

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Photo from Wide World Photos

Sundar Singh, Christian Indian missionary from the Punjab District of Northern India, arrived in this country recently. He is only thirty years of age, but has been preaching for fourteen years. For the last ten years he has been making annual trips to Tibet, making an effort to teach Christianity. For this he has been imprisoned on three different occasions by the authorities, while trying to reach the Forbidden City of Lhasa.

From Here and There

A new lead mine recently discovered at Tar River, Oklahoma, is thought to contain nearly one hundred thousand tons of ore.

Somebody is studying, else the Fireside Correspondence School would not have had 35,178 lessons to correct during the past year.

Kingston, Jamaica, has been proposed as the site of an immense dry dock which is to be built to care for increased shipping by the Panama Canal.

The eightieth report of the George Muller Orphan Homes is a triumphant record. The total receipts for the last year are larger than ever before. After all needs have been met, a balance of £6,000 remains.

A new kind of cement road is found near St. Augustine, Florida. It has a wide center strip and two narrow strips on the outside to remind a driver who may be inclined to take the whole road that others have as much right there as himself.

In the national capital last year there was one death every five days due to traffic accidents. The number of motor vehicle accidents averaged ten for each day in the year. The fault is laid to reckless driving of motor-propelled vehicles and to carelessness on the part of pedestrians.

Two relief workers in the Ukraine, Dr. Israel Friedlander and Dr. Bernard Cantor, both of New York City, were recently killed by the Bolsheviks. These men had distributed more than 1,000,000 marks in the prosecution of their relief work, and were preparing to return home in the near future, when misfortune overtook them. Both Dr. Friedlander and Dr. Cantor were Americans, and the American legation will make a thorough investigation of the affair.

In 1917, in the romantic and adventurous country of British India, snakes killed 23,918 persons, and wild animals killed 2,176. Of those killed by wild animals 1,009 were the victims of tigers, 339 of leopards, and 280 of wolves and bears. Elephants and hyenas killed 89, and pigs, crocodiles, and alligators a large part of the rest. But the casualties are not one-sided; the government, in return, paid rewards for killing 19,476 wild animals, among which were 1,295 tigers, 6,037 leopards, 2,784 bears, and 2,147 wolves.

In a single year unscientific loading, accidental damage, and the tremendous cost of packing add more than \$700,000,000 to the cost of food, clothing, and other necessities. Unused space in freight cars cost \$209,000,000, and hauling half-empty cars more than 6,000,000,000 miles cost the railways \$157,000,000; damage and theft cost \$100,000,000, and lumber that is wasted after being used once in packing cases cost \$240,000,000. It is estimated that from a tenth to a quarter of the cost of food stuffs goes to pay for crates that are thrown away instead of being used a second time.

Opponents of smallpox vaccination usually fortify their arguments against the practice with cases in which persons said to be vaccinated have died of smallpox in spite of the supposed protection. Undoubtedly such cases do occur. For example, in Gloucester, England, during an epidemic of smallpox a few years ago, one vaccinated child took the disease and died of it; but in the same epidemic two hundred seventy-nine children who had not been vaccinated perished. In a Glasgow hospital where smallpox cases were taken, one of the three hundred sixty-six nurses and servants took the disease and died; of the entire number she was the only one who had not been revaccinated. Even if this maid had been revaccinated, she might have died, for the revaccination might for some reason or other have failed.

When is a teaspoon not a teaspoon? The Department of Agriculture's answer is, "When it is measuring baking powder or other ingredients making up the delicate concoctions of the housewife." To put an end to the discrimination which permits some cooks to get so many more teaspoons of ingredients out of a pound than others, Secretary Meredith recently appealed to the Bureau of Standards for assistance. The bureau, which decrees what shall be the standards of all weights and measures, has fixed five cubic centimeters as the theoretical quantity a teaspoon holds. Under this standard, the spoon should be filled "level" and not "heaping."

Lieut. John H. Wilson, of the Ninety-sixth Aero Squadron, Kelly Field, Texas, leaped with a parachute from a De Havilland B airplane at an altitude of approximately 20,000 feet and made a safe landing in a turnip patch, thus establishing a world record for such a jump, and showing that the contrivance will work in rarefied air. The previous record was a drop of 14,000 feet by a Frenchman. The American record was 8,000 feet. Lieutenant Wilson jumped with two parachutes. His plan was to use the second if the first showed signs of giving out. Three hundred feet from the ground he pulled his second chute to insure an easy landing.

A Spanish physician has found as the result of a year's experience that the combination of aspirin and quinine is undesirable and may be dangerous. According to the *Scientific American's* account of the investigation, the catalytic action of aspirin in the stomach changes the quinine to a poisonous derivative called quino-toxin. The poison is said to cause death, though the Spanish investigator records no fatal cases.

The oldest "devil dog" is Henry J. Wylie, of the Marine Corps. He has served continuously for forty-five years, having administered the oath of office to five succeeding commanders of Uncle Sam's famous sea and land fighters. Mr. Wylie will be retired with a Government pension August 20. He is eighty-two years of age, and has served the Government sixty-five years.

Word has been received from Pitcairn that the boat constructed by the islanders under great difficulties has been battered to pieces in a storm. The twenty-two persons on board at the time of the disaster were saved by a passing ship.

Spokane, Washington, is said to have no slums, and in proportion to its population, has the largest park area of any city in the United States.

Statistics show that during the latter half of 1919 nearly a thousand persons ordered airplanes for personal or business use.

The Youth's Instructor

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If We Should Fail?

BERTHA UNRUH

If we should fail, how could we meet Thine eyes
When thou dost come in all thy glory bright?
If we should fail, what could we say to thee,
What words were ours to utter in thy sight?

If we should fail—fail in *thy* plan for us,
Fail to do well our part, or leave the post
Thou didst assign, and seek for easier paths
Wherein to find the things that pleased *us* most;

If we should fail—fail in the crucial hour
When all thine angels watch with bated breath
To see if we will honor or debase
The name we vowed to love e'en unto death;

If we should fail—ah, no, we *must not* fail!
Thy grief would be too deep, our loss too great.
Help us to be true; give power each day
To overcome the snares our feet await.

United with thy strength we *cannot* fail,
For thou hast conquered and wilt Conqueror be;
Thy mighty arm shall gain the victory,
And we shall win if we but cling to thee.

Inasmuch

C. A. RUSSELL

INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"There are two ways for travelers, only two ways." And there are two destinations. You cannot travel both roads at the same time. There is no middle ground. "He that is not with me is against me." You cannot hold onto God with one hand and onto the world with the other. God will never take back into heaven that which he once cast out—sin. "The wages of sin is death." Satan is a good paymaster. He will pay his wages to the last farthing—death.

What to Do to Be Lost

An evangelist once made use of a card upon one side of which was the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Beneath this question were such texts as: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;" "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" "Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." On the reverse side of the card was the question, "What must I do to be lost?" And the answer was, "Nothing." It was a startling way of stating an absolute truth. All have sinned. "The wages of sin is death." If the pardon purchased for us is not accepted, the death penalty must be meted out. To be lost one needs to do nothing.

Those on his right hand will be called "blessed" because of what they did,—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, ministering to the oppressed, living their Christianity. Those on his left will be cursed, because they did—nothing.

A cry, a bitter cry of woe, is ascending to God from broken hearts everywhere. Who will throw himself into the furrow of the world's need and help? Let us lay aside our profession of religion, and *live* it awhile.

The Most Effective Argument

"Let us remember that a Christlike life is the most powerful argument that can be advanced in favor of Christianity, and that a cheap Christian character works more harm in the world than the character of a worldling. Not all the books written can serve the purpose of a holy life. Men will believe, not what the minister preaches, but what the church lives."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, p. 21.

"The most powerful argument in favor of the gospel, is a loving and lovable Christian." But the lives of professing Christians who do not live the Christ-life are mockery to religion.

Some one has said, "How can I listen to what you say when what you do keeps thundering in my ears?"

"The world is watching Seventh-day Adventists, because it knows something of their profession of faith and of their high standard; and when it sees those who do not live up to their profession, it points at them with scorn."—*Id.*, p. 23.

The bright flowers of hope are made to bloom in the following beautiful passage: "The life that Christ lived in this world, men and women can live, through his power and under his instruction. In their conflict with Satan, they may have all the help that he had. They may be more than conquerors through him who loved them and gave himself for them."—*Id.*, p. 22.

Now, just now, is the time to trim our lamps. Let us be kind. A warm handclasp, a pleasant smile, a cheery "Good morning," do not cost so much, and they do help.

Sympathy Helps

A little girl came running home from school, skipped up the front steps two at a time, burst open the door, and flew into her mother's arms, her face radiant with smiles, as she said: "Oh, mamma, Mary said I helped her so much today in school." Now, Mary had just lost her little brother, and her heart was aching. Mamma, thankful that her little one had been so thoughtful, said: "Dearie, what did you say to Mary that helped her so much?" "Why, mamma, I didn't say anything to Mary, 'cause I couldn't think of anything to say; but when Mary laid her head down on the desk and cried, I just snuggled up close to her and laid my head down on the desk beside

Mary's, and I cried, too. And Mary said it helped her so much."

Do you not suppose it did? Were you ever walking through the valley? Did some friend—not a mere acquaintance, but a friend—help you to carry your load? Did some one who knew, who loved, who cared, say just the right word at the right time? And it did help, did it not? "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Knowing what we know, believing what we believe, professing what we profess, how can we be content to keep silent when souls, like a mighty Niagara, are going down to perdition?

The Fireman with a Heart

In a fire in one of Chicago's great tenement houses, men and women and little children were in danger of being burned alive. The firemen were doing all they could to rescue the victims. One fireman was especially conspicuous by his undaunted bravery. Again and again he came to the walk, bearing a fire victim in his arms. At last he fell, overcome with the heat, the smoke, and exhaustion. In a moment, struggling to his feet again, he cried, "They are burning in there. I must save another soul." And again he dashed into the burning building, coming forth a few minutes later with another fire victim. This time he fell unconscious, but the fresh air soon revived him, and once more he staggered to his feet. "I must save another," he shouted, as he started back into the burning building. His companions seized him; it seemed suicidal. He slipped out of his fireman's coat, leaving it in their grasp, and once more dashed up the flaming stairs. After what seemed an eternity, he again emerged, this time bearing close to his breast, wrapped in a blanket to protect her from the awful heat, the form of a little girl. His hair was singed, his face scorched, his hands and arms blistered, but he had saved one more.

May God roll upon us a burden for the lost. "My heart is often burdened because so many who might work are doing nothing. They are the sport of Satan's temptations. Every church member who has a knowledge of the truth is expected to work while the day lasts; for the night cometh wherein no man can work. Ere long we shall understand what that night means. The Spirit of God is being grieved away from the earth. The nations are angry with one another. Widespread preparations are being made for war. The night is at hand. Let the church arouse and go forth to do her appointed work. Every believer, educated or uneducated, can bear the message.

"Eternity stretches before us. The curtain is about to be lifted. What are we thinking of, that we cling to our selfish love of ease while all around us souls are perishing? Have our hearts become utterly callous? Can we not see and understand that we have a work to do in behalf of others? My brethren and sisters, are you among those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not? Is it in vain that God has given you a knowledge of his will? Is it in vain that he has sent you warning after warning of the nearness of the end? Do you believe the declarations of his word concerning what is coming upon the world? Do you believe that God's judgments are hanging over the inhabitants of the earth? How, then, can you sit at ease, careless and indifferent?"—*Id.*, pp. 26, 27.

We are so occupied with our own selfish plans that we elbow our way through the throng about us, intent only upon the accomplishment of our purposes. And in doing so, many a flower is crushed beneath our feet.

A Revelation of Beauty Brings Regret

Gipsy Smith, in his beautiful little book, "The Lost Christ," tells of a young naturalist who had gone out into the fields of Scotland to study nature at close range. He was bending over a little blue heather bell, and was lost to all surroundings as he reveled in the beauties of the little flower cup as seen through his magnifying glass. All at once he became conscious of the presence of a human being. At first he thought a cloud had obscured the rays of the sun, but on looking up, his eyes met those of an old Scotch highlander who was bending over him in curiosity to see what he was doing. Without a word the naturalist plucked the flowerlet and passed both flower and glass to the old man watching him. For the first time in his life the old Scotchman looked at the beauties of the heather bell so dear to his heart, through a magnifying glass. As he looked, his eyes moistened with tears, and as they coursed their way down his sunburned cheeks, he passed both glass and flower back to the young man, saying, "I wish ye had na' shown it to me, mon." In wonder he was asked why. "Because, mon, these rude feet have trod upon so many of them." How often this is true with us! In our hurry and in the rush of our self-centered interests, we elbow our way through the throng of humanity about us. How "many" crushed and wilted flowers have we trodden beneath our feet as we have passed along the pathway of life!

The Would-be Suicide Saved Himself

As I was walking along one of the most crowded streets in Chicago, I heard behind me a peculiar sound, a sort of thump, thump on the pavement. As I looked around, I saw a blind man feeling his way with his cane along through the throng. I said to myself, "How does he dare to do it?" Just then I came to the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, one of the most congested corners of the great city. I wondered what he would do now. While I stood there stupidly wondering, I lost my opportunity, but a little newsboy found his. Stepping up to the blind man, he said, "Let me help you across the street," and taking him by the hand, he dodged the constant stream of street crossers, automobiles, motor trucks, and vehicles of every description, and steered him in safety to the other side. The lad crossed the street again, calling out, "*Evening American.*" I said to myself, "Beautiful! The milk of human kindness has not all evaporated yet." I am sure the little newsboy went to sleep that night with a gladsome feeling around his heart.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

A man lost heart and hope and courage, and started for Lake Michigan to end it all. As he stalked along the street leading to the wharf, with a look of grim determination upon his face, he passed through one of the poorer sections of the city of Chicago. On the curbstone in front of a ramshackle tenement, sat a child, weeping as if her heart would break. He stopped a moment and said, "Child, what is the matter; are you hurt?" "No, mister." "Well, what is the trouble? Are you lost?" "No, mister." "Where do you live?" "Upstairs, mister." "Well, why don't you go up there? What is the matter?" "I am so hungry and so cold, and mamma is sick. We haven't anything in the house to eat." "Take me up there, little girl." She led the way up one flight, two flights, three rickety stairs to the attic room in the old tene-

ment, and upon a heap of rags in one corner of the room, lay the emaciated form of the mother. No fire in the grate, not a crust of bread in the cupboard. Grim poverty and misery everywhere. Without a word he hurried down those three flights of stairs and to the nearest provision house. When he had purchased all he could carry, and telephoned an order for a ton of coal, he hurried back to the attic room once more. You can imagine the happiness that filled the hearts of the mother and her child. When he had promised further assistance, he again went down to the street below. "What was I starting to do? I had something on my mind that I was going to do this morning, what was it? Oh, I know, I was going down to jump into the lake and drown myself." He did not do it—of course he did not. In helping others he himself had found the royal road to happiness.

A woman once planted a beautiful rosebush in her garden next to the tight board fence which separated her rear yard from that of her neighbor on the back street. She had had nothing to do with this Irish washerwoman whose back yard joined hers—of course not. The tight board fence was an impassable barrier. She cared for her rose tenderly. She dugged about it, she fertilized it, she watered it, she pruned it, she

sprayed it, but all she could do did not so much as cause a blossom from the rare exotic. One morning she had gone out and was bending over her rosebush, parting its glossy leaves in the hope that she might discover at least a little bud of promise, when she heard a voice from the other side of the tight board fence. It said, "Come around, leddy." Her curiosity was excited, and for the first time in her life she set foot in her neighbor's yard, and there, behold, miracle of wondrous beauty! Unfolding its beauteous petals was a wonderful rose. A growing shoot had found a tiny crevice in the tight board fence and had crept through, and there in her neighbor's yard was unfolding its petals of beauty, and distilling its fragrance.

May God help that the spirit of helpful neighborliness may enter all our hearts. Let the sweet perfume of your own life of Christian helpfulness, helpful neighborliness, distil its fragrance in your own neighbor's back yard. Bring out your flowers now, don't wait to lay them upon the casket. Break your alabaster boxes filled with the sweet perfumes of love and tenderness, of appreciation or sympathy, today. It may be too late tomorrow.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Among the Truly Great

IRENE STUART CURTISS

FANNY CROSBY, the blind poet and hymn writer, born in New York State in 1820, is a wonderful example of women who have made good. When about six weeks old, she became ill and her eyes grew very weak. Lack of knowledge and skill on the part of those who cared for her, resulted in the loss of her sight. In telling the story of her life, Miss Crosby says:

"When my dear mother knew that I was to be shut out from all the beauties of the natural world, she told me, in my girlhood, that two of the world's greatest poets were blind, and that sometimes Providence deprived persons of some physical faculty in order that the spiritual insight might more fully awake. . . .

"Soon I learned what other children possessed, but I made up my mind to store away a little jewel in my heart, which I called content. This has been the comfort of my whole life. When I was eight years of age, I wrote:

"O what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't.
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't."

Fanny Crosby's grandmother taught her to love the Bible and nature. She learned to know the birds by their songs, and the trees by the sense of touch and by their fragrance, and the leaves by handling and remembering. When a girl, she could repeat from memory the five books of Moses, most of the New Testament, the Proverbs, many of the psalms, the book of Ruth, and the Song of Solomon.

At the age of fifteen, Miss Crosby entered the Institution for the Blind in New York City, where she remained as a pupil for twelve years. While in school,

she wrote a large number of secular and religious poems, but she did not begin her real writing of Christian hymns until after she left school, though she already felt, while there, that this was to be her life-work.

Miss Crosby's first hymn to win world-wide attention was "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour." Perhaps the five hymns by which she is most widely known are "Rescue the Perishing," "Saviour, more than life to me," "Saved by Grace," "Blessed Assurance," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." The chords of faith, hope, and love are always dominant in the thousands of hymns she gave to the world.

It is said that "no discouraged mortals ever went to her for help who did not carry away a new song of hope in their hearts." Miss Crosby had an unflinching joyousness and a wonderful sympathy. She even counted her blindness among her blessings. Hers was an industrious nature. It seemed quite impossible for her to be idle. She might have been a rich woman had she cared to become one, but she poured out the wealth of her heart and mind solely to make others happier and better.

Fanny Crosby died in February, 1915, at the age of ninety-four. Though she has passed away, her memory lingers, and her influence and name are among those which shall not die.

Frances E. Willard

Frances E. Willard, the great temperance reformer, was reared on a farm in Wisconsin. She was blessed with Christian parents of unusual wisdom and tact. Her first days as a student were at her mother's knee, but at the age of twelve a governess was secured to assist in her education.

From the time her school days began, composition was brought to Frances' attention as an important feature of education, and early in life she became im-

pressed with the dignity of authorship. Her compositions and poems written at this early age were quite remarkable for one of her years.

She continued her education at home until she was eighteen, when she went away to a woman's college. She was possessed of more than ordinary ability, and was graduated with honors.

After her education, she remained at home for a time because of her father's prejudice to women's earning their living outside the home. In fact, in the days of the young womanhood of Frances Willard, school teaching was the only profession open to women. With her spirit of independence, her desire to live a life with a purpose, it seemed impossible for her to live an inactive life, dependent life, and after considering the matter seriously several months, she determined, in spite of her father's objections, to be a school-teacher.

Thus she started her public career, meeting with success in every school she undertook to teach. Beginning in a very small schoolhouse, where a few rude country boys amused themselves by breaking windows, and the girls brought field flowers until her desk could hardly hold them, Miss Willard gradually won her way by her worth as an instructor until she was called to be president of the Evanston College for Ladies,—the first woman ever elected to such a position. The wisdom of their choice was proved, for Miss Willard was greatly beloved by her students, and their orderly conduct was a source of wonder to those who were not acquainted with her method of government. Much of her success was due, no doubt, to the fact that she often visited each girl in her room, praying with her, and showing in many ways a personal interest in her welfare.

Later, while Miss Willard was dean of Northwestern University, the subject of intemperance was brought to her attention forcibly by newspaper articles describing an uprising of wives and mothers throughout the country against the saloons. Wishing to know more of the causes and effects of this crusade, she made a trip East, where she met a number of prominent temperance workers. It required only a limited study to convince Miss Willard that in the liquor traffic was to be found the great iniquity of the age, the breeder of poverty and vice, the destroyer of homes and manhood; and as she mused on these things, there was born in her the determination to do what she could to wipe out this curse.

She gave up a good salary and all the advantages to be had as an educator, to follow the pathway of the reformer, without even the assurance of financial assistance, except the promise of her God, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." She was first elected president of a local branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She received no salary in this position, and many times she went without eating at noontime because she had not the necessary amount of money to pay for a lunch. And she walked many miles on the streets of Chicago because she had not five cents with which to pay car fare. This program soon proved too taxing for her never-robust constitution, and she became ill.

After recovering from this illness, Miss Willard was elected secretary of the National W. C. T. U., with a salary of one hundred dollars a month. As she continued her labors, she grew in favor, and in 1879 was elected president of the national organization.

Another branch of reform that appealed to her, and

received a large share of prayerful attention, was the social evil. In her own womanly way she pleaded for a nobler manhood and a purer womanhood.

Miss Willard labored untiringly for the cause of humanity, in both this and other countries, traveling many thousands of miles, lecturing and organizing temperance unions. She worked on the cars as she traveled, writing books, and contributing to many magazines and papers,—in all this, striving only to help others and do good.

Worn out by her arduous labors, she laid down her life in 1897. Among the flowers at her funeral, was a bouquet of violets from a Washington newspaper woman who had seen Miss Willard but once. It was in a Western city, and she was a reporter on a local paper, discouraged, overworked, homesick, and miserable generally. She was not yet out of her teens, and had been away from home only a few months. Miss Willard came to the city to organize a W. C. T. U. chapter. The young woman reporter was sent to ask her something important. Miss Willard was ill, but sent word that she might come in. The reporter found her sitting in an easy-chair, very pale but very sweet. She had only begun her errand when Miss Willard arose and came toward her, and putting her hand on the girl's shoulder, said, "Why, dearie, how tired you look. Take my chair, child." "And I—well," said the reporter, "nobody had called me 'dearie' for so long, nobody had called me 'child,' that I—well, I put my head on Frances Willard's shoulder and cried it all out. I had never seen her before, I have never seen her since, but for the memory of those few kind words, I say, 'God bless Frances Willard!'"

Cheerful Kindness

HAVE you ever tried smiling in a crowded car on a rainy day? You would almost believe you were looking into a mirror, for so many smiles answer back. Yes, the tired look leaves that lady's face as she answers, and the little girl who is getting restless and fretful looks up in wonder, then understanding the signal, she smiles too. Suddenly the day doesn't seem half so dreary, a warmth has flooded the heart. Try it, it pays.

In Iceland there is a queer spring. Not even a blade of grass will live near it. The visitor wonders why it is so shunned as he peers over the side of the crater into its depths; but the mystery is soon solved. He drops a stone, and almost immediately a low gurgling sound is heard, and a column of dirty, boiling water, with mud, sticks, and stones, sprouts out angrily at the offender.

There is another spring that lies in the heart of the hills among barren crags, but around it the grateful earth has spread her mantle of green. The clear, cool depths smile back at the tired wanderer and give him hope and life from their bounteous store. He may drop a stone, but the surface, disturbed but for a moment, receives it quietly, and quickly mirrors again God's sunshine.

It may be easy enough to smile and make others happy when we feel sunshiny inside; but I wonder how many of us are brave enough to smile when a stone ruffles our plans and we don't *feel* calm and placid. It is so easy to pout, or at least to show others we are unhappy when we can't have our way.

I once knew a little girl who had been counting on spending the afternoon with her chum. They were to go with Uncle Joe on a business trip in his machine.

Just before he was ready to start, her mother had an opportunity to get a box of peaches which were just right for canning.

"Dear, do you suppose you could arrange to stay and help me?" she asked. "I wouldn't ask it of you if I thought I could finish them alone."

For just a second a cloud of disappointment crossed Margaret's face, then a smile chased it off and a cheery voice answered, "Of course, mother."

Shortly Margaret, in a big clean apron, was peeling the great luscious peaches, and I heard her singing over her work. Margaret was a girl worth while.

A kind, loving heart is overflowing with smiles, not only for the stranger in the street car, but for mother and the rest of the family, even when things go wrong. Try smiling away disappointment. You'll be surprised how quickly disappointment becomes happiness. A smiling face and helping hands are twin brothers.

Kindness is manifested in a great many ways. Some wait for chances to come to them in which they can show kindness. Others sprinkle sunshine all around by just being happy,—happy outside when they don't *feel* one bit like it. Such a sunbeam lightens burdens and leaves a cold, gray life warm. Are you a sunbeam?

HARRIET HOLT.

The Correct Thing

Janette's Memory

NOW," said the society leader, after the opening exercises, "we will give the time to our delegates who have just returned from camp-meeting."

Other young people from the — church had been to camp-meeting, but three of them were society delegates and had been asked to bring back special reports of the meeting. The leader was an earnest, consecrated worker who was wide awake. He felt that the camp-meeting should somehow be made a blessing to the entire society. He himself could not go, but when he bade the young people whom the society had chosen as delegates "good-by," he said: "Be sure to bring a camp-meeting blessing to those of us who cannot go. There will be opportunity for you to tell the entire society about the meetings as soon as you return."

The delegates arranged their own program. Alice, who was particularly interested in Junior work, told about the work for the children. She said the meetings were excellent. The Junior prayer bands had been very helpful and a number of children were converted. She had helped to superintend the Juniors' recreation grounds. In conclusion, she said that she was more interested than ever in the work for our boys and girls.

Carl's report came next. He gave an interesting account of the young men's prayer bands, the social gathering the young people had held near the grounds, etc. The Missionary Volunteer meetings and the general meetings had been very helpful indeed; and he said he hoped to be a better worker in the society because of his attendance at the camp-meeting.

As Carl took his seat, Janette arose. Her face beamed. She was brimful of good news from the meeting. "There is so much of interest to tell you that I could hardly decide what to say. But I decided to give a brief report of our prayer bands, and then one helpful thought gleaned from each Missionary Volunteer and general meeting I attended."

Her report then followed. It was excellent. "We had such good times in our prayer bands," she began. "I think I have learned that the sweetest joys of life come from leading others to Jesus. Most of those on our prayer list yielded before the meeting closed. But there was one young woman from — for whom the members of our band are going to continue to pray. Each day the band leaders had a special meeting. We talked over and prayed over our band problems. This was a real help to me in my work with the girls in my band.

"Our Missionary Volunteer meetings were a progressive series of studies on Christian living. Day by day I saw more clearly how to grow up in the Christian life. One thought that impressed me deeply was seen on a motto that hung before us. Every day I read that motto, and lifted my heart to God, praying that he would make that true of our society. The motto read thus: 'Every young Christian a member, every member a worker, every worker trained.'"

As Janette proceeded with her more than forty helpful thoughts, the young people listened intently. They were helpful thoughts indeed; and some of them went deep enough to stir hearts. The testimony meeting that followed was the best the society had enjoyed for a long time.

"Janette," said Alice after the meeting, "how did you remember so much? You certainly have a most remarkable memory. Why, I felt I was back at the camp-meeting again."

"Memory? Why, Alice, my memory is a first-class forgetter. Again and again I have lost good thoughts that I so much wanted to keep. But alas, they were gone before I knew it. Finally I learned not to rely on my memory in these matters. So when I was asked to act as delegate from our society, I decided to have a camp-meeting notebook. This I carried with me to the meetings, and in each meeting I jotted down in it what seemed to me to be the most helpful thoughts given. And I really believe I received ten times more help from the services at camp-meeting this year than I ever did before. I don't think I shall ever go to camp again without a camp-meeting notebook."

M. E. A.

Be Happy as You Can

THIS life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers,
But storms and calms alternate
As thorns among the flowers;
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan.
Still, let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments
Which you and I must bear;
Yet if misfortune's lava
Entombs our dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are green oases
Where pleasant palm trees grow;
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

— Selected.

"CHECK books are of no use without a bank balance. Promises are not good unless we have character assets to meet them."



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



Trifles

"TODAY," said pretty Dolly, as
She opened her bright eyes,
"I'm going to give my dear mamma
A beautiful surprise.
I hardly know yet what 'twill be,
But I'll soon find a way
To do some unexpected thing
To please mamma today."

"I'm tired of doing *little* things.
Why, any one can sweep
And dust, or wipe the dishes,
Or sing Evelyn to sleep.
'Tis some *big* thing I want to do.
If I could write a book,
Or save the house from burning, now,
How pleased mamma would look."

So after breakfast Dolly went
And sat beside the fire,
While mother cleared the table off,
And mended baby's tier;
She wiped the dishes, made the beds,
And braided Bessie's hair,
While Dolly sat and pondered long
Within her easy-chair.

And so Miss Dolly dreamed and planned
That busy morning through;
She could not think of anything
Quite *large* enough to do!
And when she went to bed that night,
She really wondered why,
When mother kissed her lovingly,
The kiss was half a sigh!

— *Youth's Companion.*

"Mother Is Going to Be There"

LYNDON L. SKINNER

TUESDAY morning was a busy one at the college. Every one was in a hurry and time-tables were in great demand, as many of the students were starting home for the holidays.

In fact, no one could have been on the campus that morning without experiencing some of the Christmas feeling, and I was as happy as the rest when I found myself aboard a fast east-bound train.

All day long we sped across the country, through small towns, stopping at busy cities where crowds of happy vacationists surged in and out. Then night came, and at last in the cold gray dawn of morning, we began to pass through the populous up-State cities of New York State.

At Syracuse I left the crowded train and made my way, after having a lunch in a near-by restaurant, to the electric railway station. Soon I was seated in the first north-bound interurban.

As it was early, there were few on the car. Just before it pulled out, a man came running in and seated himself just behind me, tying his necktie at the same time. He was a tall, well-dressed, clean-shaven man. He remarked to me that he supposed I thought it strange that he should appear in the car with his attire only partly adjusted. He explained thus:

"You see, I am in business in New York City and I haven't been home for a year; but as Christmas neared, I began thinking of home, so I wrote and told the folks I would be there. When I heard this car come around the corner, I was in bed in the hotel."

"Well," I said, "why did you not wait for the next car instead of rushing over to the station at this time in the morning?"

His answer surprised and impressed me.

"Well, you see," he explained deliberately, "I would not have missed this car for anything, for my mother is going to be at the home station to meet me."

That one statement told me much of his life and his training. He had a tender regard for his mother. Several miles farther on he bade me good-by as he left the car, and I saw him lovingly greet his waiting

mother. How her face lighted up as she saw her son!

Young man, young woman, stop and think! When did you write to mother last? Did you tell her how thankful you were for all the years of care she gave to you? For years she lived for you. Her life was yours, and she shared your childish joys and sorrows. Your ambitions were hers. She anxiously watched for your triumph and success.

If you have not written her, write her a letter of appreciation today. It will be well worth your while, and will cheer her in the sunset hours of life.

A Father's Talk to a Careless Daughter

I WANT to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those rough skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, has been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet, if you were sick, that face would appear more beau-

tiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands that have done so many things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late." — *Eli Perkins*.

Points for Parents

How to Bring Down a Son

LET him have plenty of spending money.

2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or direction.

3. Give him a latchkey, and allow him to return home late in the evening.

4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.

5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morality.

6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.

7. Allow him to occupy a seat in church with the boys rather than a pew with his parents.

8. Permit him to regard the Sabbath school as unsuitable for a boy on the verge of young manhood.

9. Let him spend the Sabbath hours between services on the streets.

10. Be careful never to let him hear your voice in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

How to Bring Up a Son

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.

2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.

3. Never punish him in anger.

4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on the matters in which he has an interest.

5. Let him feel free to invite his friends to your home and table.

6. Encourage his confidence by giving ready sympathy and advice.

7. Do not discourage "collection manias;" they help to give information and fix habits of investigation and perseverance.

8. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.

9. Live Christ before him all the time; then you will be able to talk Christ to him with power when occasion offers.

10. Be much in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth. — *Selected*.

Entertaining the Editor

WHEN Mr. Ellsworth's business necessitated a move from the city to a suburban town, Mrs. Ellsworth bewailed the fact openly and without reserve.

"I'll never be able to live in such a place — never, never!" she told Mr. Ellsworth.

"I'm sorry as sorry can be," he assured her. "But," and he smiled half whimsically, wholly sadly, "that doesn't do any good, does it?"

"No," she admitted, "it doesn't. But it's ever so good of you to feel that way. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I know it. Still —"

"Still, you don't like it, and no wonder. Yet you may find the place better than you hope."

She shook her head unsmilingly.

"Imagine the kind of people who live in a place like that — from choice! There won't be one idea that we'll have in common. I'll be like some one on a desert island, always searching off into the distance for a sail. And here —"

She choked a little there, and was silent. Mr. Ellsworth watched her with understanding eyes. He knew how great the sacrifice was that he had called upon her to make. She had built herself a little niche in the great city. Her friends were reading, writing people. Of late she herself had even written a little. Her clever little stories had been welcomed, praised. Encouragement had bettered her efforts. She had hoped great things. And now —

Mr. Ellsworth's troubled thoughts turned suddenly into words of cheer.

"I have it, Marie!" he cried. "I've found a way out of the wilderness."

Her eyes searched his face with a glimmer of hope.

"Yes, I have it this time in a nutshell. Wonder we didn't think about it before," he went on, not meeting her eyes. "It's as plain as day. I've simply got to get down there to keep in touch with the factory. But — there's no need for you to come, poor child! I'll just go down there and board. I'll run up for the week-end, of course. And here you stay, keeping up with your work —"

She interrupted him with a swift gesture of penitence and reproach.

"Am I so selfish as that?" she said. "Am I, really, Robert?"

"Nothing selfish about it," he assured her. "It's the only logical solution of the problem. It'll be — all right."

"Maybe it would be, but it won't!" she laughed at him. "I'm sorry you don't know me better than that, after four years. I'm going with you. And — I'm going to make the best of it."

And yet she felt that there was no best to be made of it.

She cried a little, quietly and to herself, as she made ready to go. Her friends condoled with her.

"You'll lose your grip," they told her, "going off to a place like that. And you were getting on so well here. What does Mr. Bingham say about it?"

Mrs. Ellsworth choked a little before she replied.

"He says — he'll run down — sometime," she answered.

Mr. Bingham, editor, writer, thinker, doer, was one of her chief regrets in the proposed change. He had shown much kindness and appreciation. He had prophesied great things. And now —

She shook the tears away that were clinging like dewdrops to her lashes.

"I'm going to do my best," she assured them, her head high.

But her spirit sank as she drew near the place. It was ugly — a factory town, in every sense. Scrawny, ill-painted houses, without gardens, met her eyes. Her beauty-loving soul revolted.

"I'll die here," she thought.

Her own house was a trifle better than the others. Mr. Ellsworth had had it painted and put in order. There were evidences that a garden had been planned.

But Mrs. Ellsworth took no note of that. She took no note of anything but the bare unloveliness of the place.

Before her hat and coat were off there came a tap at the screen door. A woman, a shawl over her head, stood beaming on the threshold, a covered bowl in her hand.

"Good mornin'," she said. "You're Miz Ellsworth, I know. I brought you over a little soup. It'll be good for you after your long trip. Nothin' like a little food to brace you up. An' I'm goin' to bring supper over for you an' Mr. Ellsworth tonight. He's well liked. There ain't man or child around here don't think a heap of him."

She paused, passing the covered bowl to Mrs. Ellsworth. Mechanically she accepted it. And, mechanically also, she spoke.

"You're very kind," she said with the graciousness which is ungracious. "But you must not trouble further. Indeed, there is no need. I'll get whatever is necessary at the store."

"But there ain't no store," replied the woman; "leastways, none near enough for you. Butcher, he comes around three times a week, when he don't disappoint you. And the rest of our vittels we get in the village, nigh four miles away. We used to lay in quite a supply, an' wasn't bothered none. But now they have them groceterias, where you jest pick up what you need for the time bein'."

"But—but what do you do?" faltered Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Jest the best we kin," answered the woman. "But we're often a little shy, if we don't look out—'specially' when the butcher don't git around. And he's disappointed us more'n once. Then we help each other out the best we kin. You'd best let me send over your supper. It ain't a mite o' trouble. Indeed, if it was, I'd be proud to trouble for Mr. Ellsworth. He's very kind. An' no one couldn't do too much for him. We think the world an' all o' him. My baby's named after him—Robert Jessup—Robert Jessup McCullough. When my man an' me give him that name, we said we hoped he'd live to be as good a man."

Mrs. Ellsworth stiffened at the words of praise. They were distasteful to her, coming whence they did. Who were these people to make free with her husband's name? What right had they? They were presumptuous, unbearable. She could feel the color flooding her face. But she strove to keep her voice even when she spoke.

"You're very kind, Mrs. McCullough," she said, "more than kind. But, indeed, you must not trouble. We brought some things with us. And we'll manage very well, thank you."

The cool, even voice expressed a finality that penetrated the woman's obtuseness. She looked surprised, uncomfortable. And she spoke with a certain dignity.

"Well, jest as you like, of course," she said. "I jest wanted—"

"You're very kind," said Mrs. Ellsworth as the woman hesitated.

Crestfallen, Mrs. McCullough departed. Mrs. Ellsworth gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm through with her!" she said. "I'm through with them all."

But, after all, she was not through with them. More than once a tap at the door prefaced some friendly visitor or gift. Mrs. Ellsworth always was politeness personified, but there was that in her manner

that did not invite repetition. And still they did not cease coming altogether. Sometimes it was only a child, with a handful of wild flowers, who came. Again it was a mother, with little ones clinging to her skirt, who offered fruit or a share in this or that. Even Mrs. McCullough forgot her unpleasant reception as time went on, and ran over with some delicacy she had prepared, offering it apologetically.

Mrs. Ellsworth sighed over it to Mr. Ellsworth.

"I wish they'd let me alone," she said. "I'm not getting on with my writing at all. I don't know what to make of people who can't understand a rebuff."

"Aren't used to them," said Mr. Ellsworth, half smiling, "not in this family, anyway."

"I know the fault's all yours," she charged him. "But I wasn't going to tell you. How do you ever stand such people, or condescend to associate with them?"

"There's no condescension about it," he replied. "I like them, man, woman, and child. You will, too, when you know them better. They're eighteen carats fine, most of them, if they do take liberties with the king's English. And the ones who aren't eighteen carats are sixteen, or fifteen, at any rate."

"Well, I prefer my own kind of people. I cannot put up with substitutes."

"They aren't substitutes, Marie. They're the real thing. Why, I could tell you more stories of their kindness and self-sacrifice—"

But Mrs. Ellsworth would have none of it, as she signified without words. Mr. Ellsworth sighed as he turned away.

"It's lonely here for Marie," he thought. "If she'd take an interest in the people here, she could help them, and they could help her. There's something about them that would make her stories sell like wild-fire, if it got into them. I don't mean their oddities, I mean their kindness, their love—"

As the days went on, and Mrs. Ellsworth took an interest in neither her old work nor her new, Mr. Ellsworth became worried about her. A note dispatched to their home city brought down a gay party of friends. Mrs. Ellsworth brightened up at once.

"Oh, it's so good to see some one I can talk to!" she cried. "I'm stifling, starving, in this place."

"I should think you would be," agreed Mrs. La Valle. "I saw samples of the inhabitants as I came along. And I shuddered. Simply awful, aren't they?"

Mrs. Ellsworth nodded her head.

"Worse than that," she said. "And inclined to be embarrassingly friendly, in the bargain. They can't seem to understand that I don't want anything to do with them. They're always coming—"

As if in confirmation of her words there came a tap at the door.

"Let me go," said Miss Thurston.

"If you would. And get rid of whoever it is as quickly as possible. They can't seem to let me alone. I wish they would."

Miss Thurston was not away long. When she came back, she carried the inevitable offering.

"It's corn bread this time," she said, "and it looks delicious. The child didn't seem to want to give it to me—she asked for you twice. I suppose he thought you'd want to palm it off for your own."

"Well, I'll never want to palm anything off for my own that isn't. And I wish they wouldn't send things to me."

"I think it's perfectly dear of them," said Miss Thurston. "That little boy's eyes were just alight with the joy of giving. After he decided to give it to me, he let me into the secret that it was sent by 'ma, to help with the company.' It's the right spirit for neighbors to have. It's too bad there aren't more neighbors like that—willing to help with the unexpected. Of course, you had expected us, but company so often arrives with no warning."

"I'd rather they'd let me and my company alone," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

The day passed pleasantly and all too swiftly. Mrs. Ellsworth bade the visitors good-by regretfully, but she was happier and brighter than she had been for weeks. "Come again soon," she called after them.

And their gay promises floated back to her.

The next day Mr. Ellsworth was gratified, but not surprised, to see her at her typewriter.

"I feel like myself again," she told him. "And I've started a good story; at least, I think and hope it will be good."

Mr. Ellsworth congratulated himself as he walked away. And he made up his mind that the second visit should shortly be paid, if he had to go up to the city and lead the visitors down.

After a while the story was finished, liked and praised by Mr. Ellsworth, and sent upon its way. In due time she was assured of its acceptance, in the shape of a check and note from Mr. Bingham.

"I'm coming down to see you one of these days," his note concluded. "I should like more work like this. I can't say just when I'll be able to get away, but I'll come just as soon as I can."

For a week or so Mrs. Ellsworth lived in a commendable state of preparedness. The little house was in spotless order, the larder waiting in opulent readiness.

But by degrees the contemplated visit slipped into the background. Her thoughts, too, slipped back into moody, unwholesome channels. She didn't like the place; she couldn't bear the people. Why was she forced to live at variance with every interest and instinct?

Mr. Ellsworth, alive to every change upon her face, proposed a day or so of visiting in the city.

"I have to run up tomorrow on business," he told her; "and you come along, and we'll change it into a pleasure trip."

But in the end it was not so arranged. Mrs. Ellsworth preferred the business to be out of the way before she arrived.

"And I've several things I want to do here before I go," she concluded. "So you see to your business in the morning, and I'll come up on the two-o'clock train."

It was twelve o'clock and past before she thought of her own luncheon.

"There isn't a thing in the house," she reflected. "Well, I don't want much. I'll have crackers and a cup of coffee. When I get to the city, I can have what I want without the trouble of preparing it."

As she started for the kitchen, there came a tap at the door.

"Some contribution for my lonely meal," she thought, half smiling. "I wish they'd let me alone."

She went toward the door with sensations not altogether unpleasant. And instead of the child or woman she expected, she looked into the eyes of Mr. Bingham.

Shocked as she felt, her self-possession did not

entirely desert her. She greeted her visitor cordially, while her heart quaked. Undoubtedly Mr. Bingham would be with her for nearly two hours, as there was no train before two o'clock. Also, he would undoubtedly expect to be asked to luncheon. And there was no luncheon.

"Crackers and coffee!" she thought in a panic. "I can't ask a hungry man to such a meal."

As she talked, her mind reviewed her empty larder. There was nothing fit to set before any one, let alone a man accustomed to everything, as Mr. Bingham was.

Thoughts of the far-away shops, of the neighbors she had set farther, mocked her. She had created the situation herself and must abide by it.

"If I had been halfway friendly, they would have helped me out," she reproached herself.

It was the first thought of regret, the first word of self-censure, she had known.

As if in answer to it the old familiar tap sounded at the door. With a word of excuse, she flew to open it. Mary McCullough, looking as diffident, as apologetic, as ever, stood before her. She twisted her apron strings as she spoke.

"I seen company come," she said. "An' I knowed 'twasn't butcher's day. I thought—maybe I could help you out."

The halting speech, the awkward figure, were the same that Mrs. Ellsworth long had known. But for once they were lost upon her. Mary McCullough looked to her like some delivering angel. With a sudden surrendering gesture she put out her hands.

"Oh, if you would!" she cried. "There isn't a thing in the house. And this is an editor—used to everything in the world. I was to have crackers and coffee—to go up on the two-o'clock and meet Mr. Ellsworth—there's not a thing—"

She was almost as incoherent as Mrs. McCullough often had been upon some of her fruitless missions. In fact, they seemed in some strange way to have changed places. Mrs. McCullough became the housewife, efficient, alert.

"Do you go back an' set," she said. "Between us we'll see to things. Jest you entertain the editor, an' we'll do the rest. Unlatch the back door, so's we kin get in."

With her heart strangely lightened, Mrs. Ellsworth went back into the tiny living-room.

It was not long before a cautious knock drew her outside once more.

"We've everything ready," whispered Mary McCullough. "Come see if 'twill do."

There were soup, salad, cold roast garnished with curly parsley, snowy bread and golden butter, cake, preserves—

Mrs. Ellsworth's eyes brimmed with tears. The unwieldy figure was beautiful through them. And she spoke sincerely.

"You're—a—a fairy!" she said.

Mrs. McCullough beamed, even as she put the words aside.

"'Twas nothin'," she said, "jest a little neighborly thing anybody'd do. An', indeed, all helped. Now I'll jest run along. If you need anything, hang a towel outen the kitchen porch, an' I'll come flyin'."

"Just wait one moment," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

She stepped to the door, and spoke softly to Mr. Bingham. He followed her into the dining-room.

"Mrs. McCullough," she said, "let me present Mr. Bingham. Mr. Bingham, this is my neighbor and dear friend."—*Ida Alexander.*

Information Bureau

Why is a British soldier called "Tommy Atkins"?

The expression "Tommy Atkins" had its origin in a pamphlet issued at one time to all British soldiers, in which were to be entered the name, age, term of service, etc., of each individual. With each book a form was sent out by the War Office, and the sample name filled in on it was *Tommy Atkins*, corresponding to the John Doe of legal documents. This, by an easy transference, became the nickname of the British soldier.

How is linoleum made?

"Linoleum is the principal kind of floorecloth now employed, being more durable and a better nonconductor—that is, 'warmer' than the 'oilcloth' once largely used. It is prepared by coating strong canvas with five or more coats of thick linseed-oil paint, and printing the surface with colored designs. Linoleum consists essentially of a mixture of cork dust and mineral coloring matters, ground with oxidized linseed oil to a stiff homogeneous paste, and put on a canvas backing. The linseed oil is oxidized by being first heated or 'boiled' at a temperature of 260° C., along with red lead or manganese salts, and is then, in a hot condition, caused to fall in the form of a spray, meeting a current of air, by which means it becomes thoroughly oxidized and converted into a tough and elastic semisolid mass. The oil is also treated by dipping sheets of cotton cloth into it, and hanging them up to dry, the operation being repeated until a layer of dried or oxidized oil of sufficient thickness is obtained. In either case the oxidized oil is ground up with the cork dust, boiled but not oxidized oil, wood flour, and various coloring matters. The mass is then spread by suitable machinery in a layer ranging from one eighth to one fourth of an inch thick on a stout canvas sheet, and the fabric hung in a warm and airy room to dry thoroughly. If a self-colored linoleum is required, the product may be used in this condition; but patterns of various kinds are generally either printed on the surface with oil colors, or made in such a way, of pieces of the colored mixture, that the pattern goes right through the substance of the fabric. The latter is the best, as with surface-printed linoleum the pattern wears away in a comparatively short time, while with the 'inlaid' linoleums it is retained as long as any of the fabric remains."

Linoleum gets its name from linseed oil—*linum*, flax, and *oleum*, oil.

The best way to lay linoleum is to cement it down over heavy felt paper. If a waterproof cement is used at the seams and edges, the floor will be watertight and will give satisfactory service for many years. A linoleum floor should be waxed thoroughly as soon as it is laid.

Forget

FORGET the things that are behind:

Forget past failures; they are apt to weaken you. Be sure to forget past attainments; they are apt to become food for complacency, for every vain confidence.

Forget your past circumstances, whether they be sorrows or joys; the one are not without remedy, the other not perfect. Forget the things that are behind.—*Selected.*

A Spelling Test

WRITE from dictation the following sentence: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

For the Finding-Out Club

DR. FRANK CRANE claims that every well-informed American should be able to answer a large share of the following questions on art without recourse to books. Test yourself first without reference to any source of information; but before writing out the answers for the Finding-Out Club, look up every answer.

1. What is the most famous statue of Venus in the world?
2. In what sculpture are serpents represented?
3. Who painted the Sistine Madonna?
4. Who painted the picture on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?
5. Who painted the Angelus?
6. What kind of picture (i. e., landscape, portrait, children, etc.) did Corot make?
7. Sir Joshua Reynolds?
8. Greuze?
9. Turner?
10. For what kind of art work was Benvenuto Cellini famous?
11. What is genre painting?
12. What famous painting was made by Leonardo da Vinci?
13. What does the Renaissance mean?
14. Who was Giotto?
15. Who was Israels?
16. Name three Gothic cathedrals?
17. Who made the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World?
18. Name a Flemish artist.
19. Who was Velasquez?
20. Name a celebrated American painter who made a portrait of George Washington.

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of

March 30

The Human Body.

April 20

The Bible

1. Cain was the first son of Adam.
2. Noah built the ark.
3. The handwriting appeared upon the wall when King Belshazzar of Babylon made a feast to a thousand of his lords.
4. Daniel was cast into the lions' den.
5. David was called the psalmist.
6. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."
"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."
"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."
"Thou shalt not kill."
"Thou shalt not commit adultery."
"Thou shalt not steal."
7. Ruth was a Moabitess, and the daughter-in-law of Naomi. Esther was the queen of Ahasuerus, king of Media and Persia. Jezebel was the wicked wife of Ahab, king of Israel.
8. John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ.

9. The Passover was a feast kept in memory of the departure of Israel from Egypt.

10. Solomon built the temple and wrote the Proverbs.

11. Jesus' mother was Mary.

12. Pilate was the Roman governor who condemned Jesus; Elijah was a prophet, and was taken up into heaven by a whirlwind; Abraham was the Father of the Jewish nation, God's chosen people.

13. The story of the prodigal son is a parable told by Jesus. A boy demands his part of the inheritance from his father, and spends it foolishly in a far country. Afterward, repenting, he returns to his father and is forgiven.

The story of the good Samaritan is also a parable told by Jesus. The good Samaritan, one of a people hated by the Jews, traveling on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, finds a Jew who has been beaten by robbers and left to die. Other Jews have indifferently passed by, but the good Samaritan binds up the wounds of the injured man and carries him to an inn, paying the innkeeper to care for him further.

14. Gabriel is one of the covering angels and a special messenger of heaven; Apollyon is the angel of the bottomless pit; Samuel was a prophet and a judge of Israel.

15. The Israelites were in bondage in Egypt.

16. Joseph's coat was a coat of many colors made by his father Jacob.

17. Samson was the strongest man.

18. Saul consulted the witch of Endor.

19. The Apocalypse is the book of Revelation.

20. The four Gospels are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

HAZEL HANSON HOWARD.

History

1. The Crusades were great military expeditions undertaken by the Christian nations of Europe during the Middle Ages for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land from the Mohammedans.

2. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place in Paris, Aug. 24, 1572.

3. The Wars of the Roses were in England, between the rival houses of Lancaster and York.

4. The surrender of Yorktown marked the end of the Revolutionary War.

5. Queen Isabella helped to finance the voyage of Columbus.

6. Brazil was first named America in honor of Americus Vesputius. In time the name America came to be applied to both continents of the Western World.

7. Nero was an emperor of Rome; Rameses, a king of Egypt; and John Cabot, an English explorer.

8. The surrender of the French army took place at Sedan during the Franco-German War.

9. Alexander the Great was king of Macedon.

10. Ivan the Terrible was czar of Russia.

11. Richard the Lion-hearted was king of England.

12. Constantine was emperor of Rome.

13. Judas Maccabeus was a member of a distinguished Jewish family dominant in Jerusalem in the second century B. C.

14. Cortez conquered Mexico. Pizarro was the conqueror of Peru.

15. Hannibal was from Carthage.

16. Plutarch wrote "Parallel Lives" and "Opera Moralia." Guizot wrote "Memoirs of My Own Times," "History of the English Revolution from the Accession of Charles I to that of Charles II," and "History of Civilization in Europe." Gibbon wrote "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

17. The Goths and the Vandals were two of those ancient Teutonic races which invaded the southern lands. The Goths conquered Rome, while the Vandals went into Africa, establishing themselves at Carthage.

18. William the Conqueror, of Normandy, subdued England.

19. Charlemagne was king of the Western Empire of Europe in the Middle Ages.

20. Sweden was the country of Gustavus Adolphus.

H. H. H.

April 27

PART I

Iodine.

PART II

"On Guard" — "Timidity."

May 11

Places

1. Archangel — northeastern Russia.

2. Verdun — France.

3. Granada — Spain.

4. Warsaw — Poland.

5. Los Angeles — California.

6. Melbourne — Australia.

7. Stockholm — Sweden.

8. Tokio — Japan.

9. Cape Town — Cape Colony, Africa.

10. Cape Horn — southern extremity of South America.

11. Delhi — British India.

12. Honolulu — Hawaii.

13. The Yukon District — Canada.

14. Shanghai — China.

15. Athens — Greece.

16. Edinburgh — Scotland.

17. Waterloo — Belgium.

18. Straits of Magellan — separate the mainland of South America from the group of Tierra del Fuego, and connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

19. The Baltic — an arm of the Atlantic, inclosed by Sweden, Russia, Germany, and Denmark.

20. The Volga — the chief river of Russia.

Books

1. "Treasure Island" — Stevenson.

2. "The Count of Monte Cristo" — Dumas.

3. "Les Misérables" — Hugo.

4. "Faust" — Goethe.

5. "The Tale of Two Cities" — Dickens.

6. "Pendennis" — Thackeray.

7. "The Scarlet Letter" — Hawthorne.

8. "The Inferno" — Dante.

9. "The Greatest Thing in the World" — Drummond.

10. "The Vicar of Wakefield" — Goldsmith.

11. "Waverley Novels" — Scott.

12. "Don Juan" — Byron.

13. "Don Quixote" — Cervantes.

14. "Evangeline" — Longfellow.

15. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — Stowe.

16. "In Memoriam" — Tennyson.

17. "The Iliad" — Homer.

18. "The Aeneid" — Vergil.

19. "Ghosts" — Ibsen.

20. "Pilgrim's Progress" — Bunyan.

H. H. H.

June 8

PART I

1. The jewelry manufacturing industry of America is centered in Attleboro, Massachusetts.

2. Hampton Institute is in Virginia. It is an endowed school, affording technical and classical education to Negroes and Indians.

3. The seat of administration of the Confederate States of America was first established at Montgomery, Alabama.

4. Lincoln called for 100,000 volunteers in 1861, when Ft. Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, was fired upon by the Confederates. This was the beginning of hostilities in the Civil War.

5. A "free trader" is one who believes in the wisdom of a minimum of import taxes or customs, permitting the entry of foreign-made goods in free competition with home products. The theory of free trade is that such competition reduces the cost of living.

6. A governor appointed by the President is the chief representative of the American Government in the Philippines.

7. The President of the United States may exercise the power of reprieve in the case of any person convicted in a civil or military court. The reprieve is a stay of execution of a sentence, pending investigation.

8. The Grand Central terminal in New York City is the largest railway terminal in the world. The Pennsylvania terminal, also in New York, is a larger building, but has less trackage than the former. Seventy trains may be accommodated in the Grand Central at one time.

9. The Fugitive-Slave Law was a term applied in the United States to an act included in the "Omnibus Bill" (1850), securing to slaveholders additional facilities in the recovery of runaway slaves.

10. Niagara Falls is the greatest hydraulic power site in America.

11. South Carolina was the first of the Southern States to secede, December, 1860.

12. Theodore Roosevelt was the American President who approved the simplified or phonetic method of spelling.

13. Harvard University (named in honor of John Harvard, its first benefactor) is the oldest college in the United States. It was established at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1636.

14. Benedict Arnold was an American army officer who attempted to betray West Point into the hands of the British during the war of American independence. Through the accidental arrest of Major André, the officer conducting the negotiations for the British, Arnold received warning in time to escape, and eventually died in England years later. Major André was executed as a spy for his share in the conspiracy.

15. "Cuba Libre" was the slogan that marked the revolution in Cuba when the Cubans sought to throw off the yoke of Spain. In English it means "Cuba Free," or, in other words, "Liberty for Cuba."

16. The Hawaiian group consists of a chain of islands in the North Pacific Ocean, eight inhabited and several uninhabited. The inhabited islands are Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe.

17. A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the States are authorized and permitted to maintain individual military establishments, militia, by virtue

of the Second Amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

18. The success of the American nation has been built on the combination of these three principles: Democracy, constitutional law, and a Federal system.

19. Napoleon the Great was concerned in our national history when in 1800 he obtained control of Louisiana through a treaty with the king of Spain. When this treaty became known in America the following year, the United States minister to France was instructed to purchase, if possible, the Isle of Orleans, upon which New Orleans is situated, and East Florida, so as to give the United States control of the entire east bank of the Mississippi River. The purchase of Louisiana for \$15,000,000 followed in 1803.

PART II

Lady Astor.

June 15

PART I

Henry M. Stanley.

PART II

Jonah.

Lot's wife.

June 29

The rodents

The chinchilla.

Gov. Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts.

1920 Finding-Out Club

Emma Anderson — 2
Mrs. H. G. Bogar
Maud Bostwick — 7
Nellie Campbell
S. H. Carnahan
C. S. Channing — 2
Margaret Cosby — 2
Winifred Craig
Mable Davis
Ethel Dearborn
Katherine Deiner
Ruth Deiner
Alva Downs
Laura E. Downs
Louisa Downs
Martha Downs

James Ekstrom
Gladys Gidding
Loretta Heacock
Hazel Hanson Howard — 7
Arthur G. Kierstead
Ardis C. Melvin
Mary Mickelsen
Opal Rogers
Mrs. W. B. Rollins
Bessie Sargeant
Tyler Turner
Roy Sweatt
Ivy Van Gorder
W. C. Van Gorder
Wesley Webber

The Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

THE following persons have, during the year, signed the anti-tobacco pledge:

Donald Haynes	Walter Griffin	Emerie Sanders
Lawrence Chapman	Robert Griffin	George Sanders
Frank Parkhurst	Bernard Kennedy	Hubert Douglas Smith
Murland Sylvester	Edwin Griffin	Frederick Huguley
Edmund Blaalm	Wilber Mitchel	Ronald Loe
Jewel Brooks	Westley Mitchel	Merritt Leslie
Ira Sims	Robert Whittaker	Clyde Sauder
Archie Gibson	Vergil Gunther	Alvin Luitjens
Hubert Smith	Vergil Harter	Roy Higgins
Mike Reichert	Paul Felker	Lester Moore
Halmar J. Webb	Warren Felker	Milton Mundall
Oscar Jones	Byron Compton	Donald Stump
Nelson W. Curtiss	Leslie Jackson	G. W. Gollihue
Victor Rallsage	Leonard Jackson	Robert Benton
John R. Jones		

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for August 21

SENIOR: "The Christian Help and Gospel Meeting Band."

JUNIOR: "Kindliness and Cheerfulness."

Today's meeting is to be devoted to ways of helpfulness. The Saviour tells of the last great judgment scene when all the inhabitants of the earth are to be divided into two great groups. Then Jesus points out the standard by which the division is made. The way we treat our fellow men will place us among the sheep on his right hand or among the goats at his left. Can any Missionary Volunteer allow an opportunity to pass, then, wherein he may get a new vision of everyday service for others?

A spirit of kindliness and cheerfulness makes the junior a sunbeam in the home. Juniors, too, will hear the words, "Well done," if they have but borne their share of the household burdens with a smile. The program of today will tell the story of several just such little heroes and heroines.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VIII — The School of Christ

(August 21)

GOLDEN TEXT: "We have not a high priest [master teacher] that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are." Heb. 4: 15, R. V.

The Teacher Sent from God

1. What did Nicodemus say that Jesus was? John 3: 2.
2. Who sent Jesus into this world? John 17: 18, first part.
3. What may he therefore properly be called? Ans.—The Teacher sent from God.

The School and the Lesson Books

4. Where did Jesus do his teaching? Matt. 5: 1; 13: 1; Luke 6: 17; 7: 36; 14: 1; 20: 1.
5. What lesson books did he use? Note 1.

Methods of the Master Teacher

6. Name one occasion when Jesus taught by the word of mouth—the lecture method. Matt. 5: 2. Note 2.
7. Give an illustration of his teaching by demonstration—the laboratory method. Matt. 9: 35. Note 3.
8. What was one of his favorite methods of teaching? Ans.—In parables—the object method. Matt. 13: 3. Note 4.
9. What most convincing and enduring method did he continually use? Ans.—Example—observation of the life of the teacher. John 13: 15. Note 5.
10. Mention an instance when he used the question, or Socratic, method. John 21: 15; Matt. 21: 23-27; 12: 10-12.
11. What stern method did he sometimes find necessary? Ans.—Rebuke—the disciplinary method. Matt. 16: 23. Note 6.
12. On what occasion did he use the method of comfort and assurance—heart to heart companionship? John 14: 1-3. Note 7.

The Purpose and the Result of His Teaching

13. What was the aim of Jesus in all his teaching? John 3: 17. Note 8.
14. How much did the heavenly Teacher sympathize with and love his students? John 15: 9. Note 9.
15. For what great work was he preparing them? John 20: 21.
16. How fully did they carry out the work for which Jesus had instructed them? Acts 6: 4.

Notes

1. The education of Jesus "was gained directly from the Heaven-appointed sources; from useful work, from the study of the Scriptures and of nature, and from the experiences of life,—God's lesson books, full of instruction to all who bring to them the willing hand, the seeing eye, and the understanding heart."—"Education," p. 77.

Everywhere the teachings of Jesus show his use of the same lesson books from which he himself learned. "Jesus followed the divine plan of education."—*Ibid.*

2. "The beatitudes were his greeting to the whole human family. Looking upon the vast throng gathered there to listen to the Sermon on the Mount, he seemed for the moment to have forgotten that he was not in heaven, and he used the familiar salutation of the world of light. From his lips flowed blessings as the gushing forth of a long-sealed fountain. . . . To the poor in spirit, the sorrowing, the persecuted, he stretched out his arms, saying, 'Come unto me . . . I will give you rest.'"—*Id.*, pp. 79, 80.

"The people 'were astonished at his teaching; for his word was with power' (Luke 4: 32). Never before spoke one who had such power to awaken thought, to kindle aspiration, to arouse every capability of body, mind, and soul."—*Id.*, p. 81.

3. "It was not on the cross only that Christ sacrificed himself for humanity. As 'he went about doing good,' every day's experience was an outpouring of his life. . . .

"As a man he supplicated the throne of God, till his humanity was charged with a heavenly current that connected humanity with divinity. Receiving life from God, he imparted life to men."—*Id.*, pp. 80, 81.

When his disciples, attempting to use this method, failed, Jesus explained by saying, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Matt. 17: 21.

4. "So wide was Christ's view of truth, so extended his teaching, that every phase of nature was employed in illustrating truth. The scenes upon which the eye daily rests were all connected with some spiritual truth, so that nature is clothed with the parables of the Master. . . . By connecting

his teaching with the scenes of life, experience, or nature, he secured their attention and impressed their hearts. Afterward, as they looked upon the objects that illustrated his lessons, they recalled the words of the divine Teacher. To minds that were open to the Holy Spirit, the significance of the Saviour's teaching unfolded more and more. Mysteries grew clear, and that which had been hard to grasp became evident."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 20, 21.

By this method of teaching "the unknown was illustrated by the known; divine truths by earthly things with which the people were most familiar."—*Id.*, p. 17.

5. "To the secret place of the Most High, under the shadow of the Almighty, men now and then repair; they abide for a season, and the result is manifest in noble deeds; then their faith fails, the communion is interrupted, and the life-work marred. But the life of Jesus was a life of constant trust, sustained by continual communion; and his service for heaven and earth was without failure or faltering."—*Education*, p. 80.

"What he taught, he lived. . . . And more than this; what he taught, he was. His words were the expression, not only of his own life-experience, but of his own character. Not only did he teach the truth, but he was the truth. It was this that gave his teaching power."—*Id.*, pp. 78, 79.

6. Jesus employed "the rebuke that is love," "the blow that wounds to heal," "the warning that speaks hope."—*Id.*, p. 90.

7. Real, genial companionship afforded the personal touch which made the teaching of Jesus so effective. Wherever he went, his students accompanied him. Often when weary with the labors of the day, he said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." Mark 6: 31.

8. When Jesus came to this world as a Teacher sent from God, "life had become false and artificial. . . . All systems of religion were losing their hold on mind and soul. Disgusted with fable and falsehood, . . . men turned to infidelity."—*Id.*, pp. 74, 75.

Religion was but a round of meaningless forms. The truth of God was covered by the traditions and opinions of men. The knowledge of the true God and of God's word was well-nigh lost to the world.

"Christ came to restore this knowledge. He came to set aside the false teaching by which those who claimed to know God had misrepresented him. He came to manifest the nature of his law, to reveal in his own character the beauty of holiness."—*Id.*, p. 76.

He came to transform humanity. But "he who seeks to transform humanity must himself understand humanity. Only through sympathy, faith, and love can men be reached and uplifted. Here Christ stands revealed as the Master Teacher; of all that ever dwelt on the earth, he alone has perfect understanding of the human soul."—*Id.*, p. 78.

9. "In every human being he discerned infinite possibilities. He saw men as they might be, transfigured by his grace,—in 'the beauty of the Lord our God.' Looking upon them with hope, he inspired hope. Meeting them with confidence, he inspired trust. Revealing in himself man's true ideal, he awakened, for its attainment, both desire and faith. In his presence souls despised and fallen realized that they still were men, and they longed to prove themselves worthy of his regard. In many a heart that seemed dead to all things holy were awakened new impulses. To many a despairing one there opened the possibility of a new life.

"Christ bound men to his heart by the ties of love and devotion; and by the same ties he bound them to their fellow men. With him love was life, and life was service. 'Freely ye have received,' he said, 'freely give.'"—*Id.*, p. 80.

Thus through faith, hope, and love did the Teacher sent from God accomplish his work.

"After a time he went to the synagogue, and there those who had come from Bethsaida found him. They learned from his disciples how he had crossed the sea. . . . Not content with this, however, many gathered about Jesus, questioning, 'Rabbi, when camest thou hither?' They hoped to receive from his own lips a further account of the miracle. Jesus did not gratify their curiosity."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 383, 384.

"Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee, O living Word!"

Questions

1. The next day after the feeding of the five thousand, what did the people of Bethsaida do? John 6: 22-24.
2. When they found Jesus, what question did they ask? What reason did Jesus give why the people were seeking him? Verses 25, 26. Note 1.
3. For what did Jesus say they should labor? What question did they ask in reply? What did Jesus say was the work of God? Verses 27-29.
4. What did they ask Jesus to show them that they might believe? What other miracle of supplying food did they mention? Verses 30, 31. Note 2.
5. What did Jesus say of the manna? What explanation did he give of the bread of life? Verses 32, 33.
6. On hearing his words, for what did they ask? What did Jesus then tell them plainly? Verses 34, 35. Note 3.
7. For what purpose had Jesus come into the world? What is the will of the Father? Verses 38-40.
8. What caused the Jews to murmur? What did they recall concerning Jesus? Verses 41, 42. Note 4.
9. What important truths did Jesus repeat? Verses 47, 48.
10. What did he say further concerning the bread from heaven? Verses 51-53. Note 5.
11. Where was Jesus when he taught these things? Verse 59.
12. What shows that some who had been following him were not willing to accept him fully as their Saviour? Verse 66.
13. What question did Jesus ask of the twelve? What answer did Peter make? Of what was Peter sure? Verses 67-69.
14. What sad statement did Jesus make concerning one of the twelve? Of whom did he speak? Verses 70, 71.

Can You Tell

What is meant by "spiritual food"?
How one can "feed" upon Christ?
Which one of the beatitudes fits in with this lesson?
What Jeremiah said about eating the words of God? Jer. 15: 16.

Notes

1. Having seen his wonderful miracle, the people were following Jesus, hoping to receive some temporal benefit. But Jesus sought to turn their minds away from the perishing things of life by pointing them to the true bread, which if they would eat, they would live forever.

2. "They had already seen the miracle of the five loaves, and did not believe; and it was impossible for them to see anything more descriptive of unlimited power and goodness. Even miracles themselves are lost on persons whose hearts are fixed on the perishing things of the world, and whose minds are filled with prejudice against the truth. Their argument seemed to run thus: Thou hast, we grant, fed five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes; but what is this in comparison with what Moses did in the desert, who for forty years fed more than a million persons with bread from heaven? Do something like this, and then we will believe on thee, as we have believed on Moses."—*Dr. Adam Clarke*.

3. "Still thinking that it was temporal food to which Jesus referred, some of his hearers exclaimed, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread.' Jesus then spoke plainly: 'I am the bread of life.' . . . Only the day before, the great multitude, when faint and weary, had been fed by the bread which he had given. As from that bread they had received physical strength and refreshment, so from Christ they might receive spiritual strength unto eternal life."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 386.

4. "They [the leaders] tried to arouse prejudice by referring scornfully to the lowly origin of Jesus. They contemptuously alluded to his life as a Galilean laborer, and to his family as being poor and lowly. The claims of this uneducated carpenter, they said, were unworthy of their attention. And on account of his mysterious birth, they insinuated that he was of doubtful parentage, thus representing the human circumstances of his birth as a blot upon his history."—*Id.*, p. 387.

5. The Jews were about to celebrate the Passover at Jerusalem, in memory of the deliverance of Israel from the bondage of Egypt. They would then eat the flesh of the Passover lamb, which represented the very One whom they now refused to believe.

"To eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ is to receive him as a personal Saviour, believing that he forgives our sins, and that we are complete in him. . . . Food cannot benefit us unless we eat it; unless it becomes a part of our being. So Christ is of no value to us if we do not know him as a personal Saviour."—*Id.*, p. 389.

Intermediate Lesson

VIII — The Bread of Life

(August 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 6: 22-71.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6: 35.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 383-394.

PLACE: The plain of Gennesaret; synagogue in Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus; the disciples; the people.

Setting of the Lesson

"The miracle of the loaves was reported far and near, and very early next morning the people flocked to Bethsaida to see Jesus. They came in great numbers, by land and sea. Those who had left him the preceding night returned, expecting to find him still there; for there had been no boat by which he would pass to the other side. But their search was fruitless, and many repaired to Capernaum, still seeking him. Meanwhile he had returned to Gennesaret, after an absence of but one day. . . .

A Horror of Death

WE are told that Alfred Krupp, the great German cannon king, had an abject horror of death. He allowed no one to speak to him of death if he could avoid it, and every employee throughout his vast works was strictly forbidden to refer to the subject in conversation.

A relative of Mrs. Krupp's having died suddenly in their home, Mr. Krupp fled from the house despite his wife's earnest entreaties not to do so. This incident resulted in a disagreement that finally brought separation.

How different it is with one possessed of the Christian's hope. While death is recognized as an enemy, being the result of sin, one can confidently say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

F. D. C.

The Greatest Problem

THE following is clipped from the *Toronto Globe* of July 3, and is a clarion call to our own young people:

"The greatest problem that the missionary societies are called upon to face today is not so much a lack of money, as a scarcity of men and women who are willing to lay their lives on the altar and go forth to the regions beyond to preach the gospel. It was this thought that found expression in the words of Rev. H. Frost, director of the China Inland Mission for North America, in speaking at their annual conference at Niagara-on-the-Lake this week.

"The dearth of candidates for the China Inland Mission and other missionary societies,' he said, 'is nothing short of pathetic.' And the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, the famous evangelist, expressed the same thought on Thursday of this week at the conference when he said: 'The great need of the hour is for men and women with such a consuming passion for the lost that they are willing to go forth to other lands to face the cholera, the plague, the black-water fever, and to die if necessary, to bring lost souls to Christ.'"

What it would mean in heathen lands should mission stations be closed, is vividly portrayed in the following words from the same issue of the *Globe*:

"Silent buildings in the villages from which Christian workers have been withdrawn; groups of Indian workers in dismay, left leaderless and without resources; poor, ignorant village congregations utterly bewildered, wondering why they have been abandoned to the darkness they so recently left, in many cases at a cost of persecution and suffering, and, saddest of all, Hindu priests and people rejoicing that at last the church of Christ has begun to beat a retreat before tri-

umphant Hinduism. Hinduism triumphant! What are the facts? For over a century Christian missions in India and China have pursued an almost unbroken course of great success. From the winning of individual converts, they have passed to the gaining of families, villages, and tribes."

With the slogan, "This gospel of the kingdom to all the world in this generation," we cannot at this late hour hold back when the calls come. Thousands of our young people will heed the call, and, with their hearts aglow with love for Jesus, will respond, to carry the blessed gospel message to those groping in darkness. Let us keep in mind the cross of Calvary, and the lure of the world will not turn us aside from our life-work. We can help solve this great problem by pre-

paring for service, and living so near the Master that a "consuming passion for the lost" will compel us to go forth wherever he may call.

LIZZIE M. GREGG.

What Hurts

IT is not declaring a conviction that hurts the feelings or wounds the pride of those who are unwilling to share it, but it is the tone of superiority and dogmatism that is so often assumed; the lack of sympathy, appreciation, and respect that is conveyed; the ill-concealed contempt and derision felt for those who hold opposing opinions.

Truth demands none of all this; but expressed at proper seasons firmly and clearly, yet modestly, its claims are fulfilled, while none of the demands of po-

liteness need be infringed.—Selected.



A Faithful Friend and Protector

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