

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

July 6, 1920

No. 27



From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL"

# From Here and There

Java produces ninety per cent of the world's quinine.

The California redwood trees are among the oldest living things in the world.

The United States produces nearly 400,000 miles of motion picture film annually.

Seven times as many readers used the New York public library in 1919 as used the library of the British Museum.

The people hurrying in and out of the New York subway are said to carry into the underground passageway seven tons of dust in a twenty-four-hour day in ordinary weather, and nearly twice as much on rainy days.

Thomas Jefferson was the inventor of the revolving chair found, a few years ago, in every office. The inventor's opponents dubbed it "Jefferson's whirligig," and taunted him with having devised it so he could look in all directions at once.

"For the first time in its history the steamship has a real rival which may compete with it on the sea," says Dr. Charles Lucke, of Columbia University. This rival is the motor ship, propelled by the Diesel engine, and it has succeeded in crossing the Atlantic.

Robert B. Glenn, former governor of North Carolina, and a member of the International Great Waterways Commission, died suddenly while on a visit to Canada. Mr. Glenn was a staunch prohibitionist, lecturing effectively for the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Lieutenant Hinkley, a former member of the British air force, has started to fly from England to Australia alone in a small airplane, by Paris, Rome, and Egypt. The machine is equipped with a 35-horsepower engine, and special petrol tanks to provide enough fuel for from 600 to 700 miles of continuous flight.

The oldest public man in America, former governor of New York, former minister to France, and one of the millionaire residents of Washington, Levi P. Morton, died at his country home at Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, New York, recently on his ninety-sixth birthday. Mr. Morton is a direct descendant of George Morton, who was financial agent in London of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, and who followed the colonists to Plymouth, arriving on the ship "Ann" in 1623.

The curved, clipper stern steamship of "ye olden days" will soon be back in style, if the recent advice of a prominent British shipmaster is followed. He urges that the principal advantage of the curved stem over the straight models now in use is the saving of life which would result in case of collision. In event of such an accident the modern straight stem strikes the stricken ship below the water line, and its fate is sealed. But if the ship that strikes has a forward inclined stem of fifteen or twenty degrees, the injury is usually above the water line, and there is a chance for repair and rescue.

The Y. W. C. A. has suffered a distinct loss by the recent resignation of Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard, who severed her connection with the organization on the ground that it "was making lax the religious tests of membership and at the same time going in for social and even political activities." Formerly, while all young women were entitled to the benefits of the association, only members of Protestant evangelical churches were admitted to full membership and management. Under the new "liberal policy" only the simple confession, "It is my purpose to live as a true follower of Jesus Christ," is required to admit one to these privileges.

## New England Sanitarium Training School for Nurses

CONSECRATED young men and women of mature age are wanted to enter the new class beginning September 15. Training is given in general medical, surgical, and obstetrical nursing. Affiliation has been made with the Children's Hospital in Portland, Maine, for work in pediatrics. This hospital gives fine work in orthopedics, contagious and other children's diseases. Each nurse will spend two months there during her senior year. Write for application blanks and calendar. Address Leonora Lacey, R. N., Superintendent of Nurses, Melrose, Massachusetts.



"SOLID COMFORT"

This is the first picture received in response to the request made in the "Instructor" of April 20. It was taken by Vern E. Lessard, of Glendale, California.

## The Youth's Instructor

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## Absalom

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

"Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" 2 Sam. 18:33.

OH! is he safe? we count no cost,  
The battle may be won or lost.  
Our loss is more than fire or frost,  
If we have lost our Absalom.

Though cold ingratitude should chill  
His wayward heart, and bend his will,  
He is our son; we love him still,  
And sadly grieve for Absalom.

We see again his baby ways,  
His mischief-loving boyhood days,  
And pity where we cannot praise  
Our dear, misguided Absalom.

Rebellion may have left its trace  
Upon his handsome, youthful face;

Our home and hearts have still a place  
For him — our wandering Absalom.

We know the world, whose cruel guile  
Is seen behind its luring smile,  
But cannot save him from its wile,  
O Absalom, poor Absalom!

It is an oft-repeated tale,  
Sons proudly go, and weakly fail,  
And ages old, the bitter wail,  
My son, my son, O Absalom!

Kind heavenly Father, hear our prayer;  
Thine eye can see him anywhere,  
Protect, and hold him in thy care,  
And save at last our Absalom.

## A Wonderful Story of Consecration

CHRISTIANITY is the most beautiful thing in the world. The following incident, related by a missionary in India, reveals the beauty of the spirit of Christ, even when found in the humblest person. A native preacher, Samuel Nayagam, of South India, was supervising and helping in the building of a church for his little company of believers, who had been worshipping in an old cow shed.

One day three men came that way and called to him, "Hey, you fellow, come here! We want no church in this village."

The pastor answered, "Well, men, what are you going to do about it?"

"If you go on building that church, you will die a sudden, horrible, and violent death," they threatened, their black faces still blacker with hatred.

"Men, I am building that little church for Jesus Christ, and I am not afraid of anything you can do to me," and with a smile he said, "Salaam," and returned to his work. The church was completed in a few days.

"Then he sent a note to the missionary: 'Please come over and help us celebrate. The church building is completed.'

"It was one of the darkest nights I ever traveled," said the missionary, "and I walked only five miles, but over the roughest, rockiest road imaginable. When I got to the church, the whole congregation was out in front, and as soon as I arrived, they formed a procession, the men carrying torches, and the women and children joining in the singing, with the men leading and the band in front. Last of all they brought me, seated ten feet above the heads of the admiring throng, in a wedding car, the kind you ride around in the day you get married down in South India. We went around the town, up one street and down another, the band ahead, the people marching and singing, and the wedding car in the rear, pulled by two oxen, while the voices of our Christians rang out in their favorite song:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

"And while they sang, there were many who were hungry, many who had not had a square meal for years, if ever!

"Up in my exalted seat, I found my heart overflowing with joy for the light that was beginning to shine after all these centuries of idolatry. When the procession was over, we returned to the little church and knelt there to thank God for his love in giving us at last a preacher and a church.

"Then Samuel said, 'It is late. Let me show you where you are to spend the night.' He took me to a little stone building in a corner of the town, gave me a cot, and left me to go to the little Hindu restaurant where he always had his meals.

"It was late, but he had forgotten all about supper until then. While he was eating his food, he collapsed on the floor of the little restaurant, for some one had given him with his food enough arsenic to kill five men.

"He did not die that night; it was too big a dose. He did not die till the third day, and then in excruciating agony.

"Not dreaming of his danger, I called his brother, the lawyer preacher, Vetha Nayagam, to come with me to Kottur, where we had people to baptize. He did not return to the village till the third day, just in time to see Samuel's horrible and violent death.

"The fifth day, returning from Tuticorin, I met him on the road and got out of my oxcart to meet him. His great chest was heaving and his eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter?' I asked.

"Pastor, they have murdered my brother," and he told me of the threat and of his brother's death.

"As I remembered what he had undergone, my spirit was stirred. I said: 'What is the use of your preaching? You gave up your law business, at which you were making money. You labored a long time without any pay, and even now are receiving but little help from the mission. On the day you started in to preach, your house was burned down over the heads of your family, and now — now they have mur-

dered your brother. They would rather have murdered you, because you have the larger congregation. You would better give up preaching. Give it up and go back to your law business. Thus far you have had to sell nearly everything you owned in order to preach, and you still have a wife and children to support.'

"As I looked, I saw that through his tears Vetha Nayagam was smiling at me as he answered, 'Pastor, my brother was a saint of the living God, and today he is a martyr to Jesus Christ; and if God should give me the privilege of dying such a death as he died, I would praise his name forever.'

### Putting Away the Idol

**A** YOUNG married couple of Madagascar, desiring an idol for their home, asked a maker of idols to supply them with one. They went to receive it, but it was not yet made, so the idol maker went to the forest, and brought home the branch of a tree and set to work to carve the idol while the couple watched him work. He brushed into the fireplace the chips of wood left from making the idol, and used the small branches of the bough to light the fire to boil the rice. They paid for their idol and returned home well content. Shortly afterward, a Christian calling at their home was led to read from the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, which describes the making of an idol thus: "With part thereof . . . he roasteth roast, . . . yea, he warmeth himself. . . . And the residue thereof he maketh a god." The woman was astonished at the exact description of what she herself had witnessed. She felt that the book must be true. She gave up her idol and became a follower of the Saviour, and in that humble home the worship of the true God took the place of idolatry.—*Missionary Tidings*.

### The Unknown Road — No. 1

ENNIS V. MOORE

**A** LONE traveler was wandering down a rugged road, when he saw in the distance, through the haze of the early twilight, an open gate with a guide standing near at hand. Over the gate was this inscription, "No man has ever gone this way before; consult the guide." The traveler could see through the gate, and he imagined that he could see hills, rugged peaks to surmount, valleys which perhaps contained many deep pits into which he might fall. He could also see that beside a part of the road grew many beautiful flowers which he thought contained no thorns. He imagined that in the distance was a long stretch of smooth road that led through a fertile plain. It never occurred to him that behind every attractive bush and at every turn of the road was a crouching lion waiting to devour him unless he was amply protected by the guide or a protector sent by him.

Although realizing that the unique inscription above the gate was true and knowing that the guide was there for his personal benefit, feeling that he was strong because he had seen similar inscriptions since starting on his journey and had had several years of experience in traveling just such roads, he dashed past the guide, through the open gateway, and down the road lined with gorgeous flowers. He had gone but a little way when the flowers did not seem so inviting, and the ones he had plucked faded; the smooth road was very short and soon merged into one filled with many a sharp obstacle. The peaks were rugged and

the valleys were filled with pitfalls that could scarcely be avoided. As he attempted to pass around these treacherous chasms, his lagging feet became entangled with many a clinging vine. Fierce lions were in wait to devour him. All these things caused him distress. The long hills that had to be surmounted alone made him very weary. How he wished he could turn back! but the road he had traversed was covered with darkness. It was impossible to retrace. It was evident to him that he was on the wrong road. The end of the road might come at any moment, and he was not certain as to its outcome nor as to what was awaiting him at its end. He was troubled in spirit and bowed down with grief. He cried in despair, "Oh, if I had but consulted the compassionate guide that stood at the entrance of this deceiving road." When he was at this depth of despair, when he realized that he had made a great mistake in entering the gate without receiving counsel, to his great surprise he discovered that the guide was by his side. He had followed him all the way, and had been aware of his weariness and his great distress. He had even longed to assist him over the trying places. He was moved with pity toward the traveler because he had not consulted him as he entered. The guide knew that he was traveling the wrong road, for he had seen him rush past the obscure narrow way in his great haste to pick the alluring flowers that danced along the edges of the wide winding road. But this rejected companion could do nothing for him unless asked.

### The Roman Letter

**I** HAD several hours to wait at the depot, so taking my Bible from my suitcase, I hunted a text. And then, the Book lay open before me. I began, aimlessly at first, to scan the page. It happened to be open at that masterpiece of theological discussion, Paul's letter to the Romans. I began to be strangely interested and absorbed. I started to glance back to find the beginning of an intricate parenthetic sequence of thought, and found that I could not begin satisfactorily other than at the beginning of the epistle.

Then as I read on and on, carefully and slowly, and frequently looking back to catch up anew the many threads of co-ordinate thought, it dawned upon me that here is a great treasure house of sacred lore offered to the human family, in this letter of Paul to the Roman Christians of the first century. I wondered whether they all had understood and comprehended fully the communication; for I found myself, more than once, pausing to hear more plainly, or to question the apostle as to what the length and breadth of his meaning could be. Though there were depths of meaning of which I could not be sure, I was irresistibly charmed by the force of the logic I did understand.

My imagination pictured the white-haired veteran of the cross gathering together the great principles of justification by faith, and combining them into one grand unanswerable argument that was forever to silence pretentious formalism, or skeptical, doubting infidelity.

With the great admitted postulate that the righteousness of God is the object and ultimate goal of all proper human ambition, he proceeds to investigate mortal conditions. The world at large he finds absolutely corrupt, with no possibility within itself of ever rising. The Jew, the specially favored man

among men, he finds equally helpless. All attempts at self-help end in failure and despair. Having discovered the hopelessness of all merely human effort, the uselessness of all attained righteousness, he considers the free gifts of grace, the imputed goodness of God, the gift of divinity to a race wholly helpless.

With what masterly skill does the Jewish apostle to the Gentiles magnify his glorious office! How forcefully does he lead on in his inexorable logic to the inevitable conclusion that man cannot earn, but may freely receive salvation! When he mentions wages, it is in the same sentence with death; but when, in the contrast, he speaks of gifts, it is to mention the very antithesis of death — eternal life. Not wages, but gifts, are to be thought of in the *summum bonum* — the ultimate good to be sought.

Closing his mighty argument in chapter 11, in the succeeding chapters he describes and urges the practical godliness that must be the sure fruitage of a consistent yielding of the human will to the purposes of God.

The last five chapters are vastly different. We may not understand wholly why, though the difference is easily discernible. It is a change from the polemic to the pastoral. Not a descent, for the same elevated, dignified tone is maintained throughout.

The train rolled in and I closed the book. The time that had threatened to be long, had flitted by on swift wings. I breathed a sigh of silent thankfulness, for I felt that Paul had written to me, and I had just read his letter.

T. H. JEYS.

### The Monamona Mission

THE Australian aboriginal is classified as belonging to the lowest type of humankind. The first effort put forth by Seventh-day Adventists to give them the gospel, was at Paramba, near Murgon, Queensland; but the location was unsatisfactory, and in 1913 a grant of 4,000 acres of land for an aboriginal mission was secured at Monamona, Queensland. The first year \$6,000 was spent in erecting buildings and equipping the farm with stock and implements. In 1914 over two hundred natives were reported as living on the mission premises.

The work has gone steadily forward, and now a goodly number are observing the true Sabbath and keeping the commandments of the Lord. The pic-



The Mission Dining-Room After the Cyclone

ture on page six shows the young people at Monamona who have just taken the Standard of Attainment examination. Two are absent from the group, but each received a grade of 100 per cent. In fact, there are only three in the class who did not receive this perfect mark, and of these, two received a grade of 99½ per cent, and the third a grade of 99 per cent. Eleven in this group are baptized believers.

Some months ago a cyclone destroyed most of the mission buildings at Monamona. Miss Pearl Branford has sent us a few pictures, showing the ruins. Mr. and Mrs. M. Thorpe, with their two children and about eighty natives, were in the missionary's house when it crashed to the ground. Miss Branford writes



A MISSIONARY'S HOME

There were more than eighty persons in this house when it went down. All came out from under the débris in good condition, except for a few scratches.

that though the night was dark, all escaped without serious injury. The girls were much terrified during the storm, but joined their teachers in singing gospel hymns, among others "A Shelter in the Time of Storm."

Truly the grace of God is a wonder-working power, when it can change the most degraded peoples, and lead them from the paths of wickedness into ways of righteousness and truth.

### Mythology of the Incas

LIKE many other ancient tribes whose history we study, we find that the earliest idea of the origin of the Inca Indians, who were afterward a part of the great Inca Empire, clusters about an aborted idea of the Biblical account of creation. Mythology begins at a time when all was darkness, then the sun rose resplendent out of the sacred rock on the Island of the Sun in Lake Titicaca, and sent forth his two children, Manco Capac and his sister-wife, Mama Ocllo, to teach, civilize, and build up an empire out of the savage tribes of Indians that occupied the country.

Manco Capac had a golden rod, or wedge, and according to tradition, was instructed by his father, the sun, to travel northward until he came to a place where without effort the golden rod would sink into the ground, and there build up the kingdom. After leaving the sacred island, he with his wife traveled around the western shores of the lake, through the broad, level *puna* lands, up the valley of the Pucura, to the lake of La Raya, where the basin of Lake Titicaca ends, and the waters of the river Vilcanota start on their way to the mighty Amazon. They traveled down this river valley until they came to the place where Cuzco now stands. There the golden rod disappeared, and the city of the sun was established.

Thus tradition would account for the beginning of that great Inca Empire, which included the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, and reached its zenith of power but a short time before the Spanish conquest in 1532. Cuzco was the capital of that empire, the royal residence, the holy city, for the great temple of the sun was located there.

REID S. SHEPARD.

## Echoes of History

### How the "Old Dominion" Was Born

MUCH of the early history of America centered in what was then known as Virginia. This is not so strange when one thinks that about the middle of the seventeenth century, say about 1650, that colony boasted of thirty thousand settlers. One principal reason for the great influx of people to that point, at that particular time, is found in the fact that about ten years before then, trouble began to brew in old England, between the king, Charles I, and the Parliament. The complaint that he was a tyrant was made against the king. On the other hand, the king charged the Parliament with rebellion and treason.

As matters could not always continue with these mutual reproaches, a terrible civil war ensued, resulting in most destructive policies by both king and Parliament. In the end the king was captured and given a one-sided trial, in which he was condemned to



A MONAMONA STANDARD OF ATTAINMENT CLASS

All but three of the class, which includes two members not in the picture, received 100%. Two received a grade of 99½%, and the other 99%. Let us have the picture of a class in this country with an equally good record.

die, and he was therefore beheaded in front of his palace in London. This took place in the month of January, 1649.

Oliver Cromwell, who had been the leader of the Parliament party, was then made "Lord Protector of England." Being a man of great genius, he formulated a new system of government which was more to the liking of most Englishmen. There were, however, many "Cavaliers," as they were then called, who had fought for King Charles, and so were decided Royalists. These could not well render loyal service to the Cromwell government, in which case the boldest of them emigrated to Virginia, where the inhabitants were known to be quite generally in favor of royal authority.

Hence the Virginians considered the execution of King Charles nothing short of outright murder, and they openly said so in spite of Cromwell and his Parliament. So pronounced was the Virginia sentiment that its house of Burgesses passed a resolution declaring that the execution of "the late most excellent, and now, undoubtedly sainted, king" was unjustifiable, and that his murderers should be punished as traitors. Another expression in the noted document spoke of the "inherent right of *his majesty that now is* to the colony of Virginia."

This latter reference was to the son of the murdered king, who was, at that time, a refugee in Holland. He was but eighteen years of age, and in such destitution

that he scarcely had clothes to cover his nakedness. Yet the followers of his father looked upon the homeless boy as the real king of England. He was therefore recognized in the Virginia document as "his majesty that now is."

So powerful was the Cromwellian rule that scarcely a man in all England dared to whisper opposition to the execution of Charles I. No one dared, either, to hint that the unfortunate son of the executed monarch was entitled to the throne, as its legitimate occupant, for the reason that Parliament hated the very name of Charles, and hunted down every one suspected of being his friend. It was in the midst of all this that the bold Virginia act was passed. But this was not all the Virginians did; an offer was even made to the exiled boy that if he would come overseas, the Virginians would make him their king, and fight for his royal maintenance.

This offer was conveyed to him through one Richard Lee, who sailed to Breda, in Holland, where he had a long talk with the exiled prince. While no positive record is to be found of just what passed between the two, it was told by William Lee, a cousin of Richard, and at one time sheriff of the city of London, that he heard the conversation, and wrote down its substance for future reference. He averred that such an offer was made to the stricken youth, though even his written statement is not to be found.

Nothing definite, however, came of the interview, since young Charles desired not to risk the danger of such an enterprise. But the prince did send back to the governor of Virginia a new commission as governor of that colony, signed by himself as king of England. At this the members of Parliament were quite angry, and attempted to show that it was not to be trifled with. Such a situation was not to be tolerated. While no one in all England itself dared to recognize the refugee as king, Governor Sir William Berkeley and the House of Burgesses in Virginia, boldly proclaimed him as their king.

So in 1652, an English fleet, well manned and bearing a message of threats, was sent across the water, and part of it actually sailed up the river to Jamestown, the capital of the colony. While the commissioners were charged to deliver the threat of dire happenings to the colonists if they should hold on to their expressed views, yet such liberal concessions were offered to the supposed rebels, for the simple declaration of allegiance, that they were gladly accepted.

The amnesty paper signed, declared that the colonists were not "forced nor constrained by a conquest of the country" to surrender, but did so of their own accord. But they would not be oppressed, the document stated. No man was to be punished for anything said or done in favor of the king. Moreover, Virginia was to have the right to use the Episcopal Prayer Book in church, which Parliament at that time hated as it hated the king himself.

Thus Virginia won its points in the controversy, and the House of Burgesses went on as before, making laws for the government of the colony as if it were an independent nation. But a change came about in England. Oliver Cromwell died, and the people decided to place the young prince, Charles II, on the throne. It is said that when Charles was crowned king, he wore a robe of Virginia silk, to show his gratitude for the loyalty of that people to his cause. Great favor was shown by him to Virginia from that time forward. On English coins it was

stamped that from henceforth the English kingdom should consist of "England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia." This was expressed in a Latin phrase as follows: "*En dat Virginia quartam,*" which means, "See, Virginia makes the fourth." One of these coins is said to be in the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection.

Charles II also ordered the arms of the Virginia province to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire. It was thus that Virginia received the title of, and became known as, the "Old Dominion," or the place where Charles II had dominion when he had none elsewhere.

J. O. CORLISS.

### The Reading Rack

WHO gave Christian Scientists any monopoly on railway waiting-rooms as distribution points for free reading?" asks an editorial in the *Epworth Herald*. Then follows a brief appeal to the Methodist young people to make use of this often underestimated opportunity for soul-winning work.

As you meditate on the foregoing question, can you think of a railway waiting-room where Christian Science literature is not found, if reading racks are permitted? Very few, if any, I think. The diligence of Christian Scientists in this matter is certainly commendable.

One day I stepped into a station. There in a prominent place was a Christian Science rack. It was full to overflowing. Beside it, a rack with the words "Take One" on it, yawned with emptiness. A few days later I again found myself in the same station. The Christian Science rack had evidently been refilled; and as I looked again at the "Take One" rack, I saw in it a rather dilapidated number of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. Then my fears, born on the former visit, seemed confirmed: That "Take One" case probably was the sadly neglected reading rack of the near-by Missionary Volunteer Society.

As I sat there gazing at the rack, it seemed to say to me: "Yes, I was plaged here by the Missionary Volunteer Society. The first few weeks I was visited regularly, but now the Missionary Volunteers seldom come to see me. Some of them drop in occasionally to meet friends or to see them off, but they don't seem to think of me. Well, once in a great while some one says: 'It's a shame that this rack isn't filled. Why didn't I bring those papers and tracts I have laid aside to give away?' But you see such confessions do not supply me with the soul-winning pages that I am silently inviting people to take. My 'label' indicates that I have something to give, but like some so-called Christians, I'm empty most of the time; and having nothing to give, people turn away disappointed."

I wonder how many had turned away from that rack in disappointment. As I sat there thinking, I fancied that I could see filing past the reading rack the usual stream of travelers,—the business man, the tourist, the family group, unknown friends in mourning, pleasure seekers, and many others. I fancied I overheard some one standing before the rack say: "There, I forgot to bring that book I wanted to read on the train, and this reading rack in which I found that good tract, yes, and a paper, too, that I told you about, is empty."

Even the people who have little time or disposition to read when at home, often do considerable reading

on the train. That is one reason why the reading rack in the railway waiting-room is a rare opportunity in soul-winning work.

If you and I could meet today the believers who were led to accept Christ through literature found in just such a reading rack, we would say in utter surprise: Why, I never dreamed that the railway reading rack had been used of God to lead such a host to accept Christ as their personal Saviour!

Just now I am thinking of a society whose railway reading rack was well cared for. It was the duty of certain members of the literature band to see that it was refilled with neat, clean copies of tracts and periodicals once or twice a week. The work did not become monotonous nor mechanical, for each week the Missionary Volunteers prayed that the seed thus sown might fall on good ground. Little is known so far of the results; but I doubt not that when they reach the other shore, these faithful Missionary Volunteers will learn of persons who were led to Jesus through literature taken from the reading rack in — station.

How about your reading rack? Is it always supplied with soul-winning literature to pass out to those who visit it? Will you not try to keep your rack well filled, and then pray that each tract or paper taken from that rack may bless the unknown friend who reads it?

M. E. A.

### A Living Example

THE following incident is a true experience gleaned from missionary correspondence in one of our Eastern conferences, and is the outgrowth of an acquaintance formed by a consecrated Seventh-day Adventist girl with another girl in the same apartment house. In time they separated, but the good work that was begun through their association, was continued by correspondence. The result is seen in the letter which follows:

"I want to thank you again for the papers and the Morning Watch Calendar. They have helped me so much. I was beginning to get just a little discouraged, but since I have read the papers, I feel wonderfully strengthened. If you people only knew how closely you are watched; that was the one thing that brought me to believe. When I compared your life with mine, when I saw how beautiful and pure the things were that you thought and said, and how worldly and sinful were the thoughts and actions of my life, I knew you had the truth and I did not. I know that you have no idea of your influence. I tremble when I think of what the consequence might have been if I had never known you, for I was drifting away from God very fast when you came here.

"Pray for me that I may have faith to keep on in spite of ridicule and opposition."

This young woman had accepted the Sabbath and was awaiting baptism at the time she wrote this letter.

"Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ," "known and read of all men," says the apostle Paul. In "Steps to Christ," we also read:

"In every one of his children, Jesus sends a letter to the world. If you are Christ's follower, he sends in you a letter to the family, the village, the street where you live. Jesus dwelling in you desires to speak to the hearts of those who are not acquainted with him. Perhaps they do not read the Bible, or do not hear the voice that speaks to them in its pages. They do not see the love of God through his work. But if you are a true representative of Jesus, it may be that through you they will be led to understand something of his goodness and be won to love and serve him."

E. R. NUMBERS.

"REAL doers are rarely doleful."

### Boarding-House Reminiscences

WHERE in this whole wide world are there offered better facilities for an exhaustive study of human nature than at a boarding house? You rub elbows with the same hungry crowd day after day, week after week, month after month, and have an opportunity to observe each associate in his own peculiar moods and tempers. Sometimes the discoveries one makes regarding his fellows are disillusioning, then again, illuminating.

For instance, there was the boarder who was always and forever *late*. About the time the food had all been passed and every one at table was ready to begin eating comfortably, this individual sauntered in and took his seat. "Potatoes!" "Beans!" "Bread!" he demanded emphatically, if dishes were not passed promptly, and with never a word of apology for the inconvenience he caused. One might occasionally endure this with good grace, but when it happened nearly every day, it was too exasperating for words. We tried our best to cure this brother of his annoying habit by voting a fine of five cents for every tardiness. Others, who for various reasons were detained, paid cheerfully, but he *never had the change*. Then we refused to pass the food — made him walk around the table and help himself, but he only wore an injured air, and still worked his "behind hand" overtime. Perhaps Uncle Sam succeeded wherein we failed, but we surely did our part toward his reformation — before the war.

Then one time a suffragette belonged to our family. She wore "spees" and shoes that squeaked, and could hold her own and more in any argument. She always arrived on time, in fact before time. Privately we called her the original Johnny-on-the-spot. The instant dinner, breakfast, or supper was announced she made a dash for her chair, sitting down instantly and without hesitation. She adjusted her napkin if possible before grace, and this was a unique process, since she wore it like an apron, secured by two corners tucked firmly in the top of her belt. This was a great convenience, since it could be raised broadside when needed, or used as a fan in warm weather. When through eating she shook the crumbs from this self-same napkin as near the center of the table as possible, folded it carelessly, and then without even asking to be excused, shoved her chair back noisily, leaving it for some one else to stumble over, and departed *pick-ing her teeth*.

Then there was the dapper business man who had a sweet tooth. In fact, we think he had several. Anyway, he ate jam, lots of jam, all the jam on the table unless some one else was quick enough to get the first helping. He even garnished prosaic potatoes and beans with jelly and preserves. No one objected, of course, to our fellow boarder's humoring his own peculiar taste in this matter, but we groaned silently always, and sometimes audibly and in concert (a questionable performance, we'll admit), when we observed the quantity he appropriated. However, some persons never *will* take a hint.

There was always enough food to supply every one with a reasonable quantity, but some persons have unusual appetites, and for fear (we judged) that there would not be opportunity for a second helping, heaped their plates generously with various favorite concoctions, leaving their hungry friends at the other end of the table with the small comfort of viewing the empty dishes — and of seeing their friends eat.

At a boarding house one not infrequently meets those who have forgotten the fact that good form frowns upon the buttering of a whole slice of bread at once; and occasionally people who insist on taking such generous bites of food that if they attempt to talk disaster is sure to follow.

Did you ever *hear* anybody eat soup? We know 'tis said that "seeing is believing," but when you can hear too, it is doubly convincing.

And then in contrast to the boarder who always came to meals with soiled hands and untidy clothes, there was the "aloof person." Immaculate always, he usually treated the rest of us as if we were mere blots on the landscape. He sometimes came to meals regularly for an entire week without voluntarily making a single, solitary remark. He turned up his nose at this, and turned down the corners of his mouth at that, and our patient, overworked cook 'often had to fix special food to suit his fastidious taste. We suppose the rest of us are really only common clay, but it roiled us to be so unmistakably classified, and anyway we didn't consider him particularly superior.

Speaking of conversation, What is more annoying than to observe two persons, or perhaps three, carrying on a private colloquy at one end of the table, to the exclusion of their neighbors? And again, there are those who never enter into the conversation at all, maintaining their silence day after day until it becomes almost unbearable. There are those who never *can* say anything sensible, and who are distinctly bored when topics of the day are mentioned. Even such subjects as the peace treaty, Mexico, or Presidential aspirants are greeted with dead silence, or at most with brief remarks.

True, we all have our faults, and "oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us!"

By

JUST US.

### A Worthy Example

IN the work of the Fireside Correspondence School we have frequent illustrations of the fact that it is not necessarily those persons who have plenty of spare time on their hands who make a success of correspondence study, but those who habitually use their spare moments in well-directed effort. The latest instance to come to our attention is that of a busy nurse on duty twelve hours each week day and seven hours on the Sabbath. When we read his experience, see what he has already accomplished, and enter into his noble ambition for the future, how unworthy seems the life of those who fritter away hours of precious time in the trivial pursuit of pleasure or fashion. Why will not many more of our young people turn away from these follies and improve their minds in preparation for a work of noble usefulness? Can there be any doubt about what this young man will do when he enters the seminary next fall, or that he will become an earnest and faithful worker in God's great cause for mankind a little later? Listen to his ringing words, and emulate his example.

"I just received your letter, which contained my certificate and final standing. I wish to express my appreciation and satisfaction by saying a good word for the Fireside Correspondence School.

"There is no study, subject, or school work that I have ever liked, enjoyed, and benefited so much from as I did the study of general history from your school. It has taught me how to study, besides helping me in many other ways.

"You may be interested to know how I pursued my studies. I am a nurse at the — — Sanitarium. Due to shortage



of nurses, my hours have been hard and long, never less than twelve hours, except on Sabbath, when I am on duty seven hours. Besides this, I am carrying two other classes in the evening. But I have used every spare moment on my different studies and books. I have also read the *Review* from cover to cover each week, besides several books that I have read through.

"I think our Correspondence School gives great opportunities for those who are not able to attend resident schools, but who want to improve their spare moments.

"I would take up another subject, but I am going to attend summer school, and then next fall will go to Hutchinson Theological Seminary."

C. C. LEWIS.

### Sir Joshua Reynolds

**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS** was one of the world's great painters. He was of British birth, and lived in the days of George III, of Revolutionary fame.

As a child he exhibited unusual talent in drawing, and before he was seven years old he taught himself the rules of perspective, by reading a book on the subject.

His father was anxious for him to become a druggist, but young Joshua had small interest in the proposal. He said: "I would prefer to be an apothecary rather than an ordinary painter; but if I could be bound to an eminent master, I should choose that." Fortunately for the aspiring youth, friends advised the father in the boy's favor, and he was finally sent to London and bound out to the best English portrait painter. Art schools were then rare.

The young student made wonderful progress, and in two years began work for himself, painting portraits of the principal persons in the neighborhood. "One of these portraits, painted in 1746, was shown to him thirty years later, when he lamented that he had made so little progress in all that time."

After further study he became a prolific painter, being credited with about four thousand pictures. In an especially busy year, he is said to have had 655 sittings.

This prince of portrait painters loved to paint children. His favorite niece, Offy Palmer, when but eleven years of age, came to make her home with him, her mother having just died. Sir Joshua painted Offy several times. His most admired portrait of her was that of "The Strawberry Girl." We are told that this is his first notable child portrait, and that the last one from his brush was that of Offy Palmer's own little girl, Offy Gwatkin.

Elizabeth J. Merrill, supervisor of education, Toledo Museum of Art, says of "The Strawberry Girl:"

"The Strawberry Girl' is a rich and glowing canvas, all gold and brown, with accent notes of red in mouth, sash, and strawberries just visible in the long wicker basket (or pottle) which she carries on her plump little arm. The little girl, drawn three-quarter length, with dimpled hands folded in such a grown-up way, stands out like a beautiful flower against the dark background, bathed in a golden atmosphere. One does not soon forget this quiet, half-questioning, little girl with her round serious face and large far-apart, deep-set eyes, her hair softly parted over the broad forehead and gathered up under the odd turban.

"If you were to see the original of the picture, as it hangs in the Wallace collection, Hertford House, London, you would notice how daintily, how exquisitely, the artist painted the

delicate dress, all lace and little tucks and fine muslin; and then you would realize more than ever how great a painter this Englishman was, for in spite of all the care he gave to the body of the child, it is the face that is the compelling interest in the picture.

"The Strawberry Girl' finds a place of its own in the hearts of those who see it—a beautiful picture, lovely in color, and charming in its simplicity and in its sympathetic rendering of childhood."

"Age of Innocence" is another of Mr. Reynolds' paintings that is a special favorite. The model for this is said to have been little Offy Gwatkin, though some claim it was her mother.

The great painter was not altogether partial to the little girls, for Sir Joshua loved to paint beautiful women and little boys as well, also the great men of his time. "He often picked up boy models in the street and painted from them in his spare hours, between his appointments with sitters. It is said that one day one of these children fell asleep in so graceful an attitude that the master seized a fresh canvas and made a sketch of him; this was scarcely done when the child threw himself into a different pose without awakening. Sir Joshua added a second sketch to the first, and from these made his beautiful picture of "The Babes in the Wood."

In 1873 one of his portraits sold for more than \$27,000. At the present time a well-preserved painting would bring much more.

Mr. Reynolds did much for his time besides using his brush. He was the first president of the Royal Academy, and "was active in establishing its schools and equipping them with models, libraries, and conveniences for study; he gave much attention to its exhibitions. He also lectured on art, and wrote

brilliant articles for *The Idler*."

He was a man greatly beloved and admired for his character as well as for his art.

F. D. C.



"Age of Innocence"

### Traveling in China

**WITH** its famous lakes and beautiful mountains; large, fertile plains and long streams; railroads and pretty canals; prosperous commercial centers and quaint villages, the province of Hunan presents some of the most beautiful scenery and most interesting sights in China.

Its many navigable rivers, canals, railroads, and network of official roads and rice paths provide several modes of passenger and freight transportation. Itinerating in this field is a great pleasure. There is always a variety—a trip by train, a ride by sedan chair, a voyage in a sailing vessel or river launch, a walk on the rice paths, or a ride on a horse. The Chinese equivalent for "Shanks' horses" is *dzo tsao ma*, ride the straw horse. When walking long distances, the men wear straw sandals which are very light and easy to walk in. *Tsao ma* is a pair of straw sandals that cost from three to six coppers a pair.

O. B. KUHN.



# THE HOME CIRCLE

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



## When Elizabeth Needed Advice

"WHIRR-RR-RR," trilled the Big Ben alarm. Betty Jane opened a sleepy eye.

"Whirr-rr-rr," whizzed the repeater.

With a drowsy mutter she reached out to turn it off, but the offending timepiece was beyond her reach, and sounded another insistent warning before it could be silenced.

"Well, of all the nerve!" sputtered Betty Jane. "Just wait till I settle scores with that impudent, forth-putting brother o' mine! Borrows my clock so he won't be late to the early tennis game, and then sets that pestiferous machine off for me too! Anyhow," and she gave her pillow a vigorous punch, "I've time for a last-minute nap."

But Morpheus seemed to have taken unto himself wings, and at last Betty Jane opened her eyes and turned over with a sigh.

"What a wonderful day!" she breathed, as the dainty muslin curtains swayed back and forth in a soft breeze freighted with the odor of honeysuckle and roses, while the sun made witch maps on the pretty blue rug, as it played hide and seek with the leaf shadows from the old oak tree just outside the window.

It was after seven, and high time the girl was up and stirring, but a strange perversity seemed to possess her.

"How I despise working in the summer! How I hate routine work anyway! she said. "I've been at the same old job for four long years, and am liable to be there for forty more. Oh, it seems today as if I just *can't* go back to the everlasting treadmill grind of life as stenographer for a real estate firm!"

A lively tapping on her door interrupted Betty Jane's rebellious thoughts, and a cheery red head peeped through the opening crack.

"Hello, sister mine! Still asleep, all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding? Didn't the alarm go off?"

"Go off? I should say it did! But why didn't you put the clock down cellar, so long as you felt a burden to —"

"Oh, then you wouldn't have heard it at all," laughed Ted, "and think what a disappointment would have awaited Carson & Bradley this morning. But what's the trouble, Beth? Sick?"

"Only of work. I was just wondering how I'm ever going to live through another summer in that office. I feel convinced that I wasn't born to work. 'My mission in life,' to quote Josiah Allen of ancient fame, 'is to charm and allure.' I should live in a house like the Henderson Castle, where there's a servant under foot every time you step, and life is just one glorious holiday!"

"Well," chuckled Ted, "if you're born for it, Beth, you'll probably get it sometime. Fate has a pretty reliable way of working out the best plan for each of our lives, but we'll never any of us get there by

shirking our present job. Work's a great thing after all, sis. It keeps a lot of us out of mischief. But cheer up anyway, till you get the mansion. Then don't forget your poor relation! Hire me for butler, won't you?"

"You shall be my chauffeur — if you aren't president of the bank by that time," laughed Betty Jane.

"Well, that's something to look forward to," admitted Ted, "but there comes my car, and the best advice I can leave with you now is that 'it's behoovin' you to be a-movin'."

Betty Jane still felt a bit rebellious as she tried to hurry. Before she had finished dressing, there was a gentle tap on the door, and her mother entered.

"Eight o'clock, girlie. Is there anything I can do to help you? Ted's gone, and father's nearly through breakfast. I'm afraid you'll be late for work."

"O, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," said Elizabeth contritely. "I don't deserve a bite to eat, for I've just been idling here, feeling sorry for myself because I have to go to work. I'd just love to play and play through all these beautiful blissful long sunny days. How can I ever stand the drudgery all summer?"

"You'd get just as tired of doing nothing as you do of working," said Mrs. Longway. "And a good part of life, when one comes to think of it, is humdrum — just doing the same things over and over again."

"But, mother, office work is more monotonous than *anything* else possibly could be."

Mrs. Longway smiled as she dropped down on the window seat. "You know, daughter, a long while ago I read somewhere that if one stopped to think about all the work of dressing and undressing twice a day through three hundred sixty-five days for perhaps seventy or eighty years, he would lose his reason. But it becomes habit and we do it while thinking about other things. I thought it would be a sensible principle to apply to other tasks than dressing, so when I first began to keep house I decided to make my regular duties so far as possible a matter of habit, and try to do them while thinking about something else."

"And it didn't make you careless either, did it?" mused Betty Jane, as she put in the last hairpin.

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do, you know. If you think about worth-while things your work will unconsciously come up to the high level of your thoughts. It doesn't fret you to wash your face, or comb your hair, or eat, or drink, or walk, does it? Why wouldn't it be a good plan to cultivate the same 'happy habit' in every task that comes to seem drudgery?"

"Perhaps it would," said Betty Jane. "Your theory's fine, mother, but you never worked in an office. It just stifles one's soul, and if I have to keep on and on doing it, I'm afraid I'll get to be just a neat-but-what's-the-use person, like about two thirds of the people that go in on the car every morning. I want a

chance to live! Not just exist to the end of my days."

"Well, daughter, life is just what we make it after all. We write our own price tags as we go along, and you remember the old rhyme, 'Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you.' That's true, Betty Jane."

The dining-room was deserted when Elizabeth slipped into her place, but soon grandfather came in with the morning paper, and stopped for a cheery word.

"Off again to work?"

"Oh, yes, grandfather," and she reached for a crisp roll, "but you don't know how I'm getting to hate it all. It's such drudgery, this working in an office — and especially all summer."

Grandfather Howard sat down in astonishment. It was not like sunshiny Betty Jane to harbor a grouch against the world in general or anything in particular.

"Why, what's happened?" he inquired.

"Nothing, grandfather. I'm just feeling unregenerate this morning, and ever since that horrible alarm went off I've been considering striking for liberty. What's the use of spending one's life shut in by four bare walls, when there's all out of doors waiting to be enjoyed. And I do love it so!"

"All things come to him who waits," Elizabeth. And you don't have to worry about 'all summer' this morning. Just decide to do whatever comes along today better than any one else could do it. You can be the best stenographer in Chicago, in Illinois, or in the United States — if you put forth the effort. There's always room at the top. Don't be an ordinary worker. Determine to be extraordinary."

"But grandfather, you don't understand — I don't want to work at all, especially not in an office," explained Betty Jane.

"Well, there's only one way to get rid of a disagreeable job, and that's to 'overflow into something better,' as I read the other day. Let's see — where is that clipping? Here, let me read it to you: 'Put such faithful, efficient service into your task that it will overflow and carry you along to a higher level.'"

"Here I've been soliciting sympathy," laughed Betty, "and all I get from my doting family is philo-

sophy and advice — Oh, here comes the car! Good-by, everybody!" and she was off, just in time to catch the car.

At the first stop some one took the seat beside her, and she looked up to greet an old family friend.

"Well, well, this is a pleasure, Elizabeth. How's your courage this perfect morning?"

"It could easily be covered by a postage stamp, Judge Lane," said Betty Jane. "I hate working in summer."

Mr. Lane laughed heartily. "You haven't recovered yet from the spring fever, have you? Are you still sighing for travel and adventure?"

"Oh, anything to break the monotony would be a welcome diversion, but I've about decided to become resigned to my lot."

Judge Lane grew serious. "Don't feel that way, Elizabeth. Let me tell you about a discovery I've made. Life gives back to us just what we put into it. If we hate anything in this world — except sin — it is a sign that we are looking at it from the wrong perspective. Look at your work from another point of view, and you'll find it's love instead of dislike you're feeling for it. You remember Van Dyke says that 'heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.' And really work is what keeps us happy, Betty Jane."

"That's the fourth sermon I've heard this morning, Judge Lane, and all agree that labor is the common lot of mortals. I think the best thing Elizabeth Janet Longway can do is to take the trail up the mountain of self-discovery and see what's the matter with herself. But still, my soul rebels against working in an office all summer long. I — I just don't want to."

"Don't think about the 'summer long' now. Just today do the very best you can. Life moves along at what our Olga calls 'de keen yump,' and time will pass before you realize it. Well, here's my corner. Good-by, and a pleasant day to you."

"I think I'll take up philosophizing for an avocation," mused Betty Jane, as she opened her desk a few minutes later. "I surely have enough material for a good beginning. Wonder if I *could* ever come to enjoy such work. I'll try giving my best and see if anything happens."

L. E. C.

## The Paralyzing Effect of Nicotine Illustrated

D. W. REAVIS

**W**E have just received from an experienced physician of Chicago the following statement concerning the paralyzing effects of tobacco upon young men.

"For some unknown reason it is very difficult to get Christian people to believe tobacco using is a sin, and physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually injurious. They say, 'It is just a bad habit, and the Bible does not say it is a sin.' Yet there are some in the church who recognize it as sin, and detrimental to the physical, mental, and spiritual health. But some of these do not seem to have any power to stop using it, or to any degree relieve themselves from its deteriorating influences.

"I cite the case of a young man who is a Christian, and a member of the church. He is a cigarette smoker of several years' addiction. He seems unable to give up the habit, although he says he has prayed to God to give him strength and power to overcome it. He has many times prayed for this strength and power and has thrown away or destroyed his cigarettes, only to begin smoking again in a short time. He seems to lack will-power to uphold his good intentions and resolutions. Were it not for this habit he would be preparing

to become a foreign missionary. He is a Bible student and fairly well informed in the Scriptures, and can make a good prayer in public. He is a young man of good habits otherwise than smoking, with high aspirations and ideals of life. He is a fine musician, and was reared in a Christian home. When not at work or visiting his friends, he is found at home, entertaining either his aged grandmother or other members of the family with his music. They have a pleasant home, and he has no inclination to go out to the theaters, movies, or other undesirable entertainments. He goes to church regularly; yet I must confess he is one of many cases I have on hand that I fail to make any impression upon. He seems honestly to wish to break away from the habit, but seems to have *no power*. *His will-power seems to be paralyzed.*"

This physician, who devotes much of his time to people who are addicted to narcotic habits and who has many varied experiences, assures us that this case illustrates many others under his observation, and declares that not infrequently tobacco, especially in cigarette form, places its victims beyond human hope

(Concluded on page thirteen)



## Just for the Juniors



### Why Not Make the Best of It?

SHE can do it if she has a mind to," and Frances' eyes had a determined look in them.

"But cows do their part when they give milk. They weren't meant to be used as a horse," replied Oliver, her practical brother. "Indeed, I'll not help you make a harness for her."

"Cows are a lazy set," answered Frances, "and because they never have worked is no reason they shouldn't begin now. Up in Lapland they make a great many uses of the deer that people do not where we live, and he is all the better and more famous animal for it. If father won't let me ride a horse, I'll make Dime the best trained and most accomplished cow in the pasture, and she will like it, too, if you'll only let her alone."

But even this forceful bit of logic failed to persuade Oliver to help with the desired harness, so Frances had to resort to the aid of the hired man. Successful with this, she began systematically to train the cow by petting and giving her extra feed until the happy Dime would follow her mistress like a dog.

After this much was accomplished, Frances practised using the currycomb. Persistently she kept at it until her pet had taken on the gloss and shine of a well-kept horse. When the bovine had submitted gracefully to the bridle and had actually drawn a sled, Frances considered her project well under way, but not completed. It took time to break the cow to the saddle. Frances worked hard for some weeks, and many a tumble she took before she had accustomed herself to Dime's ungainly gait. Oliver didn't have the satisfaction of witnessing her falls, however, for his sister was very careful to take this particular exercise while the men were away in the field working.

But Frances stuck by her task until she accomplished what she said she would. Dime was the best trained cow in the pasture. Not only did Frances make much fun for herself by the course of training she gave the cow, but when her father discovered her real ability in sticking to a slippery back, he revoked his decree and allowed his ingenious little daughter to ride a horse.

This isn't just a fairy story, for Frances was a real flesh-and-blood girl, and was one of the happiest girls that ever lived.

When she was made to feel by some of her city friends that she ought to live in a city, she replied emphatically, "If we ought to have a city, we will have one. It won't take long to show you how it's done. You town people depend on others for your good times, but, as my mother is always saying, we have to depend on our own resources, and I now propose that we set to work and have a town of our own."

And so the farm became "Fort City." "Broadway" was the name of the road in front of the house. The lane leading past the barn, cow yard, and granary was christened "Market Street." The barn was "Warehouse of J. F. Willard;" the cow yard, "City Market;" the well, "City Fountain;" the henhouse, "Family Supply Store."

The money of "Fort City" consisted of tin in place of silver, yellow leather instead of gold, and cloth

pasted on paper and painted green served as the required greenbacks.

Frances appointed herself editor of the *Fort City Tribune*, which consisted of compositions, bits of verse, and pictures, written or collected by herself.

But the town also had to have a doctor, and Frances was equal to the occasion. She first collected a lot of spools, whittled them straight, plugged one end, then filled her "bottles" with such "drugs" as salt, sugar, and flour. Mary, her younger sister, became conveniently ill, just at the right time to allow Frances to try her skill. And so the young doctor arrived with a fine assortment of spool bottles, tin knives, and cabbage leaves. A dose of medicine from each bottle was required, Frances in the meantime counting the patient's pulse with the aid of her tin watch. The patient still being unrelieved, the doctor poulticed her freely with cabbage leaves. Evidently this had the desired effect, for she suddenly jumped up, telling the distinguished physician that the next time she wanted a patient she'd better get a cat.

You have surely guessed by this time that this little Frances Willard became the great Frances Willard, the woman who did more than any other to stamp out the saloons from the United States. She was known all over this country and Europe. She was honored by statesmen, and acclaimed by the leading men and women of two continents. In fact, in the Hall of Statues at the Capitol in Washington she is the only woman whose statue stands among those patriots whom we delight to honor.

Perhaps I ought to whisper a little secret to the boys and girls of today. The promise of her life's success lay largely in the fact that when she couldn't have a thing, she enjoyed what she did have.

One bright sunny day when every one seemed to be having a perfectly glorious time, when all the boys and girls were racing and romping—all, did I say? There was one exception. Seated a little to one side out of the fun of the picnic, was a boy with a sober dissatisfied look on his face. What was the matter? Oh, the other boys were going swimming and his mother had refused to let him go. So he wasn't having a good time at all.

It is so easy to let disappointment spoil our pleasure. We grown-ups do it often, and by the time life is over we've lost much fun that we might just as well have had.

There is a certain tree I admire. It is a beautiful big tree now. But when it was just a little shoot, pushing its head through the soft dirt, it hit something hard. There was a large rock right in its way. Give up? I should say not. It grew along the ground until it could reach the open air and then shot straight up. Today it bears as beautiful foliage and shelters as many birds as its neighbor who had no such troubles. It made the best of things while it was young.

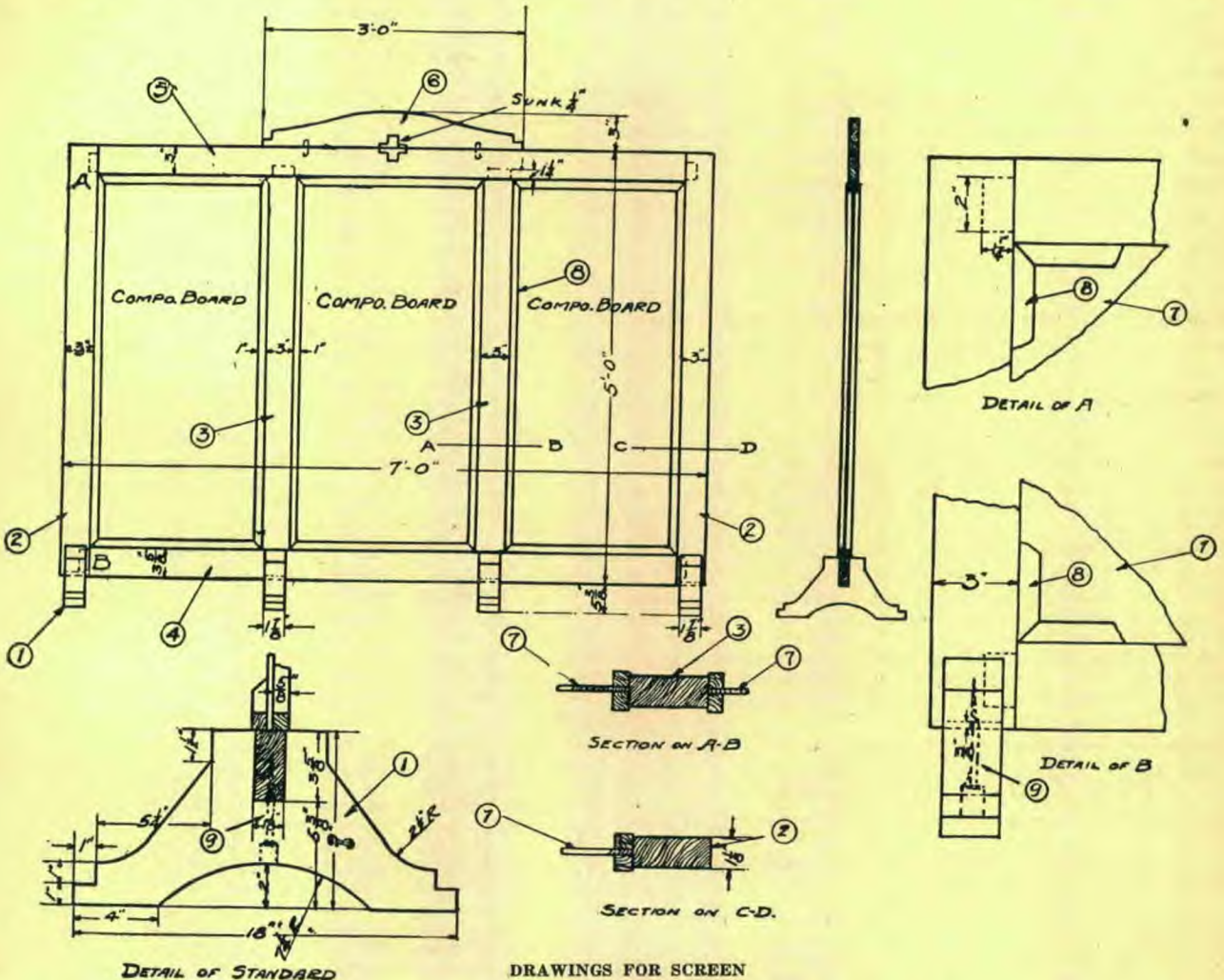
And so, dear Juniors, if you are going to do something worth while when you're men and women grown, make the best of what you have now and carry a smile while you are doing it. — *Adapted.*

**Red Cross Screen**

**T**HIS screen is one of the articles used by the National Bureau of camp service of the American Red Cross for furnishing the Red Cross convalescent and nurses' homes at army cantonments and naval stations. The Junior Red Cross in the schools made many of these for use across the seas.

**Materials for Screen**

ITEM	NAME	SIZE	REQ.
1	Standard	1 7/8" x 9" x 18"	4
2	End Stile	1 7/8" x 3" x 5' 0"	2
3	Center Stile	1 7/8" x 3" x 4' 4 7/8"	2
4	Lower Rail	1 1/8" x 3 5/8" x 6' 8 1/2"	1
5	Upper Rail	1 7/8" x 3" x 6' 8 1/2"	1
6	Cap	1 7/8" x 3" x 3' 0"	1
7	Beaver Board	1/4" x 2" x 4' 5 3/8"	3
8	Moulding	5/8" x 1" x 80'	1
9	Wood Screws F. H. B.	3" No. 16	4



**The Paralyzing Effect of Nicotine Illustrated**

*(Concluded from page eleven)*

of recovery. He maintains that nicotine is the most destructive and subtle poison in existence. He says its destroying influence is worse than any other poison known to him, simply because of its slow and sure paralyzing power, and because it is used by millions, whereas other poisons are limited in their use.

This physician, with many others, has become greatly concerned over the present increasing use of the cigarette. He anticipates the deterioration of the coming generation far beyond the expectations of those who are looking for a national calamity following the rapidly increasing use of the cigarette at the present time.

In view of this alarming situation, and not only our obligation to aid and to benefit humanity in physical and spiritual welfare, but in view of the solemn fact that few who are steeped in nicotine poison are susceptible to the message we are commissioned to give to the world at this time, it is plainly our duty to clear the King's highway to the minds and hearts of these nicotine slaves, through enlightening them upon the nature of their foe, and directing them to the sure and only way of escape.

This can best be done, in the beginning of this great effort, by placing a copy of the Anti-Tobacco Annual in the possession of all tobacco users for their consideration, and in the hands of all those who do not use tobacco, in order to create and to maintain a strong public sentiment against this, the greatest de-

spoiler of the people of our day. Every believer in the gospel message and every lover of humanity should do something at this all-important time toward educating the public away from this great nicotine precipice over which the flower of the nation is plunging by the millions at the present time.

Order twenty-five copies (\$1) of the Anti-Tobacco Annual and begin at once to place them in the homes of the people. They can be sold at ten cents a copy. Order of your tract society or the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

"You can taste only four different kinds of matter. They are sweet, sour, bitter, and salt. You can prove this by the simple experiment of holding your nose and placing on your tongue in succession pieces of apple, onion, raw potato, and beet; you cannot tell the difference between them. By this experiment you find that the sense of smell has a great deal to do with the flavor recognized by the brain. As the tongue can distinguish only four sensations, we must come to the conclusion that variations in taste are due to the sense of smell. In many cases all the flavor is in the smell, which is evident from the fact that no taste is apparent in many things we eat when we have a cold."

### Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for June 17

SENIOR: "Literature and Correspondence Band."

JUNIOR: "Honesty."

Our aim, "The advent message to all the world in this generation," is written in the heart of every true Missionary Volunteer. One of the most effective means in reaching this goal will be studied in the meeting of today. Get a new vision. See what others are accomplishing by the distribution of our literature. Then learn the ways in which you may do "your best" and share in the blessing.

Are you, dear Junior, meeting the high standard of your pledge? Honesty, strict honesty in the little things, that honesty spoken of in the pledge, is the theme to be presented in today's meeting. Attendance at this meeting will help to strengthen you for the everyday conflict. Do not deceive yourself into thinking you can miss it and lose nothing.

## Our Counsel Corner

*Is it wrong to play checkers, chess, or dominoes, also finch and rook?*

We can answer this briefly by quoting from "Testimonies for the Church," Volume I, page 514:

"There are amusements such as dancing, card playing, chess, checkers, etc., which we cannot approve because Heaven condemns them."

We hope the questioner will not drop the matter here. Find out why these amusements are wrong, and what good and beneficial recreations may be substituted for them. Read the chapters "Recreation for Christians" (Vol. I, p. 514) and "Christian Recreation" (Vol. II, p. 595).

MEADE MACGUIRE.

*If I go to school and get an education, will there be a place in the work for me?*

There is "a place in the work for you" every day of your life, beginning right now. It is a mistake to think about getting an education *first* and then going into the work. Generally those who are the best workers after their school days are over, were earnest workers in school. Every young person may look forward confidently to a place of responsibility in the cause of God, if he will study and work and pray until he is prepared to do efficient service. There are so many different enterprises connected with our work today that there is a demand for every talent we possess. It is impossible to meet all the calls for qualified workers, and the demands will never be less urgent than now.

MEADE MACGUIRE.

# The Sabbath School

## Young People's Lesson

### III — Education and Redemption

(July 17)

GOLDEN TEXT: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3: 18.

#### Education Having Evil with Good

1. What did God tell Adam and Eve would be the result if they ate of the forbidden tree? Gen. 2: 17, margin. Note 1.
2. How did Satan confuse good and evil in his conversation with Eve? Gen. 3: 4, 5. Note 2.
3. How did this confusion of good and evil deceive Eve? Verse 6. Note 3.
4. What was the immediate consequence of their obtaining an experimental knowledge of evil? Verses 7-10.
5. What curse that would bear fruit in all the days to come, was pronounced upon the ground? Verses 17, 18.
6. How would their own lives be affected? Verse 19. Note 4.
7. Because of partaking of the mixture of good and evil, of what other tree were they deprived? Verses 22-24.

#### The Only Means of Securing a True Education

8. Though now under sentence of death, what hope was held out to them? Verse 15.
9. Whose image did Adam bear at his creation? Gen. 1: 27.
10. What image does every sinner bear? 1 Cor. 15: 49, first part.
11. What image shall those who are redeemed bear? Verse 49, last part.
12. Under what means is this change in image brought about? 2 Peter 1: 4; 2 Cor. 3: 18. Note 5.

#### True Education Is Redemption

13. What, then, is the object of redemption? Note 6.
14. What is the true object of Christian education? Note 7.
15. What is the relation of Christian education to redemption? Note 8.

#### Notes

1. God's statement, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," did not mean that instant cessation of all life would follow the act of disobedience. The marginal reading, "dying thou shalt die," indicates that at the moment of disobedience the seeds of death were sown, the life of man was severed from the life of God, and sooner or later death would surely come. The branch to live must abide in the vine; when severed it begins at once the process of death, though it may continue to look fresh and vigorous for several days.

2. It was God's desire for man that he should be like him. And we are told that when we are redeemed "we shall be like him." 1 John 3: 2.

"Every human being, created in the image of God, is endowed with a power akin to that of the Creator,—individuality, power to think and to do. The men in whom this power is developed are the men who bear responsibilities, who are leaders in enterprise, and who influence character. It is the work of true education to develop this power; to train the youth to be thinkers, and not mere reflectors of other men's thought."—"Education," p. 17.

"By partaking of this tree, he [Satan] declared, they would attain to a more exalted sphere of existence, and enter a broader field of knowledge. He himself had eaten of the forbidden fruit, and as a result had acquired the power of speech. And he insinuated that the Lord jealously desired to withhold it from them, lest they should be exalted to equality with himself. It was because of its wonderful properties, imparting wisdom and power, that he had prohibited them from tasting or even touching it. . . .

"Satan claimed to have received great good by eating of the forbidden fruit, but he did not let it appear that by transgression he had become an outcast from heaven."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 54, 55.

"Here was falsehood, so concealed under a covering of apparent truth that Eve, infatuated, flattered, beguiled, did not discern the deception."—"Education," p. 24.

3. Eve first unconsciously wandered away from God's tree of knowledge, then she gazed "with mingled curiosity and admiration" upon the tree of good mingled with evil. She then touched the fruit which the tempter placed in her "half-reluctant" hands. "Perceiving no evil results," she then ate. "It was grateful to the taste, and as she ate, she seemed to feel a vivifying power, and imagined herself entering upon a higher state of existence." (See "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 54-

56.) Then she "gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." This act separated her from the *real* tree of knowledge—the tree of life. Prov. 3: 18.

4. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." It was for man's own good that he must now toil against the influence of thorns and thistles. This very work would constantly impress his mind with the evil character of sin and with his need of a Saviour.

"At the creation, labor was appointed as a blessing. It meant development, power, happiness. The changed condition of the earth through the curse of sin has brought a change in the conditions of labor; yet though now attended with anxiety, weariness, and pain, it is still a source of happiness and development. And it is a safeguard against temptation. Its discipline places a check on self-indulgence, and promotes industry, purity, and firmness. Thus it becomes a part of God's great plan for our recovery from the fall."—*"Education,"* p. 214.

5. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. 23: 7. Since this is true, how important that we read those books, that we choose those companions, and that we engage in those occupations and pleasures which will suggest only those thoughts that are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. By beholding these things we shall be changed into the image of the heavenly; by beholding the opposite we shall retain the image of the earthly.

6. The object of redemption is to restore in man the image of God which was lost by sin.

7. "To restore in man the image of his Maker, to bring him back to the perfection in which he was created, to promote the development of body, mind, and soul, that the divine purpose in his creation might be realized,—this was to be the work of redemption. This is the object of education, the great object of life."—*"Education,"* pp. 15, 16.

8. "Love, the basis of creation and of redemption, is the basis of true education. . . . To love him, the infinite, the omniscient One, with the whole strength, and mind, and heart, means the highest development of every power. It means that in the whole being—the body, the mind, as well as the soul—the image of God is to be restored."—*"Education,"* p. 16.

"In the highest sense, the work of education and the work of redemption are one."—*"Education,"* p. 30.

## Intermediate Lesson

### III — The Daughter of Jairus; the Afflicted Woman

(July 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 5: 21-43.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 9: 18-26; Luke 8: 41-56.

MEMORY VERSE: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." Matt. 9: 22.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 342-348.

PLACES: The seashore; the home of Jairus in Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; the multitude; Jairus and his daughter; the afflicted woman; hired mourners.

#### Setting of the Lesson

"Returning from Gergesa to the western shore, Jesus found a multitude gathered to receive him, and they greeted him with joy. He remained by the seaside for a time, teaching and healing, and then repaired to the house of Levi-Matthew to meet the publicans at the feast. Here Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, found him."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 342.

The afflicted woman had been pronounced incurable. "Her hopes revived when she heard of the cures that Christ performed. She felt assured that if she could only go to him, she would be healed. In weakness and suffering she came to the seaside where he was teaching, and tried to press through the crowd, but in vain. Again she followed him from the house of Levi-Matthew, but was still unable to reach him. She had begun to despair, when, in making his way through the multitude, he came near where she was."—*Id.,* p. 343.

"The Saviour said,

'Maiden! arise!'—and suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped  
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance,—*arose!*"

#### Questions

1. After healing the demoniacs of Gadara, where did Jesus go? Who had gathered to meet him? Mark 5: 21.
2. What ruler came to him? What great sorrow had come to Jairus? What did he ask of Jesus? Verses 22, 23.
3. How did Jesus respond to this request? Who followed him? Verse 24. Note 1.

4. What poor woman was in the throng that followed Jesus? How long had this woman been ill? How had she sought for relief? Verses 25, 26.

5. What did she succeed in doing in spite of the crowd? What did she say to herself? What blessing came to her through the touch of faith? Verses 27-29. Note 2.

6. What did Jesus at once know? What question did he ask? Verse 30. Note 3.

7. What reply did the disciples make to this question? For whom did Jesus look? What did the woman do? What did she say? Verses 31-33.

8. What words of comfort did Jesus speak to her? What did he say had made her whole? Verse 34.

9. What message came to Jairus as Jesus was on his way to the ruler's home? How did Jesus encourage him? Verses 35, 36.

10. Who only were permitted to follow Jesus into the house of Jairus? What custom of the Jews was being observed in the home? Verses 37, 38. Note 4.

11. What did Jesus say when he had entered the house? Verse 39. Note 5.

12. How were his words received? What did he do with those who were unbelieving? Whom did Jesus allow to go with him into the room where the child was lying? Verse 40.

13. What did Jesus say to the maiden? What response did she make to his words? How old was she? How were those who were present affected? Verses 41, 42.

14. What charge did Jesus give concerning the miracle? What command did he give? Verse 43. Note 6.

#### Can You Tell

What evidence is given that Jesus will not remain where he is not wanted?

Why the woman was healed by touching the garment of Jesus, when many others touched him without result?

When Jesus' power to raise the dead will again be manifested? 1 Thess. 4: 16; John 5: 28, 29.

#### Notes

1. When Jesus was on earth, none were ever turned away empty who came and asked help of him. He deeply sympathized with this father in his trouble, and responded at once to his request for help. Jesus is just as willing today to help those who are in trouble and who call upon him in faith, as when he walked the shores of Galilee.

2. "It is not enough to believe about Christ; we must believe in him. The only faith that will benefit us is that which embraces him as a personal Saviour; which appropriates his merits to ourselves. Many hold faith as an opinion. Saving faith is a transaction, by which those who receive Christ join themselves in covenant relation with God. Genuine faith is life. A living faith means an increase of vigor, a confiding trust, by which the soul becomes a conquering power."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 347.

3. The American Revised Version reads, "And straightway Jesus, perceiving in himself that the power proceeding from him had gone forth, turned him about in the crowd, and said, Who touched my garments?" Though she was unnoticed by men, the Saviour recognized the touch of faith from this poor woman. It is even so now. The touch of faith still brings healing from disease, healing from sin.

4. It was customary among the Jews to hire persons to weep aloud, wail, and play mournful dirges on musical instruments, to denote great grief at the death of one who was rich or great or much beloved.

"Christ heard 'piercing shrieks, and loud, high, prolonged quavering wails of mourning. At the very moment of death, one of these wild shrieks, by whoever is nearest the dead, announces the fact of the death. This cry is taken up and repeated by friends of the family near and far. Every sympathizing woman friend who hurries to share the mourning over the dead announces her approach to the sorrow-stricken home by the conventional shriek, and then adds her voice to the mourning chorus.'"—*Trumbull.*

5. "Jairus pressed closer to the Saviour, and together they hurried to the ruler's home. Already the hired mourners and flute players were there, filling the air with their clamor. The presence of the crowd, and the tumult, jarred upon the spirit of Jesus. He tried to silence them, saying, 'Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.' They were indignant at the words of the stranger. They had seen the child in the embrace of death, and they laughed him to scorn."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pp. 342, 343.

6. The Lord here gives us an example of how he desires to co-operate with us in helping others. He raised the girl to life; this was something the parents could not do. He might have given her food also, but this he asked them to do.

LIFE is mostly froth and bubble;  
Two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

— *Selected.*

**"Improve What You've Got"**

THE foregoing heading is a slogan of Johnson City, New York, a shoe town. This slogan appears neatly printed on the city's street corners, waste receptacles, and other conspicuous places.

"It is a new idea in community progress," says a writer in a recent periodical.

"Nearly everywhere the prevailing appeal is for more; more inhabitants, more lines of business, more booms, more charities, more churches. The improvement of those already possessed has taken no large hold upon the imagination.

"The thought is worth emphasizing. You've a church home. Improve it. You've a ward school. Improve it. You've a cozy cottage. Improve it. You've a nice garden. Improve it. You've a business schooling. Improve it. You've a taste for music. Improve it. Yes, it is a good slogan, *Improve What You've Got.*"

**The Wonder of Richard's Sword**

SALADIN, sultan of Egypt and Syria, lived in the twelfth century. He was a Mohammedan of the strictest sort. While by nature he was kind hearted, generous, hospitable, chivalrous to women and the weak, he was fiercely hostile toward Christians, his expressed aim being "to purge the air they breathe."

In his conquest of Palestine, Saladin was opposed by Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England. While brilliant victories were gained by Richard, he was finally defeated, and Saladin left master of Palestine.

When the Syrian monarch saw the sword of the king of England, he was astonished that a blade so ordinary looking could have wrought such wonders. Richard bared his arm and said: "It was not the sword, Saladin; it was the arm that did the great things."

Thus it is with us, the human instruments with which the Lord accomplishes his wonders of grace. We can each truthfully say, "It is not the instrument, but the everlasting arm that wields the instrument that accomplishes the work." F. D. C.

**The Crucifixion**

THE cruel operation to which St. John alludes and which the Romans called *crurifragium*, was sometimes, according to the testimony of Suetonius and Seneca, inflicted as part of the punishment of crucifixion, but it was more often resorted to only as a means of hastening death when it seemed likely to be too long delayed. . . . Those who suffered crucifixion might in certain cases linger for twelve, twenty-four, or even as many as forty-eight hours. In order, therefore, to

avoid the necessity of protracted watching beside the instrument of torture, the executioners sometimes substituted increased agony for length of suffering. By means of a club the bones of the legs of the condemned were broken, a custom originating, according to certain authors, in the belief prevailing among the ancients and shared by Pliny, that the strength of man is concentrated in the legs, especially in the knees. In the present instance, the Jews had very urgent reasons for acting as they did. To begin with: according to the Hebrew law it would be a desecration of the sacred soil of the Holy Land if the body of a criminal who had been executed were allowed to remain on the cross during the night. Moreover, it was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath and of a Sabbath of peculiar sanctity. Now the day was already far spent; everything must be finished before sunset. The

two thieves were, therefore, dispatched to begin with. The first, who had railed at and insulted Jesus, yielded up his soul with yells of rage, while the penitent one died in ecstasy without a moment of shrinking or of fear.—*J. J. Tissot.*

**Country Houses in China**

MANY of the houses in the country are pleasantly arranged and comfortably built. In the compound beside the main dwelling, there is a fam-

ily altar for the worship of the gods, and a theater for the rehearsal of the noble deeds of the ancestors.

Sometimes there will be in the one compound a group of buildings sheltering several married couples and their children, all of the same family name. There may be from twenty to eighty persons, all known as one family.

Recently I visited the Liu family, seventy-five li east from Changsha. There are four generations of the same family living in the one compound. I was assured that they all dwelt together happily and never spoke unpeaceful words to one another.

O. B. KUHN.

## The Law of Duty<sup>1</sup>

The Good American Does His Duty

The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work which he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow citizens, and so harms his country.

I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do*, and my duty I will do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

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<sup>1</sup> 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?

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