

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

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No. 28



"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. 6: 7.

From Here and There

Eleanor H. Porter, author of the "Pollyanna" books, died on May 21, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Pope, while maintaining his right to temporal power, has rescinded the papal order forbidding Roman Catholic rulers to visit the king of Italy.

The Russell Sage Foundation, which has been investigating the public school systems of the United States, reports that Montana, California, and Arizona have the best systems in the country.

Rev. John H. Vincent, D. D., bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church and founder of the Chautauqua Assembly in New York, died in Chicago on May 9. He was eighty-eight years old.

The American Forestry Association has sent 35,000,000 seeds to France, Belgium, and Great Britain. The tree seeds were piled on the Common, Boston, Massachusetts, whence they were shipped overseas. Belgium and France are in particular need of tree seeds, for thousands of trees were destroyed by shell fire.

Miss Marguerite Smith, a Republican member of the New York Legislative Assembly, recently presided over the house as speaker pro tem. Her knowledge of parliamentary law, and the ease with which she kept the Solons in order, occasioned much favorable comment among the wise men of the assembly.

The Ford Motor Company and the corporation Henry Ford and Son have been dissolved as Michigan corporations, and reorganized as the Ford Motor Company of Delaware, with a capital of \$100,000,000. The new charter will give the company the privilege of manufacturing aeroplanes.

During the war France mobilized 8,000,000 men, of whom 1,400,000 were killed and 800,000 maimed. France thus lost 57 per cent of her men under 32 years of age; 600,000 houses were wrecked; 75,000,000 acres of arable land were laid waste; and 3,000 miles of railroad and 25,000 miles of highway were destroyed.

The growth of horns on calves can be prevented by moistening the spot where the horn is to grow, and rubbing it with a piece of caustic potash till it looks red. That is all. An agricultural paper we read recently says: "Rub till the skin is broken and it begins to bleed." This is not necessary. As soon as the place begins to look slightly irritated, it need be rubbed no longer. It is best to do this before the calf is two weeks old. Only a little moistening with the finger, dipped in water, is all that is required.

Senator Warren G. Harding was nominated at the Chicago Convention as the Republican Presidential candidate, and Gov. Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, as candidate for the Vice-Presidency. As a people, we are interested in the fact that Senator Harding's parents were Seventh-day Adventists, and that Mrs. H. H. Votaw, who was for several years one of our missionaries in India, is a sister of the Senator, and Dr. G. T. Harding, of Columbus, Ohio, a brother.

Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant, left his enormous fortune to his grandson, Capt. Marshall Field, 3d, under peculiar conditions. Captain Field will receive \$500,000 when he reaches the age of thirty; \$1,200,000 at thirty-five; \$1,800,000 at forty; and at forty-five the accumulated interest, which will be \$90,000,000. During the next five years he will be paid \$3,000,000 a year, and on his fiftieth birthday he will get the entire property. This would seem to be enough money for any one to take care of, but Captain Field is suing to obtain the whole estate now.

During Vacation Weeks

JUST before Prof. M. E. Kern sailed for Europe this spring, he sent a message to the Missionary Volunteer secretaries of North America, suggesting that they give special attention to the work of encouraging our young people everywhere to make the very most of their summer vacation. A portion of his letter follows:

"The sale of literature during the vacation gives our young people a practical experience which is invaluable, and also has in it great possibilities for deepening the spiritual life."

These are true words. And it is certainly encouraging to learn that an unusual number of our young women throughout the country are taking up the magazine work this summer, many of them having purposed to earn a scholarship in this way. A large number of our young people have demonstrated that the plan is a success. Some who sold the *Signs* and *Watchman* magazines earned their scholarships in a surprisingly short time. The only requisites are a little grit, a willingness to really work for a few weeks, and a consecrated determination to succeed.

The profits now given on the single copies of the *Signs* and *Watchman* magazines and on the yearly subscriptions obtained, make it possible for young women to go from home to home and easily earn a scholarship. The tract society will gladly place helps, sample copies, and easily learned canvasses in your hands free, and assist you in getting started. Here, then, is an opportunity. Don't let it slip by. Look at its advantages: You earn a scholarship, have a profitable change of work, a part in carrying the message for the hour, a chance to study human nature, and get a business training; and you begin with so little capital—merely the price of enough magazines to start with. Write your tract society secretary for particulars now—before you forget about it.

ERNEST LLOYD.

"A BOY on a bicycle, while passing the house of a mother whose baby was sick, was asked to go to the drug store for medicine. When he returned, she tried to pay him. 'But I wouldn't take it,' he said to his mother. 'You know I promised God that if he'd give me a bicycle, I'd do errands for him.'"

"We learn from others."

The Youth's Instructor

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The Unknown Road -- No. 2

ENNIS V. MOORE

AS the wanderer turned around, and looked upon the road over which he had just struggled, the guide told him that he had been traveling the wrong road, and that it was necessary for him to change his course if he expected to reach the object of his journey. He was willing now to listen to the advice given by the guide, so he changed his way of traveling and started down the narrow road, accompanied by the guide, whose counsel he was willing to receive, and solicited often.

"What a foolish and an unwise thing to do," you said as you read of the man rushing down the Unknown Road bearing such a warning at its entrance. Just one minute, please: do not criticize the object of our attention too severely. Many who are reading this article have often made the same fatal mistake. You may have done it this morning. I earnestly pray that you will not do it tomorrow.

Many have traveled this Unknown Road to its close. They were told by their Guide that they were on the wrong road, but they thought it not best to change their course, because of the bright prospects on the road ahead of them. Alas, "the day that seemed to break so bright and clear brought only darkness," and when the night drew near, they found to their sad regret that they had been misled.

Our lives are made of the years we live, the years are made of the days we live, and if we are careful for each day, our years and our lives will bring us no regrets, and we will accomplish the object of mortal life,—attaining to immortality.

The morning has been likened by some one to the gate of the day. The travels of each new day are unknown to every mortal. We know not what tomorrow holds for us. Yes, it is even impossible to predict what the next hour may bring. Sorrows, bereavements, temptations, and sore discouragements that never came to our lives before, may darken our heart's door. Tomorrow's pangs of sorrow have never been felt. Its joys and pleasures have never been experienced. Its privileges and opportunities have never been met. Tomorrow's tasks have never been accomplished. The anticipations of tomorrow will never be realized. We may never be permitted to view the glow of its morning sun. Perchance we may see the radiance of its

morning twilight, the splendor of its noonday glory, but fail to bask in the purple of its azure ending. If we fully realized the significance of these solemn truths, "if we felt more the majesty of life, we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not for worship" or communion with his Guide, who is always waiting to give him counsel at the beginning of every day, "is as foolish as if he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as if he dashed into battle without arms. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the day begin to oppress us."

Not a sorrow, not a burden, not a bereavement, not a disappointment, not a care, not a groan nor tear, but has its counterpart in the life of our blessed Example—our Pattern—who knows every step of the way we all must travel, for he has traveled it before us. We must take them all to him in the early morning hour. If we leave them there, they will all vanish away and will become as nothing, as his loving nature quiets our restless soul. Every day of our life we must remember, as one has said, we have God to glorify; a Saviour to imitate; a soul to save; virtue to acquire; heaven to seek; eternity to meditate upon; temptations to resist; the influences of the world to

guard against; and perhaps the angel of death to meet.

My friend, if you are traveling this Unknown Road, and you are, and you are traveling it all alone, stop just one moment and converse with the Guide, who is your Friend. If you are at the beginning of the road, which is today, start it aright. If you have fallen into one of the many pitfalls and have grown discouraged and despondent, if you are just now trudging up that steep and rugged hillside, if you are traveling that portion of the road filled with sharp obstacles, if you find that you are becoming weary in well-doing because of hardships and perplexities, do not despair; stop just where you are and call upon the Guide, who is right there by your side; he has been there all the time and is willing and anxious to help you. If you have almost reached the end of the road—of this day; if your steps are growing more weary, your chances

(Concluded on page fourteen)

Echoes of History

The Misfortunes of Roger Williams

MUCH has been said and written both for and against Roger Williams, and the treatment he received from the colonial Puritans in the time of the Massachusetts commonwealth. While justice to the subject cannot well be done in a short article, it may,



Roger Williams Sheltered by the Narragansets

perhaps, be proper to notice some points on both sides of the one-time absorbing controversy.

Roger Williams a Puritan

The records tell us that Mr. Williams was a pronounced Welsh Puritan, who came to America near the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was then about thirty years of age. Arriving in Boston, he was offered the position of Bible teacher in the church of that place, but declined the proffered honor, on the ground that the church members would not publicly repent for having communion with the Church of England. His declaration that conscience should be supreme in religious belief, was so vehemently maintained as to turn many against him in the outset, and so he withdrew from the Boston religionists, and became pastor of the church in Salem.

His strong advocacy of extreme views seemed almost natural to him, and so he could hardly be restrained from open speech. This tendency did not appear to be the outgrowth of a vicious humor, for history ascribes to him a character having the "singular combination of a frank and amiable nature." Yet he went through life, it seems, dissenting from everything regarded by his fellow men as established in government and in religion. In an address delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society, John Quincy Adams, speaking of Mr. Williams' resolute opposition to the established theocracy of that day, as well as his apparent readiness publicly to combat every theory not in harmony with his own, described him as "the very impersonation of this combined conscientious and contentious spirit."

The Wearing of Veils the Moot Question

One of the prominent questions under dispute in that day was whether women should be veiled when appearing in public. John Cotton held that they should not, but Williams contended that they should, citing as his proof of opinion the epistle of Paul to the

Corinthians and scriptures in the Old Testament. So in due time all the women of the Salem church came to the meetings closely veiled. This gave Mr. Cotton occasion to visit the Salem congregation and preach against the veiling custom. From the records, it seems that the Cotton arguments suited either the tastes or consciences of the ladies better than did those advanced by Mr. Williams; for after that the Salem women wore veils only when it suited them to do so.

Religious Liberty Views

But this loss of influence did not quench the ardor of Mr. Williams. He yet strongly maintained that the civil magistrate had no right to punish for nonobservance of Sunday. Nor had the civil power, he said, any moral warrant for interfering with a person's religious faith. The basis of his opinions on this subject was that without the privilege to believe and advocate what doctrines one pleases, however erroneous others may deem them, there could be no free speech or free press. But in that age neither the Puritans nor any other people were familiar with such exalted ideas of religious and political rights.

On the other hand, the advance of the theocracy toward the assumption of arbitrary power, went on unopposed. It went so far as to put men to death for daring to disbelieve tenets of religious belief it set up as the standard of truth. Others were mercilessly treated. One Baptist minister named Holmes was stripped and flogged. Two bystanders, John Hazel and John Spur, out of pity for the sufferer, shook his hand and expressed sympathy for him, whereupon they were arrested and fined forty shillings each, which in American money would be about ten dollars.

Mr. Williams Banished

Such intolerant temper could not be expected to take patiently an open expression of opposition from Mr. Williams. But he was not to be hindered from his formal protest, though his enemies were watching for



Roger Williams at Prayer in the Wilderness

an opportunity to arraign him before the court. The last thing the authorities had to meet from him was the declaration that the settlers had no right to the land they occupied, unless they had purchased it direct from the Indians. He was for this opinion ordered to appear at the next general court for censure. Finding their victim irrepressible, sentence of banishment was pronounced against him, and he was given but six weeks to leave the jurisdiction of the commonwealth.

So great was the indignation expressed at this by Mr. Williams' friends, that the court order was changed, giving him until the following spring to remove from the colony. In the meantime, however, his strong words uttered against the sentence, began to create a positive reaction against the authorities for their intolerance. It was therefore determined by his prosecutors to send him quietly back to England as soon as possible. But some one warned Mr. Williams of the secret design, and so when he was sought for in Salem, it was found that he had fled. In the dead of a New England winter night, the hunted man kissed his wife and two children good-by, and strode off in the darkness, toward the land of his future exile.

Indians Welcome the Exile

Reaching the lodge of the old chief Massasoit, he was welcomed and given a substantial tract of land. On this, Mr. Williams and five others who had joined him in his seclusion, began building a house. But a reminder came to him from Governor Winslow, stating that he was yet within the boundary of the Plymouth settlement, and that he should move farther on. So he and his friends followed on down the Seekonk River, to a point since known as "Roger Williams' Rock," and there they began, in 1636, the settlement of a town, which, in acknowledgment of God's goodness, they named Providence.

In earlier days, Governor Endicott had been an ardent disciple of Williams in Salem. But under strong opposing influence by direction of John Cotton, he repented of his early discipleship, and became a confirmed Puritan. In harmony with his newly adopted principles, he wrote a letter to Williams, sealed with a death's head and crossbones. To this Williams replied in a most trenchant way, repeating a fiery sentiment before uttered by Endicott when he was endeavoring to establish himself with the Puritan party. He had then said of Williams and his party: "You are conventiclors, heretics, blasphemers, seducers; you deserve to be hanged; rather than one shall be wanting to hang you, I will do it myself. I am resolved not to leave a heretic in the country."

Williams then added: "Your talents are great; your fall hath been also. Your eminence is great; the glory of the Most High in mercy or justice toward you will be great also. . . . Endicott, Endicott, why huntest thou me? Why imprisonest thou me? . . . Why wouldst thou hang me? I beseech you, remember that it is a dangerous thing to put this to the maybe, to the venture or hazard, or the possibility."

Controversy had been on for years between Williams and Cotton, and so was continued after the former's banishment, by the writing of books and tracts against each other. These bore gory titles like "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution," the "Bloudy Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb," and the "Bloudy Tenent Yet More Bloudy." Yet when the Plymouth settlement was in danger of annihilation by Indians, Mr. Williams, with his own life in jeopardy, went directly to the infuriated chiefs and successfully pleaded for mercy for the people who were ready to drive him from the country.

Mr. Williams Saves the Plymouth Settlement

But notwithstanding Mr. Williams' sacrificing generosity, he was treated with scant courtesy. In 1676, when he was seventy-seven years old, with his house laid in ashes, and he, in extreme old age, was reduced to poverty, the council of Massachusetts, "out of com-

passion to him in his condition," passed an order that if he should see fit, he might have liberty to come into any one of the towns under its jurisdiction, for security and comfort, provided he behave himself peaceably, *without disseminating his different opinions in matters of religion.*

Such a spirit ever issues from religious intolerance. Yet the same danger which beset the Puritan fathers confronts the religious sentiment of the present time. When religious power passes into the hands of a large majority, there is likely to follow an effort to force out any minor opposition. It is so easy to think that another man's ism is nothing short of fanaticism, and should be restrained. So natural, indeed, is this feeling that even the Quakers, we are told, who were the worst persecuted people in the Plymouth settlements, have developed the same spirit of intolerance when opportunity has afforded. In Hildreth's "History of the United States," Volume I, page 461, we learn that among the first laws passed by them in Rhode Island, after obtaining a charter in 1663, was one excluding Roman Catholics from the right to vote, and to hold public office.

Poor, weak human nature! Ever since sin has had control of men, how tempting has been the thought to get control of others' minds, by either hook or crook. The only cure for this is the indwelling of the Lord Jesus to control the individual mind, and there instil the divine sentiment, "If any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." John 12:47.

J. O. CORLISS.

The Cry from the Four Winds

HOW long is it," asked an old Mohammedan woman in Bengal, "since Jesus died for sinful people? Look at me; I am old, I have prayed, given alms, gone to the holy shrines, become as dust from fasting, and all this is useless. Where have you been all this time?"

Her cry was echoed from the icy shores of the farthest northwest territory. "You have been many moons in this land," said an old Eskimo to the bishop of Selkirk. "Did you know this good news then? Since you were a boy? And your father knew? Then why did you not come sooner?"

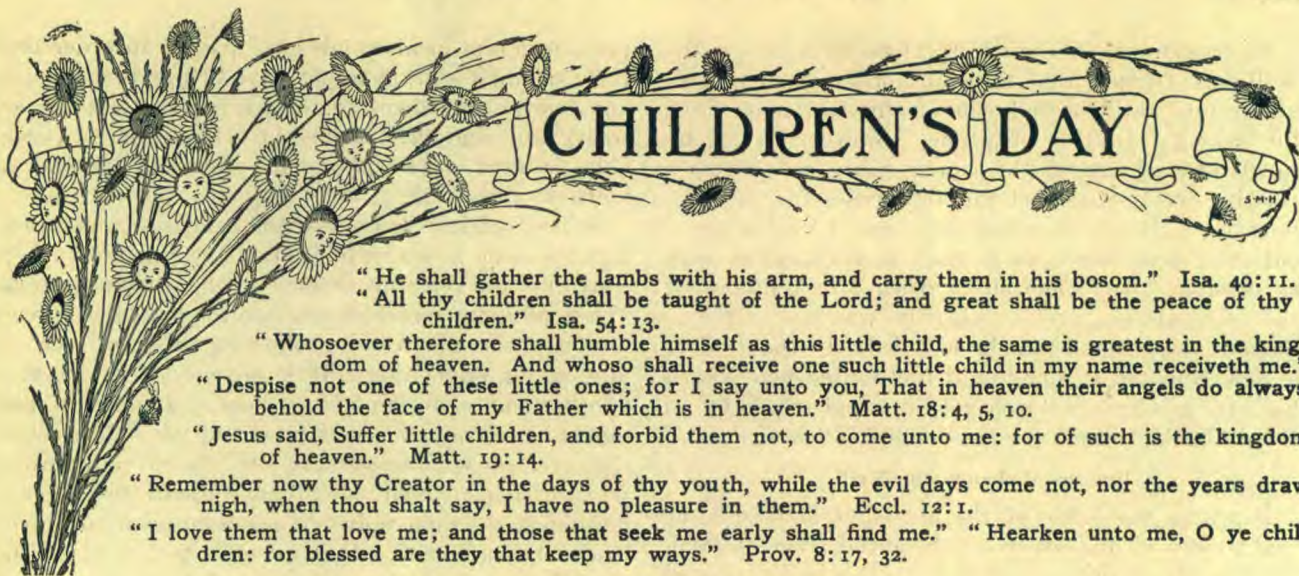
It was heard in the snowy heights of the Andes. "How is it," asked a Peruvian, "that during all the years of my life I have never before heard that Jesus Christ spoke those precious words?"

It was repeated in the white streets of Casablanca, North Africa. "Why," cried a Moor to a Bible seller, "have you not run everywhere with this Book? Why do so many of my people not know of the Jesus whom it proclaims? Why have you hoarded it to yourselves? Shame on you!"

It is the cry of the four winds. If we fail to answer this cry, surely these words of Solomon will be fulfilled:

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?" Prov. 24:11, 12. Let us awake to our duty and privileges.

"If I had a thousand tongues and each of them were inspired by the gifts of the prophets of old, all should be dedicated to pleading for this people."
—Hartzell, Africa.



Suggestive Program

SONG BY CONGREGATION

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE

PRAYER

SONG BY KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN

RECITATIONS:

The Stranger and His Friend
Building Life's Ivory Arch
The Beggar's Fountain (See next week's INSTRUCTOR)

EXERCISE FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN: What I Would Do

RECITATIONS:

My Three Little Texts
My Gift for God's Service
The Bible "Remembers"

EXERCISE: Pictures of Praise

RECITATIONS:

Alphabetical Mission Exercise (See next week's INSTRUCTOR)
Africa's Needs
The Cry from the Four Winds (See page five)
A Junior Blackboard Talk
The Missionary's Dream

TALK BY AN ADULT: The Needs of the Mission Fields

SONG: A Gift for Jesus

OFFERING

OFFERTORY PRAYER

BENEDICTION

Scripture Exercise — A B C of the Gospel

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3: 23.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." James 4: 8.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Matt. 7: 19.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,¹ baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 19, 20.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14: 6.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." Heb. 13: 8.

Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7: 7.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13: 10.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12: 9.

Now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Matt. 6: 9.

Pease I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." John 14: 27.

Quench not the Spirit." 1 Thess. 5: 19.

Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Acts 2: 38.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark 10: 14.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1: 7.

Use hospitality one to another without grudging." 1 Peter 4: 9.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." John 8: 58.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." 1 Peter 2: 24.

Xcept a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3: 3.

Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

Zealous of good works." Titus 2: 14.

— Rev. William Keller Frick, D. D.

The Stranger and His Friend

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

¹ "Make disciples of all the nations." R. V.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered,—not a word he spake,—
Just perishing for want of bread:
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate—but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The token in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake; and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

—James Montgomery.

Building Life's Ivory Arch

[This exercise will require, in addition to the children mentioned, a master builder who will put each piece into place, and give all the explanatory statements that are made.

It will be necessary, of course, to prepare the parts of the arch beforehand. If they are painted white, with the lettering clearly done in a color that will make the letters readable from every part of the auditorium, it will be very attractive. The needed parts are: Nine blocks, every other block bearing a letter of the word "love;" nine blocks lettered in the same way, but spelling the word "hope;" five blocks spelling the word "faith;" four pillars, the first bearing the inscription "God Working in Us," the second "God Working for Us," the third "God Working with Us," the fourth "God Working Through Us;" three crosspieces, the first bearing the word "Conversion," the second "Consecration," the third "Communion," and the crowning block marked "Peace." These parts should be carefully fitted to each other, and the arch constructed once or twice in practice, that there may be no difficulties on Children's Day.]

MASTER BUILDER: "It has been many years since the Sabbath school first began. During all these years there has been a great procession marching up and down the streets of the world, a procession of men and women, boys and girls—marching week by week to the Sabbath school. Some have just begun the march, and some have been marching for many years. Some have fallen by the wayside, and some have marched on and on and on.

"But all these years, while the tramp, tramp, tramp of feet has been coming this way, what has the Sabbath school been doing? I'll tell you, boys and girls, it's been building—building characters, pure, sweet, Christian characters for the Master's use. For the aim

of the school has been just what it is today—the building of a perfect life.

"And so today we're going to show what makes a perfect life. First of all we will place three foundation principles, which are laid early in life and upon which all the beauty and the glory of any life depend."

The primary department sings the first stanza of a song, as nine beginners with blocks marked "Love" go to the platform, march in front of the base, hand blocks to the master builder, then pass around to the rear, and stand while one in the center repeats, "We love him, because he first loved us."

The primary department sings the second stanza while the beginners march off the platform and nine primaries with blocks marked "Hope" march to the platform and stand three feet behind the base. One after another steps forward and hands a block to the master builder, those having lettered blocks repeating



the Scripture verses before handing over the block. Such verses as follow can be used:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

"Every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God."

The junior department sings the first stanza of a song as the primaries march off the platform, and five juniors with blocks marked "Faith" march on and stand three feet behind the base. Each in turn steps forward, hands block to the master builder, and remains close to the base, after which they repeat in unison,

"Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

They march off the platform as the junior department sings the last stanza of the song.

MASTER BUILDER: "The Bible tells us that love isn't anything unless it is active, and hope is nothing unless it leads us to reach out after something, and faith is dead unless it is so earnest that it shows itself in actual work.

"And so as our boys and girls grow older, the foundation principles that have been planted in their hearts begin to develop and grow, and their lives become more beautiful because of the deeds of love and sympathy and kindness they try to do. These are the pillars upon which rest all that is good and noble and useful in life."

Four intermediates come onto the platform in succession, each bearing a column, stand behind the base,

place the column in position with assistance of master builder, and touching the column, repeat the following verses:

"If I can dry one tear today,
Hold back one soul that wants to stray,
Or show to one the higher way,
My life, my life will fuller, fuller be.

"If I can speak one soothing word,
Inspire a talent yet unstirred,
Or check some sentence, best unheard,
My life, my life will fuller, fuller be.

"If I can spare of my scant store
A mite to cheer some life more poor,
If some lost hope I can restore,
My life, my life will fuller, fuller be.

"If I can keep my thoughts all pure,
My words all kind, my deeds are sure
Some heart from evil to allure,
My life, my life will fuller, fuller be."

Each intermediate reaches the platform as the preceding one leaves it.

MASTER BUILDER: "What a beautiful life we have thus far,— clean, pure, helpful, and useful. But don't you see that it is not enough yet?"

Three seniors in succession walk behind the base and lay in place upon the marble columns blocks marked, (1) Conversion, (2) Consecration, (3) Communion. Standing to left of block, with right hand upon the same, speak the following:

"There's more to life than merely living, more than good intentions, good principles, and the doing of good, kind, and generous deeds. It is when the soul, looking into the face of its heavenly Father, becomes as a little child, willing to be led and guided and corrected as he sees best, that life—the real life, the higher life—begins.

"And so I place the first element of the grander superstructure, whose name is *Conversion*."

"The joy of living is not a thing of chance. The higher life is what Christ who dwells in us makes it. Starve it and it withers away. But fill it with the best you have, give it of your time, and your thought, and your treasure; make it the highest end of your ambition, the first object of your daily plans, and life will grow brighter, and fuller, and grander throughout the years.

"I therefore place here as the second vital element of the higher life—*Consecration*."

"But the best and most satisfying part of a Christian life is not conversion (when the soul accepts Christ as its Saviour), nor consecration (when it lays everything at the Master's feet, for his use). But it is what comes after these,— when the soul, day by day, hour by hour, walks and talks with its heavenly Friend, brings its joys and its sorrows, its trials and its rewards, and shares them all with him.

"And so I place here the third great word in the higher life—*Communion*."

Each senior reaches the platform as the preceding one leaves it.

MASTER BUILDER: "And then—and then—what then? When a life based upon such a foundation, and filled with the desire to do all it can to help the world, turns to Jesus as its one guide and helper, and consecrates all it is, and all it has, its time and its effort and its very heart, for its Saviour's use, and learns to walk and talk and live with him, then the aim of our soul has been realized; then one is the child of a King, and there comes into life something we can't describe—something the Bible says passes all our understanding."

The oldest member of the adult department comes to the platform, with the help of the master builder places a block marked "Peace," and standing at the left, repeats,

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

As this member leaves the platform a soloist begins to sing "Building for Eternity," the school joining in the chorus. — *Adapted from the Sunday School Times.*

What I Would Do

FIRST GIRL:

If I were a buttercup,
Bright as yellow gold,
In my hands such store of wealth,
More than I could hold,
Of my bounty I would give
Unto all who need;
I would satisfy the poor,
The hungry I would feed.

SECOND GIRL:

If I were a little brook
In the meadow sweet,
With a murmur of delight
Every one I'd greet;
I would bid the thirsty drink
Water cool and clear,
Till they blest the little brook
For its helpful cheer.

THIRD GIRL:

If I were a tiny bird,
Merry songs I'd sing,
And my joyous melodies
On the air would ring;
For the lonely, sad, and poor
I would sing all day;
I would cheer and comfort them
With my sweetest lay.

ALL IN CONCERT:

We are only little folks,
Much we cannot do,
Still we can obey the Lord,
Love and serve him, too.
Unto others we can show
Kindness every day;
We can brighten many lives
All along the way.

— *Ada Blenkhorn.*

My Three Little Texts

I AM very young and little —
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn big chapters,
As my elder sisters do.
But I know three little verses
That my mother taught to me,
And I say them every morning,
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me;"
Is it not a pretty text?
And "Suffer the little children
To come unto me" is the next.

But the last one is the shortest;
It is only, "God is love."
How kind he is in sending
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
So I think he sent these three
Short, easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

— *Selected.*

My Gifts for God's Service

[Recitation for one child or several in concert.]

THESE two little ¹ hands God gave me
To work for him with all my might,
Whene'er he bids me, strong and willing,
From life's glad morning till the night.
These little ² eyes to keep their vigils,
Lest sinful deeds my hands may do,
To watch and keep the right path ever,
That I to him may e'er be true.

These little ³ ears he gave that daily
 I his counsels wise might hear,
 These little ⁴ feet that on his errands
 I might run afar and near.
 My ⁵ heart he gave that I might love him,
 My ⁶ voice that I his praise may sing;
 And I pray that I may ever
 Serve with all my gifts my King.

— Ida L. Reed.

1. Hold up hands. 2. Lay finger tips on eyes. 3. Touch ears.
 4. Point to feet. 5. Lay hand to heart. 6. Touch lips lightly.

The Bible "Remembers"

FIRST CHILD:

Among the things your mother's told you,
 You have often heard her say,
 "Just remember, dear, remember
 What I said to you one day."
 Did you know our heavenly Father
 Says to us the same thing, too?
 He knows we forget so often,
 Just as mother knows we do.

SECOND CHILD:

He has bid us to remember
 God himself while we are small;
 God who made each one, and watches
 In his loving care o'er all.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

THIRD CHILD:

He has said we should remember
 His commandments, every one,
 And remembering means obeying,
 Just as mother's words have done.

"Remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."

FOURTH CHILD:

He has bidden us remember
 That in every week one day
 Is his day, to learn his bidding,
 All our own work put away.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days
 shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is
 the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

FIFTH CHILD:

All our world is filled with beauty,
 Wondrous things both great and small;
 He has asked that we remember
 That his hand has made them all.

"He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered."

SIXTH CHILD:

Then again God says, "Remember
 Those who have the rule o'er you."
 That means fathers, mothers, teachers,
 And it means obeying, too.

"Remember them which have the rule over you."

SEVENTH CHILD:

Through St. Paul he says, "Remember
 What the dear Lord Jesus said,
 There's more blessedness in giving
 Than receiving gifts instead."

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is
 more blessed to give than to receive."

EIGHTH CHILD:

But the best of all "Remembers"
 That the Bible has to say
 Is this one,—that he remembers
 Every child of his each day.

"Therefore will I remember thee." "They may forget, yet
 will I not forget thee."

NINTH CHILD:

There are many great "Remembers"
 Spoken in God's holy word,
 And we truly would remember
 Every one that we have heard;
 But, in spite of all our trying,
 We shall still forget each day,
 Unless we ask God to help us
 Every morning when we pray.

— M. B. S., Philadelphia.

A Gift for Jesus

[Tune, "Christ in Song," p. 251.]

We've each brought a gift for needy missions,
 Thus to express our faith and love.
 Over each gift so gladly given,
 Angels rejoice in courts above.

CHORUS:

Lord, we bring, Lord, we bring
 Precious gifts to thee this morning.
 Lord, we bring, Lord, we bring,
 Bring our gifts to thee.

Dear Lord, we've received glad invitations
 For thy great supper soon to be.
 Now we will pass them on to others,
 That they may also sup with thee.

O, soon we shall see thee in thy glory
 With all the saved! O, will it pay
 There to rejoice and sing glad praises
 For the results of this glad day?

[The children should extend the hand, holding their gift when the first line of this song and the chorus are sung. For second and third stanzas let them assume the attitude of prayer.]

— Mrs. Letta Lewis.

Pictures of Praise

[Each of the girls carries a triangular pennant about two feet long, extended from a short staff. The pennants have on them respectively the words Hope, Faith, Love, Truth, Rest, Union, Joy, Peace, Worship. On the reverse side is a red cross inverted. As the girls enter, they hold the staff in the right hand, and the end of the pennant in the left. They stand in a straight line, holding the pennant extended its full length, a little above the forehead.]

ALL [heads slightly raised]:

To thee, O God, our Lord and King,
 Our thankful praise this day we bring.

[As each girl recites, she steps in front of the class, and lowers her pennant across waist.]

HOPE:

When life's bright sun seems dim and gray,
 Hope is the star that lights the way;
 And when life's day is nearly done,
 Hope points to heaven's eternal sun.
 In hope's bright star the brightest ray
 Is He whose life we sing today.

FAITH:

On this weary road below,
 Let us tender, as we go,
 A hand to help our brother;
 Our faith in God will stronger grow
 As grows our faith in one another.

LOVE:

The golden link that binds the world
 To that bright land above,
 Is not the bond that Newton found,
 But God's eternal love.
 This is the cord, the heavenly tie,
 That draws us to our home on high.

TRUTH:

The roadway to a happy life
 Begins, 'tis said, in early youth;
 It is the road of manly strife —
 The way of honesty and truth.
 The Guide along this pilgrim way
 Is he whose life we sing today.

REST:

The longest life is short at best,
 But yet is full of toil and care;
 And every one is seeking rest,
 Seeking here and seeking there.
 How forgetful! 'Tis so near,
 Yet we are seeking everywhere;
 "Come unto me, thou weary one,"
 Is Jesus' kind request;
 "Come unto me, thou weary one,
 And I will give you rest."

UNION:

Would we make our skies the brighter,
 And bring again the sunny weather;
 Would we make our work the lighter,
 We must stand and pull together;
 For sure success our motto stands:
 "United hearts, united hands."

[Together sing one stanza, "Blest Be the Tie."]

JOY:

Who tries to walk in wisdom's way;
Who labors in the bonds of love;
Who stands upon the rock of faith,
And trusts the guiding hand above,
Such man or woman, girl or boy,
Has found the key to earthly joy.

PEACE:

At eventide when labors cease,
We seek not only rest, but peace.
But, oh, no downy couch can bring
Peace to the troubled soul within;
'Tis only He who calmed the sea
Can bring such peace to you and me;
"My peace I give to you," said he;
And, oh, he gives it full and free.

[Extend the staff, pennant hanging: left hand on the heart, head slightly raised. Hold position for a second or two. Then return pennant to first position.]

WORSHIP:

Since joy, and rest, and peace, and love
Come only from the throne above,
To him, the blessed Lord and King, we now
Our hearts in reverent worship bow.

[Heads raised slightly while the class sings first stanza of "Rock of Ages." While the class passes from the platform, the audience sings the second stanza of "Rock of Ages."]

— S. C. Kirk.

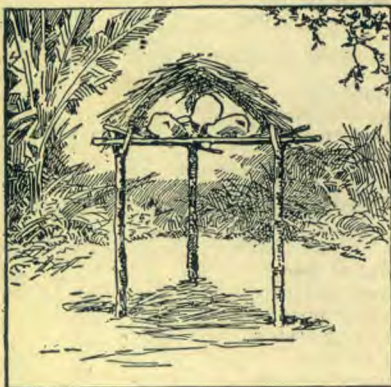
Africa's Needs

BLACKBOARD TALK BY FIRST JUNIOR:

"This map from *World Outlook* shows that Africa is so big that we could put into it Ireland, Scotland, Wales, all the rest of Europe, all India, China, and the United States. Africa contains nearly one quarter of all the earth's land surface. If you travel around the coast of Africa you cover a distance about as great as the distance around the world. Africa also has an immense population. Every eighth person in the world is a native of Africa. It is a country that calls for big efforts, big missions, great sacrifice, and heroism."

TALK BY SECOND JUNIOR:

"This is an African idol or fetish — just a few ugly stones that Africans worship and pray to. When a member of a family is sick or in need, the family offers food to this idol, which is then supposed to give aid. The idol has a keeper, too, for of course it cannot take care of itself, much less of others. On the other hand, our missionary soldiers have a God who is life and love, all-powerful and kind. He takes care of them, not they of him. Their work is to destroy — not by force



but by love — the power of superstition in dark minds."

RECITATION BY THIRD JUNIOR:

"If you could stand in Africa tonight,
And see the moonlight on those green-clad hills;
If you could hear the youth's wild, minor trills,
Dancing their life out, in that calm moonlight;

"If you could know the pity of their plight
Without God, in a world of deadening ills —
Then you would know the deep despair that fills
The heart of sin-sick Africa tonight.

"And God says, 'Go' to all who name the Name,
And out of darkness reach those hands for light.
Upon us be the burden of the shame
That Christ reigns not in Africa tonight."

A Junior Blackboard Talk

THE picture shows a lot of capital I's joined by plus signs, and reaching out in long rows as far as can be seen. This shows how the world is to be won. It will be won when 'I' meet some other person and tell him about Christ, and he in turn tells some one else, and so the good word is carried along. That is just what happened when the first missionary societies were started, and that is the work that missionary societies and all missionaries are doing all over the world."



The Missionary's Dream

HE wandered away to the river;
Its waters were turbid and slow;
He was weary, and sick, and careworn,
Yet where, to find rest, could he go?

There in the land of the Afric,
So dismal, so wretched, so drear;
Where even the desert was guarded
By scorching sand deserts anear.

Heartsick and homesick, he murmured,
"O for a glimpse of the sea,
O for a breath of the pure mountain air
Where the pines tower lordly and free!

"I'm stifling here, with the sunbeams
Aslant on this ocean of sand;
O for a breeze from the prairie wide;
For the clasp of a friendly hand;

"For a breath from the dewy meadows
Where I played in the long ago!
I sigh for the sound of the old church bell,
And the loved I used to know."

Sadly he turned and followed
The zigzag path, which led
To the village rude in the distance,
Where his evening meal was spread.

Not often had he loitered,
Or paused to look at the past;
For heart and hands were busy
In the land where his lot was cast.

But today, in the moral darkness
Which no bright gleam o'ershone,
Where only he knew the Saviour
In all that sun-scorched zone,

Today that missionary,
On the barbarous African shore,
Longed for a view of his dear old home,
Far beyond the ocean's roar.

Not we who sit in comfort
Beside our ancestral fires,
Can say he was weak and selfish,
For often our spirit tires.

And what are we sacrificing
Under our home-roof trees?
What do we know of trials
While worshipping God at our ease?

But the missionary slumbered
In spite of his toil and care;
And ministering angels brought him
A vision of beauty rare.

The dove of peace o'ershadowed
His spirit so faint and sad;
In dreams he beheld the cottage
He had lived in when a lad.

There was the meadow, the upland,
The mountain far in the blue,
The valley close dotted with houses,
And the glorious woodland, too.

The air was full of voices,
Musical, soft — and list —
He kneels beside his mother;
Her lips his cheeks have kissed.

[Softly]

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

And, oh, the scent of the roses,
The breath of the fragrant pine,
The new-mown hay in the winrow,
And the drooping columbine.

'Tis Sabbath; the bell is calling;
He enters the house of prayer;
A reverent throng is gathered;
His dear old parents are there.

Sweet voices join in chorus:

[Sings]

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

The vision lingers, the pastor
Prays, "God bless the brethren afar
Who carry to darkened nations
The light of the gospel star."

And then with loud hosannas
The echoing arches ring;
Though tears accent the music,
Yet hope each note doth bring.

[Sings]

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

The sleeper listened, then he sweetly smiled;
"Ah, yes," he murmured, "but a little while
Till that blest tie of Christian love shall bind
The world in brotherhood; one God, one mind."

"Faint heart, no more grow weary or forlorn;
O'er Afric yet shall break a brighter morn.
'Tis little I alone can do, but see!
The church at home lifts up her voice for me."

"My loved ones are not far away, but near,
And Jesus never seemed one half so dear;
This vision of a loyal, loving church inspires
To nobler courage and renewed desires."

Bright was the day which followed that blest dream;
No more he wandered to the turbid stream,
But tells the gospel story o'er and o'er,
And hopes e'en soon to hear along that barbarous shore
Voices which now in heathen worship blend,
Pour out this strain to God, their Saviour, Friend.

[He leads the school in singing:]

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

— "The World for Christ," David Cook Pub. Co.

The Correct Thing

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

A MONTH of the hot, lazy days of summer has glided by. Has the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society survived the heat? If so, it is probably immune from further attacks of summer ennui. But how is it faring with the Juniors? Does the Senior society dare to harbor the unspoken query, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

School has been out now for several weeks, and if the church has not shouldered the responsibility of appointing a superintendent, the Juniors have done one of two things, either they are visiting your society, making the best of being on the outside of things, or they have dropped their missionary endeavors at the same time they shed their school clothes for the easy lounging ones of summer.

In any case, the Senior society has a responsibility, and a grave one. You are the heroes and heroines of your younger brothers and sisters. They want a meeting like yours; they want to do the things you do.

"That's the way Jack does," came from the lips of a small boy as he opened the gate with dignified courtesy for his mother. And because Jack lifted his hat to a lady acquaintance, Archie did. But because Jack crossed a stream on a log, Archie did too. The younger feet slipped, and a life might have been lost if help hadn't been near.

Whether the Missionary Volunteer wishes to acknowledge it or not, he has the influence that "Jack" had over some young admiring acquaintance.

"What if God should place in your hand a diamond," wrote Payson to a young divinity student, "and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and show there as an index of your thoughts and feelings. What care and caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you human minds on which you . . . inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instruction, by your spirit, and by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

What an opportunity for a Missionary Volunteer! Not only for the individual member alone, but for his society.

If the church has failed to appoint a Junior superintendent, appoint one from the Senior society. Choose a tactful, winsome member; one who loves children and longs to help them. Then submit your plans to the church officers. In all, ask the guidance and advice of the mothers and fathers. After the superintendent has been duly appointed, stand by her with your help, enthusiasm, and prayers.

If a superintendent has already been appointed by the church, help is needed anyway. Much is lost by one's attempting too much. The best results are not attained by leaving the whole group to one superintendent. She may be able to manage the meetings alone, but she cannot touch to best advantage each individual heart.

In the recent war, when thousands of Belgian and French children were without homes, loved ones, or shelter, many generous Americans met the emergency by adopting a little waif, thus giving the necessary

(Concluded on page thirteen)



Just for the Juniors



The Fiftieth Boy

ABOUT one boy in fifty, says *Once a Week*, will remain after the feast and of his own accord offer to help clear the things up or to wash the dishes.

Do you know this Fiftieth Boy?

There are forty-nine boys who are seeking jobs; the job seeks the Fiftieth Boy.

The Fiftieth Boy makes glad the hearts of his parents.

The Fiftieth Boy smoothes the wrinkles out of his teacher's forehead, and takes the worry out of her mind.

All the grouches and sour-faces brighten when they see the Fiftieth Boy coming, for he is brave and cheery.

The forty-nine "didn't think;" the Fiftieth Boy thinks.

The Fiftieth Boy makes a confidante of his mother and a pal of his father.

He does not lie, steal, nor tattle, because he does not like to.

When he sees a banana peel on the sidewalk, where it is liable to cause some one to slip and fall, or a piece of glass in the road, where it may puncture a tire, he

picks it up. The forty-nine think it's none of their business.

The Fiftieth Boy is a good sport. He does not whine when he loses. He does not sulk when another wins the prize. He does not cry when he is hurt.

He is respectful to all women and girls.

He is not afraid to do right nor ashamed to be decent.

He looks you straight in the eye.

He tells the truth, whether the consequences to him are unpleasant or not.

He is not a prig nor a sissy, but he stands up straight and is honest.

Forty-seven out of the forty-nine like him.

He is pleasant toward his own sister as toward the sisters of other fellows.

He is not sorry for himself.

He works as hard as he plays.

Everybody is glad to see him.

Do you have that kind of boy at your house?

If not, don't complain, there are not enough of them to go round.—*Dr. Frank Crane, in Physical Culture Magazine, June, 1920.*

Elizabeth's Way

BESS, Hannah has neuralgia again and says she must go home for the day. I suppose I shall have to stay away from the picnic and help in the kitchen, and the grocer is waiting this minute for his order."

Elizabeth's smile brought back the sunshine to the younger sister's face. "Make one of your nice puddings for dinner, dear; wash the dishes, and I can manage the rest of the work easily."

"Sister, won't you catch up the rip in my baseball glove? It won't take a minute. That's the girl."

"Elizabeth," said the minister-father as he opened the parlor door, "the twins seem to be playing a very noisy game indeed beneath my window. Will you please see that they go elsewhere? I must finish my sermon this morning, and their shouting is distracting."

"Miss Lizzie, I do be havin' company, Mary Ellen and the childer home, and niver a bit of your wash eud I do."

"Elizabeth," a neighbor called in passing, "that little Daisy Morrell in your class has broken her arm and has been begging her mother to send for you and the storybook; she said you'd know."

"Bessie," said brother Guy as he clattered up the stairs, "I'd like to ask a few fellows this evening to meet Jack Farley. He will stop all night. Don't you suppose you could have some cakes and cocoa or something? Jack has his violin, and you'll play his accompaniments, won't you?"

"Well, what next?" exclaimed Anice, who was visiting her school friend. "I've been watching you for two days, Beth, and I think you are perfectly wonderful. How you can manage this extremely lively household, make the twins behave, be your father's helper, the boys' comrade, and mother half the neighborhood besides, all in a calm content, I can't understand. If there were half the demands on my time and patience

and tact that there are on yours, I'd fly all to pieces, mentally. You must have a talent for efficient serenity."

"It's not talent, just practice," laughed Elizabeth. "These little flurries happen in all households at times I suppose, where there is a large family."

"The first time mother ever went away on a visit and left me to manage things alone, I thought I'd go wild. The more things went wrong the more I hurried and fussed and scolded. An old sailor uncle was staying with us at the time, and he said it reminded him of a story."

"A sailing vessel, he said, was caught once in a cyclone on the Gulf of Mexico. The ship was twisted about, racked, and whirled till shipwreck seemed inevitable. Then all at once there was a dead calm, and every mast and spar of the vessel was covered with little birds. He explained that at the center of every cyclone there is a calm, and the birds that had been swirled and driven there had rested in the quiet till the ship had appeared."

"Play you're the center of these little domestic whirlwinds, 'Lizabeth,' he beamed in his droll fashion. 'You be the unruffled calm, and you know how, and these youngsters will gather around you and settle down like those birds, and all will be serene.'

"And it works that way, every time," exulted Elizabeth.—*The Young Pilgrim.*

An Eventful Half Hour

SPASH! Splash! Splash!

"Come on in, fellows, it's nice and warm." Happy cries came floating upward from the river to the camp of the Milton School Auxiliary, which had been pitched on the bluff that morning by a group of

Red Cross Juniors who had tramped to the woods for a few days of fun. Their teacher, Mr. Belden, had piloted them to a splendid camp site, and tents had gone up like magic. There was a hasty lunch, and then Mr. Belden sent the boys scampering through the woods for a game of hare and hounds, his only request being that they keep away from the water.

Suddenly there came echoing up to the camp a wild cry that caused the teacher to drop a half-finished flag pole and make a dash for the spot where he knew a merry crowd of boys had been playing. Halfway down the path he met Ned Porter, white faced and excited. "Come quick," the boy panted; "he's drowning!"

"Who is he," asked Mr. Belden as he continued to run toward the river. "One of our boys?"

"No," puffed Ned, close at the man's heels, "he was with some other boys. I started after you at the first call for help."

By this time Mr. Belden was on the bank of the stream and saw just ahead two of the swimmers drag-



ging a boy out of the water. He sprang forward and, reaching out his strong arms, lifted the unconscious lad out of the grasp of the rescuers.

Mr. Belden placed the unconscious swimmer face downward on the grass, pulled the hands from under the body, and raised the arms to the shoulder level. A hasty examination was made to see if any foreign material had filled the mouth, and then the group of anxious watchers saw him kneel astride the boy, place his hands, palms down, over the boy's floating ribs, and, with his arms stiff, suddenly throw his weight forward for a few seconds and then as suddenly release the pressure, but keeping his hands on the small of the boy's back. After this movement had been repeated in regular cadence a few times, water was running from the lad's mouth. Still the teacher continued to pump in the life-giving air. In another minute the boy began to breathe.

Catching up his coat, which he had tossed aside when he began working over the boy, Mr. Belden wrapped it about the lad and started for the camp. He called to Ned to run ahead and put the teakettle on the fire and arrange a blanket on a cot. When the little procession reached the tents, Ned was ready for them, and the now rapidly reviving boy was wrapped in a blanket and given a hot drink.

"Boys, this has been an eventful half hour," said their camp leader as he sat watching the reclining lad so lately carried out of the swirling river. "What has happened explains just why I asked you to be careful about going into the water before you are strong swimmers, unless accompanied by some one able to rescue you."

"How did you know what to do?" piped up Ned.

"The method I used is called the prone-pressure system and is taught by the Red Cross experts. All boys who belong to the Junior Life-saving Crews know that method," replied Mr. Belden. "It is the simplest and surest form of resuscitation," he continued, "and is used to revive persons overcome by electric shock or smoke as well as water. Persons who have been under water as long as thirty-five minutes have been restored to life by that method after six hours of work. Now see how well you fellows can go through with it."

Immediately a score of demonstrations were being given, the subject lying flat on his stomach and the demonstrator kneeling over him, applying and relaxing the stiff-arm pressure while Mr. Belden sang out in regular rhythm, "Out goes the water; in comes the air."

When the lesson was finished, the rescued boy and his companions poured out their thanks to Mr. Belden and hurried home, leaving the Juniors in their camp, talking over the exciting events of the afternoon. Before they broke camp every one of the boys learned to swim, and they practised water first aid until they were confident they could save a life, should the call for help ever come.

The Fable of the Happy Traveler

A GROUP of boys and girls were journeying along the highway.

"I shall look out for number one. The others may shift for themselves," snarled the Selfish Boy as he strutted on alone.

"Some one must help me to carry my bundle. I want to play, not carry things," grumbled the Lazy Boy.

A third, a Junior Red Cross boy, said nothing. Instead, he looked about. The Little Cripple Girl and the Blind Boy were far in the rear. The journey was proving hard for them.

"I will walk with them," decided the Junior Boy. "Perhaps they will let me share their burdens and guide them over the rough places."

So the Blind Boy, the Little Cripple Girl, and the Junior Boy traveled together. They sang as they went. And the Junior Boy was the happiest one of all. In helping his comrades he had forgotten the weight of his own bundle.

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

(Concluded from page eleven)

comforts and saving many an outcast from death. Who knows but that you of the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society have in your hands the means of saving a younger boy or girl from spiritual death? Why don't you adopt a brother or sister? Include him on your trip to the hospital. Take him with you when you give out papers, and don't forget him when it comes to the good times, either. Perhaps you might teach him how to swim. He may have some lesson or some back work in school you can help him with.

Boys and girls are appreciative. It doesn't take long to win their hearts, even though they may say little. A Junior worker had given much of her time to a group of young boys and girls. She really and truly loved them, and yet she had looked long for signs of returned affection. They were always glad to have her around and showed it in a quiet way, but she longed for a glimpse into their hearts. One day, in a

conversation with the mother of a bright, mischievous boy, one, by the way, who had given her many an anxious thought, his mother said, "I want you to know how much Tom thinks of you. He talks about you all the time. It is 'Miss Gray does it this way' and 'Miss Gray says this.'" One day Miss Gray knew the joy of helping Tom decide for the right. Tom is a young man now, but genuine joy beams through his honest blue eyes every time he meets Miss Gray. Ask her if it pays. She will say she received more pleasure from her association with Tom than she could possibly have had in putting in her time in any other way.

Adopt a brother or sister for the summer, dear Missionary Volunteer, just one, and instead of making the effort to give him a good time, you will find he will give you the best time of your life. Then watch the effect on your society. HARRIET HOLT.

The Unknown Road — No. 2

(Concluded from page three)

seem less hopeful, and your feelings less cheerful, just stop and meditate upon the future and let your mind reflect upon the past. This, I am sure, will reveal to you where you have made your mistake.

The Guide—Jesus—has longed to help you all through the day, but you have spurned his love. The evening hours alone are left to you; such as they are, consecrate them to the Lord. Have a heart-to-heart talk with him; make him your closest friend. Realizing that you have made a great mistake today by not having communion with the Lord, determine now that you will begin every day aright. Begin tomorrow, alone, with prayer, Bible study, and meditation—using the Morning Watch Calendar as a help.

"What Jesus found necessary, can we do without?" Of him it is written, "The early morning often found him in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer. With the voice of singing he welcomed the morning light." "Consecrate yourself to God in the morning; make this your very first work. Let your prayer be, 'Take me, O Lord, as wholly thine. I lay all my plans at thy feet. Use me today in thy service.' . . . This is a daily matter. Each morning consecrate yourself to God for that day. Surrender all your plans to him, to be carried out or given up as his providence shall indicate." If this is your prayer every morning, the dangers of the Unknown Road will for you have disappeared.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for July 24

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: Midyear Rally Day.

The program for today will be suggested by the union and local conference secretaries. The records for the first year are in. What part have you had in them?

When God had completed the work of creation, "he rested, not as one weary, but as well pleased." May not this be the experience of every society today? Every member should be present to enjoy it, for there is real pleasure in the knowledge of a task well begun, and real enthusiasm in definite plans for future endeavor.

Our Counsel Corner

I am a Seventh-day Adventist, and have been a member of the church for five years. I have always been taught that it is wrong for our young people to wear flowers or fruit for hat trimmings. Is it really wrong, and if so, what is wrong about it? I myself like flowers, but have never worn them. When others ask me why I don't, I wish to give a satisfactory answer.

M. J. D.

I am in hearty sympathy with the questioner, for I like flowers too. But man cannot make them. The most skillful hand cannot so much as make the corolla of a pansy or the petal of a rose. The best man can do is to take some bright-colored material and produce a cheap imitation of the real handiwork of God in nature—to make a counterfeit flower.

The foundation for simplicity and modesty in dress is laid in the following words: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array" (1 Tim. 2:9); "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands" (1 Peter 3:3-5).

Much is said in the Testimonies concerning modesty and simplicity in dress. The idea is crystallized into these few words: "Our appearance in every respect should be characterized by neatness, modesty, and purity."—*Volume VI, p. 96.* The whole question would seem to center around Christian ideals of simplicity and modesty as opposed to worldly ideas of fashion and display. The following quotations from *Volume III, pages 376 and 379*, touch the definite points raised in the question:

"Dear youth, a disposition in you to dress according to the fashion, and to wear lace, and gold, and artificials for display, will not recommend to others your religion or the truth that you profess."

"I would remind the youth who ornament their persons, and wear feathers upon their hats, that because of their sins our Saviour's head wore the shameful crown of thorns. When you devote precious time to trimming your apparel, remember that the King of glory wore a plain, seamless coat."

In our efforts to apply these principles, as a church we have drawn the line on all imitations of nature, when used for personal adornment. The fragrant attractiveness of the Christ-life should make the appeal, not attractive personal adornment. In our judgment, it is just as much a violation of the principles of simplicity in dress to make use of quantities of ribbon, chiffon, lace, beads, etc., as would be the wearing of feathers and flowers.

C. A. R.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IV — Education in the Home

(July 24)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1.

Adam's Home School

1. After the Eden school was closed, under what environment was the next school opened? Gen. 3:23. Note 1.
2. What new students were soon added to this home school? What was the character and favorite study of each? Gen. 4:2. Note 2.
3. How did these students pass their first examination test? Gen. 4:3-5. Note 3.
4. What shows that the Lord expected the members of this school to have a personal interest in one another's welfare? Gen. 4:9.

Joseph's Early Training

5. How old was Joseph before he was taken from the home school? Gen. 37:2. Note 4.
6. How was Joseph rewarded for remaining true to his early training? Gen. 39:20-23; 41:37-43.

Moses' Home Education

7. Where did Moses receive his early education? Ex. 2:9, 10. Note 5.
8. What shows that Moses' early home education proved an anchor to him when tempted with worldly honors? Heb. 11:24-26.

Daniel's Home Training

9. What did Daniel's home training do for him? Dan. 1:4. Note 6.
10. As the result of Daniel's home education, how did he stand the test of temptation when placed in the king's school? Dan. 1:8.
11. Because of the loyalty of Daniel and his companions, and because they improved their opportunities, how did God prosper them in their studies? Dan. 1:17.
12. When the time came for their graduation from the royal school, how did they pass the king's examination? Dan. 1:18-20.

13. As a result of Daniel's early training and his integrity of heart, how did God use him to wield a world-wide influence and to be a blessing to the end of time? Dan. 2: 27, 28; 4: 8, 9; 5: 17; 6: 1-3, 10, 22, 23; 7: 1; 8: 1; 10: 10, 11.

Timothy's Home Education

14. To what did Paul attribute Timothy's success as a minister of the gospel? 2 Tim. 3: 14, 15.

15. By whom had Timothy when a child been instructed in the Scriptures? 2 Tim. 1: 5.

A Beautiful Reward for Christian Youth

16. What is it to the advantage of every youth to do? Eccl. 12: 1.

17. What beautiful hope is held out to children who follow the instruction of godly parents? Ps. 144: 12; 128: 3.

Notes

1. "The garden of Eden remained upon the earth long after man had become an outcast from its pleasant paths. The fallen race were long permitted to gaze upon the home of innocence, their entrance barred only by the watching angels. At the cherubim-guarded gate of Paradise the divine glory was revealed. Hither came Adam and his sons to worship God. Here they renewed their vows of obedience to that law the transgression of which had banished them from Eden."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 62.

2. "Cain and Abel . . . differed widely in character. Abel had a spirit of loyalty to God; he saw justice and mercy in the Creator's dealings with the fallen race, and gratefully accepted the hope of redemption. But Cain cherished feelings of rebellion, and murmured against God because of the curse pronounced upon the earth."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 71.

3. "These brothers were tested . . . to prove whether they would believe and obey the word of God. They . . . understood the system of offerings which God had ordained. They knew that in these offerings they were to express faith in the Saviour whom the offerings typified . . . They were to show their faith in the blood of Christ as the promised atonement by offering the firstlings of the flock in sacrifice. Besides this, the first fruits of the earth were to be presented before the Lord as a thank offering."

"So far as birth and religious instruction were concerned, these brothers were equal. . . . Cain had the same opportunity of learning and accepting these truths as had Abel. . . . Abel chose faith and obedience; Cain, unbelief and rebellion."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 71, 72.

4. "In his childhood, Joseph had been taught the love and fear of God. Often in his father's tent, under the Syrian stars, he had been told the story of the night vision at Bethel, of the ladder from heaven to earth, and the descending and ascending angels, and of him who from the throne above revealed himself to Jacob. He had been told the story of the conflict beside the Jabbok, when, renouncing cherished sins, Jacob stood conqueror and received the title of a prince with God."—*"Education,"* p. 52.

"He had learned of the love of God in providing for men a Redeemer. Now [in the crisis of his life, when making that terrible journey from his childhood's home in Canaan to the bondage which awaited him in Egypt] all these precious lessons came vividly before him. Joseph believed that the God of his fathers would be his God. He then and there gave himself fully to the Lord, and he prayed that the Keeper of Israel would be with him in the land of his exile. His soul thrilled with the high resolve to prove himself to God,—under all circumstances to act as became a subject of the king of heaven. He would serve the Lord with undivided heart; he would meet the trials of his lot with fortitude, and perform every duty with fidelity."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 214.

5. The mother of Moses "faithfully improved her opportunity to educate her child for God. She felt confident that he had been preserved for some great work, and she knew that he must soon be given up to his royal mother, to be surrounded with influences that would tend to lead him away from God. All this rendered her more diligent and careful in his instruction than in that of her other children. She endeavored to imbue his mind with the fear of God and the love of truth and justice, and earnestly prayed that he might be preserved from every corrupting influence. She showed him the folly and sin of idolatry, and early taught him to bow down and pray to the living God, who alone could hear him and help him in every emergency."

"She kept the boy as long as she could, but was obliged to give him up when he was about twelve years old. From his humble cabin home he was taken to the royal palace, to the daughter of Pharaoh, 'and he became her son.' Yet even here he did not lose the impressions received in childhood. The lessons learned at his mother's side could not be forgotten. They were a shield from the pride, the infidelity, and the vice that flourished amid the splendor of the court."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 243, 244.

6. "Joseph and Daniel proved themselves true to the principles of their early training. . . . What a life-work was that of these noble Hebrews! As they bade farewell to their childhood's home, how little did they dream of their high destiny!

Faithful and steadfast, they yielded themselves to the divine guiding, so that through them God could fulfil his purpose.

"The same mighty truths that were revealed through these men, God desires to reveal through the youth and the children of today."—*"Education,"* pp. 56, 57.

Intermediate Lesson

IV — Blind Men Healed; Dumb Spirit

Cast Out

(July 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 9: 27-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9: 29.

PLACE: Probably in Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus and the twelve; two blind men; a dumb man; the Pharisees and the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

Blind men and other unfortunates frequented the highways in Palestine, begging of the passer-by. The afflicted men in the lesson were probably of this class. A modern traveler in the Orient says: "At Cairo the blind or the sick or the crippled sat at every street corner, and were laid at every mosque door. . . . Every mud village swarmed with them." Another writer says: "Blindness is common in Palestine to a degree which we in Western lands can scarcely realize." The intense brightness of the sun, the fine dust in the air of those sandy countries, the great changes of temperature at different times of the day and night, are given as reasons for the frequency of eye trouble.

"Have faith in God, what can there be
For him too hard to do for thee?
He gave his Son to set us free;
Have faith, have faith in God."

Questions

1. Who once followed Jesus as he journeyed? What did they cry out? Matt. 9: 27. Note 1.
2. What opportunity to come close to Jesus did the blind men have? What question did he ask them? What was their reply? Verse 28.
3. What did Jesus do? What did he say? Verse 29.
4. What took place? What charge did Jesus give them? Verse 30.
5. How did these men disregard the request? Verse 31. Note 2.
6. Who was brought to Jesus for healing? Verse 32.
7. What enabled the dumb man to speak? What did the multitudes say? Verse 33.
8. What did the Pharisees say? Verse 34. Note 3.
9. What twofold work did Jesus continue to do? Verse 35.
10. What caused Jesus to pity the people? What were they like? Verse 36 (see margin).
11. What did he say to his disciples? Verse 37.
12. For what did he tell them to pray? Verse 38. Note 4.

A Comparison

In what way is a sinner like a blind man?

Name some of the things an unconverted person cannot see. How only may his eyes be opened?

What will he then see that he could not see before?

Notes

1. "The cry of these blind men was a recognition of Christ's dignity as the Messiah; for this name, 'Son of David,' was the popular designation of the Messiah. There was, therefore, upon their part a double confession of faith: First, that he could heal them; and secondly, not merely as a prophet of God, but as the Prophet; as the one who should come according to the words of Isaiah, to give sight to the blind."—*Trench.*

2. "He [Jesus] wished to be saved from all unnecessary publicity, that he might the more effectually prosecute his ministry, and so avoid unnecessarily awakening the opposition of the Jews; but such a light could not be hid."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

3. "Light comes to the soul through God's word, through his servants, or by the direct agency of his Spirit; but when one ray of light is disregarded, there is a partial benumbing of the spiritual perceptions, and the second revealing of light is less clearly discerned. So the darkness increases, until it is night in the soul. Thus it had been with these Jewish leaders. They were convinced that a divine power attended Christ, but in order to resist the truth, they attributed the work of the Holy Spirit to Satan. In doing this they deliberately chose deception; they yielded themselves to Satan, and henceforth they were controlled by his power."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 322.

4. There would seem to have been no time in the history of the world when laborers were fewer in comparison with the greatness of the harvest than is the case today. With a deep sense of its necessity, we can pray the prayer commended by our Lord to his disciples.

Two Profitable Trips

A FEW weeks ago when Mr. Marvin and his wife laid their plans for camp-meeting, they decided to drive through in their automobile. Both are earnest, enthusiastic Missionary Volunteers; so when they were packing to go to the meeting, they put in a supply of soul-winning literature to distribute on their trip.

It was on the way home from the camp-ground that I heard their story, and as I listened, I thought: How the willing spirit always finds a way to serve! While passing through the country, they had distributed almost one thousand pages of literature. Some had been passed out to persons whom they met on the highway, some had been dropped in buggies and automobiles, and some had been placed on mail boxes. Each, I am sure, was sent forth with a prayer for the unknown friend who should take it. And who will venture to guess what the harvest of such wayside sowing will be? Surely the Master who bids us sow beside all waters will bless the efforts of these young people.

It was on a pleasure trip to the mountains that some friends left one of our publications in a mail box near the lonely-looking home of a mountaineer. A year or two later these friends learned that the people living in that quiet retreat in the mountains were Sabbath keepers. Of course they were interested. Had they left their literature in an Adventist mail box? They made investigations.

"No, we have not been Adventists long," the wife explained. "About two years ago we found a paper in our mail box. We liked it so much that we subscribed for it, and we read it only a few months before we decided to become Christians."

What precious fruit those friends gathered from seed sown on their outing to the mountains. It was worth their while. Yes, and it always is worth the Missionary Volunteer's while to make room for the King's business, even on his pleasure trips. A drive across the country holds many opportunities for service. In every outing for recreation one meets persons in whose hearts slumbers the Macedonian call. Perhaps on your last outing the Master brought you in touch with one of these lonely wanderers, that by means of a leaflet, a paper, or a word of your own you

might answer the call and fill a lonely heart with new hope.

In a report on shortage of production, Mr. J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau, speaks of the shortage of laborers. He states that because of this shortage 25,000 farms in New York State are lying untilld this year; and that one million acres of tillable land in Alabama are producing nothing; also that Iowa's splendid army of husky farmers is short 150,000 men. These snapshots of conditions in various places help us to comprehend one of the very perplexing questions awaiting solution. The question is a grave one indeed. Hundreds of thousands of men

and women have been lured to the already-congested cities in search of more pay and less work. Surely such a shortage of workers in agricultural pursuits is bound to result in a shortage of crops. What will the harvest be? and what would it be if the land were yielding as it well might?

But what of the great soul-winning harvest so soon to be gathered? In no other business in life is there such a shortage of faithful laborers as in the soul-winning business of our King. Think of the untilld soil in the hearts of our own countrymen because of somebody's indifference. Is it because of our indifference? Think what the harvest might be if there were no shortage of workers here! Are all the Missionary Volunteers in your society faithfully

sowing the seeds of truth in the hearts of others day by day? Or are a few missing from the field of active service? Bring up your standard until you reach one hundred per cent in your service test. Let the slogan of your society be: "Every member a worker." And as Missionary Volunteers, let your personal slogan be: "Help somebody today." Then the next time you go out on a pleasure trip, pass out a soul-winning tract. Remember always that unless we sow with a liberal hand, we cannot expect a plentiful harvest. But if we do sow as we have opportunity, we may expect results.

"Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be."

M. E. A.

NOTHING arbitrary, nothing artificial, can endure.
—Emerson.

The Law of Team Work¹

The Good American Works in Friendly Co-operation
with His Fellow Workers

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.

In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.

I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste of time and patience.

In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.

When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

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?