

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 33



THE "MAYFLOWER," IN ICY ARMOR, REACHES AMERICA



# From Here and There

"Wherever the Germans go, you will find an arsenal; wherever the French go, you will find a railroad; wherever the British go, you will find a customhouse, and wherever the Americans go, you will find a schoolhouse," an Englishman in the Near East recently remarked.

We are importing 42 per cent more coffee this year than last year, despite the fact that we are paying almost double last year's price. According to a statement sent out by the National City Bank of New York, the people of the United States are paying over a million dollars a day for coffee.

Most of the peanuts and peanut oil imported, originate in China, a part of them being sent out direct from that country. A larger part, however, is sent out from Japan, where great vegetable-oil factories have been established since the increased demand for vegetable oil for food purposes.

Nearly 100 men are being graduated every three weeks at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station from what naval officers describe as the biggest trade school in the world. The school is devoted exclusively to the training of aviation mechanics, and at the present time 3,225 students are taking the courses, which range in length from sixteen to thirty-six weeks.

Miss Helen Taft, daughter of former President William Howard Taft, was married on July 15 at Murray Bay, to Frederick Johnson Manning, instructor in history at Yale University. For several years Mrs. Manning has been acting president of Bryn Mawr College. Mr. Manning was graduated from Yale in 1916, and served as first lieutenant in the field artillery, U. S. A.

The largest single source of buttons in this country is the fresh-water mussel, the lowly clam of the old swimming hole. Latest figures show that more than 50,000 tons of clamshells are used annually in the manufacture of more than 25,000,000 gross of pearl buttons. These are valued at more than \$7,000,000. Of the millions of buttons used annually in America, more than one third once provided housing for fresh-water mussels. Eight thousand persons, not including thousands of clam fishers, are employed to keep mother's button bag fat, and little Johnny's and his father's suspenders attachable.

The hugest freezing and cold-storage plant in the world has just been put into operation in Chicago by Armour & Co. Twenty-one thousand tons of meat can be accommodated in it, and it occupies nearly all of a nine-story building. The plant was constructed, we are told in a leading article in "Power Plant Engineering" (Chicago), to increase the firm's already large capacity for the freezing and storing of its meat products. Its location, in the Chicago Union Stockyards, where ground space is at a premium, rendered imperative a structure of skyscraper proportions. The building itself is of brick on a re-inforced concrete-covered structural steel framework, and covers a ground space 208 by 212 feet in size.

When it comes to enduring, sacrificing, and dying, the humble and plebeian mule can be relied on to do his full duty, as he proved in the World War. Many a time, when the mud was deepest and the sergeant major was in his worst mood, the mule laid back his ears, planted his feet firmly upon any spot he could find, and pulled a gun or wagon out of the mire. There were more than 45,000 of them engaged with the army overseas, and more than 100,000 with the troops in the United States. While he resorted at times to ungentle tricks, yet when it came to hard and necessary work, when it came to going without food and drink, when it came to difficulties in transportation, the mule was to be depended upon. He was the hero of many a trying hour.

Cairo is the seat of Islam's most renowned university,—"El Azhar," the resplendent,—which was old before Columbus set sail for the New World, and which still teaches thousands of students in the courts of its old mosques. Cairo is also the literary center of Islam. What the stamp of Cambridge is to the English Bible, the imprint of Cairo is to the Arabic Koran. Moslem commentaries and books of devotion pour in a ceaseless stream from the city on the Nile to the ends of the Moslem world. In a single year 25,169,000 newspapers and magazines passed through the Egyptian mails, and of these more than 2,500,000 went from Cairo into other Mohammedan lands.

A lawn that is not a lawn, but looks like a lawn, and is said by its owner to be better than a lawn,—a waterless, mowerless, weedless, gopherless lawn,—in short, a cement "lawn," painted grass green, has made its appearance in front of a Los Angeles bungalow. Mrs. A. C. Woodward, inventor and owner, says it saves time, money, and worry. She never has to water nor cut it; it is always dry enough to sit on, and it needs painting only once a year. She has circular holes cut through the lawn, and in them and along the edges she has flowers planted.

The postage stamp, which seems to be one of the essentials of our daily life, is only eighty-three years old. In 1845 the Government authorized half a dozen postmasters to issue stamps at their own expense, and in 1847 the first national stamps were issued by the Post Office Department. They were not a success at first because every one had to furnish his own "stickum;" and it was not until some genius put a thin coating of gum arabic on their backs that postage stamps became the order of the day.

It is estimated that something like 150,000,000 tons of coal were consumed by the railroads in the year 1917. From the results obtained, from such electrical operations of railroads as we already have in this country, we know that it would be possible to save at least two thirds of this coal if electric locomotives were substituted for the present steam locomotives. On this basis, there would be a saving of more than 100,000,000 tons of coal in one year.

"Mexico," says Henry Lane Wilson, "can never be revolutionized into the practice of constitutional and democratic methods. Eighty per cent of the population can neither read nor write and are ignorant of the fundamental principles of true democracy or of constitutional methods. Any scheme for the restoration of peaceful conditions in Mexico must depend on evolution."

## The Youth's Instructor

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## The Tercentenary Celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims

ON Nov. 11, 1620, in the cabin of the "Mayflower," a tiny bark lying off the Massachusetts coast, a small band of liberty-loving men from Britannia, entered into what history has styled the "Mayflower Compact." This agreement bound the forty-

commemorated in the United States, in England, and in Holland. In August, the origin of the Pilgrim movement will be celebrated in England. And early in September, meetings will be held in Holland in memory of the Pilgrims' sojourn in that country.

In September, a second "Mayflower" will set sail from Southampton, England, to follow to the American shore the path taken by the original "Mayflower." This second "Mayflower" will be modern, and therefore much more seaworthy than her smaller predecessor.

This boat, carrying many prominent people of England, Holland, and the United States, will anchor in Provincetown Harbor late in September. Its arrival will perhaps mark the crowning dramatic episode of the entire Tercentenary celebrations.

These events will not be celebrated in the United States by the citizens of Massachusetts and Virginia alone. Nor solely by the New England and South Atlantic States. Communities throughout America are planning to take this opportunity to review the

"foundation upon which the United States rests," and to re-emphasize those principles which these ancestors established, and which their sons, their followers, and their followers' sons have handed down to us through our form of representative government.

America is appropriating, from national and State treasuries, hundreds of thousands of dollars to be used in plans for the commemoration. One plan is to erect, overlooking Plymouth Harbor, a colossal statue of Massasoit, the Indian chief who befriended the Puri-



The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts

one adult males in the ship's company into a civil body politic for the better ordering, preserving, and furthering of their mutual ends. And it provided for such just and equal laws and offices as should be necessary for the general good of the colony.

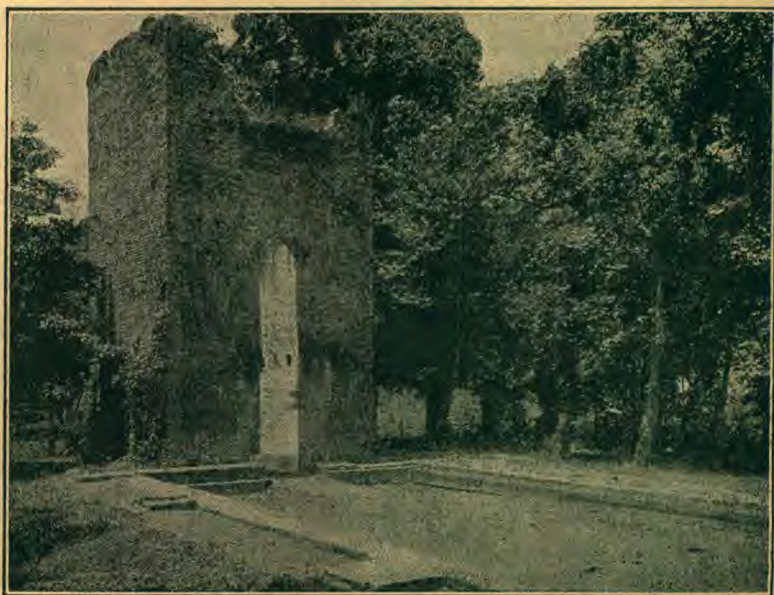
Ten days later, so records Dr. Charles W. Eliot's inscription on the Pilgrim Memorial Monument at Provincetown, Massachusetts, "the 'Mayflower,' carrying 102 passengers, men and women and children, cast anchor in this harbor, sixty-seven days from Plymouth, England.

"This body politic established and maintained on this bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness a state without a king or a noble, a church without a bishop or a priest, a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by every one.

"With long-suffering devotion and sober resolution, they illustrated for the first time in history the principles of civil and religious liberty and the practice of a genuine democracy."

Meantime, uninformed of the Pilgrims, fellow colonists of Capt. John Smith had met at James City (Jamestown), Virginia, for the first American legislative assembly. On July 30, 1619, they had thus broken ground for the foundation of the present democratic form of government in the United States.

This year (1920) these events are being



Tower of Episcopal Church, Jamestown, Virginia. Built in 1620





Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, Massachusetts

tan pioneer. Another is to set the Plymouth Rock, which in 1741 was raised above the tide, in its original position.

Seventy American cities, including New York, Chicago, and Boston, have started plans for their celebrations of the Tercentenary. The Sulgrave Institution and the American Mayflower Council have been active in co-ordinating these plans.

Community Service (Incorporated), on Madison Avenue, New York, has drawn up suggestions for the use of communities planning to celebrate. These have been distributed for the use of schools, churches, clubs, and general community groups throughout the United States and her territories.

### Praying by the Compass

**M**OHAMMEDANS are punctilious about their worship. Some no doubt put their heart into their religious service, but with many it consists largely of forms, set phrases, and specified times of prayer, and when possible, pilgrimages to holy places, above all to Mecca.

Prayer is said five times a day,—at dawn, about noon, two hours before sunset, at sunset, and two hours after sunset,—and all these prayers are in the Arabic language. It is said that three fourths of the Mohammedan world are unacquainted with the Arabic, and therefore many millions pray in an unknown tongue. With frequent prayers uttered in a strange tongue, prayer has degenerated into a mechanical art and into "vain repetitions." Purification of the body in preparation for prayer, right posture, and right direction in prayer are essential from the viewpoint of the Mohammedan worshiper, and failure to carry out the prescribed rules nullifies the worship.

As an example of how this works out in practice, I will cite the case of a rich Mohammedan, well known to a number of our people in India. This gentleman is a devout worshiper of the false prophet. When traveling on the trains he notes carefully the times of prayer, and on the oft-recurring hours he spreads his prayer mat on the floor of the car, and, setting his compass before him, bows toward Mecca and offers his prayers. He bows to Allah and then arises, only

to bow again, for there are many genuflections and prostrations as they utter their set prayers to Allah. But the train is traveling swiftly over plain and mountain, and here and there are sharp turns which would throw the worshiper out of "right direction" but for his compass, for upon this he casts his eye occasionally and changes position accordingly. As the train travels south, he bows across the car toward the west, and then as the train veers toward the east, he turns toward the rear end of the car, and so on, making sure his face is toward Mecca.

On another occasion the writer witnessed thousands of Mohammedans marching along to a great festival, shouting at the top of their voices, dancing in the air like madmen, and lashing their bodies with whips of steel until the blood was running down their backs. But God is not worshiped by such means, nor does he ask that scourgings, vain repetitions, loud cries, sad countenances, and disfiguring of the body, nor any other thing, be seen or heard of men. Our Father hears the simple prayer in secret, and no compass to indicate direction is necessary. God is near, and an angel will wing upward quicker than the lightning with our earnest cries for help and blessing.

J. E. FULTON.

### "You're in the Army Now"

**A**BOUT a month after I had donned the khaki and had become a unit in Uncle Sam's great fighting machine of four million men, which made possible the successful outcome of the greatest war in history, I was transferred almost four thousand miles from my far Western home to a camp on the Atlantic coast. When I reported for duty, I found that I had been given a pleasant

position on the camp personnel as secretary to Captain G., chief of military police. A sergeant informed me that the captain then had the "flu," and that I could busy myself as I chose until he returned. With this arrangement, I had no trouble in getting Sabbaths off, as there was no one to whom I was to report for duty.

In about two weeks the captain returned. He was pleasant, and I was sure that my assignment was



Spring at Plymouth, Massachusetts, from Which the Pilgrim Fathers Drank



Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts



going to be agreeable to me. There was little work to do, but he was particular, and wanted his work done at his own time and in his own way. This troubled me only as I thought of what he might do when I asked to be excused from duty on Sabbath.

One Tuesday evening he stayed in the office a little later than usual, and I felt impressed that this was the opportune time to speak to him about being excused from Sabbath duty. I walked to his desk, saluted, and said, "Sir, I am a Seventh-day Adventist, and Saturday is my day of rest, so I have come to ask your permission to be excused from duty on that day."

"Well, there is no day of rest in the army, and you're in the army now," he answered sharply.

"I realize that I am in the army, sir, and I am thankful for it, and while I am in the army it shall be my purpose to discharge all duties faithfully; but this is one point on which I must draw the line."

"You mean that you will not work on Saturday?"

"I do not see how I can, sir."

"Well, you are up against working on Saturday or going to the guardhouse. You have your choice. Think it over between now and Saturday."

I knew that the captain was not a man to play with words, and that when he said a thing he meant it and had power to carry it out. I went back to my desk and tried to think what to do, and prayed silently that He who commands the armies of heaven would be with me.

Soon I returned to the captain's desk. "Captain," I said, "if I write a letter through military channels to Major General Du Vall, the commanding general of the camp, will you forward it?"

"Yes, I will forward your letter. Not that I think his decision will be any different from mine, but then the ruling will come from camp headquarters and will be final."

Needless to say, I lost no time in writing the letter which would determine whether or not I should go to the guardhouse. The letter was brief, merely stating our beliefs and my request to be excused from duty on Sabbaths; but I pinned to the letter three type-written pages of rulings passed by different camps throughout the country favoring Adventists, which I had received from the General Conference Commission on Military Affairs, through Elder C. B. Haynes.

Wednesday passed. I ate and slept but little, but I read my Bible and "Steps to Christ," and prayed that the Lord would see fit to have my request granted. Thursday passed in much the same way, only I had confidence that my prayers had been answered. When I reported for work as usual Friday morning, the captain handed me the reply from headquarters. It read, "Request approved, by command of Major General Du Vall. [Signed] Camp Adjutant." It was with a grateful heart that I read this, and with a consciousness that I could say from experience, as did David, "The Lord of hosts is with us."

DELL MOORE.

## A River "Wrong End To"

JOHN GODFREY JACQUES

**T**HE ice was still several feet thick on the Siberian river Obi when I made my first journey upon it, and a thick blanket of snow was still spread over the far stretches of the tundra, although spring had already come in temperate regions.

We traveled by sleds drawn over the ice by horses, changing horses frequently at the small stations along the way. There is nothing to which the cold during that journey can be compared that people accustomed to mild climate can comprehend. What then must midwinter have been!

There are no roads in these regions, nor could there be such except during portions of the year. Why this is so you will observe later. The only settlements, except those of the wild native tribes, are along the navigable rivers; and all are built on hill-tops—for quite sufficient reason, which also will be apparent farther on. The buildings are all of logs.

One night late in May, at a village well up toward the mouth of the river, I was awakened suddenly by a terrific boom. Thunder—earthquake—no, it was not like either of these, nor like anything I had ever heard, but it certainly was tremendous, and was followed by such a grating and grinding as you surely cannot imagine.

The ice had broken!

The Obi, like all other great rivers of the north, flows in a northerly direction; hence the ice breaks up earliest at the source, which is farthest south. Then the current carries the broken ice northward, where it stacks up against that which is still solid, forming immense dams. The water, being thus held back, spreads out over the land, flooding thousands of square miles of country.

Vast numbers of fish are carried over the river's

banks, and they find more food outside than inside. They are lean when they leave the river, but they soon become so fat that they move sluggishly, and the settlers wade about and catch them in their hands.

In some instances, the ice dams form so high and hold so long, that the water may rise to the top of the hill on which a village is built. The people keep their boats in readiness for such an emergency, and sometimes have to take to them.

When the sunshine, together with the pressure of the water from the south, breaks up one ice dam, another soon forms farther north; and not until June is the river free from ice. Then the water that covered the land flows back to the river; but the land is left marshy and barren—the great tundra of Siberia. The natives travel over this marshy land in summer, and over the deep snows in winter on skis.

In the few weeks remaining before the early autumn snows and cold, the settlers harvest a crop of coarse, wild hay for their stock, and even grow a few vegetables. Wild berries also are found. Most of the food, other than meat and milk, is brought from the south. Fish is the principal article of food. In winter these are caught through holes cut in the ice—then thicker than I dare tell you, as I value your faith in my veracity.

Milk sold in winter is not delivered in bottles, but in blocks, usually carried by a string or a stick that has one end frozen into the milk.

Pine timber grows along the river; and pine nuts are the principal source of income for the settlers. They are shipped to Russia and other countries. Some years there are no nuts; but the receipts in years of plenty bridge over the years of dearth, as the prices received are generous.



In summer small steamers take the place of horses and sleds in transportation, and short trips are made by rowboat also.

Though the summers of Siberia are brief, they are hot; and the heat is intensified by fires that break out in the pine timber. The greatest dread of the Siberian summers is the swarms of tiny gnats that literally blacken the air in the forests. It is almost impossible to protect oneself from them; and persons are sometimes made ill by the bites of these myriad insects. Another pest ever present is the bedbugs, which are legion.

Verily Siberia is not a land of luxury; yet existence there is not altogether intolerable—except for the many exiles sent thither from Russia. However, many of these, when liberated, elect to remain there. Thus "ex-exiles" and their families constitute a considerable portion of the population in that land where the rivers are "wrong end to."

### Help It On

THERE'S a good time coming,  
Help it on!  
There's a good time coming,  
Help it on!  
Every heart its tune is drumming,  
All the air with it is humming,  
Help it on, help it on!  
Help it on, on, on!

There's a future on the way,  
Help it on!  
There's a future on the way,  
Help it on!  
When the night shall turn to day,  
For the right shall have the way,  
Help it on, help it on!  
Help it on, on, on!

When you find a noble cause,  
Help it on!  
When you find a noble cause,  
Help it on!  
Never wait for man's applause,  
Never count the cost, nor pause,  
Help it on, help it on!  
Help it on, on, on!

And when the right shall win,  
Help it on!  
And when the right shall win,  
Help it on!  
There will be no want nor sin,  
And the good time shall begin;  
Help it on, help it on!  
Help it on, on, on!

—Selected.

### The Value of Concentration

IF there is one thing above others that the student earnestly desires, it is the ability to concentrate, for concentration is the secret of great thinking. It is commonly known that one of the secrets of focusing the mind on a certain subject is interest in the matter in hand. So it is difficult for a boy who doesn't like the study of grammar, to concentrate his attention on a lesson in that subject. His interest in arithmetic will enable him to get his lesson in it with much less effort, because he does not have to force himself to think in studying that lesson.

The giants of the race have been men of concentration, who have struck sledge-hammer blows in one place until they have accomplished their purpose. Paul wrote to the Philippians, "This one thing I do." That one thing was to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Edison in his laboratory becomes so absorbed in his work that he sometimes forgets all about his meals. In conducting his investigations and making experi-

ments, he has been known to work day after day with scarcely any rest or sleep.

Concentration is applicable to all phases of life, to work, to play, to study, or whatever we do. One can hear the clock tick by concentrating his attention on that one thing, even though there may be other sounds or noises that might disturb. When listening to a band or orchestra, one can hear the music of each instrument separately or of all as a whole, by simply directing his attention in the desired channel.

Concentration of attention is measured by the ease with which a person's attention can be turned from the topic with which he is concerned. The concentration may be so great that the individual is oblivious of all that goes on about him. He may forget engagements and meals because of his absorption. Sometimes even physical pain is not strong enough to distract attention. A person may have the toothache, but if he becomes intensely interested in something, often the toothache will be forgotten for the time being.

Many young persons today do not have a relish for solid reading, because the novels and fascinating stories they have read have lessened their interest in more substantial reading. By skimming through light reading their powers of mind have been weakened, and they cannot concentrate or remember as well as formerly. This is because they have lost interest in the better class of literature, and if one has no interest in a thing, he will find it difficult to concentrate his attention on it.

"The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar and leaves no trace behind."

One can learn to concentrate just as one can learn to do anything else. Habits of concentration, of ignoring distractions and interruptions, of putting all one's power into the work in hand, are just as possible as habits of neatness or order. But this habit is not acquired in a day or a week, but takes months and even years of careful, intelligent self-discipline. As in geometry, so in concentration; there is no royal road to its attainment. The only way is to think, *think*, THINK. ROY A. JORGENSEN.

### The History of a Name

WHENCE came the word Child or Childs as a surname? A writer in the *Washington Post* gives the following probable origin:

"In old England the word had two meanings. In one sense it was used just as we use it today, to designate a minor as distinguished from an infant. But it had another use as well, as a sort of title. It was customary among the nobility of England in the Middle Ages to designate their eldest born by prefixing the rather vague title 'Childe.'

"Thus Byron in his 'Childe Harold' but made use of a form of expression common in the days of which he wrote.

"A counterpart of this custom exists today among the English nobility in applying to the younger children the term 'the Honorable.'

"Usage similar to this has been in the past, and still is widespread in the royalty and nobility of many



European countries. A notable example is in the forms "infante" and "infanta," still used by the royal families of Spain.

"So while it would tax the imagination to figure how the ordinary word 'child' would develop into a surname, it is not hard to see that the title 'Childe' very naturally, indeed inevitably, did so, and in a tremendous number of instances."

## The Correct Thing

### It Is His Message

ONE topic I should like to have this committee consider," said the leader one evening in the regular executive committee meeting of — society, "is, How can we improve our weekly meetings? Take last Friday evening, for instance. The subject was excellent; the material provided was good. But somehow the two readings were lifeless. Of course, those two parts should have been given as talks."

"Yes," said the secretary, "they surely should have. I took pains to explain to both Ardath and Warren that they must present their topics as talks and not merely read the helps given in the *Gazette*. And I thought they would."

"The sad part is," continued the perplexed leader, leaning back in his chair, "that they are by no means the first offenders in this matter, and I fear similar offenses will continue to come. I don't know how to get our young people to give talks instead of reading the helps provided. I believe our meetings would be twice as interesting if we could make this change."

"Coming back to last Friday evening, I really don't wonder that Warren's and Ardath's readings made so little impression on the minds of the audience. Ardath came to me after the meeting and said she forgot about her part till about four o'clock Friday afternoon, and then she had no opportunity to give it any thought whatever till meeting time, so there was nothing for her to do but to read the helps given. As for Warren, he unfortunately misplaced his paper and came to me for the *Gazette* about five minutes before the meeting opened."

I wonder how many other executive committees are wrestling with the selfsame problem. I wonder how many Ardaths forget to prepare, and how many Warrens misplace their paper. I wonder how many Missionary Volunteers in the various societies say, "This article is good; I'll just read it. That will be much easier. I'm too busy anyway to prepare a talk." Somehow I fear there are more than a few, for just the other day at a Missionary Volunteer officers' meeting on a camp-ground, I asked, "What plan of society work would you like to study this morning?" Immediately some one said: "How to get the young people to prepare their parts and give them as talks instead of simply getting up and reading the helps provided." And every other officer present expressed a desire to have this problem discussed.

Suppose a number of you were invited to take dinner with Brother and Sister Jones, and when you got there Sister Jones should say, "O, I forgot all about the dinner till about thirty minutes ago. Mr. Jones has just gone to the grocery for something to eat," or, "I've been so busy that I haven't had time to get any dinner, but I have some nice fresh vegetables

just brought from the market. Of course it's too late now to get the dinner, but I'll just serve these vegetables as they are."

"Absurd," I fancy you say. So say I; but does it not take a stronger word than that to cover our deeds — or shall I say misdeeds — when you and I fail to prepare our parts on the society program?

Once again: Let us suppose that the king of Belgium should ask you to tell the members of your society about his interest in the daily study of the Bible. Suppose he should say: "I shall be there, but I want you to deliver this message for me." Would you forget? Would you fail to prepare to present it in the most forceful way?

What power on earth can make you and me realize that every time we stand before the society we are called to deliver a message for One far greater than the king of Belgium. Our business there is to deliver a message for the Master we serve; although he attends the meeting, the message must be given by our lips. I hope he will never be pained when hearing our programs, because some one didn't care enough about his work to prepare, through earnest prayer and much study, a message that he could make a real blessing to others.

M. E. A.

### Whom Should I Greet?

FOR several years my home was in the darkest of black Africa. We lived among the Zulus in northern Natal, where we saw many times as many black faces as white. As a result of there being so few white people, I found that my only companion at play and continual associate had to be a little Zulu boy about my own size and age. We were both ten or eleven years old. He was as black as tar, so I named him Snowball. During my association with Snowball I learned to speak his language well, so that I could converse freely with any Zulu.

Although we associate freely with the black people while we are children, yet there comes a time when we feel that we cannot do so always, and then we begin to diverge from them. This is the beginning of the great racial feeling that exists between whites and blacks in South Africa. Our attitude toward the Negro there is a very friendly one as long as he keeps his place. We consider him as growing into civilization, and therefore cannot allow him privileges away from his home that he does not have in his home. Consequently we would never think of offering a Negro a chair to sit on; or giving him a knife and fork with which to eat his food, but only a spoon; or a bed to sleep on, but just some old blankets. Therefore our policy with the Negro is: Ascend in the scale of civilization and we will treat you according to your position.

It happened one morning when I was a small child, that an old Zulu, whose name was Mpangele, came to speak to mother on business. She went out on the veranda and asked him to sit down on the floor. So he came and sat down. Mpangele was a man about sixty-five years of age, and five feet six inches tall. His attire was simple, consisting of a tattered jacket, which had become so soiled from unceasing service that it was difficult to make out its original color; an old shirt that might have been white when it was on the store shelf; his legs were bare, and the rest of his apparel was that characteristic of his race, — two pieces of skin, one in front and the other behind, suspended from the waist by a thin leather cord. His



skin was dark, but presented a dusty appearance; on his left leg were a number of big scars, which, as he told me, had been caused by the teeth of a crocodile while he was fording a river. He had escaped by poking a stick down the crocodile's mouth, thus causing it to let go. His face, although old and wrinkled, was nevertheless expressive of courage and kindness. His voice was firm and yet not harsh. His matted, curly hair would have presented a grayish tinge but for the lack of soap and water.

As he sat there on the veranda interviewing mother, I was playing and running around with Snowball. Presently I ascended the flight of stone steps leading onto the veranda and passed by mother and old Mpangele. Mother paid no attention to our playing and running, but the old black man, when he saw me pass, said in a respectful way, "Good morning, little master." I, however, just went by, not heeding his courtesy. Just as I went around the corner, I heard a voice calling me. I came back and said, "Yes, mother," and then the following conversation ensued:

"Don't you know that you should say Good morning to people?"

"Yes, mother" (pretending I thought that she had reference to herself).

"But you did not."

"I beg your pardon, but I bade you Good morning early this morning."

"You did not say it to Mpangele, though."

"Oh, I see what you mean."

Turning to Mpangele, I said, "How do you do?"

He replied, "I still know you. Are you still well?"

"Yes, quite well."

"Why did you run by when I greeted you? You should not do that. Don't you see my gray hair?"

"It is not your place to scold me, Mpangele."

"Wait a minute, little master. I'm not scolding



Photo by Alonzo Wearner

A Study in Contrasts

you, but want to know whether you like old niggers?"

"Y—yes, I do."

"But you don't show it. All I want is a kind word; little master, although my skin is black, my heart is just as tender and red as yours."

"I know that."

"Then you should respect my old age. I cannot change my color."

This was a lesson to me. I had never thought before that even old black Mpangele had feelings hidden away under such a quantity of dirt and filth. I could hardly understand how a person could respect gray hair that could scarcely be seen for dirt. Since then it has become plain to me that gray hairs are gray hairs whether soiled or clean, and therefore should be respected.

C. BIRKENSTOCK.



National Photo Co., Washington, D. C.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE



## Doubt Is a Demon

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

I was sitting alone in my chamber of thought,  
With its treasures about me from past searchings  
brought;

Its hangings and pictures in harmonies splendid  
With the shades from the past and the present were  
blended.

Contented, I mused, when a voice at the door,  
Commanding attention, did entrance implore;  
And, filling my vision, before me there stood  
A presence beguiling, with portend of good.

"Your name?" I requested. "Of names I have two;  
Peculiar, you'll say when I tell them to you.  
But my first name is Question, and shortly you'll  
see

In your chamber of thought how active I'll be."  
Personified Wisdom before me he seemed,  
So profound was his glance, so impressive his mien;  
So I bade him to enter and be at his ease,  
My well-founded thought structure his fancy must  
please.

He entered and questioned, beguiling my thought  
With new fancies and visions from infinity brought;

But my blendings grew fainter and fainter until  
Unrest seized my soul with forebodings of ill.  
Not this time only did he visit me there;  
His visits grew more and more frequent, and where  
He entered he stayed until, fearful in heart,  
All anxious and troubled, I bade him depart.

"But," he said with a frown, "where I enter I stay.  
My other name's Doubt, and I now have full sway;  
I defy you to look at your blendings again  
And find satisfaction or comfort in them."  
In alarm and despair, to the Master I fled  
And poured out my questions and doubtings and  
dread.

O, the comfort he gave me! He made me to know  
'Twas a demon had entered and troubled me so,  
And only the power of the Lord could withstand  
This demon when once he had taken command.

Once again in my chamber, my chamber of mind,  
Behold the sweet blendings and harmonies fine;  
And the Word of the Master is guarding the door,  
That the demon of doubt enter there nevermore.

## The Book That Makes Things Safe

**I** HAVE read of a young infidel who years ago was traveling in the West with his uncle, a banker. They were not a little anxious for their safety when they were forced to stop for a night in a rough way-side cabin. There were two rooms in the house; and when they retired for the night, they agreed that the young man should sit up with his pistols, and watch until midnight, and then awaken his uncle, who should watch until morning. Presently they peeped through the crack and saw their host, a rough-looking old man, in his bearskin suit, reach up and take down a book, a Bible. After reading it awhile, he knelt down and began to pray. Then the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for bed. The uncle said, "I thought you were going to sit up and watch." But the young man knew there was no need of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night long in a cabin that was hallowed by the word of God and consecrated by the voice of prayer. Would a pack of cards, a rum bottle, or a copy of "The Age of Reason" have thus quieted this young infidel's fears?

Two sailors, cast away on a cannibal island, were in great fear; but while creeping cautiously about, they came upon a cabin. No one was at home, but they spied a Bible on the table. All their fear fled.

Every one knows that where this book has influence, it makes things safe. Why is this? If it were a bad book, we should expect to find it in the hands of the worst men. In New York there is a kind of rogues' museum, a place where they have all kinds of skeleton keys, jimnies, brass knuckles, dirks, pistols, and implements of mischief, which they have taken away from roughs and criminals. Do you suppose there is a single New Testament in the whole kit? Why not? If it were a bad book you would expect a rogue to have a revolver in one pocket and a New Testament tucked away in another. There was a row the other night, and a man broke his wife's head with a — Bible? No! it was a *bottle*! Where the Bible bears sway, the rows and quarrels do not come.

All countries without the Bible are good countries to move away from. Countries where the Bible is read and obeyed are good countries to move into. Those who hate the Bible can easily find some countries where it is not read. Why do they not move there and see how they like it?

### The Earl and the Cannibal

A story is told of a Fijian chief and an English earl — an infidel — who visited the Fiji Islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that, the old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. You, you! *you!* YOU! — if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

The gospel will make even a cannibal peaceable and harmless; but without the gospel, civilized men may become as fierce and as brutal as the cannibals ever were. Think of the French infidels of a century ago, clad in human skins from their tannery at Meudon, and wearing for wigs the scalps of their decapitated victims. Think of the anarchists, nihilists, and dynamiters of today; and then think what humanity is without God, and what the world would be if the gospel and the Bible were banished from it. — *H. L. Hastings.*





## A Queer Boy

He doesn't like study, it weakens his eyes;  
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise:  
Let it be about pirates, Indians, or bears.  
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;  
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.  
Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's tired as a hound,  
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around;"  
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,  
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.  
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,  
For he is so queer.

— *Selected.*

## Was the Price Too Great?

**I** JUST must carry off first honor; I must," whispered Marie through clenched teeth. "I have worked so hard, and the folks will be so disappointed if I fail. And yet, would they want me to pay such a price for success? Is the price too great?" It seemed to Marie just then that it was not. Resolutely, with lips pressed tightly together, she drew from the pocket of her dress a small square envelope. She regarded it steadily, but made no effort to open it. Why should she hesitate? She had determined upon the course. But, then, there was plenty of time, she told herself.

She sank to the stool before the broad, low window and rested her head on her arms. A fresh spring breeze stirred the curtains and cooled her hot forehead.

Grandfather had started it all during his last summer's visit, thought Marie. She had found him one day looking at her grade card for the past year, and had noted his disappointed expression. Marie's life thus far had been too full of other things to bother much about studying. She knew that she had slighted her lessons for the pleasures and joys of school life.

Thinking it over, she realized that it had not been so much the promise of the long-coveted pony that had been the cause of her determining to graduate with honors, as the conversation she had overheard, in which grandfather had assured her mother that he was not afraid of losing the pony. "I hope, however," he had added, "that the reward will serve to raise her grades to a more respectable standing."

And right there Marie had determined that she would win. Friends could not understand the change in the gay, careless Marie. She had studied this year as she had never studied before. At first it had been a forced, disagreeable task, but later she grew to appreciate its value. And yet she had been handicapped, frightfully handicapped, by the wasted, neglected years behind. A bird sang lustily from a near-by tree. He was telling the world of the wonderful feats he had accomplished by his indomitable courage. Marie knew that she had been courageous, too, and now Jane and she stood at the head of the class. Their class work had been equally good, and the examination grades would determine the standing.

Marie was afraid of Mr. McKee's history questions, which were often both unexpected and unusual. And then history was Jane's forte.

She looked at the envelope which she held in her hand. "Carol did it," she insisted. "Carol would never do anything wrong." But even as she said it, she knew that Carol had. Her closest, her truest, her best-tried friend had fallen from her pedestal. Mr.

McKee stayed at Carol's home, and today she had slipped this very envelope into Marie's hand, with the whispered explanation that it contained Mr. McKee's history questions. Oh, how Marie wished that some one else had given her those questions! Any one but Carol, because now their beautiful friendship would, to a certain extent, be spoiled.

What questions did that envelope contain? She would soon know, and then the paper was stretched out before her. Her eyes scanned the page and found the question she had dreaded,—a question which could not be answered intelligently on the moment without a thorough background of history.

It was just the kind of question that Jane would relish. Well, she would be prepared.

The next day Marie found that all the joy of life had vanished. She disliked to be near Carol, and she found it difficult to meet Jane's eyes.

The two girls finished the history examination at about the same time. Jane had seemed somewhat surprised at the steadiness and sureness with which Marie wrote her answers.

During the arithmetic test Marie was sure that Jane was troubled with some problem, by the nervous way she chewed her pencil. If Jane missed an arithmetic problem, she could have sacrificed a history question. Jane did not leave the room until some time after Marie, and there was a disappointed look in her eyes. Marie wished she had never opened the envelope.

She suffered a great deal more, however, through the congratulations which her school friends showered upon her the following day. She had won, but success held no joy for her. Jane's sincere congratulations cut her mercilessly, and she hated and despised herself the more when a few days later a letter arrived announcing that her grandfather was coming with the pony.

The auditorium was crowded for the commencement exercises. Marie stood trembling and frightened at the door, waiting for the march to begin. How could she ever lead her classmates down the aisle? Surely every one would know that she had cheated. It must be stamped on her face. She could feel Carol's eyes upon her. Why had Carol, of the high ideals, ever given her those questions anyway? Had it been for a test? She would tell Mr. McKee about it all. He could explain to everybody, to the whole world if he wished, and she would go away somewhere and never see any of these people again. But there! that was the march. Now it was too late. No, it was not too late. She would not sit upon that platform and allow her name to be read before all those people, as



holding the place of honor. If only her mother were there! She could tell her about it. "Mother, mother," she cried frantically, high above the music. And suddenly, as she cried out, the music died away. She was sobbing convulsively and her mother was bending over her.

"What is the matter, Marie? My, how you frightened me! Did you have a bad dream? You'll take cold, too, sleeping by this window. There, there, dear. What is that crumpled up in your hand?"

Marie looked, and there was the envelope unopened.

"It's — it's," she gulped, "it's something that I am going to give to Carol as soon as I can find her."

It was with a bright, confident smile that Carol received the letter from Marie. "I knew you wouldn't open it," she said. "You see, Clara May said that she bet you'd give about anything you possessed for a peep at the examination questions. I said that you would not look at them if you had the chance. Well we quarreled over it, and finally agreed upon this as a settlement." Quite deliberately Carol opened the envelope and unfolded before Marie the blank sheet of paper which it contained.

PAULINE STURGES.

### The Boy Who Cares

THE boy who cares if the world goes right,  
And helps to make it so,  
Is the one that never shuts out the light  
From any friend or foe.

The boy who cares if the world is true,  
And does his best therein,  
Shares noble zeal with the earnest few  
An honest goal to win.

The boy who cares if the world is kind,  
And does his best thereto,  
Is sure, wherever he goes, to find  
Some gentle deed to do.

The boy who cares — that's the boy who makes  
His deeds for honor tell;  
And everything that he undertakes  
Is sure to be done well.

— Frank Walcott Hutt.

### The Boy Who Went to Sewing School

THE sewing school met one afternoon each week. There were twenty teachers, and each of them had as many pupils as she could look after. The little girls made patchwork, sewing the tiny squares together into quilts to cover their dolls on cold nights. The other girls made buttonholes and did hemstitching. There was even a class in embroidery.

Of course there were no boys in this sewing school, at least, not until the particular afternoon of which I am going to tell. The school had met, as usual, at three o'clock, and after the girls had sung together, they broke up into classes and went to work. The sound of their voices filled the room with a busy, musical hum.

Presently the door was pushed open, and a boy came in, and sat down on the chair nearest the door. He was a small boy, with a freckled face and honest eyes. His hair was very damp and very smooth on top, but at the back of his head it was rough and dry, as if, being out of sight, it was also out of mind. His feet were bare, and he seemed to be trying to tuck them under his chair. Altogether, he did not look comfortable.

Miss Adkins, who was in charge of the sewing school, went up to him with a pleasant smile. "Is

there anything I can do for you, my boy?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said the boy in a rather muffled voice. "I have come to belong."

Miss Adkins was so surprised that for a moment she could not think of anything to reply. "You know this is a sewing school?" she asked, doubtfully, at last.

"Yes'm. That's why I come," said the boy, speaking more firmly. "I want to learn to sew."

"Very well. Come up in front, please. And what is your name?"

"John Baker."

Miss Adkins and John Baker advanced to the front of the room. The girls could scarcely restrain their giggles. But they soon forgot everything, even their own work, in listening to what the new sewing pupil was telling their teacher.

"Shall I get you some patchwork to begin with?" asked Miss Adkins, placing a chair beside the organ, where John would be partly hidden from sight.

"No'm, please," said John Baker, speaking out in a clear and decided voice. "I guess I hain't no time for patchwork 'n' that kind. I want to learn to make things to wear."

"Something to wear?" repeated Miss Adkins, greatly puzzled.

John Baker drew nearer. "You see," he explained, "there's a woman lives down next to us, 'n' she's got the teentiest baby you ever seed. It cries a good deal, too, 'n' my mother says 'taint no wonder, the way they just roll it up in an old shawl. She says babies want things of their own, just the same as if they was big. But the baby's mother, she's sick, so she can't sew, 'n' my mother goes out washing every day, so she hain't no time. So I thought I'd come here 'n' make it some clothes myself. Sewing hain't much but putting the needle back 'n' forth, is it?" asked John, anxiously. "Seems as if anybody could do that."

When John Baker had reached the end of his long speech, he suddenly grew very red. Everybody in the room was looking straight at him. Everybody was listening. He turned his head this way and that, as if he were looking for some place in which he could hide.

Then a voice spoke — such a sweet, pleasant voice that John forgot all about his uncomfortable feelings and began to listen. "O Miss Adkins!"

"Well, Eva?" said Miss Adkins, smiling.

"I'd like to help with those baby things too," cried Eva. "I think it would be lots of fun. And my mamma has some flannel that would be just right for a little blanket, and I know she'll let us have it."

"I think I could crochet some baby socks," said another of the older girls, in the same pleased, eager way. "My aunt will help me."

Then all at once everybody in the room was talking and making suggestions. The teachers remembered pieces of cambric and flannel at home that would be just the thing for the baby's wardrobe. The little girls clamored to know if they couldn't sew all their patchwork squares together to make a quilt for the baby. Everybody looked pleased and happy, and was eager to go to work without delay.

They did not quiet down until the messengers Miss Adkins had sent for patterns and materials returned. Then how they worked! What interested faces bent over the long seams! With what care they set the stitches in hems, so that every one should be just the right size, and all should point in the same direction!



There was very little talking; but it was a comfortable, happy sort of stillness that brooded over the big room. John Baker sat in the chair by the organ, and took big, uneven stitches, thinking that sewing was much harder work than he had supposed, and feeling very glad that he had found such willing helpers.

When it had grown so dark they could not see to work longer, several of the older girls took home some little garments, promising to bring them back finished the next week. Busy mothers and kind older sisters found quite a little time to help, and in that way the baby's outfit was ready in a surprisingly short time. John Baker reported later that the baby was not crying nearly so much as before. And indeed it seems very probable that a baby can realize the difference between a ragged shawl that had been the property of a half a dozen people, and soft little garments made for its special use, with kindness and care put into every stitch.

This is the way John Baker began to attend the sewing school; and they found him such a valuable member that they would have been distressed at the thought of losing him, while it would have taken a great deal to persuade John to stay away. It was he who told them of old Grandma Dillingham, who had been sick so long with rheumatism, and of the ragged covering on her bed; and then the sewing school set to work, and made a patchwork quilt for Grandma Dillingham out of the brightest pieces of gingham and calico to be found anywhere. That patchwork quilt was about the only bright thing in Grandma

Dillingham's life. She never grew tired of gazing at the pretty squares of pink and blue and red set around the white centers. As long as she lived, it kept her weary old heart warm, as well as her body.

It was John, too, who reported the case of the O'Donovan family, whose home had been burned in the middle of the night, and who had barely escaped with their lives. There were seven little O'Donovans, and it took some weeks before the sewing school had supplied their wants. As John's mother went from house to house washing, she heard many cases of need, which John remembered and reported at the next meeting. And the more such work he brought, the larger the sewing school grew, and the more interested the girls became.

"Do you have boys in your sewing school?" said a visitor to Miss Adkins one afternoon, looking with great curiosity at John, who was working away at a pillow slip for sick Billy Larson.

"Only one boy; but we couldn't spare him. I wish," added Miss Adkins, laughing a little, "that there was a John Baker in every sewing school."

She dropped her voice as she spoke, but there was no danger of John's overhearing her. He was too absorbed in the effort of taking short stitches in his seam. And if he had heard, he would not have understood. John knew very well how much the sewing school had done for a certain boy and the people in whom he was interested, but he had no idea that the boy had also been a blessing to the sewing school.—*Hattie M. Lumis, in Children's Visitor.*

## Our Trip to the Baldwin Ranch

BIRDIE BOHNA

A PARTY of five from the Glendale (California) Sanitarium, went to visit the famous dog kennels at the Baldwin Ranch, near Pasadena, principally to learn what is fed high-bred dogs. It was an interesting visit, and we felt well paid for our trip.

The automobile ride from Glendale to this great farm is a most delightful one. From the snow-capped top of Old Baldy we felt a keen, sharp breeze, which filled our lungs with good fresh air. After a ride of about twelve miles through the green hills, past beautiful residences, the famous Pasadena golf links, orange groves which sent out their delicate perfume to us, past Eagle Rock, and over the long-winding bridge entering Pasadena, we came to the beautiful oak groves of Baldwin Ranch.

Mrs. Baldwin's father, "Lucky Baldwin," once owned several thousand acres of land at this place. He was a wealthy stock owner, and dealt especially in fancy, or high-bred, stock. At present Mrs. Baldwin owns about thirty-six hundred acres of land, and also has fine stock, dogs being only a part of her great enterprise. They are not kept for commercial purposes, but to satisfy an inherited love for animals.

The kennel man kindly showed us through the place. First, before entering the building, a low white and gray stucco structure, he asked us to wipe our shoes. It was a clear, dry day, and this sounded odd to us, but we complied with his request, carefully wiping our shoes on the rubber mat. We entered a large, beautiful room, the trophy-room we might call it, which was filled with built-in velvet-lined compartments, with glass doors, in which are the premium cups of gold and silver won by these dogs. Our guide

informed us that in two and one-half years they had been awarded one hundred two cups, fourteen medals, and many ribbons.

We next visited the room where the dogs are trained. As we passed on, we were impressed with the fact that each room and everything in it was immaculate; not a speck of dirt was to be observed.

The floor, ceiling, and walls of each kennel are disinfected once a week with boiling water and a strong dip. Each dog has his own dish, which is cleaned and disinfected after each meal.

When we reached the kitchen, we learned that only about twenty-two pounds of beef is required daily for the seventy dogs. This is cooked in cold water (to extract the juices) and then vegetables which do not contain much starch are added, as turnips, carrots, parsnips, and onions. These are cooked intact with the tops and skins several hours over a slow fire to bring out the salts from the vegetables.

After this stew, or "pudding," as the man who had it in preparation called it, is cooked, different cereals are added. We asked if white bread or polished rice were ever fed to the dogs. He said, "No; that is a starvation diet." We then asked what he thought of people's eating white bread and polished rice. He stated emphatically that these are not nourishing foods. This man has made a special study of dietetics. His library contains many valuable books on this and kindred subjects.

The dogs are fed three times a day until eight months old, then only twice a day. He said that was often enough for any man to eat. The dogs are mostly Airedales, bulldogs, and English sheep dogs.



The most impressive lesson of this visit was this: If perfect cleanliness and proper diet are essential for these prize-winning animals which are so carefully cared for and trained to win earthly prizes, is it not much more essential for us who are expecting to win a heavenly prize, to live out the principles of health? If entire grains and fresh vegetables, cooked in a way to retain their vitamins and life-giving mineral salts, are necessary for these fine animals, are they not equally necessary for our best and highest development? Surely they are.

We who eat white bread, polished rice, refined sugar, and refined grains, are cheating ourselves. The statement that man was made from the dust of the ground means that the same sixteen elements that are found in fertile soil are found in the plant and animal life. The plant utilizes these direct from the earth, and man, in turn, gets them from the plant or grain. For instance, how much better it is to take iron from a large juicy strawberry or a dish of fresh spinach than from a bottle. It is the kind of iron that the system requires, too, and that found in a bottle is not, for no chemist ever lived who could duplicate the minerals as they are found in nature. Calcium, as found in milk, oranges, prunes, entire wheat, carrots, parsnips, is necessary for the development and preservation of the bones and teeth. The affinity of sugar for calcium explains why so few children now have normal teeth. So much candy, sweets, and starchy foods are consumed, and the diet consists so largely of refined grains, poorly cooked vegetables, little or no raw foods, and white bread, that it is no wonder people are pale and anemic, have poor teeth, and are in a general run-down condition.

In closing I would like to ask all who read this article to read the following texts: 1 Corinthians 9: 24-27; 10: 1-12; Philippians 3: 13, 14.

### Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics for August 28

SENIOR: "Men Who Made Good."

JUNIOR: "Men Who Lived for Others."

The topics for the Junior and the Senior meeting are truly the same, for Jesus once said, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Sometimes we are liable to think that he who serves others will become great only in the kingdom of heaven. Yet those whom the world delights to honor are those who have climbed to the summit by the path of service. Today's program is filled with the stories of the lives of such men. No Missionary Volunteer can afford to lose one opportunity of being inspired with that spirit which makes the truly great, for God expects much from the young men and women of today.

### Our Counsel Corner

*The secretary's report is an important part of our program; but it is discouraging to call for it and find that the secretary is not present, and no one has the report to read. What do you suggest that we do?*

E. W.

One worker says: "Ask your secretary to make out her report the first of the week, then mail a copy of it to the assistant secretary. Then there will always be a report to be read. Request the assistant to do the same the week she serves."

Another worker says: "Elect a new secretary."

It is surely a great pity if a secretary does not take her office seriously. I would suggest that the leader have a personal interview with the secretary, and that the executive committee study the duties of all the society officers. It should be the ambition of every officer to put his very best efforts into the society. No one should do the Master's work negligently. It is he who is faithful even in that which may seem little who will hear the "Well done" at last. M. E. A.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IX — Students in the School of Christ

(August 28)

GOLDEN TEXT: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1: 5.

##### Character of the Students

1. Whom did Jesus choose to be his learners or disciples? Matt. 10: 2-4.
2. From what walks in life did these students come? Matt. 4: 18; 9: 9.
3. What types of character were represented in these students? How long a course of training did they have under the immediate direction of Jesus? Note 1.
4. What was essential to their success? John 17: 21-23.

##### Lessons from James and John

5. What is said of the disposition of James and John? Mark 3: 17; Matt. 20: 20-22. Note 2.
6. How did the instruction of Jesus change their characters? 1 John 3: 1, 2. Note 3.

##### Lessons from Philip

7. What was Philip's natural disposition? John 6: 5-7; 14: 8, 9.
8. What event in Philip's later experience shows that he had learned to know the Father? Acts 8: 26-40.
9. What other events show the efficiency of his education under the Master Teacher? Acts 6: 3, 5; 21: 8, 9.

##### Lessons from Peter

10. What were some of the lessons that Peter had to learn? John 18: 25; Mark 14: 54; Matt. 26: 51, 74. Note 4.
11. What showed that Peter really loved the Lord and wanted to do right? Matt. 26: 75; John 21: 17. Note 5.
12. How did education in the school of Christ change Peter? Acts 4: 18, 19; 5: 29; 4: 13.
13. After Peter had finished his three years' course, what event shows the efficiency of his education in the school of Christ? Acts 2: 14, 37-41, 46, 47.

##### Lessons from Paul

14. How was Paul prepared for the great work which God had for him to do? Gal. 1: 15-18.
15. What was the secret of his success as a minister? Eph. 3: 7, 8.

##### The Secret Place of Power

16. How may all students today gain efficiency in the school of Christ? James 1: 5; 2 Cor. 12: 10. Note 6.

##### Notes

1. "The first pupils of Jesus were chosen from the ranks of the common people. They were humble, unlettered men, these fishers of Galilee; men unschooled in the learning and customs of the rabbis, but trained by the stern discipline of toil and hardship. They were men of native ability and of teachable spirit; men who could be instructed and molded for the Saviour's work. . . .

"In these first disciples was presented a marked diversity. They were to be the world's teachers, and they represented widely varied types of character. There were Levi Matthew, the publican, called from a life of business activity, and subservience to Rome; the zealot Simon, the uncompromising foe of the imperial authority; the impulsive, self-sufficient, warm-hearted Peter, with Andrew his brother; Judas, the Judean, polished, capable, and mean spirited; Philip and Thomas, faithful and earnest, yet slow of heart to believe; James the less and Jude, of less prominence among the brethren, but men of force, positive both in their faults and in their virtues; Nathanael, a child in sincerity and trust; and the ambitious, loving-hearted sons of Zebedee." These men "had the advantage of three years' training by the greatest educator this world has ever known."—*Education*, pp. 85, 86.

2. John "followed the Saviour, ever an eager, absorbed listener. Yet John's was no faultless character. He was no gentle, dreamy enthusiast. He and his brother were called 'the sons of thunder.' John was proud, ambitious, combative; but beneath all this the divine Teacher discerned the ardent, sincere, loving heart. Jesus rebuked his self-seeking, disappointed his ambitions, tested his faith. But he revealed to him that for which his soul longed,—the beauty of holiness, his own transforming love."—*Id.*, p. 87.

3. "John's was a nature that longed for love, for sympathy and companionship." He "could be satisfied only with a still nearer intimacy, and this he obtained." "He pressed close to Jesus, sat by his side, leaned upon his breast. As a flower the sun and dew, so did he drink in the divine light and life.



In adoration and love he beheld the Saviour, until likeness to Christ and fellowship with him became his one desire, and in his character was reflected the character of his Master."—*Ibid.*

4. "Bold, aggressive, and self-confident, quick to perceive, and forward to act, prompt in retaliation yet generous in forgiving, Peter often erred, and often received reproof. Nor were his warm-hearted loyalty and devotion to Christ the less decidedly recognized and commended. Patiently, with discriminating love, the Saviour dealt with his impetuous disciple, seeking to check his self-confidence and to teach him humility, obedience, and trust."—*Id.*, p. 88.

"For them all, Peter's experience had a lesson. To self-trust, trial is defeat. . . . Over and over again, on the very verge of ruin, Peter's words of boasting brought him nearer and still nearer to the brink."—*Id.*, pp. 88, 89.

5. "It was the grieved, loving heart of the disciple that spoke out in the avowal, 'Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death;' and he who reads the heart gave to Peter the message, . . . 'Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.'"—*Id.*, p. 89.

6. "By the work of Christ these disciples had been led to feel their need of the Spirit; under the Spirit's teaching they received their final preparation, and went forth to their life-work.

"No longer were they ignorant and uncultured. No longer were they a collection of independent units or of discordant and conflicting elements. No longer were their hopes set on worldly greatness. They were of 'one accord,' of 'one mind and one soul.' Christ filled their thoughts. The advancement of his kingdom was their aim. In mind and character they had become like their Master; and men 'took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.'"—*Id.*, p. 95.

Jesus "takes men as they are, with all their faults and weaknesses, and trains them for his service, if they will be disciplined and taught by him."—*Id.*, p. 91.

## Intermediate Lesson

### IX — The Syrophenician's Daughter; Healing the Deaf and Dumb Man

(August 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 7: 24-37.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Matt. 15: 21-31.

MEMORY VERSE: "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15: 28.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 399-403.

PLACE: Borders of Tyre and Sidon; region of Decapolis, near Gergesa, where the demoniacs were healed.

PERSONS: Jesus and the disciples; the Syrophenician woman and her daughter; deaf man with an impediment in his speech; the people of Gergesa.

#### Setting of the Lesson

"Jesus withdrew from Capernaum, and crossing Galilee, repaired to the hill country on the borders of Phenicia. Looking westward, he could see, spread out upon the plain below, the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon, with their heathen temples, their magnificent palaces and marts of trade, and the harbors filled with shipping. . . . In coming to this region he hoped to find the retirement he had failed to find at Bethsaida. Yet this was not his only purpose in taking this journey. . . . The people of this district were of the old Canaanite race. They were idolaters, and were despised and hated by the Jews. To this class belonged the woman who now came to Jesus. She was a heathen, and was therefore excluded from the advantages which the Jews daily enjoyed. There were many Jews living among the Phenicians, and the tidings of Christ's work had penetrated into this region. Some of the people had listened to his words and had witnessed his wonderful works. This woman had heard of the prophet, who, it was reported, healed all manner of diseases. As she heard of his power, hope sprung up in her heart. Inspired by a mother's love, she determined to bring her daughter's case to him. It was her resolute purpose to bring her affliction to Jesus. He must heal her child. She had sought help from heathen gods, but had obtained no relief. And at times she was tempted to think, 'What can this Jewish teacher do for me? But the word had come, He heals all manner of diseases, whether those who come to him for help are rich or poor. She determined not to lose her only hope.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 399, 400.

"Her eyes

Flashed with quick wit of anguish; and she cried:  
'Truth, Lord! but crumbs fall, and the dogs may eat  
The children's leavings!' Then beamed forth anew  
That high look on his face, which comforted."

#### Questions

1. From Capernaum where did Jesus go on a longer journey than usual? How was he disappointed when he had found a stopping place? Mark 7: 24.

2. Who came earnestly seeking him? To what nation did this woman belong? What great sorrow lay upon her heart? Verses 25, 26.

3. In what words did she make her first appeal? Matt. 15: 22.

4. How did Jesus at first treat her request? What did the disciples urge him to do? What shows that the woman continued her plea? Verse 23. Note 1.

5. With what statement did Jesus break his silence? Verse 24. Note 2.

6. How did the woman continue to urge her desire? Verse 25.

7. How did Jesus still further test the woman's faith? Mark 7: 27. Note 3.

8. How did this woman agree with what Jesus had said? What did she think even the dogs had a right to expect? Verse 28. Note 4.

9. How did Jesus commend the faith of this mother? What assurance did he give concerning her daughter? Verse 29; Matt. 15: 28.

10. What did she find when she returned home? Mark 7: 30. Note 5.

11. On departing from Tyre and Sidon, to what place did Jesus go? Verse 31. Note 6.

12. Who was brought to Jesus? What did they ask Jesus to do? Verse 32.

13. In what manner did Jesus take away the man's infirmities? Verses 33-35. Note 7.

14. After the miracle, what charge did Jesus give? How were his directions obeyed? What did the people say of Jesus' work? Verses 36, 37.

#### Interesting Points

Contrast the words of Jesus to the Greek woman concerning her faith and his words to Peter on the night he walked on the water.

How different would have been the result if the Greek woman had been easily discouraged?

Trace on a map the route from Capernaum to the borders of Phenicia, in which were Tyre and Sidon, and back to Decapolis.

#### Notes

1. "Christ did not immediately reply to the woman's request. He received this representative of a despised race as the Jews would have done. In this he designed that his disciples should be impressed with the cold and heartless manner in which the Jews would treat such a case, as evinced by his reception of the woman, and the compassionate manner in which he would have them deal with such distress, as manifested by his subsequent granting of her petition."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 400.

2. "Although this answer appeared to be in accordance with the prejudice of the Jews, it was an implied rebuke to the disciples, which they afterward understood as reminding them of what he had often told them,—that he came to the world to save all who would accept him."—*Ibid.*

3. By "children" Jesus meant the Jews, the chosen people of God. The bread was the blessings bestowed upon them. This woman was a heathen, one of a race whom the Jews called "dogs." Jesus was speaking as a Pharisee or ruler of the Jews would have done.

4. This poor woman was willing to be regarded as a dog if she might have the privilege of a dog. She did not ask for an honored place among the children of God. She was willing to be the humblest of them all, if only she might become a member of the family.

5. "The mother was happy. Her home was no longer darkened by a perpetual gloom. Her little daughter was no longer furious in passion, worn with hysteria, helpless in epilepsy, and profane in spirit. When the mother stole into her house, it was the abode of peace."—*W. J. Townsend*.

6. "It was in the region of Decapolis that the demoniacs of Gergesa had been healed. Here the people, alarmed at the destruction of the swine, had constrained Jesus to depart from among them. But they had listened to the messengers he left behind, and a desire was aroused to see him. As he came again into that region, a crowd gathered about him, and a deaf, stammering man was brought to him."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 404.

7. "Jesus did not, according to his custom, restore the man by a word only. . . . He sighed at thought of the ears that would not be open to the truth, the tongues that refused to acknowledge the Redeemer."—*Ibid.*

"In days of old, when nights were cold,  
They barred the windows tight;  
These modern nights we have our rights,  
And all the year claim air and light."



# Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending December 31, 1919

Conferences	Number of Societies	Present Membership	No. Members Reporting	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Articles of Clothing Given	Value of Food Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledges	Bouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	
ATLANTIC UNION																								
E. New York	16	216	154	129	82	673	51	29	643	1872	516	126	311	454	338	320	\$ 19.71	7	-	36	41	\$ 264.69	\$ 29.92	
Gr. New York	11	381	162	734	442	2965	828	-	16921	7319	3317	450	932	2492	2043	649	217.80	330	12	23	200	676.40	228.40	
Maine	17	228	184	183	60	269	72	6	505	2273	282	103	-	675	336	65	10.00	3	-	5	131	865.57	70.58	
Massachusetts	22	553	399	850	217	2749	353	57	8159	6868	3526	419	1119	2450	1625	368	101.66	91	1	38	35	1842.19	366.89	
N. New Eng.	8	75	30	620	362	110	60	30	500	60	175	85	30	65	180	30	-	20	-	15	-	320.16	10.00	
S. New Eng.	8	82	49	51	20	169	5	-	559	832	344	62	37	604	181	120	5.45	12	-	8	45	33.37	32.14	
W. New York	9	167	100	142	84	339	40	-	1219	1232	125	58	6	816	315	172	13.32	26	-	11	-	628.70	7.33	
Bermuda Miss.	3	32	22	15	6	71	10	46	21	154	26	106	25	46	201	8	10.00	3	-	2	31	87.68	-	
CENTRAL UNION																								
Colorado	32	660	265	497	255	3793	211	51	1843	7985	1041	634	98	2983	2732	528	114.10	268	5	246	442	1058.70	184.83	
Kansas	34	468	170	161	60	368	166	5	393	2341	323	96	7	705	1150	157	6.40	5	-	19	5	908.31	40.61	
Missouri	21	322	281	352	183	388	133	119	1163	9111	384	394	947	1477	8485	202	36.85	91	18	118	1954	1631.15	40.59	
Nebraska	31	734	661	352	163	1710	364	240	446	7751	363	542	548	1384	2618	382	40.40	140	-	49	201	3652.47	189.06	
Wyoming	9	151	130	663	398	657	94	29	203	913	272	219	31	389	945	108	144.50	10	-	-	-	302.77	27.91	
COLUMBIA UNION																								
Chesapeake	12	337	125	285	111	731	323	13	9751	4331	314	93	616	299	507	402	22.52	103	1	74	41	3341.63	490.08	
Dist. of Col.	10	487	260	726	69	562	191	12	2655	3509	809	220	345	2506	443	231	11.30	128	10	17	1044	2880.38	282.56	
E. Pa.	17	299	214	494	206	375	79	40	4641	12804	481	338	2630	2728	1895	244	72.76	28	-	64	161	2090.39	162.02	
New Jersey	25	354	264	151	65	372	51	-	1271	9015	1251	173	44	404	1105	156	16.80	82	-	62	606	3019.20	61.57	
Ohio	24	506	472	440	219	1880	286	210	8900	18125	1103	482	634	4130	808	86	73.81	95	6	60	303	3216.29	97.95	
Virginia	15	251	119	283	127	182	111	6	2307	513	280	49	490	591	626	139	25.89	42	4	24	12	263.64	61.70	
W. Pa.	11	180	-	146	214	738	183	28	3340	3090	486	255	11	743	473	165	45.09	178	20	8	-	2089.62	94.42	
W. Virginia	7	76	50	293	162	202	91	59	775	4012	310	79	-	1132	398	72	40.00	20	-	3	73	212.30	94.60	
LAKE UNION																								
Chicago	19	495	259	1414	787	3952	1155	260	7113	11163	850	729	1606	4756	2224	1937	172.95	233	25	46	134	814.97	405.46	
E. Michigan	24	290	172	210	102	399	98	51	1971	4390	400	580	337	693	981	126	23.23	51	-	34	8	1909.05	104.05	
Illinois	29	318	265	124	59	231	17	29	700	2460	279	133	4	850	1370	114	21.34	26	-	17	-	780.97	22.79	
Indiana	32	522	352	334	216	694	106	23	1725	6597	492	350	107	542	1510	178	30.55	145	15	222	469	1028.07	41.17	
N. Michigan	16	183	102	235	106	140	34	13	107	1523	555	163	-	430	570	81	9.85	16	19	-	220	372.41	37.42	
N. Wisconsin	21	323	139	304	200	293	251	51	746	2062	484	165	73	871	1828	190	77.75	20	5	27	174	1019.97	111.32	
S. Wisconsin	28	519	242	180	68	380	136	35	726	4295	166	584	30	926	298	89	16.68	85	20	37	210	1886.47	53.32	
W. Michigan	53	982	636	385	163	1298	69	41	956	6060	429	336	96	4518	6675	653	59.88	25	11	151	409	3154.04	110.09	
NORTHERN UNION																								
Iowa	30	350	118	135	47	198	57	1131	2505	484	134	1	1874	313	280	135	12.90	32	6	29	-	2360.03	190.25	
Minnesota	38	769	267	286	169	387	177	102	1102	6677	1459	238	187	5283	805	278	13.65	82	4	18	86	2139.56	100.04	
North Dakota	7	111	111	394	245	446	287	192	451	1159	378	264	600	358	141	60	3.25	19	17	-	-	411.96	73.93	
South Dakota	26	456	188	235	71	618	107	81	299	2570	409	282	3	521	948	124	22.25	103	7	31	182	1459.69	89.75	
NORTH PACIFIC UNION																								
Montana	5	129	-	-	390	209	477	148	57	428	1612	303	98	6	848	1278	198	57.27	60	8	10	27	117.18	28.09
S. Idaho	10	310	-	121	62	150	23	10	4121	1448	99	73	-	281	298	54	27	23	-	28	-	787.91	30.83	
S. Oregon	14	238	85	75	27	232	19	27	139	28222	82	66	1	301	125	61	28.50	25	4	13	48	1487.60	67.80	
Upper Col.	20	546	172	158	64	261	79	62	460	4012	585	190	86	988	235	170	34.10	39	2	16	27	676.03	270.22	
W. Oregon	18	385	92	255	76	1039	63	54	290	7227	301	151	1	1355	988	157	19.90	37	-	61	26	942.42	39.64	
W. Wash.	16	271	132	59	40	212	-	-	216	985	26	57	20	540	78	49	7.00	2	10	62	124	103.80	8.25	
PACIFIC UNION																								
Arizona	5	132	-	75	15	51	1	-	87	1819	169	23	3	103	44	10	1.45	2	-	5	17	636.85	1.00	
California	43	1081	418	430	119	700	65	32	655	9408	221	381	40	1778	750	562	31.59	46	1	540	268	3579.18	671.75	
C. California	32	790	110	102	32	199	70	123	342	7697	218	170	64	442	375	169	19.25	55	-	61	50	1224.08	138.76	
Inter-Mount.	9	123	-	188	63	593	91	20	30	2649	411	142	4	440	274	18	17.80	-	-	-	-	613.98	-	
Nevada Miss.	3	69	30	71	38	190	110	48	45	547	18	40	64	182	143	19	2.00	2	-	-	-	70.00	47.70	
N. California	20	467	237	192	92	514	87	46	742	10127	207	268	15	1034	564	185	30.35	54	-	181	218	1987.28	93.03	
S. California	39	821	-	465	185	1199	142	51	600	8512	549	435	67	3179	2181	500	82.06	93	-	325	284	3429.56	240.74	
S. E. Calif.	21	644	-	117	69	254	13	7	593	1788	19	127	26	277	711	61	.50	-	-	135	-	1006.58	-	
SOUTHEASTERN UNION																								
Carolina	14	296	168	186	93	579	119	11	427	2465	2062	101	30	196	599	87	24.60	36	1	68	8	87.04	53.41	
Cumberland	13	39	35	64	15	54	3	-	216	733	14	20	-	5	117	27	6.40	9	14	7	49	1075.12	4.07	
Florida	30	511	144	262	170	585	134	13	1385	3040	148	134	506	1215	1858	101	46.85	183	20	70	43	1164.42	36.25	
Georgia	16	278	142	549	304	1698	218	1	2741	1933	1455	146	125	337	1437	104	30.90	43	3	130	240	1310.80	122.14	
SOUTHERN UNION																								
Alabama	9	255	131	1264	1130	201	172	12	515	1109	269	172	29	2286	597	68	3.41	88	9	32	10	930.06	38.99	
Kentucky	15	216	142	163	45	173	24	53	267	935	332	88	36	224	528	72	-	-	-	-	-	344.81	-	
Louisiana	5	140	80	147	82	376	105	2	836	1015	772	94	47	707	243	22	9.00	19	2	18	195	536.08	25.28	
Mississippi	7	97	53	150	144	184	76	7	141	115	200	42	-	125	170	6	17.00	3	27	-	-	114.87	-	
Tenn. River	19	551	207	345	18	70	24	-	255	387	3	33	-	440	147	40	21.50	6	-	6	127	356.20	208.97	
SOUTHWESTERN UNION																								
Arkansas	14	203	65	47	19	15	9	2	13	567	24	32	12	212	103	18	1.00	4	-					



“WHATSOEVER  
He saith unto you,  
DO IT.”  
John 2:5.

Transfused Life

MANY a person today lives by the life of another, having had that person's blood, or life, transfused into his own veins. Paul could say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." So can we all say, who have been saved by the blood of Christ. It is his life in us, not our own, that enables us to live the Christian life.

The Faultfinder's Responsibility

A RECENT number of the *Literary Digest* contained an article with the caption, "How Fault-finding Empties Pulpits." In this article appears the following paragraphs:

"His [the minister's] sincerity, his good intentions, and his anxious concern which keeps him on his knees at prayer many a night while his church members are placidly sleeping, are not taken into consideration—and the whole community tosses his name about in free and easy criticism.

"Just so long as this state of affairs is so common among the churches, it will be hard to persuade virile and independent young men to enter the ministry. They do not care to take up a profession in which their every word and act and undertaking is likely to be dissected and ridiculed, and their efforts vitiated, by the men and women who think little and give less for the work to which they are giving their whole thought and life. Many a young man has been turned away from the ministry because he has seen this thing take place too often in his own home church."

One of our own young men recently confided to an older friend that he had been interested in preparing for the ministry; but since he had heard so much criticism of ministers during his connection with one of our institutions, and by those older than himself, he had about concluded to take up other work.

You may say this young man should be more courageous, that if the ministry appeals to him, he should not step aside for any such reason. This is true, but those responsible for this loss of interest will have to share with him the results of a changed career, and only the final record will reveal what this may mean to himself and to others. It is a fearful thing to stand in the way of a consecrated life

F. D. C.

"The sugar extracted from this cane would load a fleet of steamers each carrying upwards of 8,000,000 pounds of sugar, reaching from Havana to New York, with a ship for every mile of the twelve hundred that stretch between the two ports. The great pyramid of Cheops, before whose awe-inspiring proportions millions of people have stood and gazed in open-mouthed amazement, remains, after five thousand years, unrivaled as a monumental pile; but Cuba's sugar output this year would make two pyramids, each outbasing and overtopping Cheops.

"The wealth the outgoing sugar crop brings in is not less remarkable in its proportions. Four hundred dollars out of a single crop for every human being who lives on the island—a sum almost as great as the per capita wealth produced by all the farms, all the factories, and all the mines of the United States!

"What wonder, then, that Cuba today is a land of gold and gems, richer than Midas ever was, converting Cræsus, by contrast, into a beggar!"

The sugar crop of 1915 brought less than \$200,000,000, but the 1920 crop is expected to make a return of more than a billion.

F. D. C.

Five Months

FIVE more months and 1920 will have passed from time into eternity. One hundred fifty days in which to serve, this year.

Are you getting your marching orders for the day from your Captain? They must come early in the morning.

Have you forgotten or neglected to get your Morning Watch Calendar, or have you misplaced it?

Order one today for use every one of these one hundred fifty days. It costs only five cents, but is worth five dollars. Order in the usual way.

C. A. RUSSELL.

In English the preposition ordinarily precedes, but may at times appropriately, and very forcibly, follow its object, even when the preposition thus ends a clause or sentence. "The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for, and to be buried in."—Lowell, "Among My Books."

"BLESSED are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

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