor, then as court clerk, and 1904 found him chairman of the city Republican Committee, while three years later he was elected a member of the State house of representatives. Spending two terms on Beacon Hill,

he went back to his home town as mayor, and after filling this office acceptably, served four years in the State senate. His reputation for honesty, impartial judgment, and as a man who says little but acts with fearless decision, won him the lieutenant-governorship of his State in 1915. Now he is governor, elected by a surprisingly large plurality, and he is a good executive too, believing implicitly in government of, by, and for the people.

One day last year a delegation of labor men called to see him, urging that a particular class of public servants be permitted to unite with the American Federation of Labor. The governor, who is an excellent listener, never once interrupted the spokesman, even though he heard surprising threats, and warnings of a strike in the capital city if he did not acquiesce in their request. Finally the talk came to an end.

"Now, gentlemen," inquired the governor, "have you said everything you wish to say?"

The delegation caught its breath, but seemed to be able to think of nothing more, and signified that it had finished.

"Very well," said the governor, "all I have to say is this: Law and order will be maintained in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Good day."

And the delegation departed somewhat uncertain as to what had happened or what would happen if they carried out their plans. As a matter of fact, their chief was sympathetic with their demands for justice, but he could not indorse the principle that public servants, sworn to protect the public, had a right to abandon their posts of duty in order to force an issue. And when the Boston police force went on a strike the governor kept his word, and the strikers found themselves without employment, nor did they gain a single concession by their course.

This man, whose name is now mentioned in connection with national politics, is just a "plain sort of New Englander, with distinctly plain New England ways." State governors do not usually live in two-family houses, but this one is an exception, and his friends say that he does not even own it, but just pays rent for his half and neighbors with the folks next door in the most friendly sort of way. When he finds time to get home to Northampton he is just as likely to take off his coat and cut the grass as he was before he became governor of his State. Do you know his name?
L. E. C.

The Correct Thing

Ruth's Secret

PEGGY approached the brilliantly lighted house with a tinge of reluctance, and yet she wouldn't have stayed away for anything. In fact, she was very happy to be invited, for she was a newcomer and many who might better have expected an invitation had been disappointed; so Peggy considered herself fortunate. She knew she would have a perfectly lovely time, for her new acquaintances were charming, but still — well it wouldn't be like home, where she knew every one so well.

Seated in a corner with a friend, Peggy looked over the gay crowd of young people. Bright, happy girls were they, and down in her heart she hoped that it would not be long before she might join as familiarly in the group as the others.

Quietly and unobserved a late arrival stepped into

the room. In the same breath a chorus of voices delightedly exclaimed, "Ruth, when did you come?" "How long can you stay?" "I simply have to have a little visit with you." "Can't you spend some time with me?" Then there was a rush and a dozen were greeting her at once.

To Peggy in the corner the commotion caused by the coming of Ruth brought serious thoughts. Why was Ruth so popular? True, she knew them all, but that would hardly account for the unbounded joy with which each greeted her. Was she pretty? Not strikingly so, although her face was sweet and attractive. Nor was the charm in her dress, for that was simple and modest.

But Peggy didn't have to wait long for the answer to her questions. Shortly the order of the evening was changed and the guests moved about freely. Without especially trying to do so, Peggy found herself near Ruth, who was coming toward her, her hands outstretched as though greeting an old friend. "I don't believe I know you," said a sweet voice, "but I am sure I'd like to." Ruth grasped Peggy's hand in a warm handclasp. Then followed friendly questions, genuinely friendly ones, robbed of any spirit of curiosity by the whole-hearted interest of the questioner.

Peggy thoroughly enjoyed the evening, but the memory and warmth left there by Ruth outlived all else. What is more, she had learned Ruth's secret, that friendliness wins friends.

Have you any Ruths in your Missionary Volunteer Society? Friendliness is to the society what the home is to the house. It is that which will attract the stranger and keep him after he has become a member.

After all, the cordial handclasp and the frank interest in the newcomer is such a little thing to give, but it is like the mustard seed which is "less than all the seeds," but "when it is sown, it . . . becometh greater than all herbs." Your friendliness will become a big thing in the heart of the one to whom you are a friend.

Get the habit. The effort put forth at first will return to you in unconscious and winning ways and you will awake to find yourself more loved than you ever dreamed of. Would you be happy? Make yourself loved by your everyday companions.

HARRIET HOLT.

Day by Day

As we watch the changing seasons,
As we turn the fragrant sod,
There's a message written daily
By the finger print of God.

There's a blessing in the sunbeam,
Making every gray day bright;
Even so, the word from heaven
On our pathway sheds its light.

There's a lesson as the raindrops
Fall, refreshing all the earth;
Even so, our Father's Spirit
Gives our weary hearts new birth.

There's new meaning when the snowflake
Buries everything from sight;
Even so, our faith in Jesus
Gives to us a robe of white.

There's a glory in the starlight
That defies the darkest night,
And the thunders and the lightnings
Tell the story of his might.

But we read the sweetest promise
Of our faithful Father's love,
When the storm clouds rend asunder
And the rainbow glows above.

MARY M. ROBBINS.

Information Bureau

1. What President said, "Let no guilty man escape," and in what connection?

It was President Grant who said, "Let no guilty man escape," and he said it when the graft and bribery scandals connected with the Whisky Ring were uncovered and prosecutions loomed on the horizon of public life. The Whisky Ring was a notorious combination of distillers and corrupt politicians who attempted to defraud the Government of revenue dues in 1872 during the administration of President Grant. Of those involved, 250 were indicted in 1875, but most of the prominent men were either acquitted or pardoned.

2. In what American city is there a great area of open land within the heart of the city which is called "The Common," and what is its history?

Boston is the city. The Common includes forty-eight acres and was originally part of the 800-acre farm of William Blackstone, the first white settler in what is now Boston. It was purchased about 1634 by the combined settlers, and set aside for use. It was first called the Training Field, and was also utilized as a general grazing ground for the settlers' cattle.

3. What is the kea?

This is a kind of sheep-destroying parrot found in New Zealand. It does not have the gay plumage of the ordinary parrot. Its feet are hawklike. The kidney of the sheep, which lies embedded in a mass of fat, is considered a necessary delicacy by these birds; hence they "grip the fleece of the sheep with their feet as they alight on the hind quarters or on the loin over the kidneys, and dig their beaks into the sheep's back and eat the kidney fat. When they have killed one sheep, they fly to another and repeat their mischief. They use their claws only to hold on by. The sheep, meanwhile, are so used to starlings on their backs, picking off the ticks, that they stupidly let the kea dig away. One fat sheep generally provides a kea with a satisfactory meal.

"The kea nests on a ledge or in the hollow of a totara tree. It lays two eggs about the size of a pigeon's egg, which are gray with a few red specks here and there. When the young are full fledged, they leave the nest, but the mother bird continues for a short time to bring them kidney fat. In three or four days the young are strong enough to follow their mother and learn the business for themselves. Sometimes they eat the bloom from the quinine plant, and if very hungry they occasionally kill hares or rabbits."

4. How did we get the song, "A Shelter in the Time of Storm"?

Mr. Sankey was not only prolific in original musical compositions, but he was also skilful as an adapter. This is the way we came to have the song, "A Shelter in the Time of Storm." He and Mr. Moody were up in the northeast of Scotland, conducting evangelistic services. One Sunday Mr. Sankey dropped into a little stone church in a fisher village. It overlooked the stormy North Sea. The coast was a rocky one and the harbor entrance narrow—a sort of cove for the fishing boats. All the hymns which that audience of fishermen sang were in the minor strain, doubtless like those of the fishermen of Galilee. One of their songs made such a deep impression upon Mr. Sankey that

he jotted down the air. Later he got the words, doubtless from some of the officials of the little church. The great singer changed the tune from a minor to a major, and gave to it a strong tone, expressive of trust and confidence in God's protecting care. This revised form found a place in our songbooks.

"Sincerely Yours"

CENTURIES ago, when history was in the making and Cæsar Augustus ruled the world, wealthy Romans vied with one another in the building of magnificent marble palaces along the Tiber. Many of these were priceless in value. Only the best of material was used, but sometimes in the finest marble there appeared tiny cracks, so small perhaps that they were almost invisible to the naked eye, yet marring the standard of absolute perfection demanded. The contractors of course did not wish to discard these blocks entirely, since this would materially cut down their profits, so they ingeniously filled and covered the cracks with a very fine kind of wax. The wax would last for years, the builders argued, and even then the flaws would not be glaringly apparent. But the rich owners objected strenuously to this scheme, and finally whenever a contract was drawn up for the erection of a marble mansion, it included the Latin words *sine cera*, meaning "without wax," as a guarantee of perfection. It was not enough that the marble should appear perfect, or that the flaws be cleverly concealed. It must be *sine cera*.

It is from these two words that our English "sincere" is derived, meaning that whatever it may refer to is genuine and absolutely as it appears—"without wax." Yet how often and how heedlessly we write the words "Sincerely yours" at the end of a letter, with never a thought as to their meaning. But they really stand as a pledge for all that is pure and real and true and noble, all that is free from the slightest taint of deceit or sham.

"Oh, yes, I am sincere." How lightly we say it! But are we? Is our character building just what it seems, or are there niches and cracks waxed over to appear smooth and perfect? There are no degrees of sincerity. It is synonymous with perfection.

"Sincerely yours" should mean far more than a mere, polite, pleasant-sounding, formal prelude to the signature of our letters. Every time we pen the words, or speak them, we may profitably consider the building we are erecting day by day, and ask ourselves whether or not the material we are putting into it is flawless, and will stand the test of eternity.

L. E. C.

Duty

I REACH a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher; but, if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

For be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite,
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall?
No! Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.

—Robert Leighton.

Just for the Juniors



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

Why Ned's Example Wouldn't Come Right

NED sat scowling at the paper on the desk in front of him. His head was propped up by his hands, and he looked the picture of misery.

"Oh, bother the arithmetic!" he suddenly cried out, throwing down his pencil. "I can't get this example right."

"What's the matter, Ned?" asked his father, who was reading his newspaper a little distance away.

"Oh, my head aches, and I can't work this example. I say, father, won't you help?"

His father put down the newspaper, and went over to his son's desk.

"Why, no wonder your head aches and you can't make the example come right. You can't see." For Ned had impatiently pushed up the shade of his desk lamp, and the glare of the electric light was shining directly into his eyes.

"Come over here and let's see what we can do about it," said Mr. Nelson, placing the paper so that both could read the figures clearly.

"Oh, now I see the mistake," cried Ned, "I thought that 8 was a 3. No wonder it wouldn't come out right!" And in two minutes the example was finished, and the papers put into the school bag ready for tomorrow.

"Almost bedtime, Ned," called mother, "just time for one story." So father began:

"In our time, Switzerland is a republic, free and happy, but she had a hard struggle for her liberty. In the long ago, the emperor of Austria claimed the land as part of his empire; he had so many possessions he could not manage them all himself, so he sent a man named Gessler to rule over the Swiss people.

"Now Gessler was a cruel tyrant; he did not understand the independent nature of the people, and he ruled very unjustly, trying to make slaves of them. He built fortresses throughout the land, and filled them with soldiers to frighten the proud, brave peo-

ple into submission, but he could not make them bow down to him as he wished.

"He grew angry at this, and cast about for some new way in which to make them feel his power. In those days, every town had a public square called a market place. Here all the people came to buy and sell; even the men and women traveled down from the mountains with cheese and butter and game, and when they had sold these, bought things they could not make or grow in their mountain homes.

"Knowing, therefore, that sooner or later, nearly every one would come into the market place, Gessler decided that here was a good opportunity to show his power. In one of the little Swiss towns, Altorf, he had a huge pole set up, with his hat at the top, and he made a decree that every Swiss man, woman, or child who passed by the place, should bow to his hat. In this way they would be showing their submission to him, because his hat was a sign of his power, just as a crown is a sign of a king's power.

"Now, one fine morning, there came down from the mountains, into the market place, a tall, strong man named William Tell. He carried with him his bows and arrows, for this was in the days before guns were invented, and he was wont to shoot bears, wild goats, and wolves with his arrows.

"He had brought his little son, and together they crossed the market place, but when they passed the pole, they never bent their heads; they walked by as straight as their own mountain pine trees.

"The soldiers who had been stationed there by Gessler to make the people obey, stopped the fearless hunter, and reminded him of the decree, but he refused to bow to the tyrant. Gessler's spies, who had been watching, ran and told their master of this defiance. He commanded the Swiss to be brought before him at once. Tell appeared, leading by the hand his little son.



The Correct and the Incorrect Way to Pick Up an Article

“‘They tell me that you are the most famous archer in all Switzerland,’ said the tyrant. ‘Since you will not obey my decree, you shall give me a sign of your skill. Your boy, no doubt, is made of the same stuff as you. He shall stand yonder a hundred paces with an apple on his head, and do you stand here and shoot the apple with an arrow from your quiver.’

“All the people round turned pale with fear, but Tell looked straight into the face of Gessler, and drew two arrows from his quiver, one he held in his hand, and the other he stuck in his belt. Gessler motioned with his hand for the soldiers to place William Tell and his son where he indicated.

“Now it was still early in the morning, and the sun, rising high over the mountains, shone directly into the eyes of the archer, so that he could not see his mark; looking with scorn at the tyrant he said:

“‘Tis evident thou knowest little of archery. The sun should shine upon the mark, and not into the eyes of him who shoots.’

“Gessler motioned angrily with his hand, and the boy was placed so that the sun shone on the apple, while Tell stood with his back to the light.

“Now the soldiers felt a great pity in their hearts for William Tell and his little son, so they turned the child with his back to his father. But Tell’s voice rang out clear and strong: ‘Face this way, my boy!’

“Instantly the child turned and faced his father. His arms hung firm and motionless at his side; he stood with his head up, the apple poised upon it. He watched his father string the bow, he watched him test it to see if it were true, he watched him fit the notch of the arrow into the taut cord, and bring the bow into place; then he could look no more; he shut his eyes.

“The next moment a great joyous shout arose from the crowd, the arrow had split the apple in two, and had sped beyond; Gessler, in a rage over his defeat, demanded why the archer had selected a second arrow and had thrust it into his belt.

“‘To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!’”

Ned sat silent when his father had finished the story; he was still in the market place, breathlessly watching the arrow as it sped on its way.

“That’s a fine story!” he said at last. “My! I wonder how William Tell felt when the boy stood up so straight, and never doubted him for a moment. And wasn’t that fine where he saw through Gessler’s trick and called out: ‘The sun should shine upon the mark, and not into the eyes of him who shoots!’ Of course he couldn’t see with the sun in his eyes; he’d just have kept blinking and blundering, and wouldn’t have been able to aim straight. Was that what you meant tonight when you said I couldn’t see to work the example because the light was shining right into my eyes? It seemed funny then, because you’d think the light in your eyes would help you to see, wouldn’t you?”

“Bedtime, Ned,” said mother.

“Yes, I’m going, but look, father, mother’s sitting with the light in her eyes too. Let’s swing her chair around — there! Good night, mother, the sun should shine upon the mark.” — *Winifred Hathaway, in Parents’ Magazine.*

Little Lies

BEULAH simply told an out-and-out lie about her algebra. She said she got ninety-six per cent on her paper, and I found out today that she didn’t even pass. How any one can be a Christian and tell such things is more than I can understand.” Margaret, who held high ideals of Christian living, spoke earnestly to her chum as they walked home from school.

“But, Margaret dear,” her friend protested gently, “though a falsehood like that is surely a sin, don’t you think it is possible to tell a lie that is not so out and out, but which may be just as much a lie, and just as much a sin?”

“I don’t believe I understand you, Earla. What kind of lie do you mean?”

“I shall explain by telling you of some things which have happened lately. It seems as if one may be really dishonest without realizing it. Did you hear Stella telling the secretary last Sabbath that she didn’t have time to write a paper for young people’s meeting? Yet she has plenty of time for candy making and crocheting. Surely the recording angel must have written a falsehood against Stella’s name that day.”

“I never thought of it in that way before. I don’t suppose Stella meant to tell a lie. I’m sure she wouldn’t intentionally, Earla.”

“No, I don’t think she would; but she didn’t tell the truth. She did have time to write the paper; she simply didn’t want to, and took the easiest way of getting out of it, but it wasn’t an honest way.”

“Well, if it was a lie, it was only a little one.”

“I’m afraid a little lie will be as mighty to shut the gates of the New Jerusalem against us as a big one. Yesterday Pauline and I were starting for the post office when her aunt asked her to stop for a pattern at old Mrs. Barney’s, if we were going that way. She said: ‘I’d just as soon, auntie, but we can’t go that way this time. I’ll try to remember to do that little errand for you tomorrow, sure.’

“To my amazement she turned, when out of sight from the house, and went right past Mrs. Barney’s.

I asked her if she had not forgotten. She answered easily, 'Oh, no; I just didn't want to bother about stopping tonight. I don't like to go there, for Mrs. Barney talks endlessly about her troubles, and it's all you're worth to get away from her.' To tell the truth, Margaret, though I've always liked Pauline, since that happened, I have felt as if I could never trust her perfectly any more. I can't tell when she is sincere. I have determined to be straightforward, and always to tell the truth, as God knows I know it in my own heart."

"Earla, you shame me. Your standard is not a bit too high, but it says as plainly as did Nathan the prophet, 'Thou art the man.' Do you remember the paper I read in our last society meeting, Earla? Well, I received so many compliments on the 'excellent' paper! Mrs. Hellekson said, 'You are showing a real talent, Margaret.'

"Like a thief, I took all the praise as if I had earned it. I did not realize at the moment how much of the work Cousin Helen really had done, but she got all the notes and material ready, and wrote most of the paper. I never felt so guilty before. I told a falsehood by my silence that time. A Christian certainly ought to be the soul of honesty."

"That's it! Haven't you noticed how direct, how straight from the soul center, all the Saviour's words were? No dodging or hedging. I love the unafraid directness with which he declared, 'Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees,' and then again, the quiet tenderness in the precious words, 'Ye shall abide in my love.' The disciples knew that those words, great with love, fell from lips that spoke the truth. They knew that no fickleness, no insincerity, could lie in their pure depths."

"It is no wonder that a lie is such an abomination to God. 'Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie' can have no part in our new home, but I never realized how much 'loveth and maketh a lie' might mean."

"I believe it includes every kind of pretense. It means even the *desire* to have people think better of us than we are."

"Good night, Earla. I shall think more than once of this little talk, and, like you, I shall try my best never to speak or act the smallest lie."

IDONA HILL.

A Little Sunbeam

THE day was dark and dreary outside, and Delice sat with bowed head, endeavoring to stifle her sobs of disappointment. It was Tuesday, the day of her lawn party, the invitations had been sent, and O dear, everything was ready, and why did it have to

rain? Again she burst into tears, but suddenly raised her head, when a familiar footstep sounded outside in the hallway. For sixteen years Mr. Winthrop had been father, mother, and playfellow to Delice. She loved him, — almost worshiped him, and always loved him more than ever when he called her his "Little Sunshine."

"Well, well, Little Sunshine — oh, I should say Raindrop this time, shouldn't I?" he added good-naturedly, at the same time stroking Delice's golden hair.

"O father, it's so hard to be sunshiny in a time like this, but I'll try to be a sunbeam for you," she said, giving him a quick smile.

"Just for me! How about old Aunt Lucy and Uncle James, and Lame Jimmy, and the rest of my

old friends? You know what the Bible says about hiding your light under a bushel. As for the party, telephone your friends that you will postpone all arrangements until tomorrow at four. Well, good-by dear, I'll be back to supper," and he was gone.

Delice did as she was bidden, and the guests promised to come the next day if the weather permitted, then she went slowly back to her room. Father had often called her "Little Sunshine," but never had he mentioned his desire that she be sunshine for Aunt Lucy or Uncle James. She went to her desk and opened a book. It was a hymnal, and she saw the words, "I'll Be a Sunbeam for Jesus."

So she was to be a sunbeam for Jesus, father, and all the rest.

Delice thought awhile. How should she start out? O yes, she remembered now. Aunt Lucy was always so fond of peach jam. She would take her a jar of that and tell her about the last Junior meeting. Then Uncle James. He loved to carve boats and whistles for the neighborhood boys. Why not give him father's oldest jackknife? And Jimmy! Delice pondered awhile, and then jumping up, ran to her bookcase. "Just the thing!" she cried in delight as she took out a set of books on birds, insects, and trees. Thus armed, she set forth and left a sunbeam at each darkened home.

Blind Aunt Lucy held her jam in a tight grip, and would only let go long enough to shake hands with Delice when the time came for her to go. Tears came to the eyes of Uncle James when she handed him the sharp instrument he so loved to use. And Jimmy. He almost forgot his lameness in his joy at having the books, and rained Irish blessings on her all during her visit.

When she reached home, tired but happy, she knelt down and prayed, "O God, make me a real sunbeam that thou canst use in lighting this dark world. Help

(Concluded on page fifteen)

What Am I?

I AM a far too common sight in the neighborhood of every high school.

I am small and innocent in appearance, but contain immense possibilities for working mischief.

I ruin many a football team. No coach will permit players to use me during the season, for I am sure death to wind, speed, and "pep."

I am responsible for innumerable failures in school, and for still more in after-life.

I can destroy a boy's ambition and will-power, and put his brain to sleep.

At my best, I am a worthless thing to spend good money for. At my worst, I injure body, mind, and morals.

The evil I do is incalculable. Still I flourish.

I am the student's worst enemy.

I am the cigarette.

— John Elson, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Our Counsel Corner

Please explain the Standard of Attainment and the Reading Courses, and also all about the pledges, etc. C. B. G.

That is rather a large order for the Counsel Corner. In the first place, allow us to call your attention again to our New Missionary Volunteer Manual, "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work." Everything of this kind is thoroughly explained in that. It costs \$1.25 and can be ordered through your tract society. The Standard of Attainment is also explained in Missionary Volunteer Leaflet, No. 21, which costs two cents. Each year the Review and Herald publishes a folder describing the current Reading Courses. If you are interested in and wish to promote the 1919-20 courses, write to your Missionary Volunteer secretary or to the Review and Herald for as many copies of this folder as you wish.

Individuals or classes desiring to study for the Standard of Attainment should order the Standard of Attainment Manual, which contains lessons on Bible Doctrines and Denominational History. The price is fifty cents.

The Senior membership card contains the Senior Pledge, and should be signed by all Senior members. The cards cost two cents each. M. E. K.

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for July 10

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "A Man Who Would Rather Die than Sin."

Courage, fearlessness, that intrepidity which transforms a slave to a king, appeals to every young man or woman, boy or girl. The story of a hero arouses immediate interest no matter where it is told. The program for today will hold in it the story of one of the greatest Bible heroes. There will be stories of other heroes too,—heroes that are living today. No Missionary Volunteer can afford to lose the opportunity of learning of other Missionary Volunteers who are true to principle.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II — The Eden School

(July 10)

GOLDEN TEXT: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." Ps. 32: 8.

The Students

1. In whose image was man created? Gen. 1: 27. Note 1.
2. What was God's purpose concerning this image? Note 2.
3. What was the relation of Adam and Eve to their Creator? Note 3.

The Schoolroom

4. Where was the school located? Note 4.

The Instructors

5. How did the Lord instruct Adam and Eve? Gen. 3: 8-13.
6. Who else acted as instructors? Note 5.

The Lesson Books

7. What did God use as one great lesson book, and what were some of the lines of study pursued from this book by Adam and Eve? Note 6.
8. What was another means of education or development? Gen. 2: 5, 15. Note 7.
9. What was God's purpose in establishing this Eden school? Note 8.
10. What was the first lesson the divine Teacher gave to Adam? Gen. 2: 19, 20. Note 9.

God's Plan of Education Still to Be Carried Out

11. What place in true education does God's word still hold? Note 10.
12. How can nature still be a lesson book to reveal a knowledge of the Creator? Note 11.
13. How does labor still have an important bearing on Christian education? Note 12.
14. If we follow God's plan of education, what promise may we claim? Ps. 32: 8.

Notes

1. "There is no ground for the supposition that man was evolved, by slow degrees of development, from the lower forms

of animal or vegetable life. Such teaching lowers the great work of the Creator to the level of man's narrow, earthly conceptions. Men are so intent upon excluding God from the sovereignty of the universe, that they degrade man, and defraud him of the dignity of his origin. He who set the starry worlds on high, and tinted with delicate skill the flowers of the field, who filled the earth and the heavens with the wonders of his power, when he came to crown his glorious work, to place one in the midst to stand as ruler of the fair earth, did not fail to create a being worthy of the hand that gave him life. The genealogy of our race, as given by inspiration, traces back its origin, not to a line of developing germs, mollusks, and quadrupeds, but to the great Creator. Though formed from the dust, Adam was 'the son of God.' . . .

"Man was to bear God's image, both in outward resemblance and in character. Christ alone is 'the express image' of the Father; but man was formed in the likeness of God. His nature was in harmony with the will of God. His mind was capable of comprehending divine things. His affections were pure; his appetites and passions were under the control of reason."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 45. (See also "Education," p. 20, par. 2.)

2. "'God created man in his own image,' and it was his purpose that the longer man lived, the more fully he should reveal this image,—the more fully reflect the glory of the Creator. All his faculties were capable of development; their capacity and vigor were continually to increase. . . . Had he remained loyal to God, . . . more and more fully would he have fulfilled the object of his creation, more and more fully have reflected the Creator's glory."—*"Education,"* p. 15.

3. "The holy pair were not only children under the fatherly care of God, but students receiving instruction from the all-wise Creator. They were visited by angels, and were granted communion with their Maker, with no obscuring veil between. They were full of the vigor imparted by the tree of life, and their intellectual power was but little less than that of the angels."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 50.

4. "The garden of Eden was the schoolroom, nature was the lesson book, the Creator himself was the instructor, and the parents of the human family were the students."—*"Education,"* p. 20.

5. "In his interest for his children, our heavenly Father personally directed their education. Often they were visited by his messengers, the holy angels, and from them received counsel and instruction. Often as they walked in the garden in the cool of the day they heard the voice of God, and face to face held communion with the Eternal."—*Id.,* p. 21.

6. "The book of nature, which spread its living lessons before them, afforded an exhaustless source of instruction and delight. On every leaf of the forest and stone of the mountains, in every shining star, in earth and sea and sky, God's name was written. With both the animate and the inanimate creation,—with leaf and flower and tree, and with every living creature from the leviathan of the waters to the mote in the sunbeam,—the dwellers in Eden held converse, gathering from each the secrets of its life. God's glory in the heavens, the innumerable worlds in their orderly revolutions, 'the balancings of the clouds,' the mysteries of light and sound, of day and night,—all were objects of study by the pupils of earth's first school.

"The laws and operations of nature, and the great principles of truth that govern the spiritual universe, were opened to their minds by the infinite Author of all."—*Id.,* pp. 21, 22.

7. "To the dwellers in Eden was committed the care of the garden, 'to dress it and keep it.' Their occupation was not wearisome, but pleasant and invigorating. God appointed labor as a blessing to man, to occupy his mind, to strengthen his body, and to develop his faculties. . . . Our Creator, who understands what is for man's happiness, appointed Adam his work. 'The true joy of life is found only by the working men and women. The angels are diligent workers; they are the ministers of God to the children of men. The Creator has prepared no place for the stagnating practice of indolence.'"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 50.

8. "The garden of Eden was a representation of what God desired the whole earth to become, and it was his purpose that, as the human family increased in numbers, they should establish other homes and schools like the one he had given. Thus in course of time the whole earth might be occupied with homes and schools where the words and the works of God should be studied, and where the students should thus be fitted more and more fully to reflect, throughout endless ages, the light of the knowledge of his glory."—*"Education,"* p. 22.

9. "With every living creature, from the mighty leviathan that playeth among the waters, to the insect mote that floats in the sunbeam, Adam was familiar. He had given to each its name, and he was acquainted with the nature and habits of all."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 51.

In ancient times a name indicated character. God's name is an expression of his character. The first woman was called Eve because she was the mother of all living. Israel was so called because he prevailed with God. That Adam might correctly name all the animals, it was necessary that he understand their nature and habits. Such a study is now called the field of natural history. No university course of today could

compare with the lesson God first gave Adam. The fact that Adam grasped this extensive lesson in a few hours shows us how wonderful were the powers of his gigantic mind when under the tutorship of the Master Teacher. It was this lesson that fitted him to be the ruler of all—to have dominion over all the things that God had made. An intelligent understanding of the nature and habits of all the beasts, birds, and fish, was essential to caring for them.

10. "The Holy Scriptures are the perfect standard of truth, and as such should be given the highest place in education."—*"Education,"* p. 17.

11. "Although the earth was blighted with the curse, nature was still to be man's lesson book. It could not now represent goodness only, for evil was everywhere present, marring earth and sea and air with its defiling touch. Where once was written only the character of God, the knowledge of good, was now written also the character of Satan, the knowledge of evil. From nature, which now revealed the knowledge of good and evil, man was continually to receive warning as to the results of sin."

"Though marred by sin, it speaks not only of creation but of redemption. Though the earth bears testimony to the curse in the evident signs of decay, it is still rich and beautiful in the tokens of life-giving power. The trees cast off their leaves, only to be robed with fresher verdure; the flowers die, to spring forth in new beauty; and in every manifestation of creative power is held out the assurance that we may be created anew in 'righteousness and holiness of truth.' Thus the very objects and operations of nature that bring so vividly to our mind our great loss become to us the messengers of hope.

"As far as evil extends, the voice of our Father is heard, bidding his children see in its results the nature of sin, warning them to forsake the evil, and inviting them to receive the good."—*Id.*, pp. 26, 27.

12. "And when, as a result of his disobedience, he [Adam] was driven from his beautiful home, and forced to struggle with a stubborn soil to gain his daily bread, that very labor, although widely different from his pleasant occupation in the garden, was a safeguard against temptation, and a source of happiness."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 50.

"Students in the industrial departments, whether they are employed in domestic work, in cultivating the ground, or in other ways, should have time and opportunity given them to tell the practical spiritual lessons they have learned in connection with the work. In all the practical duties of life, comparison should be made with the teachings of nature and of the Bible."—*"Testimonies for the Church,"* Vol. VI, p. 177.

Intermediate Lesson

II—Jesus Stills the Tempest; the Demoniaics of Gadara

(July 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 8: 22-40.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 8: 23-34; Mark 4: 35 to 5: 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him." Luke 8: 25.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 333-341.

PLACES: The Sea of Galilee; the country between the city of Gadara and the lake.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; two demoniaics; the keepers of the swine; the people of Gadara.

Setting of the Lesson

"All day he [Jesus] had been teaching and healing; and as evening came on, the crowds still pressed upon him. Day after day he had ministered to them, scarcely pausing for food or rest. The malicious criticism and misrepresentation with which the Pharisees constantly pursued him, made his labors much more severe and harassing; and now the close of the day found him so utterly wearied that he determined to seek retirement in some solitary place across the lake.

"The eastern shore of Gennesaret was not uninhabited, for there were towns here and there beside the lake; yet it was a desolate region when compared with the western side. It contained a population more heathen than Jewish, and had little communication with Galilee. Thus it offered Jesus the seclusion he sought, and he now bade his disciples accompany him thither."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pp. 333, 334.

Questions

1. What did Jesus wish to do on a certain day? Luke 8: 22.
2. As they sailed, what did the Master do? What occurred on the lake? How great was the danger? Verse 23.
3. What appeal did the disciples make? How was their appeal answered? Verse 24. Note 1.
4. What question of rebuke did Jesus ask? What did the disciples say to one another? Verse 25.
5. As they reached the other shore, by whom were they met? Verses 26, 27. Note 2.

6. When the demoniac saw Jesus, what did he do? What did the evil spirits permit the man to say? Verse 28. Note 3.

7. What had Jesus already done? How fully was the man controlled by Satan? Verse 29.

8. What question did Jesus ask? What reply did he receive? Verse 30.

9. What request did the demons make? Verses 31, 32.

10. Where were they permitted to go? What was the result? Verse 33. Note 4.

11. What did the keepers of the swine do? Verse 34.

12. As the people heard of the miracle, and came where Jesus was, what did they see? How did the sight affect them? Verse 35.

13. What were they told? What did all the people unite in doing? What response did Jesus make to their request? Verses 36, 37.

14. What did the man who was healed, greatly wish to do? Verse 38.

15. What work did Jesus give him to do? How faithful was he in this? Verse 39. Note 5.

16. What great change was brought about by this man's testimony? Verse 40.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

When did the waters first obey Jesus? Gen. 1: 6-10.

What is the only remedy for fear?

How does this lesson illustrate Psalms 145: 18?

What lesson may we learn from the example of the healed demoniac?

Notes

1. The Master was weary, and in calm trust he slept. We may well believe that "the prince of the power of the air" saw in the circumstances a good opportunity to destroy him, hence the storm which constantly increased in power. The strong, hardy fishermen were afraid, and doubtless uttered, as their own efforts seemed futile and their fate certain, all three appeals recorded by the evangelists, indicating their increasing fear and intense desire for their Lord's protection at such a time. First came, "Lord, save us, we perish." Then, as the storm increased, "Master, Master, we perish." Then as he slept on seemingly unmindful, there is a tone of reproach in their cry, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They did not yet know that "anywhere with Jesus" was safety; that,

"No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies."

2. Matthew mentions two demoniaics. "In the early morning the Saviour and his companions came to shore, and the light of the rising sun touched sea and land as with the benediction of peace. But no sooner had they stepped upon the beach than their eyes were greeted by a sight more terrible than the fury of the tempest. From some hiding place among the tombs, two madmen rushed upon them, as if to tear them in pieces. Hanging about these men were parts of chains which they had broken in escaping from confinement. Their flesh was torn and bleeding where they had cut themselves with sharp stones. Their eyes glared out from their long and matted hair, the very likeness of humanity seemed to have been blotted out by the demons that possessed them, and they looked more like wild beasts than like men."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 337.

3. "With authority he bade the unclean spirits come out of them. His words penetrated the darkened minds of the unfortunate men. They realized dimly that One was near who could save them from the tormenting demons. They fell at the Saviour's feet to worship him; but when their lips were opened to entreat his mercy, the demons spoke through them, crying vehemently, 'What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God most high? I beseech thee, torment me not.'"—*Id.*, p. 338.

4. "He allowed the evil spirits to destroy the herd of swine as a rebuke to those Jews who were raising these unclean beasts for the sake of gain. Had not Christ restrained the demons, they would have plunged into the sea, not only the swine, but also their keepers and owners. The preservation of both the keepers and the owners was due alone to his power, mercifully exercised for their deliverance."—*"The Great Controversy,"* p. 515.

5. Telling what great things the Lord has done, ought to be the mission of every redeemed soul. How quickly God's message would go if every one professing his name would so respond! And this man began his work near home. There is a lesson in this for us.

A Little Sunbeam

(Concluded from page thirteen)

me to forget self and think more of others. Lead me in thine own way. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

And God did use Delice. She toiled away in Japan, the founder of three schools and the foster mother of over three hundred girls. Let us all be sunbeams for Jesus' sake.

DOROTHY PLUMMER.

The Unread Letter

A PRODIGAL son had entered the army and was quartered in India, where he was a leader in a worldly set, regardless of God, going deeper into sin, extravagance, and debt. One day a letter from home was given him. Finding it contained no money, he returned it unread to the envelope, and thrust it into his box, saying, "Just a scolding again, I suppose."

Sometime afterward he was stricken down with a serious illness. Lying in the hospital alone and sick of heart, he thought of the letter, and asked a comrade to bring it to him. When he opened and read it, he moaned, "Too late! too late!" The letter was from his father, telling him that arrangements were made for the purchase of his discharge, that his passage home was taken in a certain ship, that his debts would be paid, that if he returned, he would inherit a fortune and be restored to his rightful position in the family, and that his mother was longing to see him once more. Poor fellow! How bitterly he cried, "If I had only read that letter!"

That is just the trouble with a good many people. A far more important letter has been sent to each of us, but so few people read it that they are still going down to death without the knowledge that God has a fine mansion ready and a fortune awaiting all who read his letter and turn around and come back to him. Read God's letter, the Bible. — *Selected.*

The Russian Girls' Letter

THERE were six young Russian girls in Vladivostok, Siberia, who were endeavoring to learn the American way of nursing from an American Red Cross teacher. They were devotedly attached to this young American nurse who was instructing them in the art of nursing. So when word was received that the A. R. C. Commission should be withdrawn from Siberia, these girls were much grieved over the thought that they were to lose their beloved teacher. Wishing to express in some way their love and appreciation for her, the happy thought came to them that the mother of their instructor would appreciate their sorrow, for she too had parted from her daughter, and they were indebted to her as well as to the daughter, so they painstakingly composed the following letter:

"VLADIVOSTOK, SIBERIA,
"Nov. 26, 1919.

"DEAR MOTHER OF OUR GOOD RED CROSS NURSE: We have to tell you that today is a very sorrowful day, the last that our dear teacher is with us. She was always so good to us. She was our small stove that made us warm all these four months of our work with her.

"We thank God and you for such a soul as is Miss —. This letter will come promptly to Christmas Day. We congratulate you.

(Signed) "EUGENIA PLATOKORA,
NINA PAVLOVSKY,
ELIZABETH LAPTOVA,
NATALIE KOVOLNKO,
ANNA OGARKOVA,
KATHERINA DRANICINA."

Since in Siberia the stove is the center of comfort and happiness, the writers paid the highest tribute to their conception to their friend in comparing her to a stove. Friendship is the heart stove; it never chills, but always radiates warmth and love to those coming under its influence.

F. D. C.

Damon and Pythias

PYTHIAS was condemned to death by Dionysius, the tyrant. Pythias begged that he might be allowed to go home and bid his friends adieu. His friend Damon seconded the request and said: "Let him go. I will remain in prison and die in his stead if he does not return." When Pythias returned, Dionysius was so impressed by the friendship of the two men that he said, "Make me the third person to this

friendship." But friendships are not "made" in this way. They are of the soul. — *Selected.*

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. — *Ioineriana.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
An Evening Reverie (poetry)	3
Our Indian Leper Brother and His Coffin	3
An Ambitious Stenographer	4
Keep Smiling (poetry)	5
In the Cheering-Up Business	5
A Good Word for Pitcairn Island	5
Early New England Rules of Conscience	6
The Power of the Truth in China	7
Summer Work	7
Ruth's Secret	9
Sincerely Yours	10
Little Lies	12
A Little Sunbeam	13
The Russian Girls' Letter	16

The Law of Clean Play¹

The Good American Plays Fair

CLEAN play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country. Therefore:

I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps or for money. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

I will treat my opponent with politeness.

If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.

I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

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, through the strength of Jesus, to make them a part of their lives?