

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

July 27, 1920

No. 30

THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND BUSINESS

The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm, is apt to be fired.

Excess is an archenemy of success.

If top-notch effort yields you no happiness, there's something wrong with either you or your efforts. Sit down and do some analyzing.

After all, you've got to give full, fair value, or you won't last.

Carelessness and failure are twins.

The most valuable "system" is a good nervous system.

Saving is having.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with some one who hasn't.

Don't simply see how you can "put in the day;" see how much you can put into the day.

Never contrive to make it easy for your concern to get along without you.

Make sure the prize you chase is worth the price. If you cultivate your talents, you'll always find an opportunity to use them.

When in a fix, sweating will get you farther than swearing. Let mules do the kicking.

Honking your horn doesn't help so much as steering wisely.

Don't expect poor work now to lead to brilliant work hereafter.

You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

It's all right to aspire to control others, but have you begun with number one?

Notice that two thirds of "promotion" consists of "motion."

There is a better market for smiles than frowns.

The highest form of salesmanship is nothing but service.

The only influence worth having is the influence you yourself create.

The wages of idleness is demotion.

There is no higher rank than that of worker.

No title can ever make a loafer a nobleman.

There must be output before there can be income.

Defeat is often a spur to victory.

The best reward is sense of worthy achievement.

Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.—*B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine.*

From Here and There

The United States spends \$1,000,000,000 for candy each year.

The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, so scientists say.

On the body of a single fly as many as 6,600,000 disease germs have been found.

A senior in the University of Kentucky has invented an electrically illuminated walking cane.

Fourteen hundred girls in the University of Vienna are still wearing their 1914 clothing.

There were enough Smiths in the American army during the war to make up fifteen complete regiments.

The largest wireless telegraph station in the world is being erected at Rockypoint, Long Island. It will cost \$10,000,000.

Two hundred forty-four remedies for ivy poisoning have been tabulated by Mr. McAtee of the United States Biological Survey.

A new war has broken out in Asia Minor, despite the peace-preserving hopes of the League of Nations. The British and Greeks are opposing the Turks, who, backed by Bolshevik Russia, have begun what appears to be a religious war, Mohammedanism opposing Christianity.

Our greatest naval station is on League Island, near Philadelphia. Broad Street, the city's main thoroughfare, runs through the center of the navy yard. During the last two or three years, over \$25,000,000 has been spent in enlarging and developing facilities at this yard.

Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, a prominent member of the British nobility, will attempt to swim across the English Channel next August. She is already renowned as a long-distance swimmer, and has many remarkable performances to her credit. Mrs. Hamilton will be the first woman to make the swim across the Channel, if she is successful in the undertaking.

Dr. Charles Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, is said to be the greatest writer of enduring inscriptions in this or any other country. From the bronze tablet that marks the towering Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown, Cape Cod, to Concord Bridge, where was fired the first real shot of the Revolution, are monuments bearing Dr. Eliot's inscriptions. Exposition buildings, libraries, terminal stations, statues, university campuses, all bear inscriptions which are the fruit of this great educator's genius.

Essentials of True Greatness

THE majority of our young people welcome the thought of becoming great; but how few are pursuing a course that leads to the attainment of true greatness!

Exercise Humility and Dependence upon God

The seeker after true greatness must exercise humility and realize his dependence upon God, his Creator, and have an earnest desire to glorify and please him in all things. This is the first and most important duty of life.

Cultivate Right Principles

The candidate for true greatness must cultivate a love for right principles, and determine ever to be actuated by right in all he says and does, whatever may be the circumstances and environment of his life.

One who would be truly great must exercise perfect self-control. The individual who does not exercise self-control is a weakling, and is like a reed shaken by a mighty wind, as contrasted with the sturdiness and resistance of the giant oak.

Possess a Teachable Spirit

Every person who aspires to true greatness must at all times manifest a teachable spirit, must realize his need of knowledge and wisdom, and be willing to learn. And having come into possession of knowledge and truth, he must pass it on to others for their personal good. No selfish person can reasonably lay claim to true greatness.

Money or fame of themselves are absolutely foreign to true greatness. It is the mind and character which constitute the individual's real standing. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he," is the statement of God's word. Abraham Lincoln was great because he adhered to the things that make for true greatness.

G. W. LOWE.

Hands and Hands!

TYPEWRITING," said Sue, "is very difficult, and, besides, I never was at all clever with my hands. I think Mr. Porter is awfully fussy to scold the way he does over a few mistakes. Everybody makes them."

"I read the other day of a man who took a two-and-a-quarter-hours' test and made only two mistakes."

"That was pretty good," said Sue condescendingly, "but probably he was one of those very clever people or had awfully quick hands. Now I —"

"He had a pair of aluminium hands," said Aunt Madge. "And in 1916 he was in the British army —"

"Aluminium hands! And only two mistakes! Tell me about it. There must be some catch. Had he been a stenographer in the War Department?"

"No. He was a bombing instructor. In September, 1916, he lost both hands and his eyes when a defective bomb exploded."

"You don't mean that he's blind, too?"

"Oh, yes; he's blind. But at the school of St. Dunstan's they built a special machine for him and had the aluminium hands made, and then they trained him till he passed the test I spoke of."

"Only two mistakes in over two hours!" groaned Sue. "It isn't the hands that count so much, I guess, as the pluck and determination back of them." — *Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor

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"Father, Forgive Them"

LYNN I. MORTON

O DARK was the hour and fearful the day
When thunder and lightning and demons held sway
O'er the cross where Christ Jesus my Saviour was hung,
Toward whom the vile tauntings of sinners were flung.

There, nailed to the tree on the mountain's dark side,
As slowly from Jesus ebbed life's flowing tide,
He spoke those few words with a wonderful love
That none could have felt save the Christ from above.

"O Father, forgive them." What love! 'Tis so sweet
That angels of glory cast low at his feet
Their crowns, as a song of glad praises they pour,
And cry, "Holy! Holy! thou Lord evermore."

"O Father, forgive them"—for years it has rung
From dear lips that once on dark Calvary hung,
And suffered, to save us from sin's woe and strife,
That sinners like us might have eternal life.

The Nobler Choice

MRS. MARION E. CADY

SOME of the young people who open their papers and see this article will read with more or less interest until they come to the paragraph beginning, "There are many striking illustrations in the word of God showing"—then they will suddenly lose interest and feel a restless impulse to turn the pages for fresh items that catch and hold their attention for the moment. But if they continue to read until they come to these words, "and disqualifies it for any spiritual exercise," they will learn why there is the restless impulse.

And if they continue to read thoughtfully until they finish the paragraph beginning, "Which shall it be?" they will not only learn the reason for the lack of interest, but also the sure remedy.

Some, impelled somewhat by curiosity, will hurriedly skim over the paragraphs, finishing with confused and superficial ideas, while a few will carefully and thoughtfully read the whole article through. All who do this will, we trust, finish with a clearer view of the right course of action for these momentous days and with a stronger desire to stand nobly the tests that come to them, thus assuredly being fitted for the work and place planned for them in this final age of glorious opportunities for our young people.

But let us not lose sight of the fact that these last days, so full of almost unheard-of and unparalleled opportunities for the young are also times of unusual tests to prove whether or not they can be intrusted with these great tasks.

It is said that during the late war, when one who had been in an enemy country desired to gain entrance and work in another country, before being admitted he was examined and searched, and finally, for fear that he bore on his body invisible messages which would aid and succor the enemy, he was given the "acid test;" that is, his body was bathed with an acid which would bring out any unseen writing.

To the young man or woman who has left the enemy country, and is presenting himself for work in the Lord's vineyard in the "time of harvest," God gives test—it may be the "acid test"—to see if he bears on his body (or in the members of his body) messages, hidden treasured habits of sin, which unfit him for the Lord's work. Peter, poor, self-satisfied Peter, who passed through such an ignoble experience, wrote, for the comfort and strength of others in similar tests: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try [test] you, as though some

strange thing happened unto you." No, it is not a "strange thing," for all must be tested because all are from the land of the enemy.

There are many striking illustrations in the word of God showing that tests come to all who sincerely purpose to follow the one true Pattern—Christ. Let us look at Moses' life, for in many respects his life resembles that of the young people of today; particularly because he lived in a time of unusual trouble which preceded the exodus of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt to Jerusalem. But if it was a time of unusual trouble and hardship, it was also a time of unusual opportunity for the youth of that day. And the age produced its Moses.

The young people of this age live in a time of unusual trouble,—the time just preceding the exodus of the true Israel from spiritual Egypt to the New Jerusalem,—and God tells us that men like Moses, Joseph, and Daniel are needed in the world today. As an incentive and an encouragement to stand nobly and successfully the test and to make the supreme sacrifice when the hour comes, let us consider what Meyer calls the "noble ingredients" in Moses' great resolve.

"1. *It was made in the full maturity of his powers.* . . . It was the deliberate resolve of a man who had seen much of life, who knew all that could be urged from every side, and who was come to years. With nothing to gain and all to lose, after thoughtful examination, he descended from the footsteps of the loftiest throne in the world.

"2. *It was made when the fortunes of the children of Israel were at their lowest ebb.* They were slaves, were suffering affliction, and were reproached. For a palace there would be a hut; for luxury, hard fare and coarse food; for respect and honor, hatred and contempt; for the treasures of Egypt, poverty and want; for the society of the learned and *élite*, association with the ignorant and depraved. But none of these things moved him. He counted them as the small dust of the balance. With deliberate resolution he bowed his head beneath the yoke, albeit it was rough and heavy.

"3. *It was made when the pleasures of sin seemed most fascinating.* There is nothing gained in saying that there are no pleasures in sin. There are. The forbidden fruit is pleasant to the eye and luscious to the taste; the first steps along the broad road are over a carpet of velvet grass, enameled with countless

flowers; there are notes of dulcet sweetness in the siren's song, which ravish the heart. Temptation would have no power at all if it were not so. The keen thrill of pleasure is the bait, beneath which the great enemy of souls hides the inevitable hook. And Moses was not oblivious to all this; yet, in the heyday of his strength, in the prime of his manhood, in a court where continence and purity must have been unknown, he dared to forego it all.

"4. *It was made decisively.* Many would have tried to retain the proud position and to benefit their enslaved brethren at the same time; to temporize between an outward recognition of Osiris, and a heart loyalty to Jehovah; too keep on good terms with court and brickkiln. But there was no trace of this in the great renunciation which cut Moses off from the least association with the fond and fascinating associations of early life."

How fond and fascinating those associations must have been we can easily imagine from this personal description of the young man Moses, given by Mrs. E. G. White: "Of great personal attractions, noble in form and stature, of cultured mind and princely bearing, and renowned as a military leader, he became the nation's pride."

Meyer gives this description of the customs in luxurious Egypt: "If he [Moses] rode forth into the streets, it would be in a princely equipage, amid the cries of 'Bow the knee.' If he floated on the Nile, it would be in a golden barge, amid the strains of voluptuous music. If he wished for aught, the almost illimitable wealth of the treasures of Egypt was within his reach."

The palace of the Pharaohs and the monarch's throne were his, but the "sinful pleasures that make men forget God" were in those lordly courts, and he chose instead the "durable riches and righteousness."

To many young people the life of Moses, and of Christians generally, seems one of renunciation and sacrifice only. As a bright sixteen-year-old girl once said to me, "It just seems as if the Christian life means giving up everything in this world that anybody wants." Is it really so? We think mistakenly if we think Moses simply steeled his heart against the temptation to sip the intoxicating cup of earthly greatness in those lordly courts,—against the luxury and vice that allured in ten thousand forms. Not so. Moses decided as he did, not grudgingly, but intelligently, whole-heartedly, because he *saw* the poison and death in every seeming pleasure and advantage. He *believed* with all his heart that there is a recompense of reward awaiting the true child of God more satisfying by far than the pleasures of sin,—“a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” than the dazzling splendor of Egypt's highest honors.

Moses *chose* “to suffer affliction with the people of God.” He counted “the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.” He counted it so because it was so.

The treasures of Egypt are in the dust. Its greatness and glory have long since passed away. But the work of Moses, who chose to bind up his life with God's purposes, can never perish.

“Instead of giving laws to Egypt, he, by divine direction, enacted laws for the world. He became God's instrument in giving to men those principles . . . that are the corner-stone of the prosperity of nations,—principles recognized today by the world's greatest men as the foundation of all that is best in human governments.”

We, too, like Moses, in the greater exodus movement of our day, may *see* the invisible leadership of God, may *believe* his sure promises, may *choose* to bind up our lives with his purposes, if we will but study the word of God.

But the trouble with many of our young people is that they neglect this book which is the “guide to a higher, holier life.” Consequently “youthful minds fail to reach their noblest development when they neglect the highest source of wisdom,—the word of God. One great reason for this lack of interest in the Bible we find in these words from the spirit of prophecy:

“You are indulging an evil which threatens to destroy your spirituality. It will eclipse all the beauty and interest of the sacred pages. It is love for storybooks, tales, and other reading which does not have an influence for good upon the mind that is, in any way, dedicated to the service of God. It produces a false, unhealthy excitement, fevers the imagination, unfits the mind for usefulness, and disqualifies it for any spiritual exercise.”

We live in a world of terrible realities, but this is only dimly sensed by the reader of fiction. He lives in an unreal world. It is as if Moses had allowed his mind to become bewitched and fascinated with the paralyzing influence of the pagan literature of those days. Who can estimate the awful loss had he, lulled by a false sense of security in his own comfortable position and unable to realize the terrible condition of his brethren, failed to hear, amid the myriad voices, the call of God to his Heaven-appointed task?

But there is a remedy for those who are bound by this habit of sin. A simple plan which all may follow is given by Mrs. E. G. White: “The oftener and more diligently you peruse the Scriptures, the more beautiful will they appear, and the less relish will you have for light reading.” With the mind awakened and the will strengthened by daily contact with the word of God we shall be enabled to make the decisive, clean-cut separation from the world that Moses made, and which the Lord requires of all who would become members of his family, children of the heavenly King.

It is said that “Moses' faith kindled faith in three millions of people.” In these last days when the promise of Christ, “Greater works than these shall he do,” is shortly to be realized, who can estimate the far-reaching influence of a life wholly consecrated to God's will and way?

“There is no other class that can do as much good as young men and young women who are consecrated to God. The youth, if right, could sway a mighty influence. . . . They ought to feel that a responsibility rests upon them to do all they can to save their fellow mortals, even at a sacrifice of their pleasure and natural desires. Time and even means, if required, should be consecrated to God.”

Meyer, commenting on Moses' great decision when the test came to him, says:

“Are there not times in all our lives when a similar step has to be taken by ourselves? We have to die to much that is pleasant and attractive, in order to rise to our true life. Buried, to bear fruit; maimed, to enter life; laying our Isaac on the altar, to become the leader of the faithful; turning aside from the gate of a sunlit garden, to take a darker, stonier path; renouncing what others hold without rebuke, because of some high purpose which has forced its way into

the soul; choosing Gethsemane and Calvary and the grave, in fellowship with the Man of Sorrows; being willing to renounce friends, wealth, reputation, and success, and to be flung like a shipwrecked sailor on some lone shore, because of some vision that beckons us. Those who have done any one of these can understand, as others cannot, the nobility and greatness of Moses' choice."

Which shall it be — Egypt and the pleasures of sin for a season, the fame that endures a few short years, the uncertain riches of this world; or the "durable riches and righteousness," and at last the almost unbelievable honor of being welcomed into the mansions prepared for us by the King of kings in whose presence there is "fulness of joy," at whose right hand there are "pleasures forevermore"?

A Heroine in Everyday Life

IN a little mission school in the mountains of Tennessee a girl sat laboriously spelling out a copy of the *Christian Herald* that had come in a box of papers and books sent to the school. This girl, at the age of ten, had assumed the responsibility of mother to the younger children; she had helped her father and brothers in the field; she had carded, spun, and woven her own linsey clothes, and with ten dollars earned by shearing sheep, she had entered this mission school to "get a little learnin'."

She had had no girlhood such as other girls have. She never saw a doll till she entered the mission school. But her naturally keen mind leaped to take advantage of the opportunities the humble school offered, and she made rapid progress. As she sat spelling out that copy of the *Christian Herald*, her eye was caught by the number in the corner that denoted the circulation of the paper. She understood what it meant. "There must be a lot of smart people in the world," she thought, "if that many can read this paper."

That was the "afternoon of her vision," as she called it afterward. She resolved that she, too, would be "smart." She secured her father's consent, then set out to the town at the foot of the mountain, where she thought she could work for her board while she went to the village school. It was fifty miles of almost impassable road, and she made most of it afoot, part muleback.

She found a place to work for her board, and entered school. When she had learned all that she could learn there, she moved on to the city, and worked her way through high school. Then she entered college on the same terms.

All this time the memory of that little mission school, of that copy of the *Christian Herald*, of her hunger for an education, remained with her. There were other hearts back there as hungry as hers had been.

After her first year in college she felt herself sufficiently qualified to teach, and she devoted her vacation to moonlight schools. Boys and girls, middle-aged men and women, gray-haired men and women, gathered to learn from her. She kept up this summer work till she had finished college, then she went back as a teacher to that school where the vision had come to her. She is an artist at the loom, and she is not only teaching her people to read and write, but how to work with their hands. Trained and cultured, as easy in her manners as one born to the purple, she means to spend her life in that out-of-the-way place,

giving to others the golden opportunities that were denied her.

"I must follow the gleam myself," she says, "and I must show its light to others."—*Selected.*

A Trip in the Beautiful Himalayas

MISSIONARIES in India are accustomed to spend at least one month each year in the mountains to regain strength for the long pull in the heat of India's plains. We in Bengal usually come to Darjeeling, as it is the nearest hill station. From here one may take long out-trips in several directions, and along each of these, at stated intervals, there is a government resthouse, where for a small sum the traveler may secure lodging for the night.

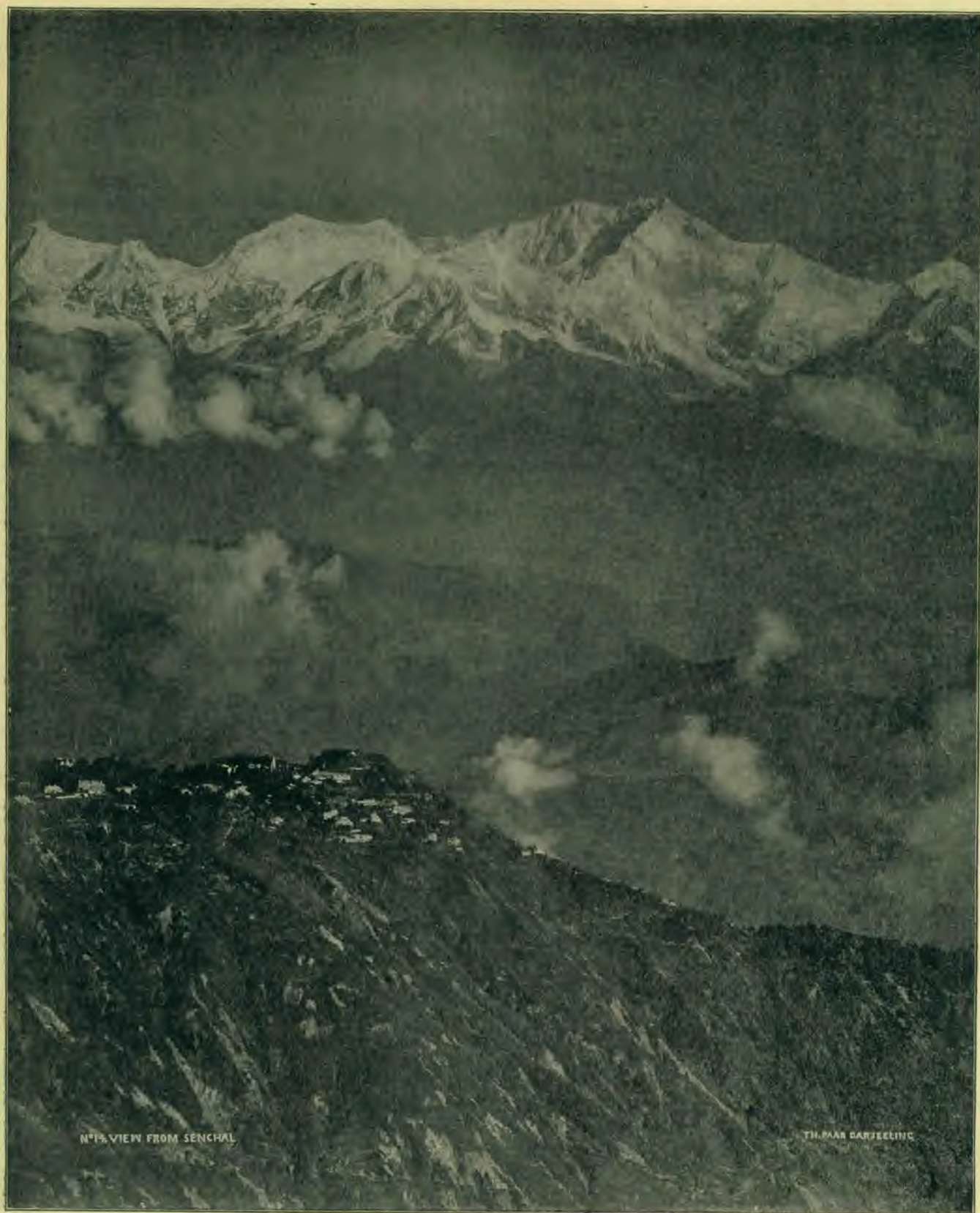
We decided to go out about forty miles, where there is said to be the finest view of the eternal snows of the Himalayas, in nonforbidden territory. Even better views may be had in Tibet, we are told. In this forty-mile limit there are three resthouses, for the ascents and descents allow of only slow progress. Early Monday morning we started out, with three coolies to carry necessary food, clothes, and bedding for the five days. Our path to the first resthouse led through forests whose trees are laden with beautiful orchids. As we viewed these interesting flowers, some within easy reach, it was all we could do to pass them by, but we soon realized that because of the steep ascents and descents we could not be encumbered with so much as a bunch of orchids.

Darjeeling is seven thousand feet above sea level, and is often enveloped in clouds, and we frequently found, as we went higher, that we were in one of these dense clouds.

In good time we reached the resthouse, where over a grate of wood coals we cooked our first meal. It rained almost the entire night, but the next morning the sunshine invited us to an early start for the second resthouse, three thousand feet higher. Were this a steady ascent, it would not seem too great a climb, but we found ourselves going down, down into a deep valley, where we crossed a number of beautiful mountain streams over which stood pretty, rustic bridges built by the government. Then began the climb. We went perhaps a thousand feet higher than we were when we began the descent, when, to our surprise, the path again led us down, even lower it seemed than we went the first time.

We finally reached the second resthouse, tired and hungry. We were now at an altitude of 11,074 feet. Again it rained almost the entire night, but a bright morning greeted us, with only a heavy cloud now and then enveloping us. In order to reach the last resthouse we had to travel over greater heights and lower depths than on the previous day. Our path lay through forests of gorgeous rhododendrons, such masses of red and white blossoms as are rarely seen. As the clouds lifted and we could see these trees in the distance, they appeared much like the large peach and apple orchards in the homeland. The near-by trees, however, revealed the blossoms to be very large, and of a deep red or a pure white. Throughout the day we felt that unless the Lord especially wrought, we would not be able to get a view of the eternal snows when we reached the resthouse; for the shifting clouds never lifted sufficiently for us to see any great distance.

My husband lifted his heart to God continually during the day, asking that from Sandakphu he might give us just a glimpse of this wonderful creation. As we



DARJEELING AND THE HIMALAYAS

neared the resthouse, weary and hungry, rain mingled with sleet began to fall and continued all night, accompanied by heavy wind. In the morning we were completely enveloped in clouds, and I had no faith that we would get a view of the snow-clad peaks, so I urged an early start back for Darjeeling. The natives all said it would be impossible to see the snows that day, so my husband reluctantly prepared for the return journey.

Our coolies picked up the luggage and were starting down the hill, when he asked that we wait just five minutes longer. Scarcely had he spoken, when the

clouds lifted above the entire snow range, and the sight that burst upon our vision can scarcely be described. There was giant Everest, the highest mount in the world, towering 29,002 feet on our left. This was eighty miles from Sandakphu. The accompanying peaks were all of immense height, and from these, leading to the right for many miles were lower snow-covered peaks, submerged in the mammoth Kanchanjanga range.

It was a glorious sight to behold the range only eighteen miles away, as the crow flies, with some of its peaks towering to the height of 28,000 feet.

While we were trying to photograph the different ranges, a Buddhist priest came near and said, "God must have lifted the clouds at this time for you to see the snows; for we have not seen them for days." We told him that we had asked the Creator of the mountains to give us this view and he had answered our prayers. "Yes," said my husband, "I only asked for a glimpse and he has given us far more than we asked." As the clouds again thickened around us, obscuring

our view for the day, we were more firmly convinced that this was a direct answer to prayer.

While wending our way down the mountain, we resolved to ask for greater things in connection with our work in the future; for if our Father, to give his children a few minutes' pleasure, would so wonderfully answer prayer, he surely would do so and more for the advancement of his work in Bengal.

DELLA STEVENS.

Writing for the Secular Press

(Concluded)

How the World Might Be Warned in a Few Days

B. P. FOOTE

THE secular press is the only agency by which we can hope to get the truth for the last days quickly into every home. If we had thousands of experienced newspaper writers scattered over the world, and some great event should suddenly open the way, it would be possible to warn the world in a few days, at most. It took only six minutes for Lord Harcourt, England's colonial secretary, to inform the British Empire that war on Germany had been declared.

The possibilities that lie before us in the matter of writing for the press are absolutely unlimited. Do not wait for something great to happen before you begin writing. One who has "a nose for news" will find many interesting things to write about. Anything unusual is news, and many unusual things are yet to take place, not only in connection with world events, but also in connection with the third angel's message; and we should have a small army of our people ready to make the best possible use of the papers for the advancement of the truth whenever opportunity offers, in this and other countries.

What to Write About

What you are to write about depends upon why you wish to write, what you know, what you are, where you are, and other circumstances and conditions.

If you are connected with an evangelistic company, write about the evangelist, the meetings, and the doctrines he preaches, being careful, of course, to follow his counsel as to what should or should not be published. If you are a local correspondent for a daily or weekly newspaper, be sure to write news such as the editor wants, and in an inoffensive way bring in an occasional item concerning our people, our work, or our doctrines. ⁴

If you do not have the time to write regularly for a paper, be on the watch for special opportunities to write "letters to the editor," for "The People's Column," or whatever it is called in that paper. The occasions for such letters are numerous, such as Sunday-closing campaigns, prohibition campaigns, misrepresentations of our people or our doctrines, cases of religious persecution, agitations in favor of Spiritualism, events directly fulfilling prophecy.

Such letters should be addressed "To the Editor of the [name the paper]." They may be signed either with your own name and address or merely with a *nom de plume*, as "A Reader," "A Bible Student," or some other appropriate one. But if you use a *nom de plume*, you must give the editor your name and address in addition, as evidence of good faith. It could be placed in the upper left-hand corner of the first page.

In rural communities the editors appreciate unusually good household hints from efficient housekeepers, and farming suggestions from the men who have been successful in agricultural work.

Practice and experience are the best teachers. "Learn to do by doing." Begin in a small way to write for the papers, and you will gradually develop into larger work. Writing for publication is really fascinating. It is an excellent way in which to spend spare time. Unless your fire is already full of good "irons," do not be afraid to put in another one. With most young people there is more danger of having too few "irons in the fire" than too many.

How to Write

With some persons the hardest part of writing is getting started; with other writers, as with some preachers, the hardest thing is to find satisfactory "terminal facilities." But if you have a desire to write for the betterment of humanity, and the ability to make a good beginning, then *write*, and *keep on writing*, and improve with each attempt.

Write, rewrite, and re-rewrite, if necessary, until what you have written is the best you know how to make it. Criticize your own work more unmercifully than you expect any one else to criticize it. Keep a copy of at least the first few articles you send in for publication, and when the matter appears, compare it with your copy to see what changes were made, if any, and study out the reason for such changes.

Never Give Up

If you are a beginner, you may be disappointed a time or two; but do not stop. Just say to yourself that if the thing had not been worth doing, you would not have attempted it; and now that you have begun, you will keep at it until you succeed. Even the best writers had to begin the same way. The thought that you may sometime have the privilege of writing something that will "turn many to righteousness" will certainly spur you on to try, and try, and try again, if necessary, until you succeed.

Report Your Success

When you have succeeded in securing the publication of a letter, or article, or news item bearing directly on the message, report it to the Press Bureau, giving the following information: Your name and address, name of paper in which the matter appeared, date published, subject or title, and length in column inches. Your name will then be placed on our list of writers and regular report blanks will be sent to you. You will also receive any suggestions and helps which

the Press Bureau may be sending out from time to time.

Good Prospects

This is a form of missionary work which has far greater possibilities than we have yet developed. Many of our isolated members can profitably engage in it. Some may even develop the ability to write acceptably for the great magazines of the country, and for the Sunday magazine section of the large dailies. It is desired that this work of writing for the secular press may soon develop to the place where every church, church school, academy, sanitarium, college, and publishing house will have its regularly appointed newspaper representative, whose duty it shall be to write up everything for the papers that can and should be published, and to report his work to a regularly appointed local conference publicity secretary, who will report to a union secretary, and he to the General Conference Press Bureau.

The Pacific Union Conference already has a press secretary, to whom those in that territory should write for special help and to whom they should send their reports.

Until other local and union conferences appoint publicity secretaries, reports and requests for help should be sent direct to the Press Bureau, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

How I Became a Foreign Missionary

HAVING been reared in a devout Seventh-day Adventist home, from childhood I had a desire to be a foreign missionary. I thought about it and read missionary books, and as I grew older and my education advanced, I planned for it. As years passed, however, with deeper delving into the mines of knowledge, my mind became more and more absorbed in present duties and future possibilities, and the vision of the needy fields beyond became dimmer and at last vanished quite away, with only an occasional passing thought.

From school I entered training as a nurse, and then settled down to life's duties and pleasures. I still desired to do what was right, but had no particular thought for the welfare of any beyond my immediate circle of acquaintances.

One summer one of my former classmates from the sanitarium, who had recently returned from the mission field, came for a visit. I was glad to see her, but had no particular desire to follow in her footsteps. However, as we conversed on her experiences and she told of the great need in the fields and the few to help, the old desires began to stir once more within me, but I stifled them with the thought that I was too busy now and there really was no chance for me to go. Some one *else* would.

One day, while about my work, it seemed almost as if a voice spoke to me audibly, saying, "Take the medical course and prepare for the mission field." "But," I said, "where shall I get such a course, and how? I do not want to go to an *outside* medical school, and there is none among our own people. Besides, how *can* I?" The more I tried to cast the thought aside, the more deeply it seemed to impress itself upon my mind that this was the thing I should do.

Shortly after this, word reached me that a good medical school was being opened at Loma Linda. At once the impression came stronger than ever that there was the *first* opening. It was not long before everything had completely changed, and I found my-

self enrolled for the medical course, with the mission field as the goal at the end.

Time passed, and with each passing stage in the course the work grew heavier and my mind became more and more engrossed with its new knowledge and the many uses for it. I became so fascinated with it and the good it could afford to those about me, and there was so much pleasure as well as help from association with the wealthy and educated with whom I came in contact, that I *again* let slip from my mind the goal at the end of my race.

The summer before my graduation was a very busy and also a very happy one. I was in a fair way to become a successful practitioner. Doors were opening before me, situations were bidding for my services when I had finished, and a good income was assured. The Lord had blessed what little effort I had had time to put forth for him, but that had really been very little, for I was too busy with my profession, keeping up with the latest advances and planning to delve deeper, to give much time to the spiritual side. I wanted to be a help in God's vineyard, but really did not have time aside from my medical work.

One day a minister who was an earnest worker for the young people, came to the sanitarium where I was working. I had heard of him often, but had never seen him. During the few days that followed, we met occasionally, but he had no opportunity for ascertaining my aspirations to a successful career.

On Friday evening he spoke very earnestly on the subject of our personal responsibility for others and how we were fulfilling that trust. God gave him that talk directly for me, I feel sure, and it went home to my heart. On the way back to the sanitarium he was feeling very blue and discouraged over his discourse, saying it was the poorest he had given in a long time; that it was an absolute failure. I said to him: "Elder —, please do not speak so. It was the voice of God to me and I want to profit by it, although I do not know just how to do so." At this he took courage and said: "Really, do you want help along this line? I shall be so glad if I can give it in any way, for this is a theme in which I am most deeply interested. I have a little tract that may help you."

An appointment was made for the following afternoon in my office. Together we studied the little tract on "Personal Work." As the requirements for successful soul-winning were unfolded before me, I drew back, saying, "I can never do it. I have so much to do to keep up with my medical work that I really have not the time for all this. I am becoming a successful practitioner and cannot afford to let anything interfere with that." I had entered this calling, it is true, to fit for soul-winning, but now it seemed too much. He pleaded with me to make "first things first," and ended the interview with an earnest prayer that I might be led to weigh rightly the most eminently successful professional career beside the winning of souls for Christ, and that if my place were in a foreign field, I should be made to see it and not refuse the call. He left the tract with me (which is still a source of help in downcast moments) and went his way.

The week following was one of the most miserable I have ever experienced. The Holy Spirit kept striving with me, but I could not bring myself to yield, and even disliked to meet some who were becoming interested in our teachings. At the end of that time, however, the decision was made and peace came, and God used me to the good of several of my patients, not only physically but spiritually, and I was happy.

From that time on, my purpose was fixed. Shortly after my graduation, my appointment to the mission field came, and turning my back on many promising and, to a young physician, most desirable openings, my friends and native land were left behind for a life of toil and disappointment in a dark land.

The worker who was instrumental, through God, in bringing about this change, needless to say, was glad to learn the result of his work, and has stood by most faithfully with prayers and frequent letters of cheer and courage, supplemented from time to time by most helpful booklets as guides in this greatest of all work, and if any sheaves are won for the Master through my work in this distant land, I feel sure a large share will belong to this faithful worker.

In closing, let me beg of you who are still in the homeland not to forget those who have gone from it. If you have been instrumental in getting a worker started to a foreign land, do not think your duty is now accomplished and straightway forget him. Do not leave him to God and oblivion, but pray for and sympathize with him and by frequent bright, cheering letters let him know that you do so. These will encourage him and enhance his value as a worker manyfold, and when the work is finished and all the sheaves gathered home, you and the one you have encouraged will rejoice together over the fruits of your combined labors.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Hookworm Disease

THIS disease is known to affect many persons in the Southern part of the United States, in Porto Rico and others of the West India Islands, and in the countries that border the Caribbean Sea. Physicians have proved it to be the cause of much of the laziness and shiftlessness that prevail in those regions. In Europe the same disease, although caused by a worm of a different species, occurs chiefly among miners and laborers who work in railway tunnels, and has therefore been called miner's disease, tunnel disease, the St. Gothard disease, and other similar names.

The cause of the disease is an intestinal parasite, *Necator americanus* in this country, *Ankylostoma duodenale* in Europe, or collectively the hookworm. The worm fastens itself to the mucous membrane of the intestine, and lives by sucking its victim's blood. The continuous loss of blood, especially when the worms are numerous, causes a condition of anemia and reduces the strength and the vitality of the sufferer, so that he is languid and slow to act, and physically incapable of doing what would be considered a day's work for a healthy man. His condition results not only from the loss of blood but also from a toxic excretion of the worm that the body absorbs.

The worm's eggs, of microscopic size, are passed from the bowels, and the larvæ live in the soil and attach themselves to the feet of the unshod children. These larvæ, also of minute size, bore rapidly through the skin, causing an irritation that goes by the name of ground itch, and are taken into the blood vessels, whence they eventually gain the upper part of the intestine. Here they attach themselves to the mucous membrane as their permanent home and proceed to deplete the host's store of blood. The larvæ may also be taken into the body in water and on salads and uncooked vegetables.

Tonics and good food may help the hookworm patient a little, but they cannot cure him; the only cure is to destroy and expel the worm. That, fortunately,

is a comparatively simple matter, and consists in administering thymol, preceded and followed by a powerful purge.

Another efficacious remedy is chenopodium, or American wormseed. The patient takes suitable doses of the oil two or three times at fifteen-minute intervals, and a short time after the last dose, takes a purgative dose of castor oil.

In a hookworm country children should not go barefoot, salads and raw vegetables should be thoroughly washed, and only boiled water should be used for washing and for drinking purposes.—*Youth's Companion*.

Real Pagans in the State of Minnesota

THE American Indian Y. M. C. A. Bulletin for May, 1920, gives the following:

"We all know that there are pagans in darkest Africa and other far-off lands, but it may be news to



A Navajo Priest-Medicine Man, Who Lives near Lake Grove
Indian Mission

us that there are over a thousand pagan Indians in the civilized State of Minnesota.

"On the Red Lake Reservation there are some 450 of them living, who hold to the religion of their fathers and are more or less under their sway.

"On the Leech Lake Reservation there is Bow String village, with about 200 Indians without any missionary activities whatsoever.

"On the Canadian border, near Basswood Lake, a band of some 50 Indians is roaming, who have neither church nor school, and are living much as did their forefathers about whom we read in the 'Leather Stocking' series. All these Indians belong to the Chippewa tribe."

And the writer could have included in his report many other States in the Union where thousands of native-born aborigines still worship the pagan gods of their forefathers. Dear reader, how many of these are in your State? Perhaps some are living near your home.

ORNO FOLLETT.

Nature and Science

Monkeys and Their Kin

ZOOLOGICALLY all are not monkeys that are popularly called monkeys. There are, according to some authorities, three distinct families, lemurs, monkeys, and apes. The lemurs vary in size from a rat to a large monkey. They are covered with dense hair, the face as well as the rest of the body. They resemble squirrels and bats perhaps more than they do monkeys. They are nocturnal in their habits.

The apes include the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan, and the gibbon. These approach man in structure more nearly than the monkeys proper.

We have the New World and the Old World monkeys. The New World monkeys are most abundant in South America, abounding in the forests of the Amazon and the Orinoco. Only ten species are found north of the Isthmus of Panama, and only the spider monkey extends its range as far north as Mexico. Most species of the monkey make their home in trees, some building for themselves well-constructed nests with side entrances.

Most monkeys and their kin are social in their habits, living in flocks under the leadership of an old male who is often an autocrat of the most tyrannical type.

The humanness of these primates makes them of universal interest. They can be trained to perform feats that are distinctly human. The smallest specimens may be-

come expert ball catchers; or they may be trained to handle the knife, fork, and spoon more deftly than some adult persons, and the chimpanzee possesses the happy ability of crying like a child if denied what he wants.

"The female gorilla has been known to die of grief when her young was taken away; orang-utans have come in a body to beg for the corpse of a dead companion; gibbons, for a wounded comrade. A female gibbon has been observed to wash the face of her young, a Cebus to brush off flies from the face of hers while it was sleeping; and all monkeys assist each other with the utmost zeal in the search for intruders in the hair." They sometimes extend similar service to natives in need.

Monkeys "have been observed feeding each other,

carrying food to sick comrades, and have been known to adopt orphans. More remarkable than all, a monkey has been seen to throw a rope to a comrade that had fallen overboard."

"At the Bronx Zoo in New York City is an orang-utan that is a clown among its kin. It is about the height of an eight-year-old child, and short-necked and stubby-legged like a dwarf. I was standing before its cage," says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, "when the keeper brought it a pan of milk. The orang-utan sat on the floor, grasped the pan, and drank from it as a child would from a bowl. In its eagerness to drain the last drop, it tumbled over backward, which amused the people watching it. The orang-utan sat up and looked at them when they laughed and seemed to ponder a moment; then it grasped the pan and repeated the tumble. After amusing the spectators awhile that way, it happened

on a funnier variation by rising up from its fall with the pan on its head.

"When the spectators had grown tired of this, the orang-utan disgustingly rolled the pan away and looked about for something else to amuse the crowd. From under a pile of straw it produced about six feet of rope. Throwing an end of this over its trapeze so that it dangled high in the air, it jumped for it, missed it, and rolled over backward in the straw. This may have been an accident the first time, but encouraged by the amusement of the growing crowd, it did it over and over with exaggerated clumsiness.

"When this, too, had become stale, the orang-utan climbed to a platform, passed one end



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MEDITATION

of the rope over a pipe that ran above its head, and grasped both ends. Then it walked backward with them as far as it could and swung forward. The rope was too long and the performer got quite a bump; but the children roared with delight, and so at the expense of its anatomy the monkey repeated the accident time after time.

"The last laugh of the afternoon was on the crowd. The orang-utan made numerous unsuccessful attempts to tie one end of the rope to the pipe and to climb into its trapeze while holding the other end, but each time, of course, the fumbled imitation of a knot came undone. This seemed to be a real joke on the monkey, and the crowd was more amused than ever at its seeming distress. At last the comedian, evidently tired of entertaining the public, calmly tied the rope

to the pipe, climbed into the trapeze with the other end in its hand, and, ignoring the spectators, gave itself a good swing."

Baboons are said to make ideal shepherds. "In a case that Mr. W. C. Scully observed, the baboon had charge of several hundred sheep. He became passionately attached to the members of the flock, and remained with them all day long at pasture and brought them back to the corral in the evening. His only fault as shepherd was the outcome of extreme solicitude; if he heard the voices of wild baboons in the distance at any time of day, he would at once collect the sheep, and with every appearance of the liveliest terror, hurry them home."

The baboon is a peculiar species of monkey. It is a ground primate and shows preference for rocky country, as it finds the insects and grubs under the stones acceptable delicacies. The generic name of the baboon, signifying dog-headed, was given it because of its resemblance to a dog. Unlike the gorilla and chimpanzee, it walks on all fours. The baboon is possessed of unusual vitality and strength for a member of the monkey tribe. Under favorable conditions it lives for many years in captivity. The gorilla is said to endure confinement but a short time. However, since no adult male or female gorilla has ever been captured alive, one can hardly pronounce upon the adult gorilla's endurance under changed conditions. We do know that captured young are short lived when transferred to other lands and held in captivity.

Although monkeys are so like man in physical structure, they do not approach him in mental capacity. However, they are his rivals as crowd gath-

erers and money collectors. A group will soon gather on a street corner if a monkey takes its stand there; and the pennies, nickels, and dimes are quickly handed over to the little creature, who chivalrously doffs his red cap in recognition of the gifts.

A young electrician in Oklahoma a few years ago was served even more handsomely by his pet monkey than are the organ grinders by theirs. He gave up his job to look for a better one; but in the meantime dire necessity suggested the sacrifice of his pet for the paltry dollars he would bring. With this idea in mind, he called upon a friend who owned a bicycle repair shop. While waiting for his friend to finish the tire he was mending, the monkey was allowed the freedom of the shop. Mr. Moss, the owner of the monkey, tells the story of what followed:

"Doc, monkey-like, fell to examining the contents of a table, and tipped over a can of rubber cement, getting his paws filled with the mixture. I rescued the monkey, cleaned the rubber from his paws, and absent-mindedly started rolling a little ball of the stuff between my thumb and finger. It gradually became stiffer. My friend was having trouble with his puncture, and I suggested plugging the hole with this ball of soft rubber. He laughed at the idea, but finally tried it. It worked!

"That was the beginning of my success. It gave me my idea for a self-vulcanizing tire patch, and I snatched up my monkey and the can of rubber cement and hurried back home to begin my experiments. I had plenty of enthusiasm, but no capital.

"Today my company owns two large factories, one in Oklahoma City, the other in Mount Vernon, Illinois."

F. D. C.

Little Rob's Bundle

HARRIET HOLT

ROB, aged seven, had a long, tiresome journey before him each morning. He lived in a big city several miles from the little church school which he attended, and he had to start bright and early on the street car in order to get there before the bell rang.

"But I'll make that ride count for Jesus," he had thought. So each morning besides his books and lunch, a roll of papers was tucked under his arm. If we could have opened that roll, we would have found printed across the top, *Present Truth*.

It was not always easy to get rid of the papers, but Rob tried not to let a day pass without disposing of some. Sometimes he handed one to a passenger, sometimes he left one on the seat. Just how Mr. Honest Heart got one of Rob's papers, we do not know, but we do know that one came into his possession, and we also know that the Spirit of God blessed the reading of that paper. Mr. Honest Heart wished for more, and so he sent to the Review and Herald Publishing Association. He was so anxious to hear all about God's message to the world that he sent money for the back numbers, and then some more for future papers. Rob never met Mr. Honest Heart, but he is happy to know that God used him in showing some one the way. Do you suppose he is sorry that he took time and effort to carry that bundle of *Present Truth*?

"How I wish I'd brought those tracts along!" thought Margaret as she walked by the little checking stand. She had thought of them in the morning when

she was putting up her lunch, but had been too excited about the day's outing at the beach to get them, and she had said to herself, "Surely I won't see any one who needs them out there. And now the sad, drawn face of the woman at the checking stand seemed to haunt her. The day was dull and the patrons few, so the woman sat there all day gazing listlessly at the lazy waves instead of reading that tract Margaret might have brought. Dear little reader, if that woman should be lost because Margaret failed to carry the needed tract, what can she say to Jesus? Margaret did not wish to answer that question, and she did not enjoy her day's outing so much as she had expected.

Summer time is just the chance wide-awake boys and girls have been longing for. Many are going away for a vacation, and others plan to take short trips to the beach or lake. Will not every Junior Missionary Volunteer dedicate a pocket to leaflets? Ask your mother or Sabbath school teacher to help you choose some good soul-winning tracts. Then pass them out to some one on the car or train, or else leave them somewhere where they will be picked up and read. Here is a chance to do something for Jesus while you are having your good times this summer, and it will help to make those good times all the happier. Be prepared. Jesus may want you to save a soul while you are on your pleasure trip.

"QUIT yourselves like men."—*Philistine leader.*

"The Man That Died for Me"

[Reprinted by request]

MANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and finally I went to California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys. I heard of a man just over the hills who was dying of consumption, and my neighbor said, "He is so vile that no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was receiving proper care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me: "Why don't you go yourself? Here is missionary work if you want it."

It was not the kind of work I wanted, but at last one day I went over the hill to the little mud cabin. There was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell on the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I am yours, and —," but the oaths came thickly as he said: "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and never want any."

I reached out at arm's length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender spot in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked if he had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I know it was no use." However, the next day I went back, and went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said, "I'm not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charley noticed it, and said: "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered with a sigh. "Have you given him up, mamma?" "I guess so," I said. "Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up until God does?"

That night I could not sleep. That dying man was on my mind. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I knelt, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a half-hearted sentiment. I had not claimed this man's soul for God. I fell on my face literally, as I cried: "O Christ, give me a glimpse of the worth of a human soul!" Did you, Christian, ever ask that and mean it? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation. I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded; but I learned that night what I had never

known before — what it was to travail for a soul. I saw my Lord as I had never seen him before. I stayed till the answer came. As I went back to my room my husband asked, "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I answered. "How are you going to do it?" "The Lord is going to save him, and I do not know that I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never before learned. On other days I had waited until afternoon, when, my work finished, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillsides. That day, the moment my little boys were off to school, I left my work and, without gloves and shadows, hurried over the hill, not to see that "vile wretch," but to win a soul. I thought the man might die; there was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly. As I passed, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said, "I will go over the hills with you, I guess." I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected. The man greeted me with an awful oath, but it did not hurt me as before, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck him first. While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" asked the man eagerly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me." "Would you mind letting her come in?" he said in a tone different from any I had heard him use before. Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back when she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid." I assured her: "Poor sick man, he can't get up and he wants to see you." She looked like an angel; her bright face, her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hands she carried the flowers she had picked, and bending toward him she said, "I's sorry for 'oo, sick man; will 'oo have a posy?" He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and great tears came as he said, "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once that I had the key to that man's heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer, and I said, "When I spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them; I know now that they were not good women — you could not have cursed a good mother." "Good women!" he exclaimed. "O you don't know nothing 'bout that kind of women! You can't think what kind they were!"

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?" He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, "Oh! God, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died!"

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said: "The dear Lord did not want her to be like them."

He loved her even better than you did: so he took her away. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burned alive a thousand times if I could see my little girl once more, my Mamie."

O friends, you know what a blessed story I had then to tell, I had been so close to Calvary that I could tell it in earnest! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the poor man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as if losing breath. Then clutching me, he said: "What's that, woman, you said the other day about talking to somebody out o' sight?" "It's praying. I tell him what I want," I said. "Pray now! pray quick! tell him I want my little girl again. Tell him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hands of the man and bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. This was the prayer: "Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his little girl and he feels bad about it. I's so sorry for him and he's so sorry too. Won't you help him? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the print of the nails in his hands and the wound in his side. Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying: "Tell him more; tell him everything; but oh! you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession of his life that I could not have borne it but for the One who was close to us that hour. You, Christian worker, know how He reached out after that lost soul. By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from everything to him, the Mighty to save, "the Man that died for me." He lived on for weeks as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him about a meeting, and he said: "I'd like to go to a meeting once; I never went to one of them things." So we planned a meeting, and the men came from the mills and mines and filled the room. Then he said, "Now, boys, get down on your knees while she tells you about that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself telling the simple story of the cross. After a while he said: "O boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry, you couldn't help it! Boys, raise me up; I'd like to tell it once. They raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He used the language he knew:

"Boys, you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything; but it left enough for me to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love him?"

Some days later there came a look into his face that showed that the end was near. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say tonight, Jack?" "Just good night," he said. "What will you say when we meet again?" "I'll say, 'good morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come nearer to the "image of God." "I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me all about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up

'bout midnight, and smilin', said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell her that soon I shall see Mamie. Tell her I shall see "the Man that died for me," and he was gone.'

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "not willing that any should perish."—*Mrs. J. K. Barney.*

Tell God's Blessings

Did the Saviour grant your prayer?
Tell some other friend the story.
Did you find true comfort there?
Tell it forth—give God the glory!

Have you had a kindness shown?
Are you blessed above another?
Spread some happiness around you,
Do the same for some poor brother.

Have you heard a true word spoken—
Did it bless the heart that said it?
It will bear true fruit for Jesus
As with earnestness you spread it.

If our hearts with faith bear witness
To the blessings all surrounding,
We may know that God will make us
Healing fountains, love abounding.

MARY M. ROBBINS.

No Tips for Scouts

EVERY ONE knows of the Boy Scouts, but few are aware that one small boy in a crowded London street inadvertently planted the acorn that has grown into that sturdy oak, the Boy Scouts of America.

Mr. W. D. Boyce, of Chicago, in 1909, on his way to a certain destination in London, lost his way in the devious mazes of that city. Pausing in uncertainty to get his bearings, he was confronted by a small boy who saluted and asked politely if he might be of service. Pleased by the lad's manner and grateful for the timely offer of aid, Mr. Boyce accepted the lad's guidance, and, arrived at the goal, offered him a shilling. To his amazement the boy drew himself up, saluted with dignity, and replied that he was a Boy Scout and a Scout never took tips for small deeds of courtesy. His curiosity piqued by this response, the American asked pertinent questions as to Boy Scouts, of whom he knew nothing at the time. He was promptly conveyed to the British Scout Headquarters and introduced to Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

When Mr. Boyce sailed for home, he brought with him a trunk full of Scout literature and a determination that American boys should have Scouting at once and effectively.

In 1910 the Boy Scouts of America was incorporated in the District of Columbia, and in 1916 they were granted Federal Charter by Act of Congress.—*The Tipping Review.*

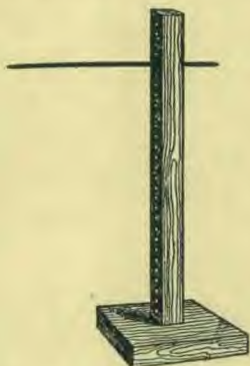
Trampers

A TRAMP party is generally a success. Each person brings his or her own lunch. The company meets at a certain place and tramps to the woods.

For games after supper try some of the old-fashioned variety, such as tag, follow the leader, prisoner's base, quoits, drop the handkerchief, baseball. Then have story-telling around the camp fire before tramping home. Some time should be given at the very end to singing hymns, and to a short devotional service.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A Skirt Gauge

IF you like to work with tools, you will find good fun as well as profit in making skirt gauges out of odds and ends of lumber. You should be able to sell them to many women who do their own dress-making. One boy, who used lumber thrown away by carpenters, sold his gauges for twenty-five cents each. If you use new lumber, and finish your product neatly



with paint, shellac, or varnish, thirty-five or even fifty cents would not be too much to ask.

Select a pine stick 16 inches long and about an inch square and plane it smooth. Every half inch along its length bore a hole with a No. 2 gimlet bit, as shown in the figure. For the base use a block of wood 2 inches thick and about 6 inches square. Mark diagonal

lines from the corners of the block to find the center, then, holding the upright in place on the center of the block, mark the size of its end. Now bore a hole in the square, chisel it out to the proper size, and drive the upright into place. Provide a long knitting needle or piece of stiff wire to insert in the holes. Of course it must fit loosely, so that it can be adjusted to any height desired.

In using the gauge the dressmaker will set it under the skirt and turn the hem over the wire and pin it. She will then move the gauge along and continue to put in pins until she completes the circle.—*Selected.*

Boys

Now, if any one has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask, Who fills the stove?
Where is the girl who could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks
After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds
By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many things,
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
And really deserves a pension.
Friends, just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy-chair
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best, for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise.
He's not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.

—*Selected.*

Thoughts for Today

TODAY holds the keys to the future;
Success, standing close by your side,
A faithful and trusty companion,
Is waiting your footsteps to guide.

Behind you stands grim Disappointment,
And Failure in garments gray;
The past you can never live over,
But before you is breaking the day.

Then pause not to look once behind you,
But up, with new courage of heart,
And beginning the duties before you,
Fail not in fulfilling your part.

IMO ALBEE.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for August 7

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "Prepared or Unprepared."

An important battle was once lost because one man was unprepared to carry a message. He thought he was ready. His horse was fresh and impatient for departure, but the rider, anxious to be in the saddle, had not taken time to fasten a loose nail in his horse's shoe. Because of the loose nail the horse went lame, because of a lame horse the message was not delivered, and because of the undelivered message a battle was lost.

No Missionary Volunteer can afford to take chances in the battle of today. Souls are dependent upon their preparedness. The program of today is devoted to the study of what it means to be prepared. Come and see if you are as well prepared as you should be.

Our Counsel Corner

The church officers have urged me to become leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society, saying they know of no one else who can bear the responsibility of leadership. During the next term of office I shall be finishing a strenuous course of study, and I shall not have the time to succeed in both. Please advise me as to the proper attitude.
J. L. C.

You are right in thinking that time is required for successful leadership, and from the wording of your question, I understand that you have acquainted the church officers with your situation. Very often, as seems to be the case in your society, it is difficult to secure a capable leader. Sometimes it is possible to find an assistant to whom one can turn over most of the actual work. This would not, however, relieve you of the responsibility of planning the work and seeing that your plans are carried out. Some one who has executive ability is really more needed for the success of the Missionary Volunteer Society, than some one who has time to carry out the work and yet has not the capabilities of a leader. If some division of labor and responsibility could be made between you and a younger member, the problem would be solved.

If, however, no such help appears to be available, and the church officers feel that it is a choice between no society and your leadership, do your best. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Much prayer and systematic planning may gain the ends which you hoped to gain with your time. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." It may be his way of developing an able leader to take your place in the future.
H. H.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VI — Results of True Education in Israel

(August 7)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Prov. 3: 13, 16, 17.

Israel Under David

1. What influence did the schools of the prophets have on the prosperity of Israel? Note 1.
2. How was David taught from his youth? Ps. 71: 5, 17.

3. Under what environment did David grow up? 1 Sam. 16: 11. Note 2.

4. What testimony did the Lord bear concerning Samuel? Acts 13: 22. Note 3.

5. During the reign of David as king, how did his kingdom rank among the great nations of the world? 2 Sam. 7: 9.

6. When David desired to build a beautiful temple for the Lord, what did the Lord say he would do for David? 2 Sam. 7: 11, last part; Luke 1: 32, 33. Note 4.

Israel Under Solomon

7. Just before the death of David, what did he tell his son Solomon the secret of prosperity is? 1 Kings 2: 1-3.

8. When a young man, what did Solomon treasure above all else? 1 Kings 3: 5-10.

9. What did God give to Solomon because of his supreme desire to serve him acceptably? Verses 11, 12.

10. What besides wisdom did he give? Verses 13, 14; Prov. 3: 16.

11. What great work for God crowned Solomon's reign? 1 Kings 8: 13, 20.

12. To what fame had the kingdom of David risen in Solomon's reign? 2 Chron. 9: 1, 5-8, 22-24.

13. What does Solomon declare to be the key to wisdom and understanding? Prov. 9: 10.

14. In what way does Solomon declare the young can obtain good understanding in the sight of God and man? Prov. 2: 1-6; 3: 1-4.

15. What is assured to them who strive sincerely after true knowledge? Prov. 2: 10; 3: 5, 6. Note 5.

Notes

1. "These schools proved to be one of the means most effective in promoting that righteousness which 'exalteth a nation.' In no small degree they aided in laying the foundation of that marvelous prosperity which distinguished the reigns of David and Solomon."—*"Education,"* pp. 47, 48.

"With us, as with Israel of old, success in education depends on the fidelity in carrying out the Creator's plan."—*Id.*, p. 50.

2. "As humble and modest as before his anointing, the shepherd boy returned to the hills, and watched and guarded his flocks as tenderly as ever. But with new inspiration he composed his melodies, and played upon his harp. Before him spread a landscape of rich and varied beauty. The vines, with their clustering fruit, brightened in the sunshine. The forest trees, with their green foliage, swayed in the breeze. He beheld the sun flooding the heavens with light, coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. There were the bold summits of the hills reaching toward the sky; in the far-away distance rose the barren cliffs of the mountain wall of Moab; above all spread the tender blue of the overarching heavens. And beyond was God. He could not see him, but his works were full of his praise."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 641.

3. David's magnanimity toward his enemies, as repeatedly shown in his experiences with Saul; his unflinching devotion as a friend, as shown in his association with Jonathan and in his care of the little cripple Mephibosheth for Jonathan's sake; his humility and modesty even after being anointed king, as shown by the fact that he quietly returned to his occupation as a shepherd, "content to await the development of the Lord's plans in his own time and way;" the disposition to take no glory to himself, for he "perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake" (2 Sam. 5: 12); his sympathy toward those who yielded to sin; and above all his humble repentance and hearty confession of sin, and his sweet submission to the chastisement of the Lord, were some of the traits of character that won for him from the all-seeing One that enviable title, "a man after mine own heart."

True Christian education will enable us to develop a character that God can as fully approve. Unless it does become in our lives a living, acting character, it is but the form and not the reality.

4. When God refused David the privilege of building the temple, he gave him instead the greatest honor that any heart could desire or that could ever be conferred upon man, in placing his name upon his own eternal kingdom. The kingdom of David was established forever because David cheerfully submitted to the will of God.

As David learned of God in the simple surroundings of pastoral life in his boyhood, and as he used his wonderful skill in music and poetry to give expression to the melody in his soul as he caught new glimpses of God, so may every youth learn of God, and devote his talent to the honor of God, if he will place himself under environment and instruction of the right kind.

5. As Solomon, by the time he was twenty, had the discernment to choose the understanding heart above all else that wealth, power, and honor offered him, so may our maturing youth, by the time they are twenty, come out of our homes and schools with their choice fixed upon the wisdom and knowledge that Solomon commands, if they cry out and seek after the knowledge that passeth understanding.

Intermediate Lesson

VI — Instruction to the Twelve

(August 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 10: 24 to 11: 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10: 42.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 352-358.

PLACE: Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus and the twelve disciples.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus had called his twelve apostles together and was about to send them out, two and two, through the towns and villages. Before they went, he gave them instruction concerning what they were to say and do. In this lesson the instruction is continued.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."

Questions

1. How is the disciple related to his master? What is it enough for the disciple to be? What had the Jews called Jesus? Matt. 10: 24, 25. Note 1.

2. Why is the gospel worker not to fear? What is said concerning the secret things of life? Verse 26.

3. How openly will the truth Jesus taught his disciples be made known? Verse 27. Note 2.

4. Whom only should we fear? Verse 28.

5. How is the loving care of our heavenly Father illustrated? Verses 29-31. Note 3.

6. What promise is made to those who acknowledge before men that Jesus is their Saviour? What is said of those who deny him? Verses 32, 33.

7. Although Jesus was called the "Prince of Peace" what did he say he had come to do? Verse 34. Note 4.

8. What family differences would arise on his account? Verses 35, 36.

9. Who in a family is not worthy of Jesus? Verse 37.

10. What must the followers of Jesus bear? Verse 38.

11. Who shall lose his life? Who shall find it? Verse 39. Note 5.

12. What did Jesus say of those who receive his messengers? If we receive Jesus, whom else will we receive? Verse 40.

13. What reward is promised to those who receive a prophet with proper respect? What is given to those who receive a righteous man? Verse 41.

14. What assurance is given that the smallest act of kindness is noted in heaven? Verse 42.

Points to Remember

Fear God only.

Trust God fully.

Confess Jesus before others.

Love God supremely.

Work unselfishly for others.

Notes

1. The name "Beelzebub" is derived from a heathen god. The Jews applied it to Satan, and they had said that the miracles that Jesus had done were by the power of Beelzebub. Jesus warns his disciples that they may expect no better treatment from the Jews than he received.

2. What the disciples had learned from Jesus in quiet retreats, in the still hours of the night, they were to teach openly and boldly, keeping back nothing; and this in the face of the hardships they should endure.

3. The farthing here referred to was worth about one-half of a penny.

4. The disciples were expecting Jesus to make himself king of the Jews and give them rest and peace from Roman rule, and from their enemies. This was not the purpose of Jesus. In fact, the message that he was preaching would cause division and strife in homes and among friends.

5. He who clings selfishly to this present life, using it for his own comfort and pleasure, will lose eternal life, with its everlasting pleasures and joys. One who gives up this life to be used for the good of others, as God may direct, will have eternal life.

EVERY morn is a fresh beginning,

Every day is the world made new;

Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful thought for you —

A thought for me and a thought for you.

— Susan Coolidge.

The "Thank You" Club

THE "Thank You" Club requires of its members no fees, no meetings; but it is a worthy club, and does much toward making life enjoyable. A man of some prominence recently related the following incident concerning one of its members:

"I sat in the dining car waiting to be served. Two gentlemen across the aisle had paid their checks, and were leaving the table. One faced straight ahead, dark visioned, unemotional, stern. The other turned with a smile, and said to the steward, 'The dinner was highly enjoyable.' The official bowed, graciously said, 'Thank you,' and went about his task with a noticeably lighter heart and a more buoyant step. The man with the happy face and the bubbling heart had added materially to the sum total of efficiency on that dining car. It is ever thus in life; but we are not yet all mortals of appreciation, though the number of appreciative persons in business walks is having a large and happy increase."

The "Thank You" Club is always open to new members. If you are not already "in good and regular standing," why not join at once?

Help the Farmer

FARM-LABOR shortage has reached such a stage that thinking men of the country are becoming deeply concerned over the future. Unless conditions change, and that right speedily, the command of the apostle that "if any would not work, neither should he eat,"

bids fair of fulfillment. Only seventy-two per cent of the normal supply of farm help is available, and statistics show that in the State of Pennsylvania alone the farmers lack 81,000 of the "hands" needed to produce their usual crops.

The majority of farmers' sons who went to war have not returned, preferring to find employment in industrial centers, where they can obtain higher wages and enjoy the attractions of city life. Now the situation has become so critical that officials of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have asked the Council of National Defense to consider the advisability of curtailing some nonessential industries in order to divert labor to farm work.

This question of "hired help" shortage has been under discussion in the agricultural press for some time, and employers and employees have frankly expressed their views. Applicants for work demand more pay, shorter working hours, sanitary and comfortable living quarters, and increased opportunities for relieving the general monotony of farm life. Farmers are dismayed at the prospect of paying their

"help" every two weeks, granting an eight-hour day, and the privilege of keeping an automobile.

While of course no set of rules can be applicable to everybody, a writer in the *Wisconsin Agriculturist* submits the following plan for handling "hired men," which he has himself followed with satisfactory results:

"1. I make the rest hours of my hired help comfortable ones by good sleeping quarters and a comfortable sitting-room of his own.

"2. I furnish him with a reading table with plenty of good books, newspapers, farm papers, and magazines, which he greatly enjoys.

"3. When a friend calls on our hired man, the man knows he is welcome to take his friend to his room.

"4. Our hired man greatly enjoys music, so our phonograph is at his command at any time.

"5. We furnish him regularly with good, nourishing food.

"6. When we go to church or visiting, we always ask our hired man to go along with us, and seldom does he refuse.

"7. If he makes a mistake, I do not get angry with him. I merely tell him of it in a kind way, and the same mistake never happens the second time.

"8. When work is not pushing I let him have a day off once in a while, and in the hot summer days I let him go to the shade for a few minutes each day.

"9. If my hired man leaves his work for a few minutes without my permission, I do not quarrel with him as many bosses do, and I believe I get as much out of my hired man as any one does.

"10. Last, but not least important, I pay a fair wage the last day of each month, even if I have to borrow money to do it. Kindness and right treatment win out every time."

L. E. C.

The Law of Kindness¹

The Good American Is Kind

IN America those who are of different races, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life. Therefore:

I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spite nor grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.

I will be kind in all my *speech*. I will not gossip, nor will I speak unkindly of any one. Words may wound or heal.

I will be kind in all my *acts*. I will not selfishly insist on having my own way. I will always be polite. Rude people are not good Americans.

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?

Learning to Listen

THE good listener is a welcome participant in any conversation, an acceptable unit in any assembly. He is in

universal favor, and is ever learning. It would seem that heaven itself accords such a one special blessing and honor. Dr. A. J. Clark, of Leicester, England, says in this connection:

"I once heard Dr. Pierson say that he called upon a clergyman who was laid upon his back for six months. The doctor said to his friend: 'You are a very busy man. It may be that God had something to say to you, but you were too busy to listen, so God had to lay you on your back that you might hear his voice and receive his message.' As he was leaving the house, it struck Dr. Pierson that he himself was a very busy man, and did not give much time to listening for the voice of God. So he determined to practise what he had preached. 'And from that time,' said the doctor, 'I have sat at the close of each day for an hour in the quiet of my study, not to speak to God, but to listen to what God has to say to me, and to lay the day's life and work open to him.'"

Would it not be wise to devote a part of the Morning Watch to a listening period? Experience will be the best answer to this interrogation.

F. D. C.