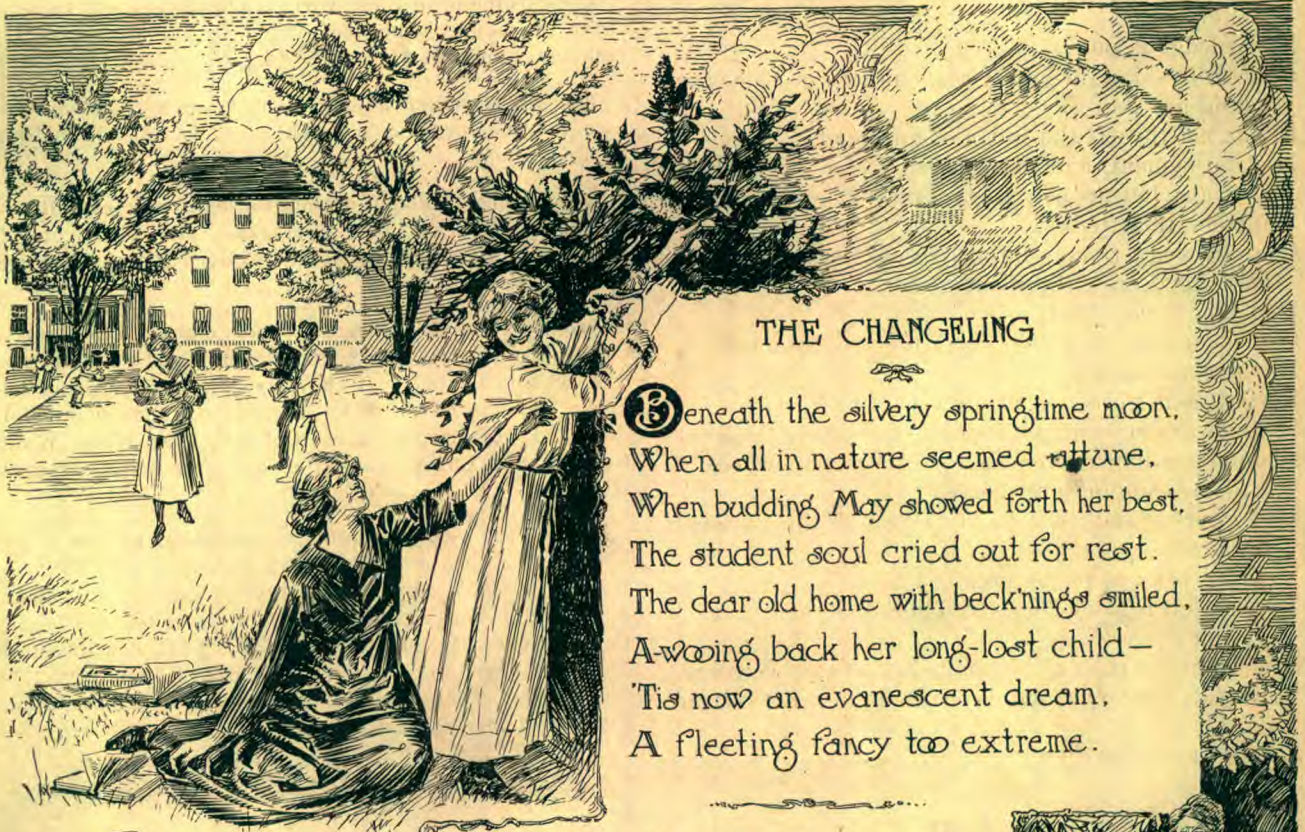


# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

August 24, 1920

No. 34



## THE CHANGELING

Beneath the silvery springtime moon,  
When all in nature seemed attune,  
When budding May showed forth her best,  
The student soul cried out for rest.  
The dear old home with beck'nings smiled,  
A-wooing back her long-lost child—  
'Tis now an evanescent dream,  
A fleeting fancy too extreme.



Beneath the golden harvest moon,  
As summer sinks in deadly swoon,  
When chilly breathings deck the trees  
In scarlet, golden, autumn leaves,  
The student soul cries out for books.  
Rejuvenescent Learning looks,  
And calls through halls now open wide,  
"Come back! Let Alma Mater guide!"

Mary Livingston Smith





## Longfellow's Alphabet

**A**-LL things come round to him who will but wait.  
**B**-e still, sad heart! and cease repining; behind the clouds is the sun still shining.  
**C**-hildhood is the bough where slumber birds and blossoms many numbered.  
**D**-eath is the brother of love, but is more austere to behold.  
**E**-ach man's chimney is his Golden Milestone.  
**F**-aith shineth like a morning star.  
**G**-reater than anger is love.  
**H**-e that overcometh hath power o'er the nation.  
**I**-ntelligence and courtesy not always are combined; often in a wooden house a golden room we find.  
**J**-oy and Temperance and Repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.  
**K**-nowledge is power.  
**L**-ike unto ships far out at sea, outward or homeward bound are we.  
**M**-ake not thyself the judge of any man.  
**N**-ot enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; but to act, that each tomorrow finds us farther than today.  
**O**-ur lives are rivers gliding free to that unfathomed boundless sea — the silent grave.  
**P**-atience is powerful.  
**Q**-uickened are they who touch the prophet's bones.  
**R**-esolve and thou art free.  
**S**-wiftly our pleasures pass away.  
**T**-is always morning somewhere, and above the awakening continents, from shore to shore, somewhere the birds are singing evermore.  
**U**-pon virtue and upon purity besetteth the Christian faith.  
**V**-ictory belongs to the great.  
**W**-ith what a glory comes and goes the year!  
**X**-celior!  
**Y**-e are better than all the ballads that e'er were sung or said; for ye are living poems and all the rest are dead.  
**Z**-eal is a goddess fair.

## In Tune

**T**O see the rainbow in the sky, there must be a rainbow in the eye. To hear the music of a harp, there must be a harp in the ear. To see God in the world or hear his voice in the soul, God must be in the heart." God speaks to man, but man does not always hear, because that chord in his heart that causes him to respond to the divine voice is not always present. God has tried to speak to man many times, but he has not always listened. To those who obey the voice from heaven there is reward.

One day at the noon hour a man was walking to his home for his lunch from a shop where he had worked during the morning, when suddenly a voice came to him, saying, "Pray for John." He paid no attention to the voice, thinking it merely his imagination. Soon he heard the words again, "Pray for John." There was in that voice something that gripped him, and he began to pray.

A week later, John and he were working together on ladders about twenty feet above a pile of iron. It was a very dangerous place to work, and to fall would have meant death. "What if this ladder were to slip?" he said to John. John looked at him and said: "I was up here last week one day at the noon hour, when the ladder began to slip and I was sure I was going to fall. It was fortunate

that a man by chance happened to come near enough to stop the slipping ladder before I fell to death." It was the voice of God that said to the friend as he passed along that busy street, "Pray for John." To see God in the world or hear his voice in the soul, God must be in the heart. Let us have him in the heart so we can hear his voice when he speaks.

JOSEPH L. SCHULTZ.

## School Notes

The Seventh-day Adventist denomination is conducting sixteen colleges, seminaries, and junior colleges; sixty-one academies and intermediate schools; and eight hundred forty-eight primary schools.

The enrolment of these various schools exceeds twenty-eight thousand. The teaching force is approximately eighteen hundred.

The oldest school among us is Lancaster Junior College, South Lancaster, Massachusetts, established in 1882 as an academy.

Our pioneer college, Union College, was established in 1891 at College View, Nebraska. The second oldest, Walla Walla College, opened at College Place, Washington, the following year, 1892.

From our North American schools eight hundred sixty-eight persons have gone to foreign fields as missionaries. The schools having sent the largest number are as follows: Union College, 223; Washington Missionary College, 151; Lancaster Junior College, 119; Walla Walla College, 85; Loma Linda College of Medical Evangelists, 81.

During the year 1919-20 the enrolment of our larger schools in the grades above the eighth was as follows: Union College, 478; Washington Missionary College, 298; Walla Walla College, 427; Emmanuel Missionary College, 426; Pacific Union College, 364; Southwestern Junior College, 314; Clinton Theological Seminary, 233; Hutchinson Theological Seminary, 203; Loma Linda College of Medical Evangelists, 237.

The essential, enduring education is that which broadens the sympathies and encourages universal kindness.—Mrs. E. G. White.

## The Youth's Instructor

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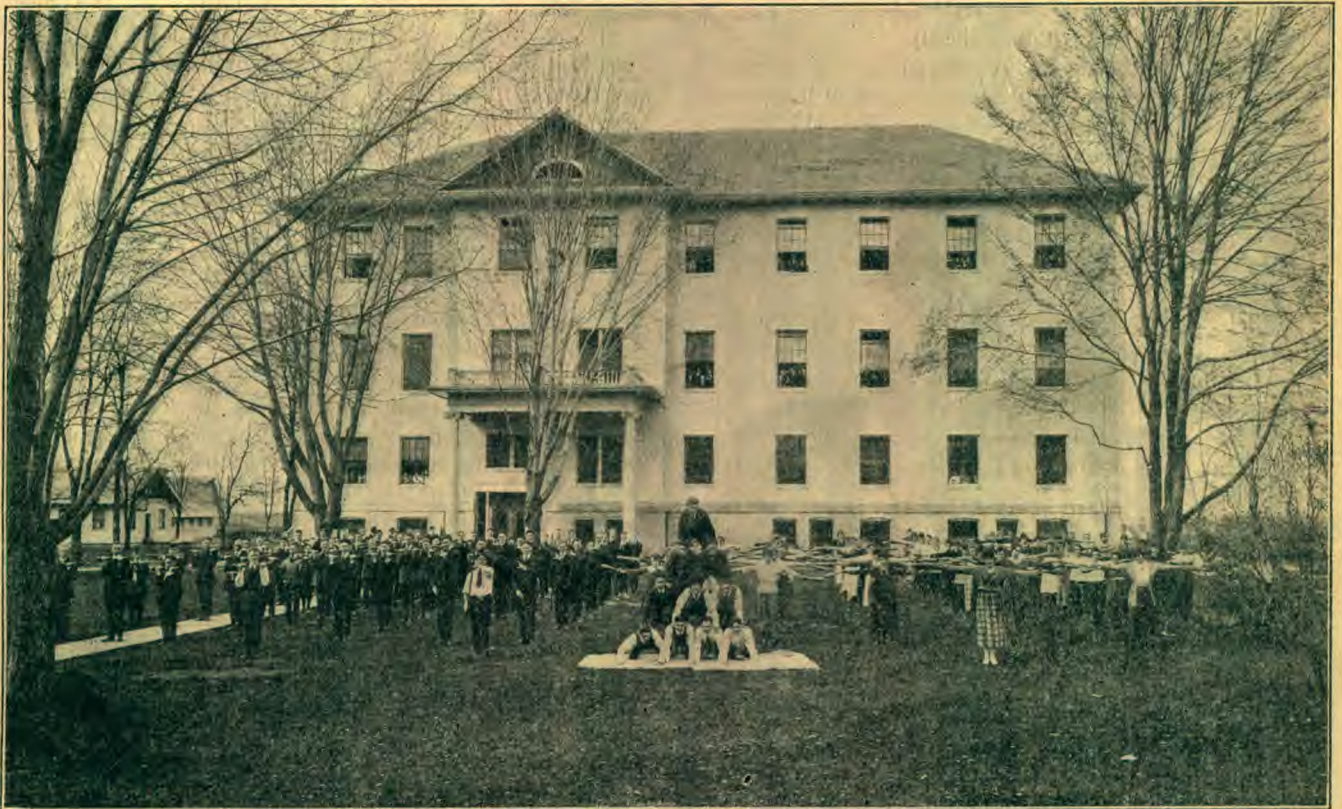
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## Fragments from History of Walla Walla College

HARRY TIPPETT

**W**ITHIN sight of the granite shaft which marks the historic spot where Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife, along with their noble band of co-laborers, paid the supreme sacrifice in testimony of their intrepid courage and sublime faith, stands Walla Walla College, a living witness to the power of the "white man's Book." Beside the consecrated inclosure where lies entombed the silent dust of that memorable band of missionary heroes who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, one may stand

The history of Walla Walla Valley is hardly complete without the touching story of the four dauntless Indians who had heard fragments from the Book which the white men treasured. The facts in connection with the story form a beautiful setting for the subsequent history of the valley and the establishment of Walla Walla College. It was in 1832 that those four courageous redmen started East, determined to bring back to their tribe the "white man's Book."



WALLA WALLA COLLEGE, SHOWING GYMNASIUM CLASSES

with bared head and hear again in imagination the curdling yells of the Cayuse Indians in bloody massacre. The crash of musket and thud of tomahawk, mingling with wild cries from savage throats, register their impressions upon one's reverie; but suddenly, across the peaceful fields, comes a far-off strain that dispels the sadness of our meditations.

"Faith of our fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word."

It is worship hour at Walla Walla College. The song throbs with the vibrant harmony of four hundred youthful voices. To many of these young people has come the call which impelled Whitman to his labors, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and they give their answer in song:

"We will be true to thee till death!"

Those who have read the interesting account of that trip as given by Clifford G. Howell in "The Advance Guard of Missions" are familiar with the fruitless results of their efforts. Perhaps it should be mentioned, however, that the efforts of the Indians were only partially a failure, for the pathetic plea of the one Indian who sufficiently survived the rigors of the trip to return with the news of his failure to his tribe, induced many of the people of the East to agitate the matter of supplying missionaries to the Rocky Mountain Indians. The result of the agitation was that Jason and Daniel Lee, H. H. Spalding, Marcus Whitman, and others heard the cry and came West. For eleven years Whitman and his heroic wife ministered to the physical and spiritual needs of the redmen.

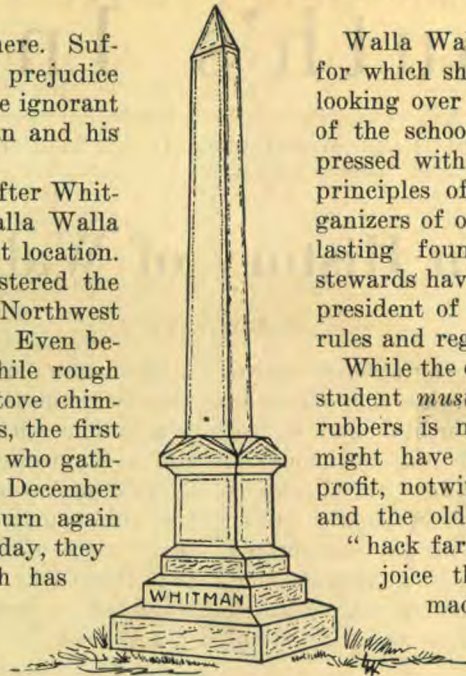
The story of political and religious intrigue which operated against the advance of true Christianity in



those early days need not be related here. Suffice it to refer to the outcome of the prejudice developed in the hearts of many of the ignorant Indians — the death of Mr. Whitman and his collaborators on Nov. 29, 1847.

A little more than a half century after Whitman established his first school, Walla Walla College was founded upon its present location. Those who in the years 1891-92 fostered the idea of a training school for the Northwest were actuated by the pioneer spirit. Even before the building was completed, while rough planks formed the stairways and stove chimneys protruded through the windows, the first session of school began. Could those who gathered in the unfinished chapel that December morning and sang the doxology return again to the modern building as it stands today, they would appreciate the change which has taken place.

It is to be regretted that the staunch supporters of the college in its early days have left no written record of the events which make up its interesting history. A romantic tale might be woven from the seemingly inconsequential happenings of the busy years which have passed since old W.W.C. came into existence. To the younger generation, the



Monument to Marcus Whitman

Walla Walla College is true to the purpose for which she was brought into existence. In looking over the calendars and announcements of the school since its beginning, one is impressed with the little variation in plans and principles of operation, showing that the organizers of our college built upon a broad and lasting foundation. Although ten faithful stewards have held the reins of management as president of the college, many of the original rules and regulations are still in force.

While the old calendar admonition that every student *must* provide himself with a pair of rubbers is no longer binding, yet even that might have been left upon the record with profit, notwithstanding our cement sidewalks; and the old front page warning concerning "hack fares" no longer appears; yet we rejoice that the changes that have been made are all playing their part in our educational progress.

And so, looking out through the west windows of the new commodious Walla Walla College building toward the spot which Whitman consecrated with his life's blood, one may breathe the prayer of Kipling,

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget."

### Walla Walla College in 1920

IT was the chapel hour at Fern Hill Academy, and all the students were anxiously waiting for the faculty to march in and the exercises to begin. Their principal had just returned from a week's visit at Walla Walla College and they wished to hear his report. Would he tell them everything he saw at W. W. C.? Would he have any messages from old friends for them? Had the college building been changed? How many students were there this year? These were some of the thoughts that ran through the minds of the students as they waited.

After the devotional exercises were over, the principal arose and said: "I can see that you would like to hear about my visit to Walla Walla College.



Whitman Memorial Building, Near City of Walla Walla, Washington

record of the early years of the school seems like a story of pioneer days, when buffaloes roamed the plains and the prairie schooners drawn by ox teams wended their arduous way westward to the land of promise. And yet, only twenty-eight years have passed since the founding of the college, which, to many of the men who had a part in its establishment, must seem as but yesterday. Some of these men still share in the burdens which the rapidly developing gospel work for this time puts upon each individual believer.

Since the first annual commencement in 1896, when the class consisted of three young men, one of whom was Elder George F. Enoch, now of India, hundreds of trained workers have gone out from the college doors to be scattered in all the earth as witnesses to the things which they have seen and heard in the truths of God's word. The hopes, fears, visions of service, tears of disappointment, self-denials, and small sacrifices that go to make up the experiences obtained in college life, will never be known this side of eternity; yet those very heart tests have been woven into the fabric of human character and today are being translated into loving service for Christ in all parts of the earth.



Elder and Mrs. H. W. Decker, to Whose Efforts the Establishment of Walla Walla College Is Largely Due



I shall not disappoint you. I was met at the train by President Smith himself (many of you will remember him, as he spoke to us last year when he visited here). He took me out to the college in a private car.

"As we neared the college, I observed that the cupola of the college building was gone and that the whole appearance of the place was changed. The campus was much the same as formerly, but I was pleasantly surprised to find a transformed W. W. C. as far as the building was concerned. The old out-of-date four-story building had been made into a modern three-story, cream-colored brick building. President Smith said that about thirty feet have been added to each end of the college building, making it about one hundred twenty feet in length. The classroom floor area has been more than doubled. The entrances to the dormitories have been changed to the sides, the boys now entering from the north side and the girls from the south side.

"Instead of the small front entrance to the college, wide cement steps lead from the outside up to the first floor, making a spacious landing there. The basement classrooms have been rearranged and a large lobby has been provided.

"I next inquired about the library. 'Did it get a new room too?' I asked.

"'Yes,' replied President Smith, 'you will see.'

ing new plaster and chairs. All the old steam pipes also are gone. A new system of heating has been installed in the entire school, and it is giving excel-



THE WALLA WALLA NORMAL BUILDING

lent service. Here is the library,' he continued, and then threw open the door. I could hardly believe my eyes. The room was three times the size of any of the classrooms, and the shelves were packed with books. Yes, there certainly had been an improvement at Walla Walla College, and the library had not been slighted.

"As we went up the stairs, which were in the same position, I thought to myself, Does the chapel have those same old chairs in it that have been there for the last twenty-five years?

"This question was soon answered, and emphatically in the negative.

When President Smith opened one of the doors to the chapel, I was delighted to see that the old chairs had been replaced by opera chairs, and I also noticed that we were standing at the rear of the chapel, the platform being at the opposite end—and a large platform it was too! The students could enter at the rear and quietly take their seats, or from side entrances near the platform. I was most pleased with the indirect lighting system which had been put in as a gift from the senior class of 1919. The president turned on these lights so I could see the chapel as it appeared at night. It was satisfying to see the old chapel of former years



THE CHURCH AT COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON

He led the way down the first-floor hall, opening the doors to the different classrooms, saying, 'Some of these rooms have not been changed, except for hav-

transformed into a modern auditorium.

"Tomorrow morning I will tell you about the faculty and students."

ANNE M. HAUSSLER.



# Is a College Education Worth While to Seventh-day Adventist Young People?

## Symposium

**A**S our work develops, we feel the need of having a class of workers possessing the very best preparation it is possible for us to give them. In every college and academy the faculty should encourage those who give promise of the best service to pursue their studies as far as possible. Many more should take a college course than have done so during the last few years. I think our school men, and our ministers as well, feel the need of this, and are encouraging our young people to make more thorough preparation.

A. G. DANIELLS.

**O**NE thing is sure, the farther we go in the mission fields, the more earnest the calls from the fields for thoroughly prepared workers. It matters

the church, strong, talented, educated, and cultured men. Luther, Calvin, Wesley, the apostle Paul, Moses, and scores of others in various ages were placed by Providence in positions of responsibility. God is looking for consecrated ability. If today I were a young man in one of our schools, and had as my objective ministerial or educational work, or labor in any branch connected with this movement, I should not be content with anything short of a full college course. I believe that God does not want us to stop short of the highest possible attainment, being careful that every ability and every acquirement is subordinated to the leadings of the Spirit of God, and dedicated to his service.

F. M. WILCOX.



MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF WALLA WALLA COLLEGE

not what department of service one may be engaged in, he will find in the mission field need for every element of strength developed by thorough work in school. With the practical courses mapped out in our schools, and with consecration to the Lord's service throughout, I am sure the student who finds Providence leading him through a full college course of study need not feel that he is losing time in this world-wide missionary campaign.

W. A. SPICER.

**I** AM in hearty accord with the idea that the young men and women who are preparing to be workers in connection with this movement should secure a thorough education. This is the demand of the hour. We must meet the culture of the world. While I am willing to admit that God can use an ignorant man, he uses him in spite of his ignorance. God has never placed a premium upon ignorance or indifference in any age of the church. While many humble men have been used in a mighty manner, at the same time God has called as leaders in the various periods of

**D**EEPER and broader work in Bible, history, English, science, and the languages, should be done in our colleges than ever before, and we should be jealous of losing a single young man or woman of bright mind from our schools to those of the world. The very fact, too, that so small a proportion of young people in our schools are taking advanced work, is an additional reason for seeking to strengthen our college attendance.

W. E. HOWELL.

**A** COLLEGE education is an invaluable asset to an energetic, well-balanced, consecrated young person. Especially should those who plan to be ministers, physicians, and educators, and who are in the flower of youth, be encouraged to finish an advanced course in one of our own colleges.

C. S. LONGACRE.

**I**N this day of change of the world's history, and the advancement of our work, it is highly essential that our young people should have the best education compatible with the shortness of time. A college



course is desirable for our workers in almost any line in which they may engage. I am heartily in favor of having our students receive all their education in our own institutions. W. A. RUBLE, M.D.

**O**UR young people should be encouraged to finish the college course, if possible, before leaving school. The command is to go into the highways and hedges. Heretofore we have been working the hedges quite thoroughly. The present call is to go into the highways, and this calls for trained, educated talent. W. W. EASTMAN.

**T**HE great cities in this country present a large problem in the preaching of the gospel message. For this, well-educated young men and women are required as ministers and Bible workers, and for other lines of service. We need those who, by their training and earnest consecration, can give standing to the truth, and present it in a way that will command the respect and confidence of people in the higher walks of life. J. L. SHAW.

**I**N order to cope with the great issues of the day, a speaker who has behind him a college education stands upon vantage ground which is rarely possible to one who has not such an education. This is not only true of the ministry, but of the book work, Bible work, and editorial work. Our own missionaries returning from Africa and from China and from other fields tell us that it is of no use for us any longer to ignore on the mission fields the vantage ground on which a worker is placed who has a college education. It is eminently true here as in other things that, "where there is a will there is a way," and I want to add my decided testimony that after more than fifteen years of actual touch with the problem, I have never yet seen young men or women, no matter in what circumstances they may have found themselves, who, if they were determined to put forth the efforts demanded, have failed in securing a college education. B. G. WILKINSON.

**I** PERSONALLY feel that for every line of work in our denomination, not excepting one, a college training is not only valuable, but is absolutely necessary in order to make the most of the opportunities which that line of work presents. In the foreign fields the demand is constantly growing for candidates who have a college preparation. Many of our foreign missionaries are having to return because of inadequate preparation, stating that they have carried the work just as far as their preparation will permit. C. L. BENSON.

**T**HERE can be no question but that the young man who has the highest degree of training is the one who can reach the highest degree of usefulness. God gave us our minds to be trained, and the more highly they are trained, the better we are prepared to do efficient work. A. O. TAIT.

## The Correct Thing

### What About It, Girls?

**A** YOUNG woman recently came to me on a campground. "I am so perplexed," she began; "I cannot understand some things." Here she stopped a moment. She was an earnest, exemplary young Christian, and I was wondering what her burden

was. I knew her heart was full, so I silently waited for her to continue.

"Last Friday evening the subject of our meeting was, 'This Do in Remembrance of Me.' I attended the meeting at——. Two appealing, helpful talks were given. Then Zenia Black got up to read a story—you know—the one that helps to bring that wonderful lesson home.

"She read it beautifully; but she spoiled it for me. She looked so much like a fashion plate that I wondered how she could even repeat the words, 'This do in remembrance of me.' Again the young woman stopped a moment. Then curbing her feelings, she concluded: "The way some of our girls gown themselves distresses me terribly, and yet I don't have the courage to talk to those in our home society. Perhaps I should."

It was but a short time before that an earnest young man had said to me something like this:

"About two weeks ago I spoke to a group of young people, and really I was embarrassed to stand before them because of the way the majority of the young women were dressed."

Then, too, I was thinking of the score or more of other complaints and appeals that have reached our office, as well as the protests against women's dress that float through the secular press and now and then are sounded from the secular platform.

"People who protest against the way girls dress are unreasonable; they are cranks; they are fanatics," said a young woman one day. Probably some of the persons who complain are one or all of these; but are we sure we are altogether reasonable if we entirely disregard these protests?

Even if we could prove our position as reasonable, is it a wise one for soul-winners to take? Yes, I said soul-winners, for soul-winning is our business here. Is it wise to permit our dress to be a stumblingblock to others? Paul said: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Perhaps some one had been criticizing Paul's eating. He spends no time, however, defending his position. He does not say: "You must not let what I do cause you to stumble—stumbling over another's failure is a sign of weakness. Look to Jesus. He is your example." No, that was not Paul's way. Remembering this picture of Paul helps me. He shows his willingness to sacrifice in order to help the weak ones around him. Perhaps he said to himself: "What is anything I like compared with my influence over others? Nothing. No, nothing. I'll give up anything, even if I do not see it is wrong, if I know some one else may stumble over it."

Without discussing the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the protests against dress that are rife in all circles, I refer the problem to you, the girls in our Missionary Volunteer Societies; and I do it with reluctance, for I know it will not be altogether an easy problem for you to solve. It is a difficult matter to buy a really modest Seventh-day Adventist waist; and it is so easy to drift unconsciously into the prevailing fashions.

If, like the three Hebrew children before the golden image, our young women were brought forward and commanded to bow the knee to the Goddess of Fashion, many would realize their danger and stand firmly for principle.

The method the enemy uses in this dress question is so subtle; he draws one an inch at a time, so



little that the drifting one may not realize that she is drifting until she is far from the shore of Christian simplicity. Dr. Hibben, of Princeton University, in speaking of conditions prevailing in our country, says: "We are weakly allowing ourselves to be ruled by the Goddess of Folly, slaves in her domain to the fashion of the hour." This must not be true of our Missionary Volunteer girls. You cannot stoop to such slavery. God in his mercy has called you to live for something better.

Girls, do you ask why this problem is passed on to you? It is because you are the only ones who can settle it. It is passed on to you with a firm confidence in your desire to do right, and with a prayer that you may have wisdom from above to know what is right, and have courage to do it. It strengthens my heart to know noble Christian girls whose dress is daily preaching to others the beautiful lesson of Christian simplicity. Shall we not all join this number, that we may help others to do right? Shall we not enlist our clothes in the Master's service—make them witness for him? "We can if we will." Shall we not say, "*We can and we will*"? What about it, girls?

M. E. A.

### Friendship

**FRIENDSHIP**—from the highest degree of love to the lowest degree of simple good will—makes up the sweetness of life." Things change in every respect when there is love in the heart. It brightens a whole life of care, as a sudden breaking of the sun from behind a gray cloud on a dull winter day. The gray is still there, but what of the dulness? You are blinded to it by the radiance of love. Gone are dulness and monotony; labor is lightened; poverty is not poverty when shared with a friend; when things seem scant and chill, love comes in and makes them enough. There is no house so small that it has no room for love, no castle so grand that it cannot be filled by it. It glorifies mean things; it makes lowly things lovely. Did not the wise man speak of bitter herbs having lost their bitterness when served to a friend by hands of love?

Friendship is of God, an expression of his love. Heart is linked to heart by him; a friend is given to you by circumstances over which you have no control. The love of Jonathan and David for each other was truly a gift of God. Theirs was a friendship which cheered, strengthened, and purified, a love which was the pulse of the heavenly love. Friendship which comes from God is not changed by circumstances; the essence of such devotion is perfect trust and love in its entirety; it regards no surfaces, considers not what a friend does, but believes in the absolute honesty of his intentions.

He is a true friend who is a friend in adversity. If we consider ourselves friends without fault, let us "cast the first stone." This is what Job's friends came to do. When they should have been trying to ease his sufferings, to comfort and cheer him, they mourned for him, pointed out to him what they thought were grievous sins of his, and held themselves up as an example to be followed. Job proved himself the friend. In spite of his suffering he saw their great need and prayed for them. The highest tribute ever paid to friendship was when "God turned the captivity of Job because he prayed for his friends," and no greater tribute can we pay to friendship than to pray for our friends.

"Thou couldst not to thy cherished friend a gift so dear impart  
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart;  
And seek the friend who, when thy prayer for him shall murmured be,  
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee.  
Years may not chill, no change invade, nor poverty impair  
The love that grew, and flourished at the holy time of prayer."

What a beautiful lesson in treatment of our friends has been given us in Christ's visit to the Bethany home. Mary, considerate, thoughtful Mary, knew how to be a friend, to lay aside her cares and perplexities and be a good listener at the feet of her Guest. This day, to her, was her Friend's day, a day for something besides much serving, a day for heart-to-heart communion. By her attentive hospitality, her deference to the Master's wishes, she made this humble home a haven of rest for him. Martha, though she loved the Saviour dearly, gave him only toil, anxiety, and peevishness; and what did she gain?—a feeling of resentment toward Mary and a merited rebuke from the Saviour. What did Mary gain? The memory of his voice when it was stilled, and precious words to treasure up and meditate on. This is a beautiful symbol of what is daily happening.

Do we regard not station in choosing our friends; do we remain steadfast and true in adversity, as does the one who "sticketh closer than a brother;" are we charitable to the faults of our friends; do we pray rather than criticize; do we regard the wishes of our guests rather than our own? If not, let us study the love and friendliness of him who left heaven to be our Guest.

ARDENNE MAY.

### Your Unknown Face

**N**O doubt you would readily recognize your features if you met them in the street. You see them in the glass daily and many times a day, and probably you think you study them with peculiar care. But that is just the point. Whenever you see them, you are studying them. The expression is conscious, artificial—the expression of a person who is being watched and studied. You know how you feel and can imagine how you look when you are aware that some one is observing you.

Think of the expressions you catch on others' faces when they are completely unconscious, not giving a thought to how they look. Some faces are sweet, kindly, sympathetic, delightful. Some faces, again, often the same faces, are sad, anxious, dreary; others still are harsh, bitter, angry, or selfish. Remember that all those expressions are likely to come on your own face, too. When you look in the glass, you do not find them there. Your mere curiosity erases them as a wet sponge erases figures on a slate. But they come just the same.

Remember how you love to watch the kindly look in others, and how you shrink and turn away from the ugly and the hateful. Perhaps the memory and the consciousness will help you to control the uncomely expressions in yourself.

The great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, once refused to be introduced to a man because he did not like the man's face.

"But," urged a friend, "he is not responsible for his face." "Every man over forty years old is responsible for his face," answered the Secretary. The face of the man over forty tells a great deal.—*Selected*.



## A Cow His Capital

**W**HEN on his way to Washington before his first inauguration, Rutgers College was pointed out to Lincoln as they passed it. He exclaimed: "Ah! that is what I have always regretted — a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

The time and the circumstances of his life made it impossible for Abraham Lincoln to go to college. But we all know how he educated himself, and how, by the force of his indomitable will and the singleness of his aim, he raised himself to the highest position his country could give him.

The growth of education since Abraham Lincoln's time and the specialization in every direction make the broadest possible education a necessity for the man who would attain the highest success possible for him today. And the youth who does not avail himself of the innumerable opportunities our time and country afford to get a college training, may find, in after-life, that it will make all the difference to him between success and failure.

The late Frances E. Willard told the following story of how an ambitious country lad managed to secure a college education:

"Many years ago a farmer boy in his teens determined to go to college, but he knew his parents could not help him. However, he kept studying the problem, until it occurred to him that if they would let him have a good milk cow, he would feel free to fare forth into the wide world and see what he could do for himself. The proposition struck them as most original and practicable. So they chose the very best cow in their dairy, and the young man started off, driving her along the road, and making as straight a line as he could for a certain academy, a hundred miles away."

The story goes on to tell how the aspirant for college was treated with kindness and good will all along the road, and when he reached the academy, was permitted to put into operation his idea of utilizing the dairy products of his property for living expenses. He was graduated in due time and then entered a New England college. After going through college he took a postgraduate course in a theological seminary and became principal of the academy to which he had first traveled with his cow. Later he became professor of Hebrew in a theological school and author of an important commentary on the Scriptures.

It isn't necessary, today, to have a cow, or any other capital outside oneself, to obtain higher education. All the capital a youth needs is a stout heart, an alert brain, willing hands, and the ambition to be well educated. The opportunities to secure an education were never so numerous and so varied, and

the prizes awaiting the college graduate never so tempting as they are at present.

President Hadley, of Yale, says: "There is an unusual call for college-bred men in the various trades and professions — a demand so great that we are hardly able to meet it. . . . The existence of new administrative problems at home and abroad is likely to increase the need of men of broad views and thorough training."

President Schurman, of Cornell, says: "There is an increasing and just now an unusual demand for college-bred men in all walks of life. . . . Fifteen years ago the manufacturers of machinery had to be coaxed to take Cornell men into their shops and give them a chance. Where one went, many followed. Last spring, when the class came to graduation, every student in this branch (engineering) was eagerly bid for two or three times over. One great electrical firm alone asked to be given the entire class. There

is observable, too, a gradual increase in the call for college-bred teachers in the public schools, and this demand will grow by what it feeds upon."

"If a boy intends to become something more than an underclerk or a small tradesman, he will need the best preliminary education that his parents can afford to give him," says a successful banker. "In the early stages of his career in business, a young man will not appreciate what he has missed by not going to college, but a college education will strengthen all your faculties, and, rightly used, will be a blessing throughout life."

President Wilson regards a liberal training as "indispensa-

ble to any young man who wishes to put himself in a position to understand the best thought and life of the modern world." In answer to a question put to him on the subject, the President said: "It seems to me a plain dictate of reason that every young man who expects to engage in the larger kind of pursuits should seek, if possible, to obtain the training to be got from the better kind of college education. I mean the kind which is planned along broad lines and whose purpose is the release of the mind from narrowness and inexperience."

The majority of the leading men in every country today — those who are shaping the world's destinies, who are doing great work in government, in politics, in science, in art and literature, in engineering, in education, in almost every phase of life, are college-bred men. If you expect to make the most of yourself, to unfold your possibilities, to cut any figure in life, to give the best service of which you are capable to the world, you must have a college education. If you expect to rise above manual labor, a clerkship,



But He Went Through College



"Our colleges and technical schools would stand half empty if they attracted those only in easy circumstances. A very large proportion of the students are 'working their way'; many of them have no other source of supply than their own exertions, and others earn the difference between what their families can furnish and what they need to spend. In many a college three fourths of the students are primarily self-supporting, and even in the so-called 'rich men's colleges' the proportion is from one fifth to one fourth."

or a subordinate position; if you hope "to engage in the larger kind of pursuits," it is, as President Wilson has said, "a plain dictate of reason that you secure, if possible, a liberal education."

In short, there never was a time in the history of the world when a liberal education counted for so much. And, as the world progresses, it will count more and more. Our civilization is becoming so complicated, and modern inventions are so rapidly driving out of the field the merely mechanical muscle worker, that the untrained, ignorant man of tomorrow will stand no chance in competition with a broad, liberally educated, many-sided man.

How can you get a liberal education without money or influential friends to help you?

The way thousands of poor boys and girls got one in the past; the way tens of thousands are getting one today.

The average normal youth with good health as his only capital has a thousandfold better chance to get a liberal education today than had Daniel Webster or James A. Garfield. Or, to come down to our own time, a far better chance than had Congressman Wm. D. Upshaw, of Georgia, who, although crippled by an accident when a boy, earned sufficient money to put himself through Mercer University at Macon. It is only a comparatively short time since he was elected to the United States Congress, winning his seat over six eligible competitors.

David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who says a young man is not worth an education if he cannot work his way through college, speaks from the knowledge of experience. He paid his way at Cornell University by waiting table, tutoring, taking care of lawns, and doing other humble work.

Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who began life in a log cabin, made up his mind early in life that in spite of poverty and hard work he would get a liberal education and make something of himself. At the age of twenty-one, with fifty dollars he had borrowed, he entered De Pauw University, Indiana, where he served as steward of a college club, and added twenty-five dollars to his original fund by taking the freshman essay prize. When summer came, he returned to work in the harvest fields and broke the wheat-cutting record of the country. He made such good use of his opportunities for study that, later,

he won enough money prizes to pay his college expenses for two years.

The opportunities of young Jacob Gould Schurman to obtain a college education were surely as meager as could well be imagined. Born on Prince Edward Island, to poverty and hard work, at a time when there were no railroads there, no daily newspapers, and only a few available books, such as the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," and some others of that class, yet he managed entirely by his own efforts to win high honors in some of the leading universities of the world.

At thirteen he was clerking in a country store at \$2.50 a month. At eighteen he was a student in Prince of Wales College, Prince Edward Island. Working at bookkeeping evenings, and winning scholarships at different institutions, including the University of London, he rose, step by step, without a helping hand from any one after his thirteenth year, until, at thirty-eight, he became president of Cornell University.

There is no question but that any youth of average ability who has health and stamina can earn all of his expenses as he goes through college. The writer did it himself, and he knows hundreds of men now occupying honorable positions who have done the same thing.

Neither is there any question that, provided one is determined to get the most possible out of it, nothing else in life will pay better than a college education, even though it must be obtained by sacrifice and great effort. As President Faunce, of Brown University, says, "Four years of college will treble the value of the forty years that may follow, treble the man's enjoyment and his service to the state."

Orison Swett Marden, in "The New Success."

### An Opportunity School

A UNIQUE and exceedingly interesting educational experiment is being carried on in the capital city of Colorado, under the name of Denver Opportunity School.

The idea is simple. Since school age is an exploded theory, "one is entitled to training of hand or brain at whatever time in life the need, or the realization of it, comes. During its short life this institution has given such training to thousands, and these of all ages and stations in life, and tongues and colors.

Dr. F. S. Jones, dean of Yale College, says: "There was a time when I thought that we must teach in college first and foremost the learning of books. In these days I would bend every effort to the making of good citizens, and by a good citizen, I think I mean 'a man who is master of himself, earns his own living, and as far as possible in doing it is of benefit to his fellow men.'"



"The school was opened in September, 1916, by Carlos M. Cole, superintendent of public instruction. It was a part of the city school system, therefore free. Persons between the ages of fourteen and seventy were invited to come at any time between half-past eight in the morning and half-past nine at night, to learn anything they needed to know. Miss Emily Griffith was chosen principal, and a corps of five teachers selected. It was distinctly an experiment in education. Two hundred responses were hoped for, though no great disappointment would have been felt had there been only a hundred that first year. Instead, more than two thousand applicants came, and the teaching force was increased to forty. This year the registration has reached five thousand.

"Not even were time and money taken to provide a new building with suitable equipment for the experiment. The makeshift thing at hand was seized, transformed and made to fit the requirements of the hour, as must usually be the case with individual enterprise. A grammar school building, outgrown for its old uses, and which had been named, after the fashion of the eighties when its cornerstone was laid, for a poet, was taken over for this fine, high-minded experiment. 'Longfellow,' carved in stone, gave place to 'Opportunity' in letters golden by day, electric by night.

"Many a lad who learned all that the school had to teach when it was 'Longfellow,' from his letters to cube root, and went from there to high school, then to college, now, with more gray than black in his hair, came back to learn something for which a new need in his life had arisen. Better still, many who, when the school was 'Longfellow,' had no chance to go, being busy with selling papers in Denver, or blacking boots in New York, or wresting a hard living from the slums of one of Europe's great cities, also drop in for the hour a day, or week, that they can give to learning something new.

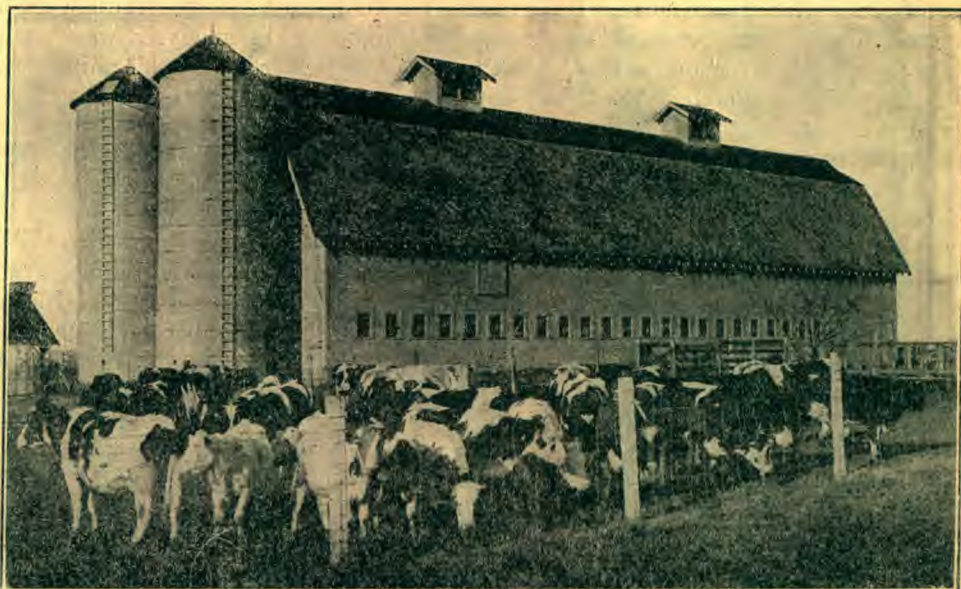
"There is no formal process of registration. If you are a judge, and wish to learn the mechanism of your new car, you say so at Miss Griffith's desk, and are referred to the class in auto-mechanics. And if you are an ash man and wish to better your fortunes by becoming a chauffeur, you are referred to the same class. If either of you is a bit shy, Miss Griffith will walk down the hall and down the stairs with you. In passing rooms where gray-haired people are learning to write, and black men and women, bred in slavery, are at last learning to read, or rheumatic fingers are busy with fractions, all shyness disappears. Later, you write your name and address on a card.

"And working side by side, both judge and ash man learn a great deal that has nothing to do with magnetos and spark plugs and clutches, for the human angle of any problem is never lost sight of in the school.

"All classes come to the school; all races, black and brown and yellow and white. A man of fifty, bred

on an American farm, entered the school because he wished to be able to read the menu cards in restaurants. His ignorance, he said, had often caused him embarrassment. In a room across the hall a Japanese girl labored with English, and, too, with a strange monster of wood and iron that was to make for her the dresses she would wear.

"If one enters the school with wavering step and uncertain eye, not quite sure what name to call Opportunity by, Miss Griffith talks it out and gives advice. But if one knows what one wants, she puts a guard on her tongue, however irreconcilable with temperament and circumstance the desire may seem. The millinery class has welcomed many strange students, even a black woman who wished to change her vocation from laundress to *modiste*, and did, but never a stranger one than the tall, awkward, sunburned young fellow who stood at Miss Griffith's desk one morning and announced a wish to learn to trim hats. He was in the



BARN AND HOLSTEIN HERD, WALLA WALLA COLLEGE

early twenties; harvest had freed him from the ranch until next seed time.

"Two or three weeks later his fingers, still calloused, were doing expert things with silk and buckram. 'Sure I was a good farmer,' he told the women who worked with him at the long table. 'My wheat and pumpkins took prizes at the county fair. But I've always wanted to do this kind of thing. I made a dress for my sister once. Best-looking thing she ever had. Hung different somehow. I paint, too. Used to sketch at noon when the other fellows rested under a tree.'

"For, of course, Emily Griffith had recognized the significance of that passion for line and color, and the achievement of the best-looking dress that sister Minnie ever had, and the ranch boy went from the Opportunity School into a school of design. He had found out what he needed to know in order to do the work that he wished to do. And he had found his place in the world."

This new venture in the educational field has proved a distinct success. In the experience of those who have come in touch with its activities it "has broken down the two great mental barriers to progress, the hopelessness that breeds inertia and the complaisance that puts an end to development." In the words of one of the pupils, "The Denver Opportunity School is a place where one learns to put salt on the tail of opportunity."

L. E. C.





## The Delayed Letter

ELIZABETH ANN TOLLMANN

FOR a moment Richard Lipton looked dazedly at the yellow slip of paper which had just been handed to him by the messenger boy. Again he read the words, "Richard Lipton, Harvard College. Come immediately. Grandfather not expected to live. [Signed] S. R. SAUNDERS, M. D."

The words cut deep into the boy's heart. Only a month more, and then the Christmas holidays would be here, and Richard had planned a merry vacation to be spent with two of his college friends at his grandfather's luxurious home. His grandfather had written him to bring any of his friends he might choose, and had given him a hint of the many pleasant times he had planned for them; but it was not the thwarting of these happy expectations which made the boy's face grow pale; ah, no, but rather because Jarius Martin Lipton had taken the place of both father and mother to the little curly-haired grandson who had been bereft of both parents when the ocean steamer on which they were traveling had been wrecked off the coast of Australia. Though Jarius Lipton might be stern and unbending to others, his grandson held the key to his heart, and upon him he had lavished all the wealth of a deep love. Yet, remembering ruefully some of his experiences, Richard had to confess that his grandfather had not spoiled him.

Mechanically he made arrangements for his trip. The hours seemed an eternity as the train sped onward, but finally the long journey was over. The great house on the hill seemed deathly quiet and silent when the young man arrived. The old Scotch housekeeper met him at the door, saying as she took his hand, "Ah, laddie, it's a sad, sad day."

"How is grandfather?" anxiously inquired Richard.

"I don't think you would have seen him had you been a day later," was her answer. "I'll go now and find out if you can see him."

In a moment she returned. "Doctor says for you to come in, but go still, lad," she said.

In the dim light Richard saw the doctor sitting by the bed, with a finger on Mr. Lipton's pulse; the nurse, in white gown and cap, stood near, with a tiny glass of medicine in her hand. The doctor silently motioned for Richard to come near, and the boy knelt by his grandfather's bed and bowed his head in his hands. Mr. Lipton opened his eyes and saw his boy, and all the yearning affection of a father for his son was in his eyes as he whispered, "I'm so glad you're here, Dickie." For a few moments he rested content, his free hand clasping Richard's, then again he spoke, slowly and painfully. "Dickie—I'm going to leave—you—I think, but—I've left word—for you with—the lawyer. Promise—you'll do what—I ask you to—when he tells you." Kneeling there by the side of the one who had done everything for him, it was easy enough for Richard to make the promise. At the setting of the sun, Jarius Lipton closed his long, eventful life.

The day Richard was to return to college, Mr. Weston, the lawyer, telephoned to him, asking him

to come to the office. Mr. Weston greeted the boy kindly and with tender sympathy, for Mr. Lipton and the lawyer had been lifelong friends.

"It's your grandfather's will, Richard, that you should know about," he explained, and then he began reading the document. Mr. Lipton had been a generous and philanthropic man, who had taken delight in doing good with the great wealth intrusted to him, and there were many bequests and legacies to friends and institutions. Although Richard followed the lawyer as he read through the legal phraseology, it was not until he heard the following words that his mind was brought to a focus upon what was being read:

"To my beloved grandson, Richard Ellsworth Lipton, I give and bequeath the residue of my estate, both real and personal, to him, his heirs, and his assigns forever, with this condition: That he shall not come into control of the said estate for a period of ten years following my death, and no benefits of said estate shall accrue to him beyond an amount of money necessary for him to complete his education, said expenditure of money to be under control of John L. Weston.

"I give and bequeath to my grandson, Richard Ellsworth Lipton, my black broadcloth overcoat, with the request that he wear it during the school year at Harvard University, and that when wearing said overcoat he shall not wear gloves, giving no explanation therefor."

As the lawyer concluded these words, Richard's countenance expressed astonishment and bewilderment. His grandfather's black broadcloth overcoat! Why, since he could remember he had never seen his grandfather wear any other coat, of a style which had not been worn for twenty-five years. Jarius Lipton had clung affectionately to his coat in spite of all his grandson had urged to the contrary. "An overcoat isn't like other clothes, Dick," he had said. "It's good just as long as it is good. There isn't a thing the matter with that coat. Maybe it isn't right up to the minute in style, but what of that? It is warm and comfortable, and that is all that is necessary." And Richard had consoled himself with the thought that his grandfather could do things that would be considered freakish in other people, and yet not be thought any the less of by his friends. But to ask him to wear that coat! It was preposterous!

"Mr. Weston, I don't understand," he finally said. "Was—do you think—are you quite sure grandfather was in his right mind when he wrote that last statement?"

The lawyer smiled. "Yes, Dick, he was," was his answer. Then he gave the boy a keen glance. "Did he ask you to promise anything before he died?"

Richard started as he remembered the last few words of his grandfather. "Yes, and I promised," he said slowly.

"This is what he had reference to," the lawyer explained. "You know, my boy, your grandfather was



a little eccentric and had some queer ideas, but if you promised, I believe you are man enough to keep your promise," and Mr. Weston gripped hard the young man's hand as he spoke the words.

Richard Lipton returned to Harvard that evening, reluctantly taking the black overcoat with him. He tried in vain to overcome the resentment that crept into his heart. Why had his grandfather taken advantage of him in this way? What was his object in thus trying to humiliate him? For this request of Mr. Lipton's had touched Richard upon his weakest spot. He was fastidious about his personal appearance to the extreme. More than once he remembered his grandfather's saying to him, "Ah, Dick, you are too much of a dude, I'm afraid; don't let it run away with you, my boy." And now that he, Richard Lipton, the best-dressed man in college, should appear in public wearing that old overcoat twenty-five years behind the styles, was something beyond comprehension, and yet—there was his promise. If he could only explain to the fellows why he was doing it, it would be all right, but this way—and Richard gritted his teeth.

The weeks passed, and still the black overcoat lay in the bottom of Richard's trunk. Soon the spring days came, and then it was too late to fulfil his promise, and back home with Richard went the black overcoat. Mr. Weston greeted Richard heartily, but made no reference to the request of the will, and Richard vouchsafed no explanation. In the fall when he returned to Harvard, the black overcoat went too. It was not long before his conscience began to torment him. Wherever he was, whatever he did, a vision of that black overcoat rose up before him, and he knew he must make a decision as to what he was going to do.

The sharp days of fall demanded heavy wraps, and one November afternoon Richard fought a battle with himself, finally saying with a laugh, "Oh, pshaw, what do I care what people think? here goes," and an hour later, wearing the despised coat, and minus gloves, in accordance with the instructions of the will, Richard started down town. He was nearly past a group of boys before they recognized him, and then one of them exclaimed, "Lipton, what's the idea? Starting something new in styles?" Richard joined in the laugh at his expense, but no questioning from the boys could bring forth any explanation. It was an uncomfortable afternoon for the boy. It seemed to him all his friends were down town that day, but worst of all was when he met Margaret Standish, the most popular girl in town, with a number of friends. Like the boys, at first they did not recognize Richard, and then Margaret gayly greeted him, but Richard felt, rather than saw, the queer little smile upon the girls' faces. He was miserably conscious of the long dangling garment. But it was not so bad as Richard pictured to himself, for both boys and girls spent a merry time laughing over "Dick's new stunt," as they expressed it.

As he was returning home, Richard's bare fingers began to tingle with the cold, and he thrust his hands into the pockets of the overcoat. His hand came in contact with a paper, which he drew out and found to be an envelope addressed to himself in his grandfather's handwriting. Opening it, he read on the inclosed paper the following words:

"DEAR DICK: Somehow I imagine it will be quite a while before you get this letter, for I believe I know my boy pretty well. You have the making of

a splendid man in you, Dick, but you care a whole lot too much what folks think of you. Of course a man may be a fashion plate, I suppose, and still be a man, but don't carry it to such an extreme that you are afraid to turn around unless you know you will pass muster at a 'spring showing.' Perhaps it wouldn't be such a terrible thing if you stopped at clothes, but this principle of being afraid of what folks will think of you unless you are dressed just right, is liable to affect you in the more serious things of life. So I have planned this little test for you. You may be a little while getting around to doing what I have asked, but you'll finally do it; I know that. It's a little thing I've asked of you, but I know just how hard it is going to be for you, because you are going to do it without knowing how it is going to end, but you promised, and I've never known you to break a promise. You need not wear the coat again after reading this, but communicate with Mr. Weston immediately. Good luck and success to you, my boy, and may you ever pass as successfully your future tests in life. [Signed] GRANDFATHER."

Richard was not ashamed of the moisture in his eyes as he finished reading these words. "My, what a cad I've been," he murmured, "but I'm glad I didn't fizzle out altogether."

Mr. Weston smiled when he read the words of the telegram which he received the next day from Dick, and his smile deepened as he dictated the following words in reply: "Congratulations, Dick. You've stood the test. You come into possession of your grandfather's entire estate the day of your graduation from Harvard."

### Harold's Lesson

NOW, mother, don't worry about us," said Harold. He and his small sister Ellen were standing at the gate where their parents were seated in a buggy, ready to start for the village ten miles away.

"I'll not worry, but I do wish there was some one living near. If anything should happen—but there, nothing will happen if you stay in the clearing. Take good care of Ellen," cautioned Mrs. Sheldon.

"Nothing will happen to her while I'm around," replied Harold manfully, drawing himself up to his full height. "You just enjoy your trip, and don't think about us—we'll be all right."

"Thank you, dear," answered his mother, "and now we must hurry, or we shall not be back by nightfall. Good-by."

"Good-by!" cried the children.

They watched the buggy till it disappeared among the trees, then they turned and entered the house. Harold played with little Ellen for some time. After a while she became tired and was soon fast asleep. How big and lonely the house was! It had never seemed so before. In fact, he had always thought of it as a very small cottage, when his father and mother were home. Strange, too, usually there were so many things he liked to do, but now none of them interested him.

He thought of the woodpecker's nest in a tree a little way beyond the clearing, and wondered if the eggs had hatched. He looked at the sleeping child. Surely no harm could come to her in a few minutes, and it was such a short distance to the tree. Picking up his hat, he slipped out of the house and through the gate, which he forgot to close.

Now, forgetting to close the gate was nothing new for Harold. It was only one of the many slipshod,



careless habits which satisfied him, but were the despair of his parents, who knew better than he just what misfortunes may result from carelessness.

Once outside the clearing, he went quickly to the tree, where he stayed longer than he intended. The eggs had hatched and the old birds were feeding the young ones. Harold's appearance interrupted the meal for several minutes, but he sat quietly until the old birds felt reassured that he meant no harm.

After watching them for some time, he started for home. He was rather surprised to find the gate open, for it had not been many days since his father had given him such a scolding for leaving it open that he had thought he could never forget it again.

"I surely forgot it slick as a whistle this time, but probably it's all right. Anyway, I suppose she's asleep yet," he said to himself.

He went into the house and straight to the bedroom. The bed was empty.

"Ellen! Ellen!" he called, but there was no answer.

He went outside and called again. Still there was no answer. The sight of the gate made him start. She must have gone out of the yard. But where? He paused at the gate as if debating which way to go and look for her. Then he thought of an open place near the edge of the cliff overlooking the river, where he had taken her a few days before to pick flowers.

Quickly he ran toward the spot. He peered through the underbrush. There she stood on the very edge of the cliff, one chubby hand filled with flowers, the other stretched out after a blossom almost beyond her reach. Horror stricken, he held his breath. One short step farther and nothing could save her from a terrible fall into the rocky gorge! He heard the roar of the churning and dashing waters far below, and shuddered.

What could he do? If he called or made a noise, it might startle her, and she would be sure to fall. Perhaps if he whistled softly as if he were a long way off, it would not frighten her. He puckered up his mouth, but it was so dry that he could not make a sound. He moistened his lips and tried again. The result was a very weak little whistle, but Ellen recognized it. He gave a quick, short sob as she slowly turned and looked in his direction.

"O Ellen, what made you come up here all alone?" he asked as he ran to her.

"I wanted some pretty flowers, and I didn't like to stay home by myself, either," she answered.

"Let's go home and you'll not have to stay alone—never," he said decisively.

It was a long time before Harold could muster up courage to tell his parents of the almost awful results of his carelessness during their absence. Because of his silence they had been at a loss to understand the change which had come over him. He became more careful about his work or whatever he was doing. Often they would see him go back and close a gate that he had left open. The memory of a little child poised on the edge of the cliff served as a lesson he could never forget.

NELLE HENTON.

articles and stories the privilege of having and being a friend will be brought home to each one present. Are you a friend? Are you capable of being one? It will be time well spent for every Missionary Volunteer to study to decide that question for himself.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### X — The School in the Advent Movement

(September 4)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

##### The Great Aim of This School

1. What message must be preached to prepare for the end of the world and the coming of Jesus? Matt. 24:14; Rev. 14:6-14.

##### The Students

2. What will the people who give this message understand and practise? Rev. 14:12; 12:17; 19:10.

3. What kind of workmen should the people who teach God's truth study to be? 2 Tim. 2:15.

##### The Lesson

4. What are they commanded to teach and to preach? Deut. 6:6-9; 2 Tim. 4:2. Note 1.

5. How extensively will their message be carried? Matt. 28:19, 20.

##### The Teacher

6. Whom did Jesus say the Father would send to take his place as teacher of those who were to carry the gospel to the world? John 14:26.

7. What does the Holy Spirit teach? John 16:13.

8. Whom does the Holy Spirit especially teach? John 20:21, 22. Note 2.

9. How long is the teaching of God's missionaries to continue? Matt. 28:20.

10. What takes place when their teaching is finished? Matt. 24:14; John 14:2, 3; Acts 1:11.

##### Finishing the Work

11. What personal preparation must every man have before he can become a vessel meet for the Master's use? Isa. 52:11, last part; 2 Tim. 2:19-21. Note 3.

12. How can the missionary (the sent one) become thus prepared? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

13. What is the word able to do in the personal life? Ps. 119:11, 105, 140; 2 Tim. 3:15.

14. What part in the Advent Movement will the school act to hasten the finishing of the work? Note 4.

15. What will be the great aim of students in these schools preparing to act as missionaries? 2 Tim. 2:15. Note 5.

16. How deep will be their interest in the finishing of His work? John 4:34. Note 6.

##### Notes

1. "When the Bible is made the guide and counselor, it exerts an ennobling influence upon the mind. Its study more than any other will refine and elevate. It will enlarge the mind of the candid student, endowing it with new impulses and fresh vigor. It will give greater efficiency to the faculties by bringing them in contact with grand, far-reaching truths. If the mind becomes dwarfed and inefficient, it is because it is left to deal with commonplace subjects only. Let the Bible be received as the food of the soul, the best and most effectual means of purifying and strengthening the intellect." —*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 396.

2. "The Lord God of heaven has caused his Holy Spirit from time to time to move upon the students in the school, that they might acknowledge him in all their ways, so that he might direct their paths. . . .

"Why should we not expect the Holy Watcher to come into our schools? Our youth are there to receive an education, to acquire a knowledge of the only true God. They are there to learn how to present Christ as a sin-pardoning Saviour. They are there to gather up precious rays of light, that they may diffuse light again. They are there to show forth the loving-kindness of the Lord, to speak of his glory, to sound forth the praises of him who has called us out of darkness into his marvelous light." —*Id.*, pp. 369, 370.

3. Because of the perilous times in which we are living, those who hold positions of trust in the work of the third angel's message "are to perfect the life after the divine similitude. In the home, in the church, before the world,

#### Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for September 4

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "Being a Worth-while Friend."

What is so valued as a true friend? Young men and women, boys and girls—all depend upon some one who can be trusted, some one who "understands." The meeting today will be devoted to the study of that kind of friendship. By



they are to reveal the power of Christian principle to transform the life. Let them work honestly; let them seek to reveal the spirit of Christ in their work; let them ever strive to reach higher ground. . . . We should now be putting away evil-speaking, selfish plans, everything that would hurt the influence or confuse the judgment. The heart must be emptied of all self-seeking; the conduct must be such that it will lead no soul into false paths."—*Id.*, p. 397.

4. "Our schools have been established by the Lord; and if they are conducted in harmony with his purpose, the youth sent to them will be quickly prepared to engage in various branches of missionary work. Some will be trained to enter the field as missionary nurses, some as canvassers, some as evangelists, and some as gospel ministers. Some are to be prepared to take charge of church schools, in which the children shall be taught the first principles of education. This is a very important work, demanding high ability and careful study."

"It is to fortify the youth against the temptations of the enemy that we have established schools where they may be qualified for usefulness in this life and for the service of God throughout eternity. Those who have an eye single to God's glory will earnestly desire to fit themselves for special service; for the love of Christ will have a controlling influence upon them. This love imparts more than finite energy, and qualifies human beings for divine achievement."

"Our schools are to be training schools. If men and women come forth from them fitted in any sense for the missionary field, they must be led to realize the greatness of the work."—*Id.*, pp. 493, 495, 501.

5. "Every student should remember that the Lord requires him to make of himself all that is possible, that he may wisely teach others also. Our students should tax the mental powers, every faculty should reach the highest possible development."

"I am instructed to say to students, In your search for knowledge, climb higher than the standard set by the world; follow where Jesus has led the way."

"Students are to offer God nothing less than their best. . . . Each should decide that he will not be a second-rate student, that he will not allow others to think for him. . . . He should rally the best powers of the mind, and with a sense of his accountability to God, do his best to conquer difficulties. And as far as possible, he should seek the society of those who are able to help him, who can detect his mistakes, and put him on his guard against indolence, pretense, and surface work."

"He who is learning of the greatest Educator the world ever knew, will have not only a symmetrical Christian character, but a mind trained for effective labor. . . .

"God does not want us to be content with lazy, undisciplined minds, dull thoughts, and loose memories."—*Id.*, pp. 394, 402, 499, 505, 506.

6. "The Saviour worked with unwearied effort to help human beings. He stopped at no sacrifice, hesitated at no self-denial; for our sakes he became poor, that through his poverty we might be made rich. His sympathy for the lost led him to seek them wherever they were. And his collaborators must work as he worked, hesitating not to seek for the fallen, deeming no effort too taxing, no sacrifice too great, if they may but win souls to Christ. He who would be an efficient worker for God must be willing to endure what Christ endured, to meet men as he met them."

"The Lord calls for volunteers who will take their stand firmly on his side, and will pledge themselves to unite with Jesus of Nazareth in doing the work that needs to be done now, just now. The talents of God's people are to be employed in giving the last message of mercy to the world."—*Id.*, pp. 494, 495.

## Intermediate Lesson

### X — Four Thousand Fed; Jesus Teaching the Disciples; Healing a Blind Man

(September 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 8.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Matt. 15:32 to 16:28.

MEMORY VERSE: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 404-418.

PLACE: A mountain desert place in the region of Decapolis, near Gergesa, where the demoniacs were healed; from thence across the lake to Dalmanutha, near Magdala, in Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus and the disciples; a multitude of four thousand men besides women and children; a blind man; Pharisees.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Jesus and his disciples were now in that part of the country where the demoniacs of Gergesa had been healed. Once these people had begged him to depart from their coasts.

The change of sentiment was no doubt due in large measure to the testimony of the two men who had been restored to their right minds. Jesus had said to them, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." The gathering of the four thousand to listen to the words of the great Healer was evidence of the faithfulness of these two men.

"The Good Physician liveth yet  
Thy friend and guide to be;  
The Healer by Gennesaret  
Shall walk the rounds with thee."

#### Questions

1. What is said of the size of the multitude gathered about Jesus, after he healed the stammering, deaf man? What caused Jesus to pity the people? Mark 8:1, 2.

2. Why did he not send them to their homes? What question arose in the minds of the disciples? Verses 3, 4. Note 1.

3. What question did Jesus ask the disciples? How many loaves had they? What former experience was then repeated? How many baskets of fragments were taken up? How many had eaten? Verses 5-9.

4. After feeding the multitude, where did Jesus go? Who came to him? What did they want? Verses 10, 11. Note 2.

5. What answer did Jesus give the Pharisees? Where did Jesus then go? Verses 12, 13.

6. In leaving Galilee, what had the disciples forgotten? Against what did Jesus warn them? Verses 14, 15.

7. What did the disciples think that Jesus meant? Verse 16.

8. What additional explanation is recorded by Matthew? Matt. 16:11, 12. Note 3.

9. Who was brought to Jesus at Bethsaida? In what manner did Jesus give complete sight to this man? Mark 8:22-26.

10. As they were walking through the country, what question did Jesus ask the disciples? What three opinions did they say the people held? Verses 27, 28.

11. What direct question did Jesus then ask? Who answered? What did Peter say? What charge did Jesus give to his followers? Verses 29, 30.

12. What future experiences did Jesus then make known to them? What did Peter presume to do? With what words did Jesus rebuke Peter? Verses 31-33.

13. What rule for his followers did Jesus at this time lay down? Verse 35.

14. What two questions did Jesus then ask? (Answer these questions for yourself.) Verses 36, 37.

15. Who will be made ashamed when Jesus comes to earth in the glory of his Father? Verse 38.

#### For Thoughtful Students

In what two points are the two miracles of feeding the people alike?

In what particulars do they differ?

Contrast the way in which Jesus was received by the heathen and the way he was received by his own people.

Write your answers to the questions in Mark 8:36, 37:

#### Notes

1. The disciples should have remembered that a few months before this, Jesus had blessed a few loaves and fishes, and fed five thousand. Apparently they had forgotten. "Again the disciples revealed their unbelief. At Bethsaida they had seen how, with Christ's blessing, their little store availed for the feeding of the multitude; yet they did not now bring forward their all, trusting his power to multiply it for the hungry crowds. Moreover, those whom he fed at Bethsaida were Jews; these were Gentiles and heathen. Jewish prejudice was still strong in the hearts of the disciples, and they answered Jesus, 'Whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?'"—"The Desire of Ages," pp. 404, 405.

2. Dalmanutha was a village near Magdala. (Compare Matt. 15:39.) Magdala was on the west side of the sea, in Galilee itself. In this country Jesus had performed his most remarkable miracles, and he was well known. He again meets the cold unbelief of the scribes and Pharisees, in marked contrast to his welcome among the heathen people about Gadara and in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And he remained only a short time in this place.

3. The leaders and chief rulers of the Jews had mixed false doctrines with all their teachings. As a little yeast or leaven goes all through the bread, so this evil teaching had gone through all the beliefs of the Jews. For this reason the disciples were to beware of all their teachings.

"To own and honor greatness, giving weight  
To worth alone, is near to being great."

"MISCHANCE will come to all, but, swim or sink,  
The wise man never says, I did not think."



### Counsel Given to a University Student

**K**EEP good company or none. Never be idle; if you can't be usefully employed, employ your mind. Always speak the truth, or speak not at all. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Remember that good character is above all things else, and that your character cannot be injured except by yourself. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be such that nobody will believe him. Be temperate in all things, and remember that moderation is always best. Always live within your income, and try to make a little more than you spend. When you retire, think of what you have done that day, and count the hours you have wasted. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Never play at any game of chance; it will soon become a habit hard to break. Never spend your money before you have earned it. Don't ever run in debt unless you feel sure that you can run out of it. Don't borrow until you have to, and when you do, pay it back the minute the debt falls due. Never speak ill of any one, and never withhold a deserved compliment, but avoid all forms of flattery. Be honest in everything. Be just before you are generous. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Stick close to your vocation, but do not neglect your avocations. Keep your mind occupied, and don't allow your body to become inactive—both must have exercise. Keep your heart pure from evil thoughts if you would be happy. Hate nobody—love the good and pity the wicked. Cultivate high ideals, and hitch your wagon to a star. Read over these maxims once a week. — *Shadowland*.

### Crutches

**T**HE world is divided into lifters and leaners. Ninety-five per cent of us are leaners.

Some years ago I knew an aged man who, while recovering from a fractured hip, was given a pair of crutches in his first uncertain steps. He continued to use them month after month. At last the wise physician said to the old man's son: "If some accident does not happen to your father's crutches, he will never walk again." One day "something did happen," and in a week the patient was going about as spry as ever.

It is sheer folly to moan over our failures when the one thing we most need is to throw away our crutches.

Independence of thought and action is the hallmark of the men who win.

Effort always creates ability.

I recall a fellow student who always went into the classroom with all the data he thought necessary to carry him through the recitation, written on his cuffs.

He is now a business man with white temples, but the old habit still clings. He can remember no dates, no engagements, no obligations. Take away his cuffs and you rob him of his ability to stand alone.

I know a surgeon who never undertakes a delicate operation without a hypodermic injection.

Take away their "crutches" and some men fall at once.

Originality, initiative, and speed belong only to those who can stand squarely on their feet and go

alone. Beware! Crutches paralyze power. When you depend upon some friend to secure a position for you, you are on the high road to failure.

Personal efficiency is the reward of the self-reliant. Throw away your crutches.

Stand on your feet, lift your head, and face your task.—*Selected*.

### Your Opportunity Your Chance

**D**ON'T crave good that you have not earned. Don't pray for luck to give you what does not belong to you.

Do not fancy that every prosperous man got his goods by some turn of the wheel of fortune. This world is a beehive of industry in which men are rewarded according to their efforts.

Life is not a lottery in which shirkers have the same show as the workers.

Thousands of men saw apples falling from trees before Newton's time, but he alone had the foresight to grasp this opportunity for demonstrating the doctrine of attraction, the center of gravity.

Some of the world's heroes fully believed in the mysterious governing power which the ancient Greeks called Destiny.

Alexander the Great depended on luck. Cicero speaks of it as a settled thing. Cæsar pompously told the frightened pilot in a storm, "You carry Cæsar and his good fortune." Napoleon was always talking about his "star." Marlborough, Nelson, and Cromwell had similar notions about destiny. Wellington, however, who never lost a battle, never spoke about luck, carefully guarding himself against accidents.

The stupidity of luck has its emphasis in its own emblem, the horseshoe, which can't make both ends meet.—*Selected*.

### Vacation

Ah, the golden days are o'er,  
And they've closed the college door;  
Must we part?  
'Tis the time of all the year  
That we feel the hidden tear  
Try to start.

We have mastered all our books,  
And we've strolled in shady nooks;  
What a song  
Every one of us can tell—  
How we love to hear that bell  
Ring,—dingdong.

Teachers, students in the fight,  
Some are wise and others bright;  
We have won,  
And the summer days are here,  
Bringing sunshine, mirth, and cheer,  
Oh, what fun!

But when summer days are gone,  
And September sends its dawn,  
May it be,  
After work, and fun, and play,  
We shall all be back to stay—  
You and me?

DAN VENDEN.

"Working your way through college is a typical American phenomenon. In no other country, except perhaps Canada, is it so general, so well organized, and nowhere else is the self-supporting student accepted without the slightest social handicap."