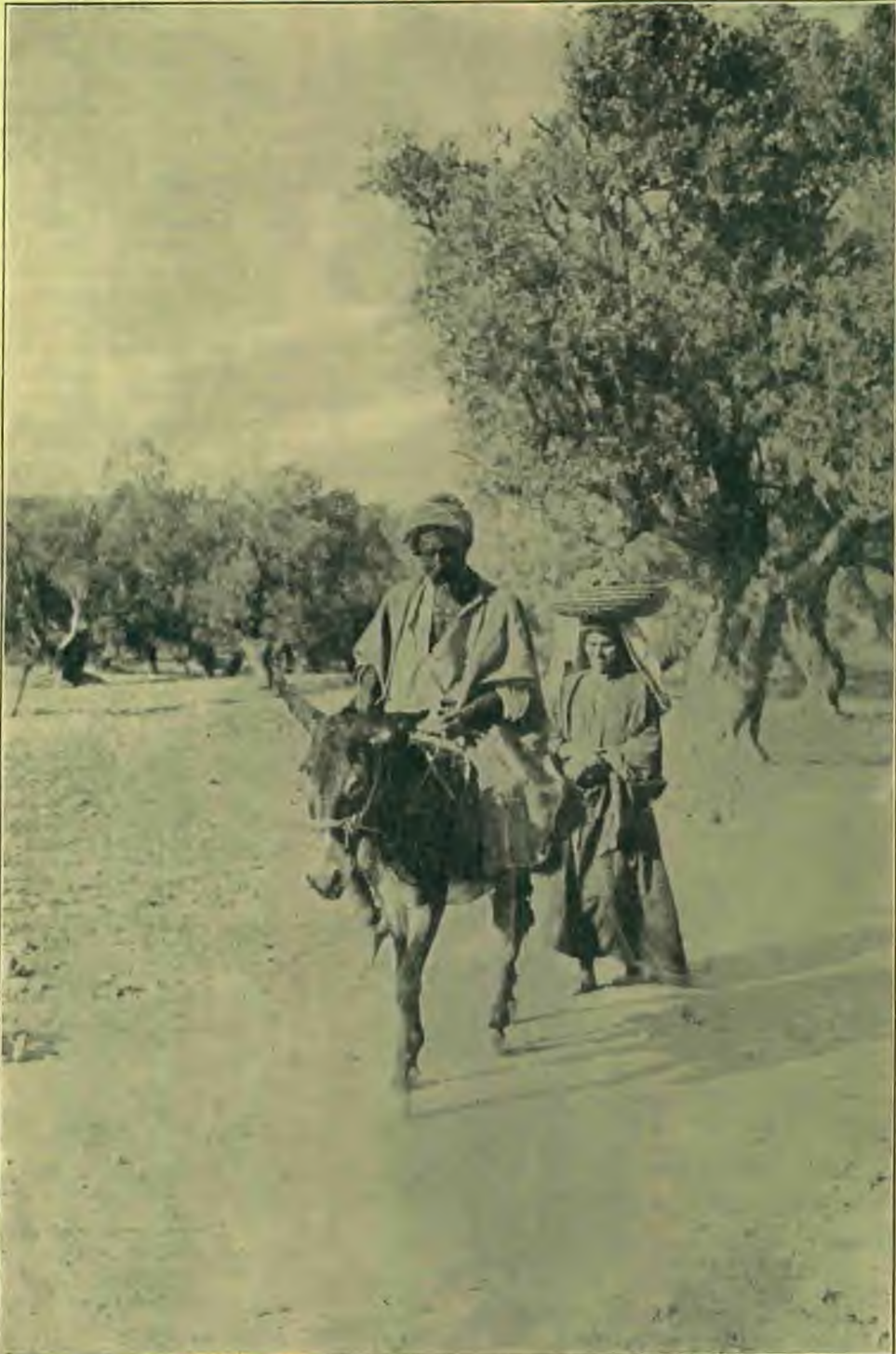


# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

September 7, 1920

No. 36



Photo, Boston Photo News Co.

In the Holy Land, Proper Etiquette Decrees That the Wife Must Meekly Follow on Foot While Her Husband Rides in Front on a Donkey. Of Late, However, Under the Influence of Modernism, Women Are Frequently Seen Riding.



# From Here and There

The province of New Brunswick has voted to continue bone-dry prohibition and not to permit the sale of wine and beer.

Admiral Lord Fisher, of the British Navy, died recently. He was responsible for the building of dread-naught battleships.

A London firm has purchased the largest carpet factory in the world, at Tabriz, Persia. Before the war a German firm operated this factory.

President Deschanel, of France, has a Farman biplane in which he tours with his family. The biplane has a luxurious coupé which carries six passengers.

A Chinese from Manchuria, Sergeant Tiny-u-Wang, served three years with the Allied armies labor corps. He is probably the world's tallest man, being seven and one-half feet high.

Selections from a talking machine on the steamer "Victorian" eight hundred miles out of St. John's, Newfoundland, en route to Montreal from Liverpool, were heard distinctly at the wireless telephone station of the Marconi Wireless Company on Signal Hill.

"If people stayed at home more, there would be fewer divorces," says Judge W. S. Anderson, of San Antonio, who has granted 7,000 divorces in seven years on the bench. "We need new divorce laws, but what we need most is the education of the folk to what marriage means."

At the age of twenty-four, Mrs. Ida Roethig is one of Pittsburgh's most prosperous business women. In six months' time she originated, built, and established what is now one of the largest broom-manufacturing plants in the United States. And she performed this accomplishment unaided.

J. Frank Hanly, former governor of Indiana, died in Dennison, Ohio, August 1, as the result of injuries received when the automobile in which he was riding was struck by a train. The nation loses, in the death of Mr. Hanly, a man of strength and consecration to the public good, a man who voluntarily sacrificed a high political career for the uplift of his fellow men through the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

Former Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, once emperor of France, died at Madrid, Spain, on July 11. The ex-empress became an exile in England in 1871, due to the defeat of Napoleon in the battle of Sedan. She died at the age of ninety-four, and was wonderfully well preserved for one of her age. When she married Napoleon she was a Spanish countess of great beauty and talent. Her remains were taken to England for interment.

Though crippled for life by rheumatism and confined entirely to a wheel chair, Mr. Charles H. Jury makes his living by raising vegetables and rabbits. No finer vegetables were ever grown, either, than those he raises on a lot covering seventy-five by a hundred feet. A man, he says, however handicapped, can accomplish something if he makes up his mind. Nobody else can do that for him, nobody but himself.

The Lafayette wireless station near Bourdeaux, the construction of which was undertaken by the American Navy Department during the war, to provide better communications with the United States, is now virtually completed and the plant will be handed over to the French government as soon as a few replacements arrive from the United States, giving France the most powerful wireless station in the world. The work of completing the plant after the close of the war was carried out by the American navy at the request of France.

Several weeks ago the German delegates signed the agreement for disarmament and the reduction of the German army to 100,000 men. The agreement gives the Germans an additional six months to carry out the terms of the treaty on that point. The coal question was discussed. The Allies demanded that the Germans deliver 2,000,000 tons of coal each month, on penalty of military occupation of the Ruhr district by the Allies. The German delegates, supported by Herr Stinnes, the great mine owner and iron manufacturer, and by Herr Hue, representing German labor, argued the difficulty of getting any such amount of coal without depriving German industry of virtually all its fuel. The Allied premiers insisted on their terms, and rather than face the occupation of the Ruhr Valley, the Germans yielded.

Whistling is prohibited in the city of Agana, on the island of Guam, under penalty of a \$5 fine, by order of Captain Gilmer, governor of Guam and commandant of the United States naval station there. His order reads: "The practice of whistling is an entirely unnecessary and irritating noise which must be discontinued. It is therefore ordered and decreed that no person shall whistle within the limits of the city of Agana." Captain Gilmer has absolute authority in making the laws of Guam, this perhaps being the only United States possession where one man has this power.

Congregational singing in Catholic churches has been unknown in America, and has been dead so long in these churches throughout the world that non-Catholics have come to think that it was forbidden. The Gregorian chant has been reintroduced in European Catholic churches, and it was rendered for the first time in this country at the International Congress of the Gregorian Chant held recently in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. On this occasion 5,000 children from 47 schools, representatives of 15 religious orders, and 600 seminary pupils sang.

THE hero is not fed on sweets,  
Daily his own heart he eats;  
Chambers of the great are jails,  
And head winds right for royal sails.

—Emerson.

HEARTS that are great are always lone;  
They never will manifest their best;  
Their greatest greatness is unknown,  
Earth knows a little — God the rest.

—Abram J. Ryan.

LIFE is never art until through duty it passes to delight.—Henry Cope.

## The Youth's Instructor

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## My Aunt Sarahs

BETHEL R. BARBEAU

WITH the sweet harmony of the songs of Sabbath school in mind, and my heart aglow with thoughts of the happy little faces that did their part to make the hour a pleasure, I was returning from church. The sight of our house made me quicken my steps, for I was eager to be inside and feast upon the beauty and fragrance of a large Easter lily my husband had brought me the night before.

A dear old lady dressed in black was coming up the walk, and I recognized her as Aunt Sarah, one of the old aunties who live next door. Thinking still of my lily, I met her kindly smile with an invitation to come in and enjoy the present my husband brought me for my birthday, which fell this year on Easter Sunday. She replied, "I shall be glad to. I am very fond of flowers." So I led her in, and together we admired the partly opened buds and two pure-white blossoms adorning a sturdy green stem. Tears came to her eyes, and as I asked her to take an easy rocker, she told me of her home in far-off Missouri, where in years gone by she and her husband had grown flowers to make a living for their family of three sons and a daughter. Her face beamed with pleasure as she pictured to me rows and rows of calla and Easter lilies that at this time of year lined their conservatory, separated from the dining-room by glass doors only.

Then as if we had opened a box so crowded with memory's treasure that it was difficult to close, she told me of her life in Nebraska when her husband and boys worked on the college and sanitarium buildings at College View. "But," she added mournfully, "they are all dead now, and I am alone. I must hurry along, for there is much to do. I have been to church twice today." She wanted me to come and see the picture of her Mary, of whom I reminded her so much.

As she arose to go, a sense of her loneliness touched me and I drew her up close and asked her if she wouldn't be my Aunt Sarah too. Her eyes filled with tears. "Dear child," she said, "I have loved you since I first saw you," and she went out happy to think that she was still needed by some one.

She is not the first Aunt Sarah that has blessed my life. Often as I see the sun streaming in my window, there is pictured before me a rose-bowered cottage window in Tennessee. There a dear old lady used to sit, who never seemed old and who would laugh and sing and sigh with us girls when we sought her company. Somehow she could always understand, though she could not always approve.

But she is now gone and I can only dream of her as I do of my dear little grandmother and her gentle ways. When I see girls grow weary on a Sabbath afternoon, I think of how grandmother used to get out her sweet-toned accordion and sing and play for me the old tunes of the early Advent Movement. Then she would tell me stories of her childhood, the falling of the stars, and incidents connected with the

disappointment of 1844. What a blessing she was to me then and even now as I think of her! I am sure if any one had asked me then what I wanted to be when I grew up, I should have said, "A nice old lady just like grandmother." That was to me a perfect ideal, and in some mysterious way that impression still lingers. To be loving and lovable when one is old is not a bad ideal, for it means that one must have those traits all through life.

Marian Rubuican's poem that follows is suggestive:

### "Grandmother's Face"

"Eyes that are brilliant and blue  
Gaze from the miniature where  
Youth that is joyous to view  
Throws out a spell to ensnare.  
Gallants she had and to spare,  
Life moved a swift-running pace.  
When she was girlish and fair,  
Such was my grandmother's face.

"Years fluttered by, as they do.  
Next is a print by Daguerre,  
Picturing womanhood true;  
Love, joy, and sorrow are there;  
Wifehood, with courage to dare;  
Motherhood, too — so I trace  
Loveliness softened by care;  
Such was my grandmother's face.

"Then there's the face that I knew,  
Smiling from grandmother's chair;  
Wrinkled, yet beautiful too,  
Dainty as porcelain ware;  
Crowned with her silver white hair  
Under it's cap of old lace —  
Worn to the last with an air,  
Such was my grandmother's face.

### L'ENVOI:

"For my child's children, a prayer —  
Let me grow old with such grace  
That in their pride they'll declare,  
'Such was my grandmother's face.'"

A deep chasm often divides the sympathy and understanding between youth and old age. It must be confessed that there is a natural shrinking from thoughts of the time when the physical attractions of life have faded and one's soul is laid bare. Like the naked boughs of a tree against the slanting rays of sun on a winter's evening, the characteristics of a lifetime stand out in bold relief. No longer does beauty of face or figure atone for an unrefined word or an unkind act. It is no longer possible to bluff our way along, getting credit for things we do not deserve. The examination time of life has come, and in old age the spiritual, not the physical, part of one's nature is in evidence.

Picture to yourself, sometimes, how you would seem to others if you were white haired, wrinkled, and bent. Would life's tree be still beautiful if it were stripped of the foliage of youth? When our girls have turned gray and lines and hollows mark the now-rosy cheeks, will the soul adorned by the flowers of kindness, thoughtfulness, and cheerfulness make them more lovable than ever? When our young men lose that sure, brisk, ringing step and instead weak-



ness marks their speech and manner, will broad-minded, wholesome charity for others keep their heart in step with the onward march of life? Many things are overlooked in youth, with the hope that the experiences of life will sift them out. If we still cling to these disagreeable ways, the time is coming when the world, expecting the finished product, will no longer brook our shortcomings.

Should not we, like these old people I have described, daily cultivate taking an interest in various phases of life so that our individual storehouses may be full of wisdom and understanding, and then when we can no longer be useful in active life, we can still live on a part of its throbbing pulse because others seek our counsel and advice.

Because we have no immediate use for knowledge is no reason why we should be indifferent to anything good that we may learn. Because some person or child is not our own is no reason why we should refrain from folding him to our heart to cheer and embrace him with our love. Let us give generously of ourselves, hoping for nothing again, and then when the shadows begin to lengthen, we shall see that the "last of life" is indeed that "for which the first was made."

As we strive to weave the web of life beautiful as well as strong and true, let us remember there is nothing that will fill in to shine like a thread of gold so well as patience, kindness, and love to the dear old mothers and fathers, uncles and aunts. Let us feel that God has richly blessed us in sparing them to us.

"Like pearls that slip from a shining strand,  
But are caught and held by some careful hand  
That weaves them anew into braid and band,  
So our years from the thread of life must fall,  
But the hand of an angel gathers them all;  
And into a coronet brightened by tears  
He will bind the seventy beautiful years."

## The Correct Thing

### Reporting

**T**HREADBARE? Yes, probably. Talked about, written about, discussed at conventions, and—forgotten. And we're all guilty, more or less guilty.

You don't believe in reporting? Do you believe in the Bible? Did you ever compute how much of the New Testament is given over to reporting? How much of the book of Acts should we have if Luke had not believed in reporting? Or how much of what he wrote could have been written had Peter and Paul and the others forgotten to report?

When the demoniac of Gadara was delivered and was "clothed, and in his right mind," he "went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him." When the seventy returned with joy, they reported, "Even the devils are subject unto us through thy name."

Some seem to be fond of quoting, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" but my observation has been that usually it is because the right hand hasn't been doing anything.

What gives life and lends interest to the missionary meeting or the prayer meeting more than the relating of some real personal experience in soul-winning? If the object of reporting were to call attention to self, to publish the great things *I* have done, it would be quite a different thing. On the con-

trary, it is to acknowledge how great things God has done through us. It is to exalt his name. "Even the devils are subject unto us *through Thy name*."

The greatest honor which can possibly be bestowed upon a human being is to be appointed an ambassador to represent the court of heaven; is to co-operate with the Saviour in winning souls. To the honor and glory and praise of him who "worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure," we report what God has done through us.

If all do not understand our system of reporting, make it clear. Take a little time at every meeting of the society to impress the importance of prompt and accurate reports. Pass out the blanks and collect them at the same service. They may be passed out at the beginning of the service and placed in the offering box as it is passed, or passed out at the time the offering is received and collected at the door.

The secretary should compile and render a report of the work accomplished at the next meeting. This report should be made out in duplicate, a copy being placed in the hands of the church missionary secretary or the librarian, week by week, so that the total of missionary work performed by the church, old and young, may be ascertained.

At the close of the quarter the Missionary Volunteer secretary sends the report for this period *promptly* to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of the conference. A copy is kept and one is sent on to the union Missionary Volunteer secretary. This officer files a copy and then sends the report on to the General Department. In this way the aggregate of all the missionary work done by our young people is secured, or would be if all were faithful in reporting.

The report of the church missionary secretary follows a similar course through the Home Missionary Department until it reaches headquarters. This report shows the aggregate of all missionary work done by the entire church, young and old, or would if all were faithful in reporting.

Our little looks so small that sometimes we are tempted to think it is not worth while. But it is the rivulets that make the rivers, and rivers the ocean.

After passing the highest point reached on the railway from Pittsburgh to Washington, one notices a tiny, trickling streamlet at the right which may be easily stepped across. It is the Potomac River. As it leaps along among the boulders, dashing itself into spray upon some jagged rock, or laughing to itself as it ripples over its stony bed, one by one it is joined by other mountain streams, its companions, until at last it emerges broad and deep and flows its placid way to the great ocean. Great battleships and ocean greyhounds are supported by its mighty volume. The illustration requires no explanation. Make application in your own experience.

C. A. RUSSELL.

To love one's country is to wish well to it, to prefer its interests to our own, to oppose every measure inconsistent with its welfare, and to be ready to sacrifice ease, health, and life itself in its defense.—*William Hazlitt*.

"THE nearer the saint comes to the perfect life, the farther he feels from it. It is only when we have climbed the foothills that we realize how lofty the mountain summits are."





# Just for the Juniors



## I Sing

B. F. M. SOURS

I SING of the love of Jesus,  
For he is so good to me;  
I sing of the great salvation  
That makes my spirit free.  
O love that can know no fetter,  
O grace that no tongue can tell,  
I lave my soul in thy sunlight  
And shout that all is well.

And so, in the cloudy weather,  
And when the sun shines fair,  
I sing the praises of Jesus,  
And wait for his glory there;  
I sing — O I sing for gladness,  
Like fields where the wild birds raise  
Their wings o'er the joy of blossoms,  
And soar toward the heaven of praise.

## Drizzly Day

ONCE upon a time in Africa a little girl was born on a drizzly day. Her parents, seeing the rain come down, called her Muzumbi, which means a drizzly day. In spite of her gloomy name, the baby grew up into a happy-hearted little girl with a beautiful smile.

While she was still too young to have any idea what it all meant, her parents promised a man — a distant relative of theirs — that as soon as this child was thirteen or fifteen years old she should become his son's wife. As his part of the bargain, he paid the parents a cow, some cloth, other presents, and money, amounting to \$21.

Little Drizzly Day, quite unconscious of this transaction, entered the mission school and was very happy there. She was bright and learned quickly. The missionaries loved her and did their best to help her.

When she was about twelve years old, her mother came to the school to complete the arrangements for her formal engagement.

"But I don't want to marry that heathen boy," wept Drizzly Day. "I have never even seen him!"

She clung to the missionary of the school, who comforted her and told her mother not to go on with this engagement, but to go away and let Drizzly Day finish her education at the school. The mother, not knowing what else to do, finally went away and left her daughter there.

A few months later the mother fell fatally ill, and Drizzly Day, like a dutiful daughter, felt that she must go home and care for her. Long and earnestly the little girl prayed that her mother might recover, but soon after she died.

Then a wicked old uncle came to take charge of her. At the end of the customary eight days of mourning for her mother, Drizzly Day tied up her little bundle of belongings and prepared to go back to the mission. But at the door her uncle met her.

"Stop," he said, "here is your husband."

Into the room stepped a young man. Her uncle led her to him and put her hand in his, saying:

"Here is your wife."

"Yes," said the young man, "and I'll take her to my home today, lest she get back to that mission again and I lose her."

Poor Drizzly Day! In vain she begged and implored the young man not to take her away. He only laughed and held her hand the tighter.

"If you go to that mission again, we'll never get you," he said. "We'll take you now."

"Let me go back just long enough to get my hymn book and my Gospels," she entreated him, but he re-

fused. Some neighbor who had a copy of the Gospels gave them to her, and she tied the book up carefully in an old waist and strapped it on her back.

At noon Drizzly Day started on a fifteen-mile walk, carefully guarded on either side by the young man and his brother.

About four o'clock that evening, word came to the mission that Muzumbi had been taken away to Pungo Ndongo. The hearts of the missionaries sank within them. What could they do to save her? Must this girl — their little friend — who gave such promise for the future, be carried off in this cruel manner, and have all the joy and goodness taken from her life?

The older missionary at the school shook his head sadly and said: "I do not see that there is anything that we can do. To begin with, they are four hours ahead of us on the road, and we cannot overtake them. Even if we could, she isn't ours and we have no right to take her from them. With two strong men to guard her, I see no hope for her. We shall just have to leave her in the hands of the Lord."

That was a sad evening at the mission. The rain came down in torrents, and the sound of it beating on the roof, only reminded them the more of the lost little girl whose name was Drizzly Day.

Suddenly, before their startled eyes, a drenched figure appeared in the open doorway. Wet to the skin, but with a beautiful smile on her face again, Drizzly Day came running into the room. She flung herself into the missionary's arms.

"I got away," she cried. "I made a quick dodge. I ran like a deer. I knew if I could reach the mission I would be safe. The men were so surprised that they couldn't see where I had gone. The rain came down so hard it washed away my footprints — and here I am!"

When she went to change her rain-soaked clothes she found the precious Gospels that she had strapped on her back quite dry and unharmed!

Soon after that, the would-be husband arrived at the mission.

"I've come to get Drizzly Day," he announced impudently.

It is needless to say that he did not get Drizzly Day, and he never came back again.

Today Drizzly Day is very happily married to one of our Christian men, and her home life is an example to all about her.

What would have become of the poor little girl if there had been no mission? It was indeed a house of



refuge to her. And she is not the only girl who has found it so. Today there are fifty-seven bright and promising girls living there, and many more are anxious to come. Twenty dollars opens the door of this mission school to a girl for a whole year. Wouldn't you like to open the door?—*Marjorie R. Peck.*

## Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for September 18

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "Christian Stewardship."

God trusts us with as much as we are capable of using to his glory. Today's meeting should inspire each Missionary Volunteer to make an inventory. Am I, as a Christian, using to the best advantage the money God gives me? Is my time counting for Jesus? Are my health, strength, and energy being dissipated uselessly? These and others are the questions which must be answered by every faithful Missionary Volunteer. Better by far to study them and answer them now, than to allow them to slip by until they face you with a terrible meaning in the judgment scene.

## Our Counsel Corner

During the second quarter of this year our Sabbath school made a special drive to make the thirteenth Sabbath "Five-Dollar Day." The executive committee of our young people's society considered it a fine opportunity to get the members of the society into real active service, and so in our meetings we made special effort to get our young people to solicit for this offering. They worked faithfully, and when the thirteenth Sabbath came, nearly all had raised their five dollars, and some had raised more. We believed that we could count this money on our goal, the same as Harvest Ingathering funds, but the "Manual" says that no Sabbath school offerings may be applied. Is there not an exception to the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, especially when the same kind of effort is put forth to get that money as is put forth to get Harvest Ingathering money?

B. G.

The "Manual" is correct. Sabbath school offerings are not to be counted on the Missionary Volunteer goal for foreign missions, inasmuch as all money thus contributed goes to some definite mission enterprise. This is likewise true of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. It will be readily seen, therefore, that the same funds cannot be applied to different enterprises. All money contributed by our young people to missions, aside from Sabbath school offerings, may be applied upon their goal. This, of course, includes Harvest Ingathering.

C. A. R.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### XII — The School of the Hereafter

(September 18)

GOLDEN TEXT: "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Isa. 53: 10, 11.

#### The Advantages of This School

1. Where is the "school of the hereafter" to be located? Who is the teacher? Rev. 21: 1, 3; 14: 4. Note 1.
2. What relation does the Eden school sustain to the "school of the hereafter"? Note 2.
3. How much is it possible for us to grasp of the wonderful advantages of this school? 1 Cor. 2: 9. Note 3.

#### The Students

4. Who will be the students? Isa. 51: 11; Rev. 21: 27; Eph. 3: 15.
5. How will they differ from the students of the school of earth? Rev. 21: 4; 7: 16, 17; Eph. 3: 16; Isa. 35: 5, 6. Note 4.
6. How can we be prepared for admission from "the preparatory school of earth to the higher grade, the school above"? 2 Cor. 3: 18; 4: 18. Note 5.

#### The Studies

7. How will the study of God's word there differ from our study of it here? Rev. 22: 4. Note 6.

8. How will the study of nature differ? Isa. 35: 1, 2, 6, 7, 9. Note 7.
9. Will there be any industrial work? Isa. 65: 21-23.
10. What will be the nature of our service for God? Isa. 66: 23; Rev. 22: 3.
11. What will the study of history be like? 1 Peter 1: 9-12. Note 8.
12. What does the Bible say of music in that school? Ps. 87: 7; Isa. 24: 14; 51: 3; 55: 12.

#### A University Course

13. What is the character of this great university course and how extensive will it be? Eph. 2: 6, 7. Note 9.
14. What will be the great theme for our contemplation during all these ages? Eph. 3: 17-19. Note 10.

#### The Master Teacher's Reward

15. Unto whom will the redeemed give all the glory as the ages roll on? Eph. 3: 20, 21. Note 11.
16. When we receive our passport from the preparatory school of earth, and the roll is called up yonder in that heavenly school, what joy will our presence give Jesus, the Master Teacher? Isa. 53: 10, 11, first part.

#### Notes

1. "Heaven is a school; its field of study, the universe; its teacher, the Infinite One."—"Education," p. 301.
2. "A branch of this school was established in Eden; and, the plan of redemption accomplished, education will again be taken up in the Eden school."—*Ibid.*
3. "The loves and sympathies which God himself has planted in the soul, shall there find truest and sweetest exercise. The pure communion with holy beings, the harmonious social life with the blessed angels and with the faithful ones of all ages, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, the sacred ties that bind together 'the whole family in heaven and earth,'—these help to constitute the happiness of the redeemed."—"The Great Controversy," p. 677.
4. "There, immortal minds will contemplate with never-failing delight the wonders of creative power, the mysteries of redeeming love. . . . Every faculty will be developed, every capacity increased. The requirement of knowledge will not weary the mind or exhaust the energies. There the grandest enterprises may be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations reached, the highest ambitions realized; and still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of mind and soul and body."—*Ibid.*
5. "Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for his children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached." True education "awakens a desire to reach God's ideal." It is "an education that is as high as heaven and as broad as the universe; an education that cannot be completed in this life, but that will be continued in the life to come; an education that secures to the successful student his passport from the preparatory school of earth to the higher grade, the school above."—"Education," pp. 18, 19.
6. God met the students at the Eden school face to face, and from his own lips he gave them instruction. After sin separated man from his Creator, the written word was provided as the great source of knowledge. When the veil of sin is removed, God's word will once more be spoken to his children, for they "shall see his face."
7. "There, when the veil that darkens our vision shall be removed, and our eyes shall behold that world of beauty of which we now catch glimpses through the microscope; when we look on the glories of the heavens, now scanned afar through the telescope; when, the blight of sin removed, the whole earth shall appear 'in the beauty of the Lord our God,' what a field will be open to our study! There the student of science may read the records of creation, and discern no reminders of the law of evil. He may listen to the music of nature's voices, and detect no note of wailing or undertone of sorrow. In all created things he may trace one handwriting,—in the vast universe behold 'God's name writ large,' and not in earth or sea or sky one sign of ill remaining."—*Id.*, p. 303.
8. "What a fraud is that education obtained in literary or scientific lines, if it must be stripped from the learner before he is counted worthy to enter upon that life which measures with the life of God, himself saved as by fire. God has given us a probation in which to prepare for the school above. For this the youth are here to be educated, disciplined, and trained. In the lower school of earth, they are to form characters that God can approve. . . . The studies given the youth should be of a character to make them more successful in the service of God; to enable them to follow in the footsteps of Christ, and to maintain the great principles that he maintained."—"Counsels to Teachers," pp. 392, 393.
9. "There will be open to the student, history of infinite scope and of wealth inexpressible. . . . Then will be opened before him the course of the great conflict that had its birth before time began, and that ends only when time shall cease. The history of the inception of sin; of fatal falsehood in its



crooked working; of truth that, swerving not from its own straight lines, has met and conquered error,—all will be made manifest. The veil that interposes between the visible and the invisible world will be drawn aside, and wonderful things will be revealed. . . .

"Every redeemed one will understand the ministry of angels in his own life. . . . What will it be to hold converse with him [his own guardian angel], and to learn the history of divine interposition in the individual life, of heavenly co-operation in every work for humanity!

"All the perplexities of life's experience will then be made plain. Where to us have appeared only confusion and disappointment, broken purposes, and thwarted plans, will be seen a grand, overruling, victorious purpose, a divine harmony."—*"Education," pp. 304, 305.*

9. The universe is the field of study in the school of the hereafter—God's great university course. This university course we should begin in this life. "All who engage in ministry are God's helping hand. They are coworkers with the angels; rather, they are the human agencies through whom the angels accomplish their mission. Angels speak through their voices, and work by their hands. And the human workers, co-operating with heavenly agencies, have the benefit of their education and experience. As a means of education, what 'university course' can equal this?"—*Id., p. 271.*

"All the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's redeemed. Unfettered by mortality, they wing their tireless flight to worlds afar,—worlds that thrilled with sorrow at the spectacle of human woe, and rang with songs of gladness at the tidings of a ransomed soul. With unutterable delight the children of earth enter into the joy and the wisdom of unfallen beings. They share the treasures of knowledge and understanding gained through ages upon ages in contemplation of God's handiwork. With undimmed vision they gaze upon the glory of creation,—suns and stars and systems, all in their appointed order circling the throne of Deity. Upon all things, from the least to the greatest, the Creator's name is written, and in all are the riches of his power displayed."—*"The Great Controversy," pp. 677, 678.*

10. The science and song of salvation will be the theme for the study of God's redeemed throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. "And the years of eternity, as they roll, will bring richer and still more glorious revelations of God and of Christ. As knowledge is progressive, so will love, reverence, and happiness increase. The more men learn of God, the greater will be their admiration of his character."—*Id., p. 678.*

11. "As Jesus opens before them the riches of redemption, and the amazing achievements in the great controversy with Satan, the hearts of the ransomed thrill with more fervent devotion, and with more rapturous joy they sweep the harps of gold, and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of voices unite to swell the mighty chorus of praise."—*Ibid.*

## Intermediate Lesson

### XII—Healing the Demoniac

(September 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 9:14-29.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 17:14-21; Luke 9:37-45.

MEMORY VERSE: "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17:19, 20.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 426-431.

PLACE: At the foot of Mt. Hermon.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; the father and his afflicted son; the scribes and the multitude.

#### Setting of the Lesson

"The entire night had been passed in the mountain; and as the sun arose, Jesus and his disciples descended to the plain. Absorbed in thought, the disciples were awed and silent. Even Peter had not a word to say. Gladly would they have lingered in that holy place which had been touched with the light of heaven, and where the son of God had manifested his glory; but there was work to be done for the people, who were already searching far and near for Jesus. At the foot of the mountain a large company had gathered, led hither by the disciples who had remained behind, but who knew whither Jesus had resorted."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 426.*

"Not always on the mount may we  
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;  
The mount for vision—but below  
The paths of daily duty go."

#### Questions

1. When Jesus and Peter, James, and John came down from the mount of transfiguration, what did they see? Who were asking questions of the disciples who had not been with Jesus? Mark 9:14.

2. What did the people do when they saw Jesus? What did Jesus ask the scribes? Verses 15, 16.

3. What explanation did one of the multitude make? Verses 17, 18. Note 1.

4. What exclamation of sorrow came to the lips of Jesus? What did he tell the father to do? Verse 19. Note 2.

5. What did the evil spirit do as soon as he saw Jesus? Verse 20.

6. What question did Jesus ask the father? What reply did the father give? What earnest appeal did he make? Verses 21, 22.

7. How did Jesus seek to strengthen the faith of the father? Verse 23.

8. What did the father then cry out with tears? Verse 24.

9. How did Jesus rebuke the evil spirit? Verse 25.

10. What did the evil spirit then do? In what condition did it leave the boy? Verse 26.

11. How did Jesus then help the child? Verse 27.

12. When alone, what question did the disciples ask Jesus? What reply did he make? Verses 28, 29.

#### Questions to Think About

What reason had the disciples to think that they could cast out an evil spirit?

What is "a mountain-top experience" today?

How may such an experience be gained?

For what purpose is it given?

#### Notes

1. "While they were waiting at the foot of the mountain, a father had brought to them his son, to be delivered from a dumb spirit that tormented him. Authority over unclean spirits, to cast them out, had been conferred on the disciples when Jesus sent out the twelve to preach through Galilee. As they went forth strong in faith, the evil spirits had obeyed their word. Now in the name of Christ they commanded the torturing spirit to leave his victim; but the demon only mocked them by a fresh display of his power. The disciples, unable to account for their defeat, felt that they were bringing dishonor upon themselves and their Master. And in the crowd there were scribes who made the most of this opportunity to humiliate them. Pressing around the disciples, they plied them with questions, seeking to prove that they and their Master were deceivers. Here, the rabbis triumphantly declared, was an evil spirit that neither the disciples nor Christ himself could conquer. The people were inclined to side with the scribes, and a feeling of contempt and scorn pervaded the crowd.

"But suddenly the accusations ceased. Jesus and the three disciples were seen approaching, and with a quick revulsion of feeling the people turned to meet them. The night of communion with the heavenly glory had left its trace upon the Saviour and his companions. Upon their countenances was a light that awed the beholders. The scribes drew back in fear, while the people welcomed Jesus."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 427.*

2. "The selection of the three disciples to accompany Jesus to the mountain had excited the jealousy of the nine. Instead of strengthening their faith by prayer and meditation on the words of Christ, they had been dwelling on their discouragements and personal grievances. In this state of darkness they had undertaken the conflict with Satan. In order to succeed in such a conflict they must come to the work in a different spirit. Their faith must be strengthened by fervent prayer and fasting, and humiliation of heart. They must be emptied of self, and be filled with the Spirit and power of God."—*Id., p. 430.*

#### Faith

It's easy enough to sing, little bird,  
When the morning is fair and bright;  
But the day is long and will tire your song,  
And what will you do at night?

"God giveth the day, he giveth the song,  
He giveth the night wind chill;  
He giveth a nest, where all night I rest  
In his watchcare folded still."

But what will you do for food, dull bird?  
Your singing is very sweet,  
But the body's need will in hunger plead,  
For even a singer must eat.

"God giveth the body, he giveth the need,  
He giveth the need supply  
In seed pod and grain over hillside and plain,  
And never a fear have I."

But what will you do, little bird, dull bird,  
When the summer is ended and gone?  
When seeds lie low under frozen snow,  
And clouds hang over the dawn?  
"God giveth the tempest of driving snow,  
He giveth a stormless clime.  
He guideth me there through the trackless air  
To wait for a new springtime."

EUGENE ROWELL.



### "Only a Practical Joke"

IT was only a practical joke," pleaded a young man whose love of fun had resulted in the crippling of a friend. "It was only a practical joke; I didn't mean to injure Tom."

"You have lamed my boy for life," thundered the father, with great difficulty resisting the impulse to lay violent hands upon the culprit. "I don't care how it happened. You have injured my boy for life."

The story is told of a youth who came home in a beastly state of intoxication. When he came to his senses, he tried to excuse himself by saying that he had only drunk some cider.

"I don't care whether it was rum or cider," roared his father. "You were drunk."

A young man explained his loss of a position by declaring that he only refused to work overtime one evening. True, that was the final straw which brought about his discharge, but behind that was the fact that he did not ever hold his employer's interest above his own wishes. It mattered little whether he refused to work overtime or spat in his employer's face. The result was the same,—he was discharged.

Back of the practical joke was the love of the discomfiture of another. Back of the cider was the yielding to that which was well known to be wrong. Back of the refusal to work overtime was the love of ease above duty.

It is easy to make excuses. Usually they are mere subterfuges. Behind all is an underlying cause, one that is overlooked by the one who seeks to explain his position if not to justify it. Away with excuses; away with explanations. Get at the hard, rock-bottom facts. Start over again on a solid foundation. Be honest with yourself. Be honest with the world. Then, and then only, will you forge to the front.—*Frederick E. Burnham.*

### How the Feather Bed Helped

ABOUT forty years ago a youth of sixteen or seventeen felt impelled by constraining forces within to leave the farm and go to high school. When the father was consulted about the matter, he opposed the project, even taking back a horse he had given the boy.

The boy was relying upon the horse as a means of getting money to help pay his way; but blessed be mothers! Another plan was found by this lad's mother—she gave him a feather bed to take the place of the horse. So in due time the lad, with his feather bed, started for the Centerville, Iowa, high school.

After reaching Centerville he went from house to house to find a buyer for his feather bed. A woman whose husband later became prominent throughout the State because of his banks, became interested in the youth, and engaged him to stay with them and be general chore boy. She also secured for him a pur-

chaser of the feather bed, a woman whose husband later became governor of Iowa. This money secured books, paper, and other necessities, while his room and board were paid for by honest work.

After a year at Centerville he taught school for three years, then attended the State normal school, from which he was graduated.

He continued teaching, later taking the superintendency of all schools in his home county.

When engaged actively in teaching he was frequently called to take schools where some "bully" or "smart" youth had whipped or driven out the teacher. Once he was summoned to three different schools within three months' time, one of these schools having had three teachers in that brief period.

On the first morning after Mr. Payne went to this last school, he was at the schoolhouse early. Some of the younger children were there also. As they visited together, they told him of this big fellow who boasted of going to school just for a chance to whip the teacher. While they were talking, a little girl said almost under her breath, "There he comes now." Soon she said, "There he is in the door."

Mr. Payne looked up and saw a big six-footer filling the doorway. He calmly walked over to where he stood, and said rather sarcastically, "Huh, is that you?" "Yes," he said. Mr. Payne asked his name. He gave it with great bravado. Then the new teacher surprised the big fellow by saying, "Why, I could lick you with one hand in my pocket. Come on out to the coal house."

This was such a surprise that the young man refused to go. He was not nearly so ready to whip the teacher as he thought. Mr. Payne said, "Come on!" But the hitherto belligerent was entirely dispossessed of the fighting spirit, and when school began, calmly entered upon his work as if he had always been an exemplary student. He never gave the new teacher the least trouble, but was his best friend. He became greatly interested in his studies and the next year entered college. This last fact was always of great comfort to him whose tact had won the youth over to the right.

Difficulties of all kinds dissipate before one surcharged with the will to do. Therefore one who wants an education can get it. None can prevent your attainment of this necessary preparation for any share of life, provided you go after it with a will.

F. D. C.

EVERY person has some unreasoning aversion or infatuation that slams the door in the face of truth. Whether we agree or not, let us have toleration, and the open door.

"No man ever yet learned to command who had not first learned to obey."

