

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Courtesy of Foster & Reynolds

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, NEW HAMPSHIRE



# From Here and There

During twenty years of American occupancy in the Philippines the Scriptures have been translated into eleven languages and dialects of the archipelago, and two and a half million Bibles or portions have been distributed.

Twelve million children in eighteen countries of Europe lost either one or both parents during the war. Russia leads, with 4,000,000 such children; Germany follows, with 3,000,000, and France has 1,000,000. Albania is last on the list, with 17,000.

Warsaw, unless the unforeseen happens, has been saved from the Bolsheviki through able generalship and strategy. The heroic struggle which Poland is making for freedom is being watched with interest by the whole world, and its outcome will determine in a large measure the future of soviet government.

The Cunard liner "Aquitania" has broken all records for speed on the Atlantic Ocean, having attained on her last trip an average speed of thirty-one land miles per hour. This liner has been recently equipped with low pressure oil-fed machinery, to which change is due her increased speed.

The largest irrigation reservoir in the world is the great Elephant Butte dam, built in the Rio Grande above El Paso, Texas. We are told that it holds water enough "to fill a standpipe 11 feet in diameter reaching from El Paso to the moon, or to cover Massachusetts to a depth of six inches. Enough water can be stored there to last through four dry seasons and to irrigate 300 square miles."

The small farm is practically unknown in Mexico. The land in the form of vast estates called haciendas was, until a few years ago, owned by 6,000 persons among a population of 15,000,000. The work on these



He Who Is Cruel to Horses Lacks the Quality of Mercy, an Essential Characteristic of True Manhood

estates was done quite after the medieval feudal plan. Some of these immense farms extended over scores of square miles, and had as many as fifty miles of irrigation ditches within their boundaries.\*

Did you ever see a United States half-cent coin? Well, there is such a thing, in fact there are 3,992,611 of them somewhere. The United States made them and has never called them in or melted them down. Consequently they must still be in existence. Maybe they are hiding with all the lost pins. The value of all the minor coins (which means coins of the value of five cents or less) issued and outstanding is \$86,539,202.23.

House hunting in Paris is almost worse than the war, in the opinion of Marshal Foch, who has spent the last six weeks in vain search for an abiding place. Learning of the marshal's predicament, Lord Northcliffe, the English newspaper baron, offered to start a fund to buy Foch a house "worthy of his fame," and make an initial subscription of \$10,000. Marshal Foch refused the offer, however, asserting that he was not yet an object of charity.

Texas has an area double that of the British Isles. It has been said that "if you should tip the State up and drop it north, like a flapjack, it would fall on St. Paul; tip it east and it would splash in the Atlantic; south, it would blot out most of Mexico." You realize its emptiness, too, when you travel through some of its border regions, where the population is less than two persons per square mile. "If all the people in the United States were put in Texas, it would still be scarcely more than two thirds as crowded as England."



"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Rev. 21: 3.

Yuma, Arizona, on the Colorado River, is in or very near the hottest part of the United States, where the temperature at midnight frequently stands at more than 100° and the day-time temperature in the shade reaches 125°. Yuma Indians off the beaten trail may be seen sitting in water up to their necks, their heads covered with mud, in an effort to keep cool. One writer says that under these circumstances they look like a herd of seals.

In the early part of the month a serious earthquake almost completely destroyed several towns and villages on the slopes of the Apennines in the district of Tuscany, Italy. Hundreds of persons, it is reported, were killed and thousands injured.

## The Largest Tree

**P**ERHAPS the most remarkable tree in the world is the banyan, of India. A tree of this species, on an island in the Nerbudda River, is believed to be the same one that is mentioned by Alexander the Great. The branches send down numerous "aerial" roots that grow down into the soil, and form props or additional trunks, until a single tree often covers so large an area that it will shelter thousands of men. At the time of the visit of Alexander the Great, one tree covered so extensive an area that it sheltered ten thousand men. Under the protecting shade of these trees the Indian merchants still conduct their markets. The merchants are known as "banians" because they abstained from meat for many centuries, but modern customs have driven out many of the Hindu traditions.—*People's Home Journal*.

"Go to sleep with a frown or a scowl on your face and you will wake up with it and wear it all the next day, and perhaps have it indelibly fixed in your features."



# Looking Back on Christian Science

## How It Seems Now to One Who Was Ensnared and Then Delivered

ONE of the main teachings of Christian Science is that if we can make ourselves believe that in reality there is no sin, sickness, or death, not one of these conditions will be manifested in our lives.

You will find in the home of nearly every Christian Scientist some words by Mrs. Eddy in a little frame, beginning this way: "Keep your minds so filled with Truth [Christian Science] and Love that sin, disease, and death cannot enter." You can readily see that as all Christian literature (the Bible included) freely admits and talks of sin, sickness, and death as really existing, it is impossible for one who is a consistent Scientist to let any such literature into the mind without beginning to believe that it may be true.

That was the very "wisest" thing Mrs. Eddy ever wrote, for it keeps Christian Scientists from ever learning what a delusion they are under. For just as Roman Catholics would be afraid to read any literature forbidden by their church, because of the penance due, so is a loyal Christian Scientist afraid to read any other literature because of the fear it might bring and possibly consequent suffering and expense.

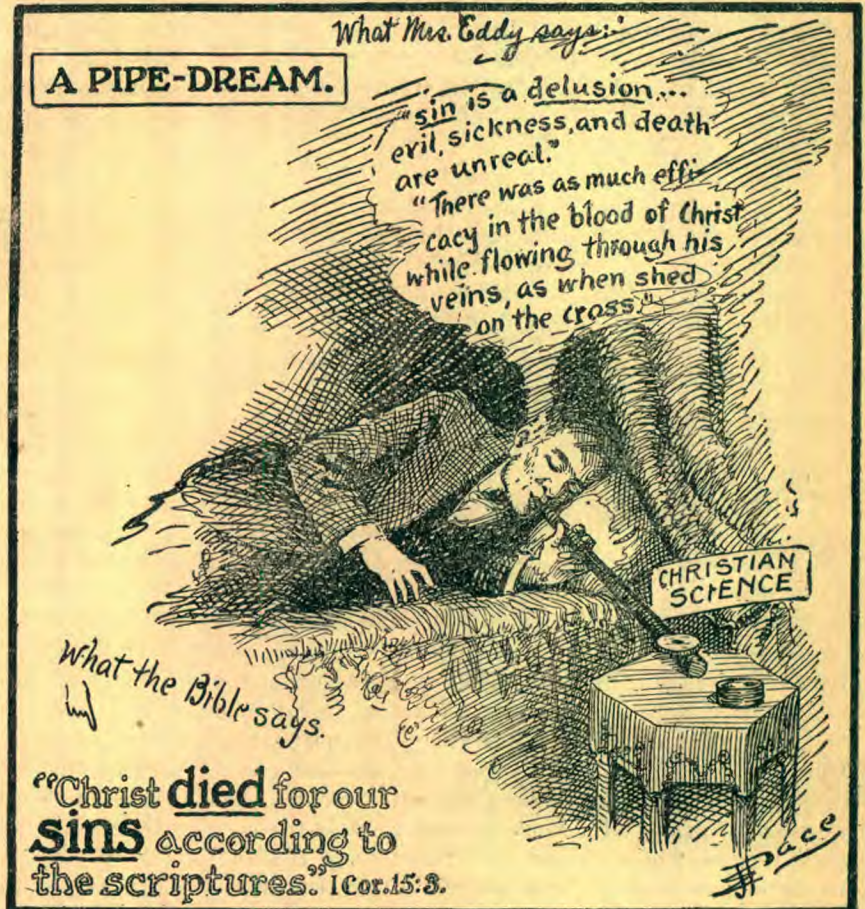
As I look back now, I can only liken my condition under Christian Science to that of one who has been a morphine fiend for ten years, and then is cured.

In the beginning, a morphine fiend takes the drug because of severe physical pain, and, of course, while under the drug, does not feel the pain, though the disease is progressing just the same. And even if the disease is cured, the morphine habit is formed, and the victim is never normal again, unless through some miraculous power or great suffering he is cured of the habit.

While under the Christian Science delusion one *makes* himself believe that whatever or whenever his five senses testify to sin, sickness, or death, or trouble of any kind it is a lie — hence Scientists can be at the funeral of the dearest member of their family and not shed a tear, because, you see, they declare death is not true, for it is only the material senses that testify to it, and unless the senses testify to perfect harmony, they are lying. You can readily see that such persons are self-hypnotized all the time. Consequently, I claim that one who is honestly trying to live a consistent life according to the teachings of Christian Science, is living no more of a *normal* life, mentally, than if one were under the power of morphine, cocaine, or opium; those addicted to these drugs say that while "under the influence" they live an entirely different existence, mentally, believing things are real that are not real.

At every Christian Science service the following words are read: "We take the inspired word of the Bible to be our sufficient guide to eternal life." One

immediately concludes, "Surely this is of the Christian faith." But as one remains in it year in and year out, one notices that simply the same verses are repeated constantly, and always the verses that are given are only those that can be used or explained by "Science and Health" as upholding the Christian Science faith or teaching. For instance, no verses are given at any time that speak of sin, sickness, or death as real. Very often the words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," are quoted; but at once it is explained that the word "truth" *always means Christian Science*. And when, in the four-



The Sunday School Times

teenth chapter of John, Jesus says, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever," Mrs. Eddy says in "Science and Health," "That Comforter I understand to be Christian Science."

I was baptized in a Congregational church when I was thirteen years old, and became an earnest worker in all the church activities for a number of years; then through a very dear friend I was led into Christian Science. After being a student of the teachings for three years, I took what is called class instruction, under one of the leading Christian Science teachers here. My little girl was born the following year, and I was told by my practitioner that as I had only given birth to a *divine idea*, my body knowing nothing about it, I need not remain in bed; so on the third day I got up and, although dizzy, I bravely "denied" it and went on about my work. As a consequence a condition was left which at times causes severe suffering, and can never be remedied without an operation. I had Christian Science treatment off



and on for four years, costing me hundreds of dollars, but with no results whatever.

But all of this is nothing compared to the spiritual darkness I found I had got into. Through a great trouble that came, I found that to get any relief I must pray as I had prayed before I knew of Christian Science. And what was my horror to find I could not pray! "They had taken away my Lord, and I knew not where they had laid him." And then came the struggle to get untangled from it all and find God once more. Only those who have allowed themselves to be led away from him know what it means. But, oh, the blessed peace when finally the light broke through and I found once more all the comfort and satisfaction of prayer to a heavenly Father who is a person, not just a principle; a loving Father who hears and answers prayer and sends a peace that passes all human understanding.

And what a rest it is once more just to "believe God" in his blessed word, to live once more a truly consistent Christian life and quit lying—for as I wrote to my Christian Science teacher, "I refused longer to bring up my little daughter to lie—to tell her that if she had a cold she must say, 'I do not have a cold,' and try to make myself believe that it was not a sin, then face the verse in God's word, 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'" 1 John 1:8.

It is absolutely impossible to believe the teachings of Christian Science and then pray. Prayer is the address of one person to another. Christian Science says, "God is Principle, not personality," and that "man is the idea of divine Principle, not physique." It is clear that an impersonal being cannot pray to an impersonal being. In Christian Science one could not consistently pray to be delivered from evil, for there is no evil. One could not pray to be delivered from sin—it does not exist. One could not pray to be delivered from sickness and death—they are not true. One could not pray to be delivered from the dangers in a material world, for a material world must be made of matter, and "matter does not exist." One cannot pray to be delivered from trouble, for it does not exist. Hence the Christian Scientist has no need to pray. His whole mental work is the constant repeating of statements in "Science and Health" to hypnotize himself into believing that the statements are true in place of the facts that his human intelligence tells him are existing.

You say, "I cannot understand why you remained in Christian Science as long as you did, having received neither physical benefit nor spiritual uplift."

Did you ever see a squirrel going round and round in a squirrel cage, no doubt thinking that sometime it will land somewhere, but it does not till it stops short and is either taken out or finds the door? That was my position. As I have already said, just as a dope fiend believes, while under the dope, that the disease is gone because he does not feel the pain, so I, while under the mesmerism of Christian Science, did not realize that Satan was disguising himself as an angel of light, as Paul said he would (2 Cor. 11:13-15), and was leading me into a complete denial of the very thing that meant my soul's salvation. "Science and Health" teaches that "the blood flowing through the veins of Jesus on the cross was no more efficacious to deliver from sin than it was when it flowed through his veins as he walked the streets of Jerusalem." If you will read Ephesians 1:7; Colossians 1:14; Hebrews 9:12; 13:12; 10:28-31, you will plainly see

how grateful I am that I remained blinded only ten years by the teachings of that "angel of light," and came back to my Saviour and my Lord before it was too late.

The two churches that I had been attending (supposedly orthodox) do not preach the word of God, and seemingly do not want it taught, *and yet the members are so hungry for it.*

Knowing what I do of the claims made by Christian Science, I do not wonder that when an orthodox church member has a heart hunger for God's word, and is not fed, and then possibly is ill and calls for healing, and is seemingly healed, he thinks he has found the church he has been looking for.

There is every protection put round a member of a Christian Science church to keep him a Scientist, but so little protection put around a Christian in other churches, and he becomes starved, and soon finds himself in his hunger feeding on husks.

Only one who has been through the experience can know what it means to come out from that church. Then to meet with those still in it who are *seemingly* having "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and to be told by them that the *error* of going back to "orthodoxy" means "losing one's mind"—and the fear that that brings!

Recently I talked with a Christian Scientist who has been one for thirty-two years, and has lost four children, all under Science treatment, and is still blinded by it completely, and she feels sorry for me. Three weeks ago she attended a Christian Science lecture in New York City. The church was full at six-thirty for an eight-o'clock lecture, and a large crowd outside waited and filled the church again at nine o'clock to hear the lecturer. One of the statements he made was this: "There never was a material Jesus."

I said, "But, Mrs. —, even secular history says there was."

"O yes," she said, "of course *in belief* there was. Why, when my little twelve-year-old girl left me [died], in handling the problem the next day I saw *clearly* that she had *never* really existed as I had seemed to see her—and such a sense of peace came over me when I realized that."

What can we do but pray? There is seemingly no use in talking to Christian Scientists. The Holy Spirit must bring them under conviction first, for when they have taken a big enough dose of the poison, they are not themselves.—*The Sunday School Times.*

### Mah Kyaw and Mah Shwe

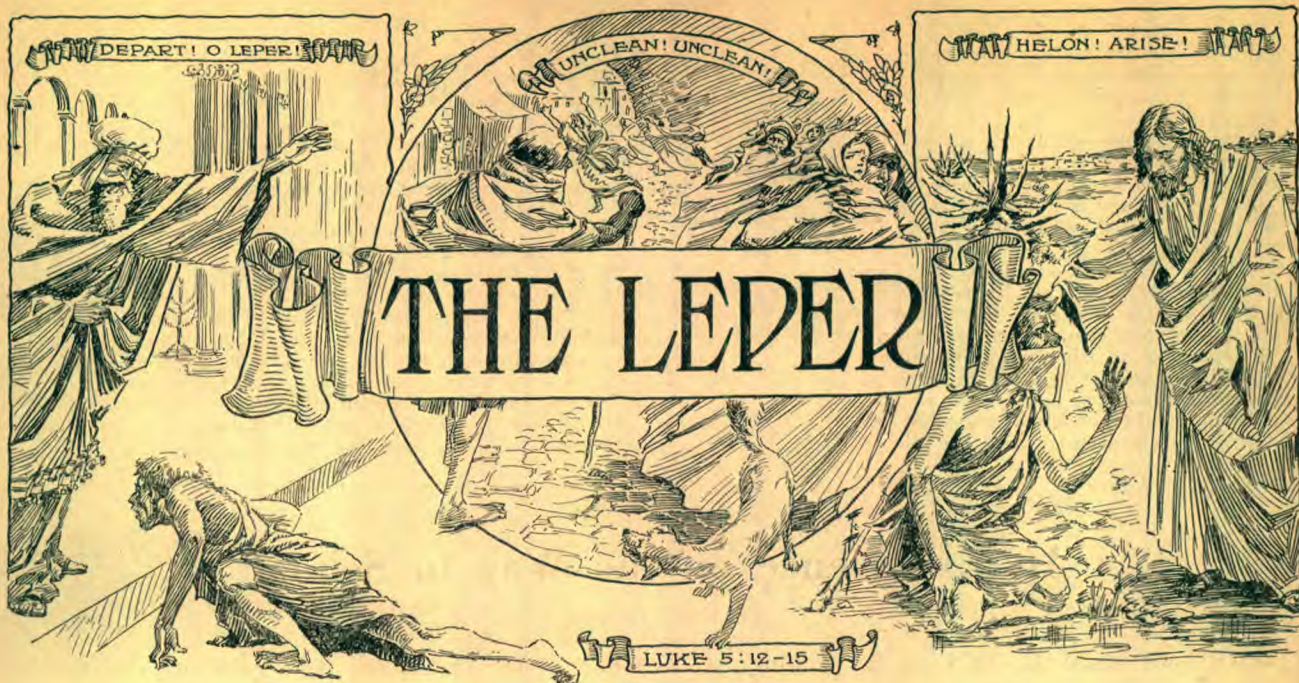
THESE two little Karen girls stay with us and go to school, as there is no school they can attend where their father lives. They wanted money for the Sabbath school, and especially for the thirteenth Sabbath; but their father could send them only sixteen cents a month each, and that hardly covered extras like pencils and paper at school. People said girls could not sell papers in Burma, but Mah Kyaw and Mah Shwe decided to try. They only have time to go to the railway station for a short while once or twice a week and sell to the passengers, but they have disposed of several hundred papers in the last three or four months.

R. A. BECKNER.

*Henzada, Burma.*

"FORGE the right key today if you would unlock the right door tomorrow."





"Room for the leper! room!" And, as he came,  
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"  
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates,  
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills  
The early risen poor were coming in,  
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up  
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum  
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,  
And all that in a city murmur swells—  
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,  
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick  
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase  
The deathlike images of the dark away.  
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—  
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all  
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.  
And onward through the open gate he came,  
A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip  
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,  
And with a difficult utterance, like one  
Whose heart is like an iron nerve put down,  
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

'Twas now the first  
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,  
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,  
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye  
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,  
And eminently beautiful, and life  
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip  
And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien  
There was a gracious pride that every eye  
Followed with benisons—and this was he!  
With the soft airs of summer there had come  
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed  
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast  
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs  
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.  
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;  
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth  
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,  
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.  
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan  
Taking the place of the clear, silver key;  
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light  
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.  
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,  
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein  
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise  
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.  
Day after day, he lay as if in sleep.  
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,  
Circled with livid purple, covered him.  
And then his nails grew black, and fell away  
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues  
Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened scales,  
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,  
—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking  
When at the altar of the temple stood  
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp  
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant  
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof

Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,  
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.  
The echoes of the melancholy strain  
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,  
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head  
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off  
His costly raiment for the leper's garb;  
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip  
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,  
Waiting to hear his doom:

Depart! depart, O child  
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!  
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod;  
And to the desert wild,  
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,  
That from thy plague his people may be free.

Depart! and come not near  
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;  
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;  
And stay thou not to hear  
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly  
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip  
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;  
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;  
Nor kneel thee down to dip  
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,  
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

And pass thou not between  
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;  
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees  
Where human tracks are seen;  
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,  
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when  
Thy heart is heavy and thine eyes are dim,  
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him  
Who, from the tribes of men,  
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.  
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibers of the heart  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak  
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,  
Sick, and heartbroken, and alone—to die!  
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched  
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,  
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!  
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.



Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name —  
"Helon!" The voice was like the master tone  
Of a rich instrument — most strangely sweet;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye  
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;  
No followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear, — yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced his lips,

The lion would have crouched to in his lair.  
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;  
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;  
His countenance the impress of a God,  
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;  
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,  
Fell to his shoulders, and his curling beard  
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.  
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,  
As if his heart were moved, and stooping down,  
He took a little water in his hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"  
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshiped him.

— N. P. Willis.

## An Experience on the Way to School

LEANDER ARTHUR

I WAS born April 27, 1874, in the mountains of western North Carolina, about six miles west of Asheville. My parents were of the honorable and respectable, though poor and uneducated, class of Southern mountain whites. They were unable to give me school advantages, and when I was twenty-four years of age, I had not finished the fourth grade.

In the early days of September, 1897, I bought a ticket in Spartanburg, South Carolina, for Chattanooga, Tennessee, checking my baggage to the same place. Leaving Spartanburg near midnight, I arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, about sunrise the next morning. Here I had to change trains.

While waiting, I was questioned by waiting passengers. Doubtless the questions were asked out of curiosity to know who I was and where I was going. I had traveled but little, so acted green, as indeed I was. I was dressed in an ill-fitting, homemade suit of old Kentucky brown jeans — altogether enough to arouse the curiosity of an observer.

During these conversations I learned that an epidemic of yellow fever was raging a little farther south, and that all travelers were required to carry health certificates certifying that they had not been exposed to the fever. I was told, first by the passengers, and then by a doctor in his office near the station, to whom I had been advised to go for a certificate, that I could not possibly get out of Atlanta without one, and this the doctor informed me he could not issue without evidence that I had not been exposed to the epidemic. This I could not produce, as I knew no one in that city.

By this time I was becoming much perplexed over the matter, for I had only a very few dollars, and was a stranger in a strange city. So the question, "What shall I do?" was pressing itself hard on my mind, as the train for Chattanooga was almost due.

Being thus pressed to know what to do under these circumstances, I could only take the matter to the Lord. Truly "man's extremities are God's opportunities." With a burdened heart I went to the most secluded corner I could find, and there engaged in silent and earnest prayer. While thus praying, the thought came to me, "You have your ticket through to Chattanooga and your baggage checked to that point, so when the train is called, get on." This thought, which I believe was from the Lord, gave me relief, and I obeyed the injunction, "Roll thy way upon the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Presently the train for Chattanooga was called, and I, with other passengers, passed through the gates and

found a seat in the car bound for my destination. But before the train had pulled out, the enemy of all righteousness tried to set me worrying again over the matter. A traveling man who said he was direct from Jacksonville, Florida, had seated himself with me, and like the curious passengers in the station, began to ask all manner of questions. When he learned that I did not have a health certificate, he said firmly, "Young man, I have come through from Jacksonville, Florida, on this train and have seen a number of passengers put off because they did not have certificates, some of them right in the woods and swamps, wherever the train happened to be when the conductor and health officer came to them. So I expect to see you put off before we go very far." To this I could only reply, "I hope not," and lift my heart to God, asking him to see me through.

Desiring to discontinue the conversation, I turned my head and was looking out as the train pulled away from the city into the country. Presently the gentleman touched me, to arrest my attention, and said, as he nodded toward the front end of the car, "There come the conductor and health officer. You may get ready to be put off here in the woods." Of course I was considerably exercised as on they came, taking up tickets and certificates. When they reached my seat, I handed my ticket to the conductor, and looking the health officer in the eyes, I said, "I hain't got no helth stifkate."

For a moment the officer seemed speechless. But as I was still looking up at him, I noticed that he was looking at my short-sleeved, ill-fitting, homemade suit of old Kentucky jeans, while a smile stole over his face. "Where are you from?" he asked. "From Spartanburg County, South Carolina," I replied. "Has there been any yellow fever over there this season?" he inquired. I answered, "I hain't herd about nun." "Where are you going?" he asked. "Up above Chattanooga, to attend school." Then he said, "All right, I think I'll let you go on." "Thank you," I said, as he passed on.

The gentleman from Jacksonville, who had sat quietly listening, said to me: "Young man, I am dumbfounded. I have seen women and children put off in the woods because they did not have a health certificate, and here the officer let you go on without one. I can't understand it." I knew that it was the Lord who was helping me through to school, but, like other babes in Christ, I did not then have the moral courage to acknowledge the fact.



## What the M. V. Pins Said

IT always does me good to see an M. V. pin on a young woman's dress or on a young man's coat, for that pin stands for life's highest ideals, and fortunate indeed are the young people who are wise enough to make these ideals their own. Truly life holds no privilege more precious than that of being a Missionary Volunteer. Jesus was the ideal Missionary Volunteer, and, somehow, the M. V. pin is an open declaration that the wearer has invited Jesus to live his beautiful life of purity, of self-denial, of unselfish service for others, over again in him. Sometimes, however, I fear that the M. V. pin is like the advertisements in the windows of a vacated store building. One soon discovers that those advertisements are no longer significant. The emptiness of the store denies the splendid declarations of those advertisements. And just so, sad but true, there are some Missionary Volunteers whose lives deny the high profession for which the M. V. pin stands.

Let us imagine what two M. V. pins might say if they could discuss the experiences of the young people who wear them. Here is what A's and B's might say:

A's: "I haven't seen you since last Sabbath—one week ago tomorrow; what has B been doing this week?"

B's: "Oh, I hardly know. It has been a busy week. Sabbath afternoon B went for a delightful automobile ride with several young friends. It seemed to me they were seeking *their own* pleasure on God's holy Sabbath."

A's: "Yes, it does seem that some of our Missionary Volunteers go to queer places and do strange things on Sabbath; but A does not. A made two missionary calls Sabbath, and then visited the Old People's Home with three other Missionary Volunteers."

B's: "What a delightful way of spending Sabbath afternoon—just doing good; making others happy; blessing others just as Jesus did."

A's: "Yes, that is an ideal way to spend Sabbath afternoon. Why doesn't every other Missionary Volunteer try as A does to follow the divine pattern for Missionary Volunteers? By the way, where was B Sunday night?"

B's: "Let me see! Sunday night? O yes, B went to a social gathering in the neighborhood."

A's: "Oh, that's why B was not at the tent-meeting. Too bad! We miss the Missionary Volunteers very much when they do not come, and it really seems that they should go to the tent-meetings regularly and help with their presence, if in no other way."

B's: "Well, I was sorry, of course, but I am not often taken into consideration when B plans to go anywhere. I am inclined to think that B is governed by impulse rather than the high principles which you and I represent. O it is a great pity! I do not mean to speak against social gatherings, except as they conflict with religious duties, but this one was not the "social to save" kind. The songs the young people sang around the piano must have made their guardian angels weep."

A's: "Why will our young people sing those popular songs that are so antagonistic in spirit to the principles of true womanhood and noble manhood? But then, we were only reviewing A's and B's week.

What about Monday? That was a busy day at our house. But in the evening, after scanning the daily paper and reading an article or two in the *Literary Digest*, A spent about an hour with the Bible and a chapter in 'The Desire of Ages.'"

B's: "How I wish I could report as profitable an evening; but—and I blush to say it—B spent Monday evening at the 'movies.' It seems dreadful to have to report such a thing against a young person who professes to be a Christian. When will Missionary Volunteers like B come to themselves? When will they sense their danger? They are letting the enemy blindfold them and lead them farther and farther away from Jesus. But we must not philosophize at length. What is your record for Tuesday?"

A's: "Tuesday went about as Monday. A's evening program was exactly the same. Was B's?"

B's: "Well—yes, I am sorry to say it was. However, to be honest, I should add that this was rather exceptional. You see, some young friends who are not Christians are visiting in B's home. They wanted to go to the 'movies,' and B felt that they must not be disappointed."

A's: "It seems doubly sad. What must those young friends think of B's religion? And of Missionary Volunteers in general? Do you suppose they think all Missionary Volunteers are like B?"

B's: "Well, I hope not. Wednesday night was an evening at home. How the young folks did visit! B had so many things to tell these young friends, and they just as much to tell B. But not once did B talk of me, of our society, our band work, or anything of that kind. Several times they stretched the golden rule pretty badly. I feel sure they would have blushed had the persons of whom they spoke appeared unexpectedly."

A's: "Well, you can guess where A spent Wednesday evening, for you know that is prayer meeting night. That is one meeting A attends as regularly as the Missionary Volunteer meeting, the Sabbath school, or the regular Sabbath morning church service. A is truly developing into a real pillar in the—church."

B's: "Yes, A is one of the secrets of the success of our Missionary Volunteer Society. What would we do without A? For Thursday night I have a better report. B has finally consented to be a member of one of our Missionary Volunteer Reading circles. Well, it met at B's home Thursday night, and all the young people spent a delightful hour reading. But after the other members of the circle went home, B and his friends began singing popular songs again."

A's: "Thursday evening the executive committee met in A's home. Although the committee has a regular weekly meeting, it has a special monthly meeting to study more carefully the plans for society work. They had a most excellent meeting. Aside from plans for the working bands, they looked over the names of the members. Some names were added to the prayer lists of the personal workers. Before closing, the members of the committee solemnly reconsecrated themselves for service, and prayed earnestly for the members in the society that they might submerge their all in the Master's service and advance in an unbroken line in our great soul-winning campaign."



B's: "How different our experiences have been. And here it is Friday evening again. What do you suppose the other M. V. pins would say if they had entered our discussion?"

A's: "Some of the members do not wear any pins."

B's: "Well, that's a pity. But what do you suppose the pins they should be wearing would say if they added their reports?"

A's: "I don't know. But I do know that I hope all our members will grow more and more like A. We need — greatly need — more A-grade Missionary Volunteers in our society." M. E. A.

### A Good Word for the Good Book

THE following from the *Globe* of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, July 17, 1920, is inspiring, and we rejoice that God still has some who believe in his word, and who are not afraid to call attention to the resultant evils of forsaking it:

"Rev. Canon Dixon struck the right note in his powerful sermon last Sunday, when he urged a return to the Bible as the only sure guide for faith and practice. To educate the head only, he said, made of man an infidel; to educate the heart only, made a fanatic; but if the head and heart were educated together according to God's Book, then there would be produced the noblest work of God — man as God intended him to be. At a time such as this, when the blight of doubt in the inspiration of the Scripture is destroying the faith of thousands, and the Book itself has become supplanted in many homes by the popular literature of the day, the words of Canon Dixon on the authority of the Bible are particularly timely. He says:

"Can you doubt the authenticity of this Book? There is not so much evidence that Sir Walter Scott wrote 'The Lady of the Lake,' or that Shakespeare wrote 'Hamlet,' or that Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,' as there is evidence that God, by the hands of his prophets, wrote this Book. It is the questionable novel and the nonsensical film that are filling the heads of too many of our young people today. Instead of the old Book's lying on the table after the evening meal there is often matter for reading that is not good for children. Keep the Bible on the table at home, and see that you read it, not only for your own light, but for the light of those at home with you."

"Little need be added to the excellent advice of Canon Dixon. A divine origin, a divine authority, a divine purpose and power, is manifested throughout the entire Bible, and foolish, indeed, is he who fails to ponder daily its sacred pages, to trust its promises, and to practise in life its divine precepts."

Are we filling our minds with the thoughts of God, or with the questionable literature of the day? Soon we shall not have the freedom we now enjoy in studying this good Book: we shall then wish we had prized it more and hidden its promises where they could never be taken from us. Let us value this good Book as we should. LIZZIE M. GREGG.

## Nature and Science

### The Fields and Flowers

Wild roses are blooming in fence nooks afar,  
And the rivulets' ripples are gleaming;  
The morning has vanquished the silvering star,  
And the light in its splendor is streaming.

I wonder if laddies and lasses who go —  
The little tots — into the highways,  
The white dandelion will gather, and blow  
Its white wool to float over the byways.

We rambed, in childhood, and merry were we  
As the sweet-scented fields we roamed over;  
And we gathered the blossoms from ground and from tree,  
Or meandered among the red clover.

Wild roses still bloom in the fence nooks afar;  
Still the rivulets' ripples are gleaming;  
But the daylight has vanquished the silvering star,  
And the noontide of splendor is streaming.

B. F. M. SOURS.

### Edible Birds' Nests

FROM the days before the Manchu emperors ruled in China, edible birds' nests have been prized highly by wealthy Chinese, not only as an article of food, but as a tonic and an invigorating remedy, a restorative for opium smokers; and as a prescription for tuberculosis and for convalescents after protracted illness.

The nests are of two classes, white *puteh* and inferior or black *manis* and *hitam*. The first and best are white, and are said to be those which are collected just after the birds have finished building, before the eggs are laid; nests of the second quality are those which have been used, but in which the young have not been raised; and nests of the third quality contain adhering feathers. The two former are known as white and the last as black birds' nests. These appear to be made by different birds, for the feathers do not merely adhere, but are imbedded in the salivary layers of which the nests are formed; portions of seaweed are also incorporated.

The birds select caves to build in, sometimes inland, but very often in limestone caverns near the sea. Usually the caves are of immense size, and from fifty to several hundred feet in height inside. Some of them are pitch dark; in others there is more or less twilight. The floors are covered with guano, the deposit, during hundreds of years, of myriads of bats and thousands of birds. The nests are collected, at great risk to life and limb, twice and sometimes three times a year. The collectors have to ascend the wet and slippery sides of the caves to the roof, and there move about with the aid of rattan slings and ladders, like flies on the ceiling, in the dim twilight or utter darkness, at a height frequently of several hundred feet from the ground. The nests are covered with vermin dropped by bats which inhabit the caves, and are often brown and discolored where they are attached to the rocks. The nests are thoroughly cleaned before they are put on the market.

There seems to be some doubt as to the exact species which build these nests, but it is generally understood that they are the product of various small swifts of the genus *Collocalia*. One authority claims *Collocalia linchi* as the species. Another authority, however, states that this bird makes a brown nest of moss glued together, while *Collocalia esculenta* makes its nest in repeated layers of glutinous salivary matter alone. Possibly the white nests are the product of *Collocalia esculenta* and the black ones of *Collocalia linchi*. At one time it was supposed that the substance of which the nests are composed was seaweed collected by the birds. It appears now to be definitely settled that it consists of a salivary secretion similar to that used by the swallows in binding together the clay of which their nests are made.

The bird's-nest caves are owned by native families who are recognized by the government as being the hereditary proprietors. In some cases, through the original owners' having become connected with native uprisings, the caves have been confiscated and rented out by the government. The principal caves from which nests are obtained are Gormanton, Madai, Segaloong, Batu Timbong, Baturang, Sapad Batu, Taparong, Boad Chuka, Karoak, Melakop, and Penungah. The first alone yields nearly two thirds of the supply in British North Borneo. In 1917 the



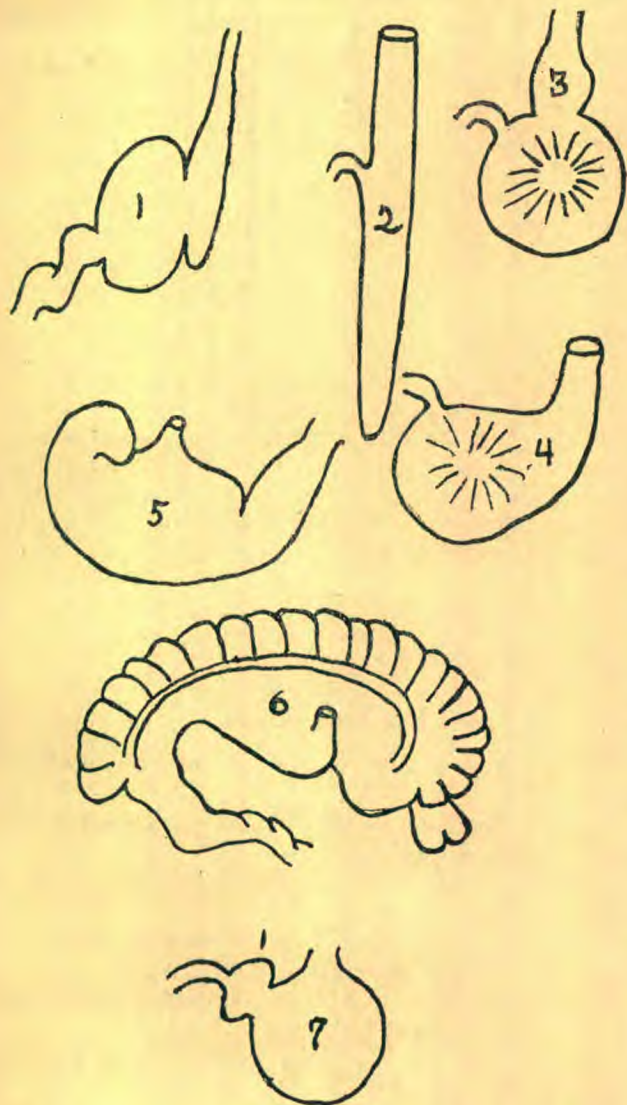
Gormanton caves yielded 204.21 piculs of black birds' nests and 22.27 piculs of white birds' nests. (A picul equals 133 lbs.) The average price realized for black birds' nests was \$199.25 a picul; the white nests brought \$550 a picul. The contractors collecting the nests realized \$32,957.21 after deducting the government's share — \$2,000. The total export of birds' nests from the state of British North Borneo to China for the year 1917, amounted to 362.58 piculs, valued at \$70,560.

ELIZABETH MERSHON.

## Facts in Comparative Anatomy — No. 2

### Some Queer Stomachs

THE real stomach is found only among vertebrates, or animals with a backbone. Animals in the lower scale of life have pouches such as the gastric mill in lobsters, but these are not true stomachs. Primarily the stomach is a storage place for food, and is as va-



ried in shape in different animals as can be. Examine the drawings. (1) is the stomach of a whale, (2) of a ganoid fish (sturgeon), (3) of a coot or water hen, (4) of an owl, (5) of a pig, (6) of a kangaroo — a stomach as queer in shape as the animal's habits and outer form, (7) of a crocodile.

The unwieldy hippopotamus has a stomach exceeding in size that of all other animals. It measures eleven feet in length and is capable of holding from five to six bushels of food — surely an enormous quantity.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

## Information Bureau

Do all our laws, when passed by a legislative body, either State or national, and approved by the chief executive, whether governor or President, as the case may be, receive the impress of the seal of State or nation showing the authority by which they were enacted?

No. Acts of legislative bodies, whether of State or nation, are not approved under State or national seal. The Secretary of State is the custodian of the Great Seal of the United States and he affixes it to comparatively few documents; namely, (1) to Presidential proclamations; (2) to civil commissions of officers of the United States, appointed by the President; (3) to extradition papers; (4) to documents accrediting representatives, whether ministers or ambassadors, to other governments.

### What causes tornadoes?

*Popular Mechanics* gives the following description of the condition of the air that occasions a tornado:

"The place where a tornado will strike cannot be foretold. A knowledge of their causes will not, therefore, take the place of presence of mind and absence of body when the twister actually comes roaring along. But, nevertheless, the newly accepted explanation of the tornado will be interesting.

"These dreadful storms occur near the center of the moving area of low barometer called a cyclone. This cyclone is a revolving sheet of wind rotating in a circle from 500 to 1,000 miles in diameter — and we experience a cyclone many times every year. All our general storms are cyclones.

"The wind blows from every direction toward the center of these cyclones, spirally, and with an upward draft. The south half of the cyclone is warm. There are always great bodies of cold air settling down from the upper regions. The warm air from the south and west, blowing toward the center of the 'low' forces itself under the weight of cold air. A high southerly wind will drive itself under the mass of settling cold air like a great wedge.

"Here we have the conditions favorable for a tornado. The cold air is heavier than the warm air, and ought to be at the bottom next the earth. The warm air is lighter, and should be on top, while the strong south wind is driving itself farther under the great settling shelf of cold.

"Something has to happen. This something takes the form of great bursts of the warm air up through the cold. The phenomenon is, on a gigantic scale, much like the bursting up of bubbles of steam through the water in a boiling kettle. The warm air begins to boil upward in great bubbles. At the bottom of each of these bubbles there is a strong updraft. What takes place is exactly like the whirlpool in the bottom of a bathtub when the water is running out. If the air were perfectly quiet, no whirlpool would form; but if it has only a little whirling motion, the whirl is communicated to the spot where the draft is. The whirl grows stronger and stronger. In the bathtub it gets so strong that the water is thrown outward and a core of air runs down to a point in it. And the air whirlpool acts in the same way, only upward instead of downward.

"When the air behaves thus, a tornado is formed. The whirl begins in the spiral direction of the general storm. As the air of the tornado whirls more and more swiftly, the air is thrown outward and a core is formed which is almost as empty of air as the core in the bathtub is of water — that is, a partial vacuum is set up in the heart of the tornado. Houses in this core are burst by the expansion of air in them, especially if they are tight shut.

"The outer shell of air is so dense that all the air sucked into it is held there, and not permitted to get through into this core. This sudden outburst of warm air into the higher cold air forms rain, and a heavy downpour usually occurs. It also liberates more heat, and this increases the ferocity of the disturbance. It generates an immense amount of electricity, and there is vivid lightning and crashing thunder.

"On it goes until the equilibrium is restored. The velocity of the whirl becomes so enormous that stone walls are crumbled, iron and steel beams are tossed about like feathers, houses are demolished, and whole communities scourged and terrified.

"Then follows a cool wave. The great body of cold air has accomplished its object, and reached the ground. The hot air has gone up and become cooled.

"These storms occur from 50 to 250 miles ahead of — that is south and east of — the center of the low. They do not often occur. Usually the balance is restored without such violence. So they cannot be predicted. The only thing that can be said is that in certain localities the conditions are favorable for severe local storms."





# Letters to a Schoolgirl Away from Home

FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, Sept. 15, 1920.

MY DEAR DORIS: The most interesting part of the lovely long letter the postman brought me yesterday was your account of Gladys. I am sorry for you, my dear. I can see how disappointed you are after your summer-day dreams. I smiled as I read your description of the roommate you anticipated. It wasn't a student at all you were planning for, but an angel. God will surely let you have an angel, a real one, but I wonder if he didn't send Gladys to you too. You prayed for a roommate who would be a help to you. I think you'd better believe that God has answered your prayer. Looking back upon all the people who have influenced my Christian life, I think I have gained as much ground by the efforts I have put forth to help other people as by the efforts others have made to help me.

Now for the advice you wanted about getting your "roommate changed." Tell the Great Teacher all about it, and ask him to change her and make her the kind of girl he wants her to be, and then you leave no stone unturned in the way of your prayer's being answered. Aren't we to be "coworkers together with God"? Then why may we not help answer our prayers?

I must not leave unanswered your question about indigestibles. You were certainly right in not eating them, since you feel as you do about such things, and you mustn't worry for fear the girls will think you overcareful or unfriendly. The girls who themselves have the best principles will appreciate the stand you take, while the girls who might say cutting things about such a course would be the very ones to criticize you if you had done differently. The most important thing to consider is what effect your actions will have upon your influence over others. Many a girl at school has lessened immeasurably her power to help others by yielding her principles in things that seemed small. You can't afford to do that, Doris. Some day one of those girls will be in great need of friendly, helpful advice, and she will turn to the girl who is true blue; who will not vary an inch from the path of duty as she sees it.

Your pickle problem and a dozen others like it are the natural result of the practice students make of buying eatables down town and lunching on the way back or in their rooms. If some of our girls and boys who buy lunches would consider the impression they leave of the school they represent, I am sure it would make a difference in the kind of things they

buy as well as in their conversation and general conduct. The aim of all our schools is to send this gospel truth through its students to all people. What about the nearest neighbors of the school? and the shopkeepers? Can we expect them to be ready to respond to the teachings of our high ideals if they find our young people forgetting every principle of health reform as soon as they leave the school premises? What influence will students have if they are careless in the spending of their money? What about their frivolous "idle words"?

You wouldn't misrepresent your school in these ways, of course. I am thankful that the larger part of every school family is composed of young people who are thoroughly in earnest and conscientious to a degree. It is to the Gladys type that I refer, but you have a duty here. You steady girls should use all your influence to get these "little sisters" to feel their responsibility toward their school and to be loyal to it.

May God bless you — and Gladys.

AUNT GUSSIE.

## Do You Know

That Uruguay has a motor car for every 148 inhabitants?

That in England they call their farm tractors by the pet name of agrimotors?

That Shanghai, China, has a public motor truck service of twenty-five cars?

That more than 25,000 miles of roadway were destroyed in France during the World War?

That an allotment of \$12,000,000 has been made for the Lincoln Highway?

That almost every planter in the cotton belt of Georgia owns one or more automobiles?

That over 213,000 new oil wells have been drilled in the past ten years in the United States, to aid in the production of gasoline?

That no less than 30,000 tractors will be used this year in the vast agricultural districts of Canada?

That the New York Police are making use of a Bertillon system to identify many makes of autos?

That they're taking the finger prints of men making application for chauffeur's license in Cleveland, Ohio?

That folks in France are paying 90 cents a gallon for gas and about \$2 a gallon for lubricating oils?  
— *The Oregon Sunday Journal*.





## Rose Percy

**M**ISS Rose Percy, of New York City, is a recent and very popular visitor to Washington."

This item *might* have been included in Washington society columns—but it wasn't!

Miss Percy is a guest at American Red Cross Headquarters too—an honor in itself. When in New York she lives with Mrs. Chittenden, whose father, Dr. Peters, brought "Rose" home to live with his daughter when the latter was a very little girl. It is perfectly safe to say that the two have never tired of each other from that day to this.

For her important visit Miss Percy has with her an elaborate wardrobe, consisting of afternoon and evening gowns of silk, velvet, lace, linen, etc., ermine furs—never mind if the thermometer is hovering around "sizzling" at this season in the national capital; furs *are* worn anyway, you know. Nor has she neglected such items as jewelry, stationery, visiting cards, and hats for every conceivable occasion. She is quite accustomed to traveling and is well known indeed. Although *very* young looking, "Rose" is not young, nor is she at all averse to having her exact age known. She is fifty-eight!

It was way back in 1864 that Rose Percy raised twelve hundred dollars at the great Sanitary Commission Fair held in New York City. This Sanitary Commission of the Civil War was the forerunner of the American Red Cross of today. The money raised was used in the work of caring for the sick and wounded soldiers.

Rose Percy made the acquaintance of a circle of young women attending Mrs. Ogden Hoffman's fashionable school in New York in 1862. These young women made for their little friend beautiful gowns, *lingerie*, and bonnets—the *very same wardrobe which Rose has with her in Washington today!* Have you guessed just who Rose Percy is? The *most famous and historic doll in America!* It is her photograph which you see on this page. She was raffled at the Sanitary Commission Fair, and the present Mrs. Chittenden was the "lucky child" who came into possession of Rose, with all her lovely clothes and even a tiny ivory-bound photograph album and wee ice skates.

### Jean Maynard's Cure

**A**NSWERING the soft peals of the breakfast chimes, James Maynard, who had been glancing over the morning news in the library, laid down his paper and started toward the dining-room, where his wife joined him. Mr. Maynard glanced at the

vacant place at the table, and asked, with a note of surprise, "Where is Jean? Isn't she coming?"

Mrs. Maynard turned to the maid who entered the room at that moment.

"Florence, will you please see if Jean heard the breakfast call?"

The girl returned a few moments later with the announcement:

"She said she heard the call, but doesn't wish any breakfast, and isn't coming down."

"Is she ill?" quickly asked Mr. Maynard.

The maid shook her head. "No, sir; I asked if she were, and she said No; she just doesn't care to get up for a while."

As Florence left the room, Jean's parents looked at each other gravely.

Mrs. Maynard's face wore an expression of worry.

"What are we going to do with the child, James? She isn't interested in anything, and is getting so peevish and unreasonable—not like herself at all."

Mr. Maynard pondered for a moment. "Better see Brownlee," he finally said. "Better see him to-day. See what he thinks about your starting with Jean on your European trip at once. Perhaps that will get her mind off things. It will break into our plans a bit, for I can't get away now. However, we must do something at

once and I can meet you over there later. If you'll excuse me now, I'll run up to see her a few minutes before I leave."

A languid voice called "Come in" as Mr. Maynard tapped at his daughter's door.

"Well, good morning, Princess," was his characteristic greeting; "didn't think you were going to send your dad off without even a look at you, did you? Are you feeling under the weather, daughter?"

Jean smiled faintly. "No, daddy, I'm all right, only"—and she sighed deeply—"there isn't anything to get up for."

Mr. Maynard pushed back the girl's dark hair and looked quizzically into her deep brown eyes. "Why, Jean! such a dismal tone and what a tragic statement for a sixteen-year-old girl! Nothing to get up for, and you've got a dad that loves every hair on your head and really tries to see that you have enough to eat and wear, and some kind of place to sleep" (his eyes twinkled as he glanced around the luxuriously furnished room), "a fond and adoring mother, a hundred friends and relatives, some—" but Jean interrupted him fretfully. "Don't, daddy, please don't make fun. I—I meant—" The tears were dangerously near and her father hastened to assure her. "There, daughter, I won't tease another bit."



The Most Famous and Historic Doll in America



Mother and I are thinking up a surprise for you. Just wait and you'll see."

That afternoon Mrs. Maynard went over the situation with Dr. Brownlee, their family physician, who had known and loved Jean from her babyhood.

"Mr. Maynard and I are at our wit's end," she explained. "We have taken her to the best specialists in the States, as you know, and the verdict of all has been the same—that she must not use her eyes in any close work whatever for at least a year. It has been such a blow to her, for she has counted so much on finishing her conservatory course this year. She has settled down into an apathy. She won't touch the piano. We can't interest her in anything, and we are beginning to fear for her health."

Dr. Brownlee listened attentively, then he smiled as he said frankly and simply, "Jean is spoiled, Mrs. Maynard. Now, really, has she ever before in all her life known any kind of disappointment, or had the faintest suspicion that the world wasn't being run for Jean Maynard's enjoyment and pleasure?"

Mrs. Maynard flushed, then smiled too. "I'll agree she is spoiled, Dr. Brownlee,—even you have had a hand in it,—but it seems we just couldn't help it. She is so precious to us, especially since the death of the boys. But you'll have to admit she has stood it wonderfully well. Every one has always remarked about her lovely disposition."

"No reason for the child's not having a good disposition," replied the doctor; "for her it has been straight sailing downstream, with no obstructions."

"Well," and Dr. Brownlee threw back his shoulders in his decided way, "we've got to help her get straightened out. It's nonsense to take that European trip for her just now. She can be cured here, and if I'm not mistaken I have the remedy already. I'll take her out riding with me one of these days—and we'll see what we can see."

"You won't be harsh, doctor? You know it really is a dreadful disappointment to her."

"Never fear. Not a single word of scolding shall Jean get from me," was the doctor's reassuring reply.

He was true to his word, and the next day he called Jean by telephone and asked if she didn't want to drive out in the country with him. Jean was delighted, for she prized these rides with their old family friend, and she was waiting when the big car stopped in front of the door.

The doctor tucked the robe around Jean, gayly waved his hand to Mrs. Maynard, who was watching from the veranda, and started his machine.

He kept up an animated conversation for the first few miles of their trip. "I've been so busy these last few weeks I haven't had a chance to see you. Lucky child! You haven't a thing to do except to have a good time. Now we old folks who would almost give a year of our lives for a minute tucked in once in a while when we could do just as we please, never get a chance. I suppose you've turned into a regular angel bountiful and are doing all those lovely things for the children in the hospital that we were talking about a few months ago."

He did not wait for an answer and Jean vouchsafed none.

The doctor had been driving rapidly and they had come into a section unfamiliar to the girl. As they neared a beautiful home and grounds, Jean, who had an artist's eye, cried out in delight, "Oh, what a lovely place! Who lives there?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said the doctor.

"It looks just like the places one reads about, castles and enchanted grounds, and things like that," Jean exclaimed, before she gave the doctor time to answer her question.

"It was finished just a year ago," Dr. Brownlee mused. "The owner had a famous landscape gardener working on the grounds two or three years before he started to build. Yes, it is a beautiful place," he repeated, "but it was the home of a coward." Jean looked at him questioningly. "That is where Alonzo Manning, the Eastern banker, lived. Two months ago when they told him he had tuberculosis and had only a short time to live, he grew despondent and shot himself. Too bad, isn't it? He had a lovely wife, a daughter about your age, and a son in college. He got out of his trouble himself, but left his family to live down the disgrace of a suicide. That is just the way; there was a weak strain in him, but it never showed up till a test came. It's queer, but you never know what people are till they have trouble. In some ways human beings are like animals. They make me think of my two dogs at home. Bob wouldn't whimper, no matter what happened to him, because he is a thoroughbred, but Jack would curl up his tail and cry about anything, because he's a mongrel."

The doctor rambled on as he had a habit of doing when he began to philosophize. As Jean moved slightly, he turned and asked, "Getting cold?" She shook her head without answering.

The next five miles were soon covered, and as they neared a large white house set back among evergreens, Dr. Brownlee said: "I'm going to drop you here while I go down the road a mile. Constance Emerson lives here, and I want you to get acquainted with her. I last saw her when she was about ten years old. She is just home from Europe, where she has been in school. They came out here about a week ago."

Although surprised, Jean made no objection, but walked up to the door, which was opened at their ring by a lady with white hair and dark-brown eyes. "Dr. Brownlee!" she said. "How glad I am to see you! And I'm very glad to meet you, my dear," she assured Jean as Dr. Brownlee introduced the girl and explained that he wanted to leave her there for half an hour. "Constance will be glad to have a girl to talk with. Come into the studio. She is there."

"I'll just say hello to her before I go," Dr. Brownlee said as he followed them.

The sound of a piano was heard, and Jean, keenly alive to the art she loved, recognized the touch of a true musician. As they reached the door, they saw a young girl seated at the piano. Jean afterward said to her mother: "I never saw any one look so beautiful as she did sitting there." The girl turned her head slightly, recognizing their presence with a smile, and finished the piece she was playing. Then she arose and came toward them, with one hand slightly in front of her as if feeling her way. Jean watched her with fascination, then she turned white as she looked into the unseeing depths of the dark-brown eyes, and turned to Dr. Brownlee for his unspoken confirmation that this radiant young person was blind.

"Mother, who is it?" the girl queried. Dr. Brownlee took her hand and her face glowed. "Why, it is Dr. Brownlee!" she exclaimed. "What a pleasant surprise!"

The doctor laughed. "People can't fool you once you've shaken hands with them, can they, Constance? I've brought you a kindred spirit, and I'm going to



leave her here for a while so that you two musicians can appreciate each other to your heart's content. All right, Jean, make good use of your time, for I'll be back in half an hour sharp."

"Isn't he a dear?" laughed Constance: "He knew me when I was a baby."

They proved to be as Dr. Brownlee had said, "kindred spirits," and so many points of common interest did they find that the half hour went by before they were aware of it, and both were surprised when the doctor came back. At Constance's urgent invitation, Jean promised to come again. And Jean cordially invited her new friend to pay her a visit, and this Constance promised to do.

Jean was very quiet on the homeward drive, and the doctor wisely said little. Finally the girl drew a deep breath and exclaimed: "Isn't she perfectly wonderful, Dr. Brownlee?"

"Who?" asked the doctor innocently. "Constance? Yes, Constance is a jewel."

"She seems so happy," continued Jean.

"She *is* happy," the doctor answered. "She is the very incarnation of joy and has always been so. She lost her sight through scarlet fever when she was eight years old. When she was nine they told her what the future held for her. She didn't say a word for a few moments, they tell me, but looked very serious, then her face lighted up with the same radiant smile she now has and she said, 'Isn't it wonderful that I've had eight beautiful seeing years?' Dr. Brownlee did not appear to notice that tears were trickling down Jean's face.

"That was eight years ago," he continued, "and from what I have heard, no one has ever seen her despondent or unhappy. She has a rare talent for music, and the critics predict a great future for her. But she has plans all her own, and wants to use her talent for the benefit of poor little blind children. And she can carry out her wishes, for her parents have wealth."

Dr. Brownlee drove for a few minutes in silence, then remarked: "It takes girls like you and Constance, my dear, to show people how to meet disappointment. Of course your trouble isn't nearly so great as hers —"

"Dr. Brownlee," interrupted Jean, with a sob, "please don't compare me to Constance. You don't know how horrid I've been, how wretched I've made myself and everybody else. I'm nothing like her at all. I've been cross and hateful, and —"

"There, there," broke in the doctor, "don't say any more unkind things about my friend Jean. If she has felt that way, she's the kind that will right about face and look for the silver lining." Dr. Brownlee patted the girl's hand in a comforting way as he spoke, but though his face was grave, his eyes twinkled over the efficacy of his "cure" for Jean Maynard.

ELIZABETH ANN TOLLMANN.

### A Bad Bargain

"IT'S a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom. "It could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" asked Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"I'll tell you," said Tom, laughingly. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it, and a medal I picked up in the road. I told him the

medal was silver, and the alley was real marble and worth a lot of money, and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if he gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not?" said Tom. "If he's such a softy as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

There are many things besides pocketknives which men as well as boys purchase with character.—*Boys' and Girls' Companion.*

### The Value of Truthfulness

IT is said that when Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, was asked, "What is the great thing to learn in life?" he replied, "To tell the truth." It requires real courage to tell the truth, and above all, to live it, at all times and under all circumstances. History gives us many notable examples of men who demonstrated their high regard for truth,—such men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and others with whose lives we are familiar.

The English nobleman, Algernon Sidney, who lived in the days of King Charles I, is to me an inspiration to a deeper appreciation of the nobility of truth. Perhaps you know the story. Sidney wrote and signed his name to a political paper which greatly offended the king. He was arrested and imprisoned, and later tried and condemned to death for what he had written. The paper was brought to him in prison, his attention called to the signature, and he was told that if he would say that he had not signed it, his life would be spared. His answer was, "I did sign that paper. I could save my life by telling a lie, but I would rather a thousand times tell the truth, even though my life must be the cost." Does not such a stand for truth reveal true courage — the supreme measure of greatness?

The young man or woman who hopes to achieve success in any line must lay a foundation of truthfulness, which is another name for honesty. Solomon says: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is vanity." Falsehood thwarts the very end it hopes to gain. The experience of a young newspaper reporter who once interviewed Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese ambassador to this country, illustrates this point. When the ambassador, during the course of their conversation, asked the reporter what salary he received, the young man, anxious to make a big impression, answered glibly, "One hundred fifty dollars a week." "It is too much; altogether too much," said the candid Chinaman. "You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week." Later the ambassador learned that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that he received only sixty dollars. So, when the young man next presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting Fang with these words: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie to me about such a thing, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week, you are not worth anything, sir!"



How in contrast with that young man's deceit was the integrity of the young man in the employ of a large department store. A customer was looking over some goods which the firm had had on hand for a long time. He was pleased with the articles, but before purchasing, asked: "Are they of the latest commercial value and style?" The clerk knew they were not, but hesitated a moment, thinking if he said they were not the latest style the customer would not buy them, and if he told him they were he would be telling a lie. His conscience conquered and he replied: "They are not of the latest style, but are of the very best quality." The man purchased even more than he at first intended to, and the firm won him for a regular customer through the truthfulness and honesty of that clerk.

The experience of another young man in the employ of a furniture dealer is a good illustration of the fulfilment of the promise that "the lip of truth shall be established." His employer said to him one day: "I want you to sell this furniture as solid—you know it is solid." "It is thin veneer," replied the clerk, "and not solid, and I will not lie about it." He expected, of course, to be discharged, but his employer, knowing the value of an honest man, promoted him instead. There are employers perhaps who are unable thus to appreciate the worth of truthfulness and honesty, but it is a hundred times better to lose one's position than to keep it by insincerity and deceit. One does not always receive a tangible reward for integrity at once, but God will never let one lose anything by truthfulness and honesty.

Somebody once asked the famous Greek philosopher, Aristotle, what a man could get by lying. His reply was: "His gain will be this, that no one will believe him when he speaks the truth." An eminent physician, when asked if he would not resort to falsehood if it would help his patient, said: "I dare not; the faith my patients have in my truthfulness is one of my best means of restoring them to health. If I were to undermine that faith by falsehood, I should be sacrificing for one man's benefit what I am intrusted with for the good of many."

"Only truth shall permanently endure. God is bound at some time to uncover every false thing. In the day of judgment the universe will see if you have been false to your opportunity and to your duty. But if we live, by God's grace, genuine lives, with sincere hearts, truth will be our decoration and our adornment in the presence of the throne of God."

IRENE STUART CURTISS.

### Wait and See

A VISITOR to a famous pottery establishment was puzzled by an operation that seemed aimless. In one room there was a mass of clay beside a workman. Every now and then he took up a large mallet and struck several smart blows on the surface of the lump. Curiosity led to the question, "Why do you do that?" "Wait a bit, sir, and watch it," was the answer. The stranger obeyed, and soon the top of the mass began to heave and swell. Bubbles formed upon its face. "Now, sir, you see," said the man, with a smile, "I could never shape the clay into a vase if these air bubbles were in it, therefore I gradually beat them out." Is not the discipline of life just a beating out of the bubbles of pride and self-will, so that the Master may form a vessel of earth to hold heavenly treasures?

## Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for October 9

SENIOR: "A Call for Truthful Men."

JUNIOR: "God Needs Truthful Juniors."

The theme for both Seniors and Juniors is one which all men are studying. In this time of grasp and greed, men and women, boys and girls, of truth are needed. God is depending on us to finish the greatest piece of work ever attempted, "This gospel in all the world." And he demands truth in his workers.

## Our Counsel Corner

Will you kindly suggest a good book for a girl of fourteen to read?  
E. I. V.

We are glad to advise young people as to their reading, for we feel that good reading has as much to do with character building as any other one influence in life. For this reason the Missionary Volunteer Department spends a great deal of time reading and selecting books which will be both helpful and interesting. A girl of fourteen would find both the Senior and Junior Reading Courses for 1920-21 very enjoyable. In fact, we find our Senior members reading "A'Chu and other Stories," "My Dogs in the Northland," and "Knowing Insects Through Stories" as interestedly as they read their own. The Senior Course for this year consists of four books, "Our Day in the Light of Prophecy," "The Ministry of the Spirit," "With Our Missionaries in China," and "In the Land of the Incas." All these may be obtained through your local conference tract society.  
H. H.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### II — Man's Eden Home

(October 9)

#### Questions

##### Creation of Eve

1. When God had about finished his creative work, what was yet lacking to make the first man happy? Gen. 2:18-20.
2. How did God supply man's need in this respect? Gen. 2:21-25. Note 1.
3. How did the earth look when God had finished it? Gen. 1:31. Note 2.

##### Edenic Home, Work, and Food

4. Where did God make a home for the first pair? Gen. 2:8, 9, 15.
5. What work did God give man to do in his new home? Gen. 2:15. Note 3.
6. What kind of food was provided for man? Gen. 1:29.
7. What kind of food was provided for the animals? Verse 30. Note 4.

##### Cause of the Change in the Earth

8. Why do we find things on the earth so different now from what they were when created? Gen. 3:17-19; Matt. 13:27, 28.
9. In the absence of rain, how did God water the earth before the flood? Gen. 2:6.
10. What was the general condition in the earth after sin entered, even to the time of the flood?
11. How did Adam show that he was well acquainted with nature? Gen. 2:19.
12. What has been promised regarding the life of God's people in the new earth? Isa. 35:1, 5, 6, 10; Rev. 21:3, 4. Note 5.

#### Notes

1. "Eve was created from a rib taken from the side of Adam, signifying that she was not to control him, as the head, nor to be trampled under his feet as an inferior, but to stand by his side as an equal, to be loved and protected by him. A part of man, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, she was his second self; showing the close union and the affectionate attachment that should exist in this relation. . . . God celebrated the first marriage. Thus the institution has for its originator the Creator of the universe."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 46.
2. "As the earth came forth from the hand of its Maker, it was exceedingly beautiful. Its surface was diversified with mountains, hills, and plains, interspersed with noble rivers and lovely lakes; but the hills and mountains were not abrupt and rugged, abounding in terrific steepes and fright-



ful chasms, as they now do; the sharp, ragged edges of earth's rocky framework were buried beneath the fruitful soil, which everywhere produced a luxuriant growth of verdure. There were no loathsome swamps nor barren deserts. Graceful shrubs and delicate flowers greeted the eye at every turn. The heights were crowned with trees more majestic than any that now exist. The air, untainted by foul miasm, was clear and healthful. The entire landscape outvied in beauty the decorated grounds of the proudest palace. The angelic host viewed the scene with delight, and rejoiced at the wonderful works of God."—*Id.*, p. 44.

3. "God appointed labor as a blessing to man, to occupy his mind, to strengthen his body, and to develop his faculties. In mental and physical activity, Adam found one of the highest pleasures of his holy existence. And when, as a result of his disobedience, he was driven from his beautiful home, and forced to struggle with a stubborn soil to gain his daily bread, that very labor, although widely different from his pleasant occupation in the garden, was a safeguard against temptation, and a source of happiness. Those who regard work as a curse, attended though it be with weariness and pain, are cherishing an error. . . . Our Creator, who understands what is for man's happiness, appointed Adam his work. The true joy of life is found only by the working men and women. The angels are diligent workers; they are the ministers of God to the children of men. The Creator has prepared no place for the stagnating practice of indolence."—*Id.*, p. 50.

4. Almost every flesh-eating animal has been found to like some form of vegetable food when it can get it, even in preference to flesh food. Bears are greedy for berries as well as honey, and will not kill small animals when they can get the vegetable foods they like.

Before the flood, some particular kind of vegetable food had evidently been provided for every type of animal. Flesh-eating instincts have doubtless been developed since the flood, because hungry animals cannot now easily obtain the foods originally provided for them.

5. In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly Shepherd leads his flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the widespreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."—*"The Great Controversy,"* p. 675.

## Intermediate Lesson

### II — Gaining Thy Brother; Reckoning

(October 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 18: 15-35.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 17: 3, 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6: 15.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 243-251.

PLACE: Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus; Peter; probably all the disciples.

#### Setting of the Lesson

While Jesus was with his disciples in a house in Capernaum he gave them some very practical teaching concerning their relation to others. First, they must cease ambitious striving for place and honor. Second, they must cherish the spirit of forgiveness to those who have wronged them. At this period in the work of Jesus on earth he was suffering bitter opposition, insult, and misrepresentation from his enemies, and his disciples were fellow sufferers in a degree.

"The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear;  
And something, every day they live,  
To pity—and perhaps forgive."

#### Questions

1. What did Jesus say we should do when some one has wronged us? Matt. 18: 15.

2. If the brother will not hear, what next should be done? Under what circumstances should the matter be brought before the church? Verses 16, 17.

3. What precious promise is made to those who agree in what they shall ask? What is promised when two or three meet in Jesus' name? Verses 19, 20.

4. What question did Peter ask Jesus? What answer did Peter suggest to his own question? Verse 21. Note 1.

5. What answer did Jesus give him? Verse 22. Note 2.

6. To make the subject of forgiveness still clearer, to what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Verse 23.

7. In what condition was one servant's account found to be? Verse 24. Note 3.

8. Since the debtor could not pay, what command did the king give? Verse 25. Note 4.

9. What entreaty did the servant then make? What impossible thing did he promise? Verse 26.

10. How did his pleadings cause the king to feel? How did the king show pity and mercy? Verse 27. Note 5.

11. What later act shows that this servant did not share in his lord's kindness of heart? Verse 28. Note 6.

12. What did his fellow servant plead with him to do? Verse 29.

13. How did the forgiven servant treat this debtor? Verse 30.

14. What did this unmerciful act cause his fellow servants to do? Verse 31.

15. What did his lord say to this unforgiving servant? What question did he ask? Verses 32, 33. Note 7.

16. What command did the king then give concerning the unforgiving servant? Verse 34.

17. What would Jesus have us learn from this parable? Verse 35. Note 8.

#### Some Things to Think About

In what way are we unavoidably like the servant who was in debt to his lord?

How do we get into debt? What keeps us in debt?

How only may we become free from debt?

How will our dealings with others finally affect our relation to the One whom we owe?

#### Notes

1. "The Jews taught that a man was to forgive another three times, but not the fourth."—*Barnes*.

"Peter, carrying out, as he supposed, the teaching of Christ, thought to extend it to seven, the number signifying perfection. But Christ taught that we are never to become weary of forgiving."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 243.

2. This does not mean that we are to keep a strict account of how many times a person sins against us, and of how many times we forgive him, so that we can be free to refuse to forgive as soon as the number is made up. That would not be forgiveness. One who forgives a person forgets the injury, and remembers it no more against him. The meaning is, that we are to forgive so often that we cannot keep count of the number of times; we are to forgive as often as we are asked to forgive. Luke 17: 4. Even though a person injures us, and does not ask us to forgive, still we are to love him, and pray for him, and seek to do him good. Matt. 5: 44.

3. A talent was a weight, not a coin. The value of the ancient talent varies. The sum the servant owed was about ten million dollars, an amount impossible for him ever to pay.

4. The command of the king was in harmony with the custom of the times. "In Syria now, when the debt grows till it equals in value the entire property of the debtors, the creditor seizes all they possess. And such property he can sell, the men, their wives, and children passing practically as chattels." It is said that the people of Palestine dread the taxgatherer and the money lender more than they do the cholera.

5. The king granted much more than the servant asked. The plea was for time only, but the king, knowing that it was beyond the power of the servant to repay him, forgave the entire debt.

6. This debt was about seventeen dollars, which could have been paid if time had been given.

7. We, like the servant in the parable, because of sin, were ten thousand talents in debt. But when we came to Jesus and asked forgiveness, he freely forgave us the whole debt. The offense of those who may have done us wrong is but a hundred pence as compared with our debt to God. If the Lord has so freely forgiven us the ten thousand talents, ought we not freely to forgive the hundred pence? Every truly forgiven soul will forgive others.

8. "Beckkeepers tell us that when a honey bee drives its barbed sting into the flesh, it becomes so firmly embedded that the only way for him to escape is to leave the sting behind. This, however, is sure to cause his death. He receives himself such a wound that he cannot recover. So when we sting others by revenge, we not only leave the sting in our enemy, but the act is spiritual death to ourselves."—*Peloubet*.

LITTLE self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little victories over favorite temptations—these are the small threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*Canon Farrar*.



# EDITORIAL

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## An Observation

THREE women entered a crowded street car. A young man arose and offered his seat to the one nearest him. Without waiting to express her thanks for the courtesy, she immediately urged one of her companions to be seated. She in turn insisted that the third member of the trio accept the extended courtesy.

"O no! I really prefer to stand," avowed Mrs. C. "You take the seat, Mrs. B."

But Mrs. B, it seemed, also was partial to standing, and while they argued with Mrs. A, lo, a portly world-weary individual calmly appropriated the vacant place.

Whoever dreamed there could be such a thing as too much politeness in this cynical everybody-for-himself world? But apparently there is—of the "you-first-my-dear" type, not the good old-fashioned kind that accepts a favor with a gracious "Thank you." Why should not the woman to whom the seat was first offered have taken it, since she was nearest, and neither one of her companions was elderly or ill. There was only one seat, and obviously two must stand.

We do not advocate selfishness,—far from it,—but from the viewpoint of common sense, it evidently does not pay to be too polite, especially in a crowded street car.

L. E. C.

## The President and the Coal Miners

ON August 28, the Pennsylvania anthracite miners sent a letter to the President of the United States, urging him to sign the minority report of the Coal Commission rather than the majority report. This commission was appointed by the President when the miners agreed to submit their cause to such a commission, and to abide by its decision. The member of the commission representing the public and the one representing the operators agreed upon a less increase than was satisfactory to the member representing the miners. This member, however, wrote the President as follows:

"In conclusion, Mr. President, we wish to say as we did in the beginning that the majority report shall have the full practical acceptance of the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, and we shall devote ourselves to its application, as we obligated ourselves to do when we submitted our cause to this commission."

But the miners repudiated the promises of their officials and threatened to strike on September 1, unless the President signed the minority report.

They were, however, reckoning with the wrong man. In fact no man of integrity and enlightenment would stand for the proposed course of the miners. Agreements and contracts must be kept. As President Wilson reminded the miners in his reply to their letter:

"By a vote of the men direct from the mines a resolution was adopted accepting the proposition and solemnly obligating the mine workers to abide by the award. By all the laws of honor upon which civilization rests, that pledge should be fulfilled.

"Any intimation that the anthracite mine workers will refuse to work under the award because it does not grant them

all they expected is a reflection upon the sincerity of the men who constitute the backbone of the community in which they live."

As President Wilson affirms, the keeping of promises is the foundation upon which civilization rests; the foundation upon which everything worth while rests, both temporally and spiritually. Let us then religiously be true to the everyday promises of life, whether they relate to small or great matters.

F. D. C.

## Play Fair

THE star player of the Cleveland American League Club recently died from the results of an accident. Even the daily papers of the national capital gave notice of his death. One of them bore the caption, "This Was a Man." Then after remarking that thousands stood with bared head as the body was borne into the cathedral, and that there was an eloquent tribute of praise delivered over his remains which kings might envy, it was said that this honor was not shown him merely because he was a great baseball player, but because "he played the game of life as he played the game of his profession—clean and honestly."

This is what made him a man. This is what made him beloved by his comrades. This is why his fellow citizens honored him in life and death.

There are many dishonest persons today; but the real man is honest. The trusted man is honest. He plays fair in his social, financial, and religious life.

The honest man is the product of honest boyhood. A boy without the element of honesty in every fiber of his being is more likely to be in later years an outcast, an apology for a man instead of the genuine article. Let us be honest whether we are Christians or not. Honesty is as necessary a qualification for good citizenship here as Christianity is for heavenly citizenship.

F. D. C.

"THE average man to whom nature gives less than 100-per-cent equipment feels himself abused and goes grumblingly through life; but great men, far from grumbling, quietly turn their liability into an asset. Beethoven was deaf; Byron had a club-foot; Demosthenes stammered; Pope, the hunchback, was constantly in pain. Indeed, as one runs over the list of men who have fought their way to the top, it seems as if almost every one of them had something the matter with him. Something that would have made a weaker man throw up his hands and quit, but which was merely a part of the game with them."

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