

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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This Picture Is an Appeal of the American Red Cross Society for an Increased Membership in Its Fourth Roll Call to Be Made in November.



# From Here and There

The "Imperator," the largest ship afloat, lacks only 102 feet of being one thousand feet in length.

On August 25 the fire-engine horses in New York City made their last trip. They are replaced by motor apparatus.

German munitions and aeroplanes valued at \$2,000,000 and confiscated by the Allies have been destroyed by German workmen in the Pintsche Works on the river Spree.

Carbon monoxide is the deadly poisonous gas which works havoc with one who is shut up in a garage with a running motor car, and is thus forced to breathe the gases from the exhaust.

Glycerin, instead of alcohol, is now being advocated by the American Chemical Society for use in flavoring extracts. The substitute, it is claimed, is better for this purpose than alcohol.

It is estimated that the sugar crop of Cuba for this year would load a fleet of steamers reaching from Havana to New York with a ship for every mile of the 1,200 between the two ports.

The Dayton-Wright airship, constructed to enter the Gordon Bennett trophy race to be held soon in France, has a 250-horsepower motor and can attain a speed of more than 200 miles an hour. It has exceptionally strong wing planes, with no supporting wires to break and cause disturbance.

A group of islands in the English Channel is known as the Channel Islands. There are four principal islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. These are owned by England. Victor Hugo spoke of them as "bits of France fallen into the sea and picked up by England." The scenery of these is picturesque and the climate delightful. Sir Walter Raleigh, "who was governor of Jersey in the days of Queen Elizabeth, encouraged the islanders' emigration to Newfoundland, and thus started the very profitable codfish trade between North America and Europe.



Why Shouldn't I Have a Hammock as Well as My Master?

Dame Fashion's whimsies have caused the growth and decline of many trades and callings, and through her fickleness New York City has lost an industry that was unique, and, not so long ago, indispensable. The last whalebone merchant in that city has closed his shop, and the big sign, "Whalebone," which was painted across the front of an old building on Duane Street, must soon give place to something more modern, though inevitably less picturesque. The invention of substitutes rang the knell of the whalebone business. So long as the price of the genuine article was comparatively low, the business flourished, but when greedy dealers charged up to six dollars a pound for the raw material, the users decided to do without whalebone.

For the first time in British history women were made eligible as magistrates by recent act of Parliament. As a consequence some three hundred women representatives of feminine activities throughout Great Britain now have the privilege of serving "on the bench" and will be entitled to place after their names the initials J. P., signifying justice of the peace.



Sleeping Net Used in the West Indies

Alarmed over the finding of twenty fully developed cases of typhus aboard three ships recently arrived in New York from Europe, the United States public health authorities have established examination stations at Danzig, Bremen, Bordeaux, Marseille, Barcelona, Lisbon, Naples, Saloniki, Copenhagen, and other European ports.

A wealthy banker in the Italian quarter of New York recently expended \$5,000 for the funeral service of a pet canary, greatly beloved by the entire Russomanno family because of its singing ability. A golden casket, a long line of black coaches, highly paid pall bearers, a band of fifty pieces, and a profusion of flowers formed some of the features of this expensive funeral.

Labor men in Canada founded, and have now well established with several thousand members, a church proclaiming itself to be "progressive, constructive, radical, democratic," and designed to meet the desire of a "great number of people who have felt the need for an organization which would more nearly conform to their ideas as to the teachings of Christ." Admission to membership is based on a willingness to support an independent and creedless Labor Church based on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and "its aim shall be the establishment of justice and righteousness on earth among all men and nations."

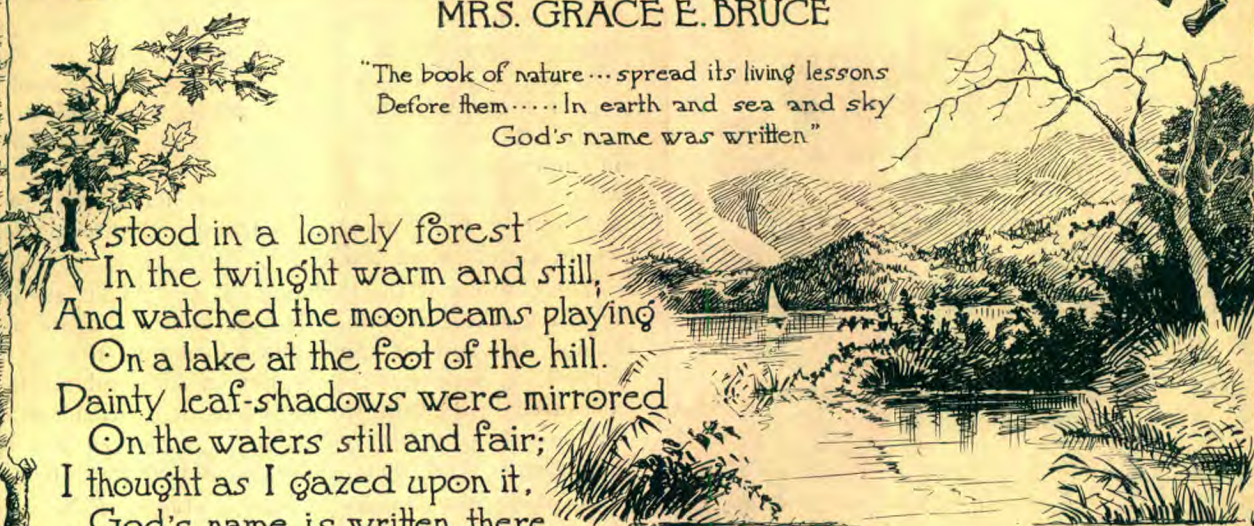
The Arts Club of Washington, through its special carillon committee, is devoting much time and energy to the advancement of the national peace carillon project. This great monument in commemoration of America's sacrifices and ideals in the Great War, a tower whose simple grandeur will rival the finest in Italy or western Europe, and crowned with a carillon of fifty-four bells of the highest musical quality, will become one of the most impressive attractions in this city in the years to come. Each State will be represented by its own "Liberty bell." In this great instrument of music and of national expression, and with bells of the purest musical tone, all in perfect accord, a concert at the hands of a great bell master will be an event indeed in the musical world.




# GOD'S NAME IS WRITTEN THERE

MRS. GRACE E. BRUCE

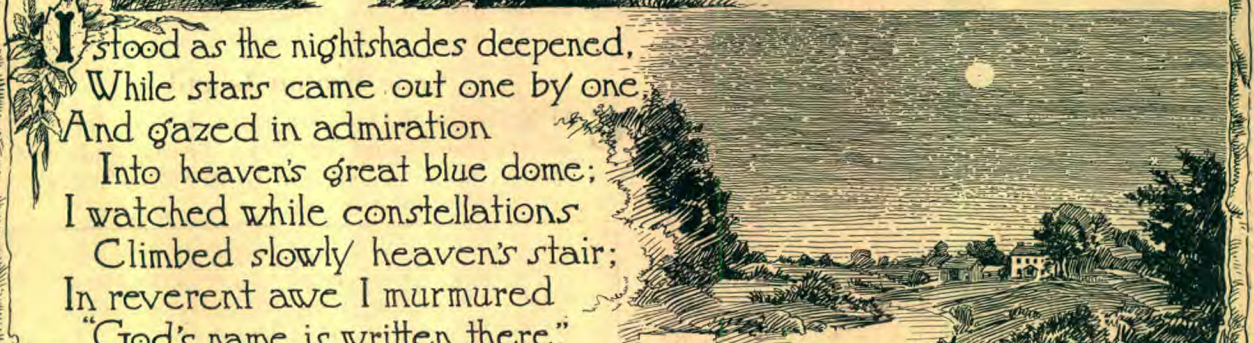
"The book of nature... spread its living lessons  
Before them.... In earth and sea and sky  
God's name was written"




I stood in a lonely forest  
In the twilight warm and still,  
And watched the moonbeams playing  
On a lake at the foot of the hill.  
Dainty leaf-shadows were mirrored  
On the waters still and fair;  
I thought as I gazed upon it,  
God's name is written there.



I looked on a lofty mountain,  
Whose summit was white with snow,  
Where lingering sunbeams were casting  
A beautiful rose-colored glow.  
Tall, majestic, lovely,  
A sight, indeed, most rare;  
I thought, as I gazed in wonder,  
God's name is written there.



I stood as the nightshades deepened,  
While stars came out one by one,  
And gazed in admiration  
Into heaven's great blue dome;  
I watched while constellations  
Climbed slowly heaven's stair;  
In reverent awe I murmured  
"God's name is written there."



This is only one short chapter  
Of God's great open book,  
But my heart is glad that ever I  
May turn the leaves to look;  
It fills my soul with longing  
For a life divinely fair, -  
That sometime God may say of me,  
"My name is written there."



# The Ruins of Umayo, Near Puno, Peru

REID S. SHEPARD

**L**AKE UMayo, although only a three-hour journey by horse from Puno, is seldom visited by travelers. This lake lies at a higher level than Lake Titicaca, which spreads out its waters at an elevation

took captive the Inca Atahualpa in the city of Cajamarca, have nearly blotted out the one-time vigor and efficiency of that Indian civilization.

Ancient roads ascending and descending the rugged Andes can now be only imagined, mammoth forts lie in ruins, ancient towns and temples are but a stone heap and nearly buried from sight, all having borne magnificently the passing of the years. Chulpas tower forty feet above one, and are built of large cut stone so nicely fitted together that the employment of cement was not necessary in the building of the structures. Huge stones, sometimes containing three hundred fifty cubic feet, cut and put in their place by the use of the simplest of mechanical devices, made structures so stanch that if it had not been for the avarice of treasure hunters, they would stand intact today.

The chulpas of the highlands of the Andes are interesting wherever found, but those of Sillustani are among the best of these ancient monuments. The largest, as measured by Squier in his explorations, measured in altitude thirty-nine feet, in diameter at the base, sixteen feet, widening as it rises so that its diameter is thirty-four inches greater at the top.

As there are chulpas in several stages of development as well as in different stages of ruins, some of the secrets of construction can be imagined. Inclined planes of earth seem to point the means used for the raising of some of the larger stones into position. The bowls carved in the sides of the stones, and afterward filled with smaller stones, sticks, and mud rich in grass stubble, as the stones were fitted into place, reveal the method used to strengthen the whole.

Some of the chulpas of Sillustani show two stoned inner compartments, one above the other, in which the dead were placed. These compartments are large, roomy domes not unlike an empty cistern in construction. Entrance was gained by a small opening at the base of the structure.

## Cape Breton Island

**C**APE Breton Island, where is it? It forms the northeastern part of Nova Scotia and marks the eastern boundary of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



Photo by Reid S. Shepard

The Largest Chulpa at Sillustani

of 12,500 feet above its ultimate resting place, the Pacific Ocean.

Surrounded by abrupt cliffs three hundred feet high, the lake is nearly divided into two unequal parts by a bold peninsula of equal height reached by a narrow isthmus which is somewhat sunken. A short distance from this elevated peninsula is an island of nearly the same level as the surrounding cliffs. These two bold, outstanding, view-commanding spots, the island and the peninsula, were chosen as the final resting place of the ancient chiefs of Hatuncolla.

Their ancient tombs, chulpas, as they are called, are well worthy of that ancient Indian civilization of which we know so little, but of which we see so many remarkable evidences. These remains are made more remarkable as they are brought out in sharp contrast with the now slovenly, backward, and unprogressive practices of a people who were allowed to conquer that ancient people and become their masters. The years that have passed since that sixteenth of November, 1532, when Pizarro, with his band of murderers,



Two Chulpas from Which the Stonework Has Been Removed, Showing the Inner Sepulcher



The inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, has his summer home and his laboratories here. Many other American citizens spend the summer on this island, of which Mr. Grosvenor, editor of the *National Geographic Magazine*, who has spent a score of summers there, says: "One can search the world in vain for lovelier or happier scenes than meet one everywhere throughout romantic Cape Breton."

At the close of the Seven Years' War, France offered to waive her claim to the whole of Canada in return for the single possession of Cape Breton Island; but England refused the offer. The island is 110 miles long and 87 miles wide, and has "plains, prairies, and vast forests filled with oak, maple, cedar, walnut, and the finest fir trees in the world."

Even before the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 200 English vessels were employed in the fisheries of Cape Breton. In 1918 Cape Breton fishermen took a toll of nearly \$4,000,000 from the coast waters, cod, salmon, trout, and tuna fish forming the principal kinds caught. A world's record tuna

fish, weighing 680 pounds, rewarded one persevering Cape Breton fisherman.

Commercially Cape Breton is noted for its enormous bituminous coal deposits and for its growing steel industry. The wood pulp industry also yields large returns.

The first successful Atlantic cable was landed on Cape Breton in 1867, where the first direct cable message from Europe to America was received. From here was sent the first public wireless message between the hemispheres.

It is said that if one had to use but one word to describe Cape Breton, "diversified" would be the best word to use; and some one has summarized the island's varied attractions thus: "Indented everywhere with harbors, surrounded with fisheries, the key of the St. Lawrence, Bay of Fundy, and West Indies; prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant, and healthful; if that isn't enough for one place, it's a pity; that's all!"

F. D. C.

## What Time Is It?

**W**HAT time is it? If you and I could look into heaven this evening and reverently ask, "What time is it?" I fancy an angel would come and say: "Is it possible you do not know? Why, we are about to close up our soul-winning campaign down there in the world where you live. We have almost completed our list of those who are to be saved. Your names may be considered this evening. And soon, very soon, we are coming down to your world with Jesus, to gather all the saved."

What time is it? It is time for us to make sure that we are ready to meet Jesus. But some of us do not study the Bible and other good books enough really to know what it means to be ready to meet him. Surely we should take time for such study. Some of us do not talk to the Father enough in the chamber of secret prayer for him to instruct us. Surely it is time that we do.

What time is it? It is time for you and me to make sure that Jesus is more precious to us than anything in this world, and that to please him will be our greatest joy. He must be so real and so precious to us that we cannot think for a minute of going to places, of reading books or magazines, of saying things, that he could not enjoy with us.

What time is it? It is time that we were laying all upon the altar for the finishing of the work. Have we paid an honest tithe? Are we liberal in our offerings? Do we remember that a dollar now is smaller in value than fifty cents was a few years ago? Let us examine our financial relation to the finishing of the work. Are we doing all that we can do in this respect? There is a phrase in our Missionary Volunteer pledge that says, "Doing what I can"—surely that touches our purses.

What time is it? It is time some of us were cutting lose from home comforts, and going into the dark corners of earth where thousands are waiting to know what time it is. It is time that some of our young people were getting a Christian education, that they may be better prepared for service.

What time is it? It is time to stop criticizing, faultfinding, and gossiping. It is time to stop envying others and coveting what does not belong to

us. If we really know what time it is,—and we should know,—we will strive to have nothing to do with these character destroyers.

What time is it? It is time that we were throwing out the life-line to our neighbors and friends. Soon, very soon, probation will close. The last chance for salvation will have passed. The decree, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still," will have gone forth. If some one will be in that class because you or I failed to throw out the life-line, what then?

What time is it? That is a question hundreds around you are asking. That is the question every one who is not asleep is asking—every one except the Christian who knows his God and knows his plans for this world. Some ask the question unconsciously; but they are asking it just the same. Everywhere men and women are filled with fear. Their hearts are failing them because of the troubles and perplexities that beset them on every hand. Can you answer this question? Can you tell the people around you what time it is?

What time is it? It is time that you and I fully realized that God's plans never fall through. The great prophetic clock, which never yet has failed, which never can fail, is about to strike the hour of the Saviour's return to this world. When this same clock struck the hour for Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage, God made that mighty nation tremble as he broke the bonds of slavery and sent the people forth. When the seventy years of Babylonish captivity were drawing to a close, prospects were anything but favorable for the deliverance of the Jews. But when the hour struck, deliverance came. God's plan did not fail. So on down through the ages! Events which he has foretold have always come on schedule time! Now the great prophetic clock is about to strike the hour of the return of our Lord. And it is time that you and I realize fully that at the appointed time the Saviour will come and will not tarry.

What time is it? It is time for you and me never to lay down to sleep without being ready to meet Jesus. The great need of the hour is to "pre-



pare to meet thy God." It is time that you and I live today the lives we plan to live tomorrow. It is time that we give the Holy Spirit full control of our hearts, that he may seal them "unto the day of redemption." Shall we not make the surrender just now? Shall we not just now make sure that we are ready to meet Jesus?

M. E. A.

### How to Learn to Swim

THE directions for floating and swimming on the back were given in the INSTRUCTOR of July 20. While it is late for outdoor swimming, some of the readers may have access to indoor swimming pools, so we will give the instruction for the side and

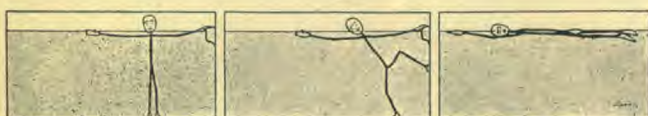


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

THE SIDE PUSH-OFF



Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

ARM STROKE



Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

LEG STROKE



Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

ARM AND LEG STROKES COMBINED

breast strokes. This excellent instruction, with the drawings, is taken from the *Youth's Companion*.

### The Side Stroke

"Practise the following exercise regularly every day until you have learned to do it accurately: Stand in the water shoulder-deep, with your left side toward the pier and grasp the pier with your left hand; then extend the right arm on the surface of the water at right angles to the pier, and with the palm turned forward. (Fig. 1.) Holding the arm position, brace the left foot against the pier and drop your head on your right arm. (Fig. 2.) Then place your left hand on the front of your left thigh and at the same time give a strong push with your left foot. That will carry you away from the pier; bring your legs together, extend them and ride on the force of the push as long as possible, with your body extended from the right finger tips to the toes of both feet. (Fig. 3.)

"That is the side push-off, which is the preliminary exercise; when you have mastered it, you will be ready to learn the side stroke itself. First practise the arm stroke alone. Starting from the last position of the side push-off, force the right arm downward through the water and toward your feet. At the same time bend the left elbow, bring the left hand up to meet the right hand at the chest, and bend the right elbow. Do all that on count 1.

"On count 2 force your left arm downward vigorously, place the left hand on the front of the left

thigh, and stretch the right arm overhead. Rest on count 3 and ride on the stroke.

"When you have learned the arm stroke, practise the leg motion. Lie on your right side and grasp the pier with your right hand. On count 1 double your knees to your chest, keeping the legs together. On count 2 stretch the right leg forward and the left leg backward. Keep the legs near the surface of the water; then, with a strong movement, bring them together. Rest on count 3, lying on your right side, and with your body outstretched from your right fingers to your toes.

"When you can execute the arm and the leg stroke separately without making a mistake, combine the movements. Remember that the first counts of both the arm and the leg stroke are executed simultaneously, as are counts 2 and 3. On count 1 it is the arm motion that propels the body forward, and on count 2 it is the movement of the legs, together with that of the left arm. Count 3 is clear gain in advance, since no additional effort is necessary, and you simply go forward on the strength of the two previous movements.

### The Breast Stroke

"The breast stroke is so easy that most persons use it largely as a rest stroke, to relax their muscles after they have been swimming on the back or on the side, or when they have been using one of the more complicated strokes that are taken in the prone position.

"As in learning the other strokes, you must perfect yourself in a preliminary exercise before you attempt to execute the breast stroke itself. Stand with your back toward the pier and extend your arms straight before you on the surface of the water, with the palms turned down, the thumbs linked together, and the fingers held straight and slanted upward. (Fig. 1.) Next take a deep breath, dip your face under the water, brace one foot against the pier, and push off with that foot. (Fig. 2.) Then bring your heels together, stretch your body from fingers to toes, and ride as far as you can on the force of the push. (Fig. 3.) That exercise is known as the face-push-off.

"Learn to do that exercise without making a mistake; then practise the arm stroke alone. Begin from the face-push-off position. On count 1 swing your arms sidewise; on count 2 bring your hands to your armpits; and on count 3 stretch your arms straight



Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

THE FACE-PUSH-OFF

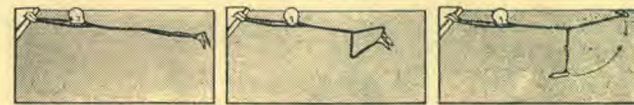


Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

ARM STROKE



Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

LEG STROKE



Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

ARM AND LEG STROKES COMBINED



forward. Hold that position on count 4 and ride on the stroke.

"When you have perfectly learned the arm movements, practise the leg stroke alone. On count 1 face the pier, grasp it with your arms held straight, and stretch out your legs behind you. Bend your knees outward on count 2; on count 3 stretch your legs sidewise, then bring them together with a vigorous movement. Your body should now be stretched from toes to fingers. Hold that position on count 4.

"Now combine the arm and the leg movements. On count 1 the arms force the body forward; count 2 is an easy preparatory movement; on count 3 the legs propel you forward; and on count 4 you simply rest and ride forward.

"The legs should do most of the work in swimming, for they carry the big muscles that are best able to take hard exercise. The breast stroke calls for that position of the body in which it is easiest for the legs to make those vigorous movements.

"Remember, when you swim, to vary your stroke occasionally, so that you can rest the special set of muscles that you use in executing each stroke. For example, if you have been swimming for some time on your side, change for a while to the back stroke or to the breast stroke. In that way you will help your body to grow symmetrically and you will swim the greatest distance with the least waste of energy."

## Nature and Science

### Autumn

WHEN September sun is smiling  
On the fading leaves of green,  
With a hazy tint beguiling,  
Like the angel of our dream;

When the fading leaves grow golden  
And the ivy leaf turns red,  
Then young Autumn is embolden  
On her sister's heels to tread.

When the sunbeams bathe with splendor  
All the mountain peaks and hills,  
And with rose tint soft and tender  
All the dewdrops and the rills;

Then a hazy glow of brightness  
Seems to rise and intervene,  
Like a passing smile of sweetness  
Long to linger o'er the scene

It dispels all thoughts of sadness,  
It transcends all thought of fame,  
It awakes a song of gladness  
That will bring a sweet refrain.

It is God who is bestowing  
All that Autumn has to give,  
For his love is constant flowing  
Unto us that we may live.

N. E. MYERS.

### Facts in Comparative Anatomy — No. 3

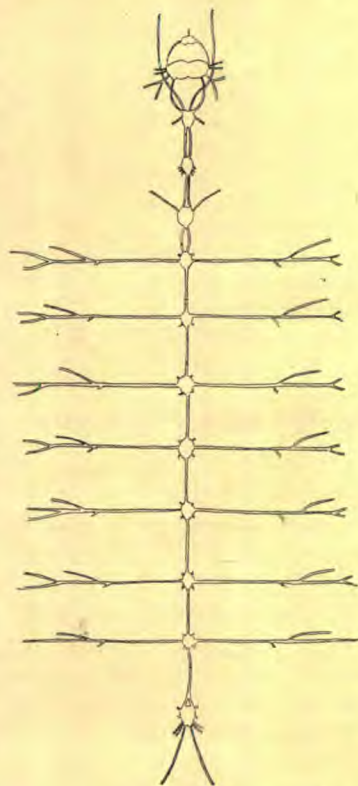
#### The Nervous System of the Sphinx Larva

**E**VEN though you have never become acquainted with the beautiful sphinx moth, with its wonderful markings, you have, I know, seen the great green larva from which it comes. Commonly we call it "the green tomato worm."

Last summer while doing research work at the Pomona College Biological Station at Laguna, California, I found one of these "worms" on a milkweed, and made a dissection of its nervous system. Perhaps it never occurred to you that such creatures as worms, spiders, flies, oysters, and fleas have nerv-

ous systems; but they do, and most wonderful ones too. The patterns formed by these nervous systems are as beautiful as those from which are made the finest filigree work of Italian jewelers.

You may be sure it is no small task to work out under a microscope such a delicate system. So greatly were the parts magnified that my tools, as small as needles, appeared quite like crowbars as I worked. Two solid days of dissection were required, and then I realized that only the coarser parts of the nervous system were laid bare. Believing that you will be interested to see what I found, I have made a drawing of it.



of the body. Such a nervous system is said to be of the "ladder" type. Compare this with the nervous system of the starfish.

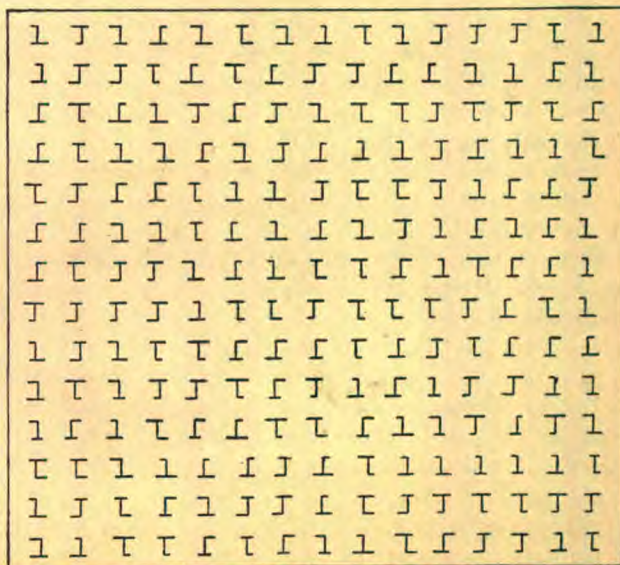
EDMUND C. JAEGER.

### Test Your Mentality

**A**RE you as bright as the average man or woman, or are you above the average? The following tests suggested by the *American Magazine* will help you to answer these questions:

#### First Test

Notice the little arms at top and bottom of the figures in the accompanying diagram. These vary in length and direction. Select one figure near the beginning, and cross out in one minute as many





figures like this one as you can. The average adult will mark six figures in one minute.

#### Second Test

Let some one read to you the accompanying list of words at the rate of one a second. After this one reading, write down as many as you can remember. The average adult will remember seven words.

Park, book, coat, hand, smoke, duck, gold, wolf, ice, map.

#### Third Test

Take a pencil and tap as rapidly as you can for thirty seconds on a sheet of paper. The average adult man will make 190 dots, and a woman 170.

#### Fourth Test

Write as many words as you can in five minutes from the six letters a, i, u, d, l, m. No other letter can be used, and none of these can be repeated in the same word. The average adult can make fifteen words in five minutes.

### Some "Nevers" for Missionary Volunteers

**N**EVER come late to Missionary Volunteer meeting if you can possibly be on time. Some people are almost always on time, others are almost always late,—all because they have formed different habits.

Never fail to enter the house of God reverently, praying for a blessing as you come in. Remember the Master keeps the hours of your meetings in mind, and attends them to mete out to you just the blessing that you need. Never go home without it.

Never forget that the front seats in the church are to sit in, not to look at. They are not reserved. If one is vacant, that is a call for you to volunteer to occupy it. Join the front-seat brigade.

Never whisper during the meeting unless it is absolutely necessary to do so. If what you have to say is better than what is said from the rostrum, say it aloud. But remember you will help the speakers greatly by just listening attentively.

Never fail to take part in the service. Sing, pray, speak, as you have opportunity.

Never forget that prayer changes things. So pray for those taking part in the program; pray that they may deliver the Master's message in his own way, and pray that all may receive the blessing they most need during the meeting.

Never fail to give something for missions. And do not express your interest in missions with a nickel unless a nickel really expresses your interest in them.

Never fail to have something to report. Do something for the Master each week. Let your daily motto be, "Help Somebody Today."

Never stand in the aisles to visit. The aisles are for walking in, not for talking in.

Never cause others to forget the good things said, by telling them a bit of thrilling gossip in the vestibule after the service.

Never forget to be cordial to the stranger and the lonely Missionary Volunteer. Have a hearty handshake for every one.

Never forget that you are a Missionary Volunteer. Be it in the meeting. Remember being a Missionary Volunteer pledges one to follow closely in the footsteps of the ideal Missionary Volunteer who purchased our redemption upon Calvary. M. E. A.

"THE steadfast soul wins its way upward, little by little, to the heights of life."

### The Christian's Yardstick

**G**OD so loved the world that he gave—" So often we look to the glorious promise of everlasting life set forth in the last part of the verse, and slight God's part, the great love that gave. What was the gift? Our human hearts are unable to comprehend it. All heaven was emptied in the gift of Christ. God gave himself in his Son. "All that the divine Father held dear he gave that we might live." Words could not express such love. Jesus' life alone could bring the light of God's love to our blunted senses.

The love that gave all, permeated every hour of Jesus' life here on earth. "All things Christ received from God, but he took to give." "From his earliest years he was possessed of one purpose; he lived to bless others." The crowning gift of that wondrous love was made on Calvary. Again our human hearts are awed before such a sacrifice.

It was that love which he longed to see implanted in the hearts of the disciples. "This is my commandment," says the Master, "That ye love one another, as I have loved you." What a commission! To love our fellow men with a love that sweeps ourselves, our all, into their service. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Sacrifice is but an expression of love. The more completely God's love rules the heart, the more unconsciously will the life be spent.

Dear young people, let us test the love within our hearts by our gifts. Do we enjoy giving? Are we spending for others not only the means God has intrusted, but ourselves, our time, and energy, because we are prompted by that divine love which takes possession of the heart yielded to him?

God can use such gifts however small they may be. The two mites of the widow who "cast in all that she had" accomplished incomparably more than the rich gifts of the proud Pharisees around her. The little duties cheerfully done, the little gifts which make no show, and which to human eyes may appear worthless, often stand highest in his sight. A heart of faith and love is dearer to God than the most costly gift.

It is not the amount of our gifts, then, that we must use in this test. The spirit within our hearts will tell us whether we are true givers or not. Is it a triumphant privilege to turn back to God a tenth of what he lends? Do we glory in giving ourselves and our means to the furtherance of the gospel?

On a certain country farm a dear old lady is quietly passing the evening of her life. Necessities of life and tender care are hers, luxuries she refuses. "I guess I don't need it," she says, as she is urged to indulge some whim. "The missionaries need it more than I do." And every penny that comes into her hands goes into a purse, there to await sufficient increase for sending on. Her beaming face attests her heart's joy as she empties it to send its contents on their mission. One look into that beautiful, calm face should prove to any young person that the fruits of a love that gives are worth while even in this life.

Dear friends, let us measure God's love in our hearts, then. Let us be honest with ourselves. But let us also remember that God who implants that love there can water the seed until it fills our entire being, and we give ourselves completely for his service.

HARRIET HOLT.



## "He's Coming Tomorrow!"

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

[The following article was written years ago by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was printed in the *INSTRUCTOR* of Sept. 5, 1911, and appears again by special request.]

**M**Y soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Is it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire, is it almost over? Is the day at hand?

Again: "Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Coming!—the Son of man really coming into this world again, with power and great glory?

Will this really ever happen? Will this solid, commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash, and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see him coming?

So our minister preached, in a solemn sermon; and for moments at times I felt a thrill of reality. But, as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbor, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of the bank directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife, as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennyman. "So absurd," she said, "when her income cannot be half what ours is! and I never think of sending to Paris for my things. I should look on it as morally wrong."

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon! so solemn! I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses! My dear, by the way, *don't* forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then in the church, and that was *so* wrong of me!"

"My dear," I said, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our lives were unreal. We go to church, and the things we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, if we are looking for *that* coming, we ought to feel and live differently from what we do. Do we really believe what we hear in church? or is it a dream?"

"I do not believe," said my wife earnestly,—she is a good woman, my wife,—*yes*, I *do* believe, but it is just as you say. O dear! I feel as if I am very worldly. I have so many things to think of;" and she sighed.

So did I; for I knew that I, too, was very worldly. After a pause, I said, "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas, and that it should be authoritatively announced that he would be here tomorrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, legislators, and chief councilors in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the city council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Perhaps," said I, "he would refuse all offers of the rich and great. Perhaps our fashionable churches would plead for his presence in vain; he would not be in palaces."

"O," said my wife, earnestly, "if I thought that our money separates us from him, I would give it all—yes, *all*—might I only see him." She spoke from the bottom of her heart, and for a moment her face was glorified.

"You *will* see him some day," said I; "and the money that we are willing to give up at a word from him will not keep him from us."

That evening the thoughts of the waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream. I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of *something* just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices. There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stood at the corners of the streets, and discussed an impending something with suppressed voices.

I heard one say, "*Really* coming? What! tomorrow?" And the others said, "Yes, tomorrow. On Christmas Day he will be here."

It was night. The stars were glittering down with a keen and frosty light; the shops glistened in their Christmas array; but the same sense of hushed expectancy prevailed everywhere. There seemed to be nothing doing, and each person looked wistfully upon his neighbor, as if to say, "Have you heard?"

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphorous radiance of light, purer than any on earth,—a light of a quality so different from that of the street lamps that my celestial attendant seemed to move in a sphere alone.

Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said: "Tell me, is it really true? Is Christ coming?"

"*He is*," said the angel. "Tomorrow he will be here!"

"What joy!" I cried.

"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror! Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlor of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On the sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *virtu*—everything that money could buy—were heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed to me to have been neither elevated nor refined by the confluence of all these treasures. He seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow, and spoke:

"I don't know, wife, how *you* feel; but *I* don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything *I* know anything about."

"O John!" said the woman, turning toward him with a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so!"

"Why, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish he would put it off! What does he want of me? I'd be will-



ing to make over—well, three millions to found a hospital, if he'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions—to buy off from tomorrow."

"Is he not our best friend?"

"Best friend!" said the man, with a look half fright, half anger. "Mary, you don't know what you are talking about. You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I *hate* them."

She cast on him a look of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers; "here is what stands for millions. Tonight it is mine, and tomorrow it will be all so much waste paper; and then what have I left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half, yes, *the whole*, not to have him come these hundred years." She stretched out her hand toward him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see?" said the angel to me solemnly. "Tomorrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun; and he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him—not because Christ hates *him*, but because *he* hates Christ."

Again the scene changed. We stood together in a little low attic, lighted by one small lamp. How poor it was!—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner, where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things! the air was so frosty that their breaths congealed upon the bedclothes, as they talked in soft, baby voices. "When mother comes, she will bring us some supper," said they. "But I'm so cold," said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she came in, if that man would pay her." "What a bad man he is!" said the oldest boy; "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages.

She laid all down, and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! Joy, children! O, joy, joy! Christ is coming! He will be here tomorrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms went around the mother's neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus. He had been their mother's only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not he was coming.

"O mother, will he take us? He will, won't he?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said, softly, smiling to herself; "he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

Suddenly, again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present. We stood in a lonely room, where a woman was sitting with her head bowed forward upon her hands. Alone, forsaken, slandered, she was broken in spirit. Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There had been a babble of accusations, and a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, and few to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke, "'Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity.' I am a monster unto many; but thou art my strong refuge."

In a moment the angel touched her. "My sister," he said, "be of good cheer; Christ will be here *tomorrow*."

She started up, with her hands clasped, her eyes

bright, her whole form dilated as she seemed to look into the heavens, and said, with rapture:

"Come, Lord, and judge me; for thou knowest me altogether. Come, Son of man; in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded. O, for the judgment seat of Christ!"

Again, I stood in a brilliant room, full of luxuries. Three or four fair women were standing pensively talking with one another. Their apartment was strewn with jewelry, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one, with a suppressed sigh. "What troubles me is, I know so little about it."

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop to everything. Of what use will all these things be tomorrow?"

There was a poor seamstress present, who now spoke. "We shall be ever with the Lord," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life."

"It is enough *to be with him*," said the poor woman. "O, I have so longed for it!"

#### A Bird's Question

OH, what would you do, little boy, little boy,  
If you were a bird like me,  
And had built your nest—such a dear little nest—  
In the top of the highest tree;  
And if, when that dear little nest was done,  
A boy just as big as you  
Would climb the tree, and would rob the nest—  
Say, little boy, what would you do?  
Don't you think you'd sigh  
And moan and cry  
For that dear little nest that was hung so high—  
That rocked and swung 'neath the summer sky?

—Florence Jones Hadley.

## Information Bureau

**Why is the city of Hague, Holland, when referred to, always called "The Hague"?**

The Dutch name for *The Hague* is 'S Gravenhaag, which means "the counts' grove or wood." This name the Dutch themselves have corrupted to *Den Haag*, The Hague, which owes its origin to having been a hunting seat of the counts of Holland.

**Are the words "sensual" and "sensuous" synonymous? Has not "sensuous" come to have a less derogatory meaning than "sensual"?**

These words are not synonymous. *Sensuous* relates to spiritual feelings and senses, and is used in a higher and purer sense than *sensual*, which relates to animal passions, and pertains to the body, and is, therefore, carnal and fleshly.

**What is condensed milk?**

Milk contains about 87 per cent of water. Condensed milk is milk from which a large proportion of the water has been evaporated, and which is preserved either by the addition of sugar or by strong heating. If all water were removed from milk, about 37 per cent of the remaining constituents would be lactose, or sugar. Hence condensed milk must contain much sugar, even though no cane sugar has been added.





FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, Sept. 29, 1920.

DORIS DEAR: I am timing this letter to reach you night after the Sabbath. Your hoping that I would, shows that you are falling into school ways. Aren't you beginning to feel quite at home? If you were to leave school today, you'd miss some of the new things you're growing accustomed to and some of the friends you are learning to know. When you have been there a year, you will find that Oakdale has too large a place in your heart ever to be forgotten; and while the memory lasts the good influence will abide.

I was glad you wrote so much about the prayer bands. It was thoughtful of you to tell who the leaders are. Most of them I know. Aren't they a splendid group of young people? They are getting the experience that will make them leaders of men when their school days are over. But it isn't being appointed to have charge of a prayer band that makes a leader. That lies wholly in oneself and one's attitude toward God. Every one of us either leads or is led. A leader not only keeps rigidly to the straight way himself, but he has so great a love for others and so strong a desire to take them with him, that he can't help showing it and they can't help feeling it, and so they follow after. Have you faith to look into the future and see Gladys leading a prayer band? When you sit in Elsie's band, just remember that when Elsie Reed came to Oakdale two years ago she was exactly the kind of girl you describe Gladys to be. And the Elsie you know now is a direct result of the prayer band work—the tangible evidence of answered prayer.

Perhaps you can get Gladys to go for a walk on Sabbath. That will give you an opportunity to have a long heart-to-heart talk with her alone. If the first time you are not so successful in drawing her out as you wish, try again and keep on trying till you are. Encourage her to talk of her parents, her home, and her former associates. Ask about the school she attended before she came to Oakdale. Don't be discouraged if she makes unfavorable comparisons. She doesn't mean all that she says. Try to get her motive for going to an Adventist academy. She tells you now that her parents sent her, but don't ever believe that that is the only reason. It sometimes happens that a girl goes to one of our schools to escape home restrictions and to have a good time. Even with such a motive there is reason to hope that the good influence of the school will result in her conversion. If it does not, she will become

weary of the restraint and leave. But in almost every case the girl comes to school because of a worthy motive. It may be to please her parents (there is hope for that kind of girl), but usually there is something deeper yet—a longing, even if unexpressed, for something in her life better than she has known. There is something better in the heart of wayward Gladys than appears on the surface. Tell God your plans for her, and he will help you carry them out and will show you new ways of befriending her.

Be sure to try this plan of a Sabbath walk. My experience has been that we are more likely to "maintain conversation on a high level" when we go for a quiet walk like that than when a crowd of young people go together. At school our week days are so full that we need to withdraw from the "press and throng" for part of our Sabbath day, to make a general survey of the course we have taken through the week and compare it with the plan God laid for us, that we may see how to make the next week better. You see, little bookkeeper, we "check up" at the close of the day, at the close of the week, at the close of the quarter, and at the close of the year. Then, when we come to the close of our earthly life and our record is checked up for the last time, if the books balance, the Great Auditor will say to us, "Well done."

My most earnest prayers are for you.

AUNT GUSSIE.

#### Be the Best of Whatever You Are

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are.

—Cheer.

SUFFERING becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle.

"THE things that count are the things that last."



### Shopping for Ethel

AS Mrs. Howard Cordes came into the sitting-room and sank wearily on the couch, the judge looked up from his book. "Been shopping?" he asked, regarding her quizzically.

"Yes."

"For Ethel?"

"Yes, I had a letter from her today."

The judge gave a wry smile. "What did she want this time, a fur coat or a refrigerator—which is the more unseasonable?"

"Neither. It was only a yard of silk to match the dress I bought for her last week. It wouldn't have taken an hour's time—if—well, I had to go out to Bertha's. She had bought a dress from the same piece, and I couldn't quite remember just which shade Ethel's dress was."

"Didn't she send a sample?"

"Her letter said she would stop at the dressmaker's and get one, but I suppose she forgot."

Judge Cordes laughed.

"What a loyal little sister-in-law you are!"

"Who wouldn't be loyal to such a dear girl as Ethel? And teaching in that little mountain town—she can't buy things there. She knows that I have plenty of time and that I'm right in town. Of course I love to do things for her."

"Well, run along and change those damp clothes, and let's have dinner. You'll need sustenance for the morrow's shopping—I suppose there'll be shopping tomorrow?"

He must soon have forgotten that ironical suggestion, for at dinner he said, "If I can get away from the office tomorrow, Nancy, how would you like to run out to the farm and begin laying out your formal garden?" The judge and his wife regarded their little farm as home. The city apartment was merely a place in which to pass the winter.

Mrs. Cordes did not meet her husband's eye as she replied with animation:

"I could go Friday, beautifully."

"Friday I shall be busy. What's the matter with tomorrow?"

"I—well—I have some errands. You see—"

The judge smiled. "Yes, I see—Ethel."

Nancy rose at once to the defense.

"This is really a very special occasion, Howard. The people in Bumpstead have been so lovely to Ethel, and she has never been able to return any of their hospitality until this year. There are some charming people there—mine owners, engineering experts, railway and bridge builders, and their families. Now that the four teachers have taken the cottage together, they can do a little entertaining, and Ethel naturally wants their first party to be successful. It's Thursday night."

"What has Ethel asked you to do?"

"She hasn't asked me to do anything except to order a few things for her, but I've offered to make the sandwiches."

"Did she specify the kind she wanted?"

"Oh, she said she liked several kinds that I made the summer she was here. They can't get the ingredients in Bumpstead. I'm going to select the cakes and the bonbons, and Rainsford's will send some individual ice-cream molds. They say they often ship farther than that."

Judge Cordes came home the next evening at six o'clock to find his wife flushed and disheveled.

"I'm not quite done with Ethel's sandwiches, Howard," she explained hurriedly. "I'll finish them right after dinner. You won't mind walking down to the express office with me, will you, dear? I can get them off on the nine o'clock train, and then Ethel will be sure to get them before tomorrow afternoon."

Mrs. Cordes ate a hurried meal and excused herself before dessert. She disappeared into the kitchen, whence she emerged later, more flushed and disheveled than before. She hurried to her room to dress and almost ran with her husband to the express office. When she had safely disposed of her packages, her tension relaxed, and on their way home she amused her husband with a hilarious account of her adventures during the day.

"Ethel wanted me to be sure to send *fresh* cake, today's baking," Mrs. Cordes said. "I went down to Langmead's early, but they did not have any of the little sponge cakes that Ethel especially wanted. They told me that a woman out in the East End made the cakes only when there were orders for them. They gave me her address, and I took the car right out there; but the conductor let me off at the wrong corner, and I was a long time finding her."

"After that I had to persuade her to make the cakes. I took off my hat and gloves and helped her, and it wasn't long before we had eight dozen baked. We packed them in a box, and they were so light that I decided to send them by mail instead of express; but you see we took them right out of the oven. In the car my lap kept getting warmer and warmer. I had wrapped up some cream cheese and put it into the box with the cakes, and I imagined that the people in the car were sniffing suspiciously. As I couldn't stand that, I got off the car. I was afraid that the post office wouldn't take the package—it was fairly steaming by that time. I didn't know what to do."

"I might have been there on that corner yet if your sister Bertha hadn't come by in her machine and rescued me. For once I was glad your sister Bertha has no sense of humor; she didn't even laugh. We drove to her house, spread the cakes out to cool and put the cheese in the refrigerator to harden. She made me stay to lunch; afterward we repacked the things; I took them to the post office, and then went back to Langmead's and bought the bread for the sandwiches. And I've been making sandwiches ever since. I do hope they'll reach Ethel in good condition."

When the judge and his wife reached their apartment house, they found a messenger boy waiting in the doorway with a telegram. It was for Mrs. Cordes. She opened it, read it twice, then silently handed it to her husband. He also read it in silence. It was as follows:

"Party postponed. Cancel all orders. Duplicate them next week.  
ETHEL."

"And everything's on the nine-o'clock train!" Mrs. Cordes exclaimed. "Ethel said she never had enough of my pimiento sandwiches. I hope when she's eaten the twelve dozen she'll be satisfied."

On Tuesday Ethel's letter came:

"I'm awfully sorry my telegram didn't reach you in time. I never want to see a pimiento sandwich or a sponge cake again. We had to 'save them.' Fortunately for my bank account, the ice cream wasn't put off at the Junction; there was an accident up the road—nobody was hurt, but the express car was demolished, so the express company is responsible. You are a dear to go to all the trouble, but I



know you'll do it for me again. We had to postpone the party because several people we especially wanted were going to be away, and this week there are to be several distinguished guests in town. I'm sure our little affair will be quite brilliant. Be sure to get the things here in time.

"Yours gratefully,  
ETHEL."

"Does she mention the date of the party?" Judge Cordes asked.

"No, but I took it for granted it was Thursday."

"It's wiser not to take Ethel's dates for granted, isn't it?"

"It is. I'll telegraph this morning."

At noon the reply came:

"Party tomorrow night. Don't fail me, I beseech you."

Mrs. Cordes canceled a luncheon engagement, sent her symphony tickets to Bertha, made a frantic trip to the "sponge cake woman," telephoned to Langmead's and Rainsford's, and once more made sandwiches with lightning rapidity. Once more she ate a hasty dinner, once more hurried her husband to the express office and returned weary in body but satisfied in mind. It was ten days before Ethel wrote again, and then instead of the enthusiastic account of a brilliant party, to which Mrs. Cordes had been looking forward, it was a note of perfunctory thanks.

"The girls were very much obliged. I came down with one of my sick headaches the day of the party—worrying for fear the things wouldn't come. They had a good time without me, I guess. I am sending back by express the oil student lamp you were kind enough to buy some time ago for my friend Mrs. Haynes. I supposed of course you knew that the sawmill supplied us with power for electric lights, even if we are in the mountains. Mrs. Haynes was so disappointed not to have it lighted for her husband's birthday. There is no hurry about it now; perhaps you can pick up an electric droplight at a sale at your convenience."

Judge Cordes remembered the severe cold that had kept his wife in bed on her birthday, a cold caught on the windy, rainy day on which she had tramped from store to store to find a lamp that should meet all the requirements of Ethel's special delivery letter. He pondered that and many other things on his way to his office. Before he called in his stenographer, he sat down at his desk and wrote the following epistle:

"DEAR SISTER ETHEL: Day after tomorrow is my law partner's mother-in-law's cousin's birthday. She was born in the mountains and has a hankering for a sight of the trailing arbutus and a taste of real maple sirup and the feel of a rag rug under her feet by day and a woven coverlid by night. Will you get these articles for me at once, please? Pack the arbutus in damp paper, the maple sirup cans in sawdust; the rug must have only purple, orange, and green rags in it, and the coverlid must be of the rising-sun pattern in blue and yellow. Be sure to get them all on the night train tomorrow, *without fail*.

"Yours to command,  
HOWARD."

"P.S. I'm sure the old lady would appreciate it if you could send a real corncob pipe and some meal ground between stones in the old-fashioned way. You'll probably enjoy a drive out into the country at this time of the year."

"H."

Twenty-four hours later Ethel Cordes stared stupidly at her brother's letter.

"Has Howard lost his mind?" she asked herself.

"It will take hours to find enough arbutus to make it worth while to send it. And the other things—how in the world will I ever find a rag rug of purple, orange, and green, and a rising-sun coverlid of blue and yellow? Isn't that just like a man? The letter is written on Howard's office stationery. Nancy would have known better—Nancy—"

Ethel stopped short in her meditations and a glimmer of understanding crept into her face.

Later in the day Ethel received a telegram:

"Partner's mother-in-law's cousin deceased. Cancel orders.  
HOWARD."

Nevertheless, Ethel did drive out into the country that day, and that evening she expressed a large can of delicious maple sirup and a small box of arbutus to Mrs. Howard Cordes. With them she sent a card bearing the inscription:

"To the victims belongs a share of the spoils."

At his office the next morning Judge Cordes received the following note:

"Blessed be big brothers! May I come down for my spring recess and visit you and Nancy, the hospitable, the self-effacing? I have some shopping to do—for the rest of the year—and perhaps Nancy will lunch downtown with me some day and let me have the benefit of her exquisite taste before I make my final decisions. I've ordered a rug and a coverlid for the farm for Christmas, but I've used my judgment in selecting colors and patterns.

"Your grateful small sister,  
ETHEL."

—Elizabeth Weir, in the *Youth's Companion*.

### Words

CHEERFUL words,  
Sweeter than the gentle twitter of the birds,  
Building in the old brown stable  
Nests, beneath the eaves and gable.  
Pleasant as an honeycomb are cheerful words.

Words of glee,  
Which the sound of laughter follows merrily;  
Like the crystal water calling  
O'er the stones, while flowing, falling,  
With a mischief-lurking sparkle good to see.

Hand and glove  
Fit less closely than the heart to words of love.  
They are seeds whose resurrection  
Brings the blossoms of affection,  
Which the angels watch and water from above.

Words of prayer—  
How their solemn meaning rises on the air!  
Like the perfume from a garden  
Is the tender plea for pardon  
To our God, who hears his children everywhere.

Words of song  
Fill the breast with happy heartbeats all day long.  
Words themselves would fail in telling  
Of the power within them dwelling,  
To advance the right, and make the weak cause strong.

Then beware,  
Lest the careless words you speak become a snare.  
Unkind words are weeds upspringing,  
Sure and hateful harvest bringing,  
Hurting soil that pure seed might have made most fair.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

### Heaven's Sunshine

RAYS of sunshine pierced my pillow,  
Filling all my room with light,  
Driving darkness and all shadow  
Far away where dwells the night.

As I felt the rays upon me,  
Being warmed by their embrace,  
Sorrow, sadness, and all malice  
Left my heart in one mad race.

Hurrying, scurrying, on they tumbled,  
Whither knew I not, nor cared;  
'Twas enough to have the sunshine—  
E'en the rich no better fared.

'Neath my window bloomed the roses,  
Colored in the daintiest hue,  
Opening up their velvet petals,  
Drinking sunshine and the dew.

In the tree out by the garden  
Robins sang their old sweet song—  
Carols to the little robins  
Which would leave the nest erelong.



Morning breezes, coming softly  
From the meadow down the lane,  
Caught the fragrance from the roses  
Blooming 'neath my open pane;

Caught the robin's morning carol,  
Blended it with perfume rare—  
Gifts of summer freely offered  
To dispel our grief and care;

Freighted with this precious burden,  
Seeking out some needy goal,  
Entered through my open window,  
Bringing gladness to my soul;

Passing through another window  
Out upon the new-mown lawn,  
Leaving room for other breezes  
Bearing perfume and sweet song.

Rose's fragrance, robin's carols,  
Beams of sunlight, morning air,  
Entering through my open window,  
Filled my soul with richness rare.

As I reveled in these beauties,  
Suddenly my shutter dropped,  
Locked itself with force of falling,  
And the avenue was stopped.

All the sunbeams faded quickly,  
Ceased the fragrance and the song,  
Stilled the air, back came the shadows,  
Bringing care and thoughts of wrong.

As I rose to lift the shutter,  
I was able to discern  
The deep meaning of the lesson  
Which the Lord would have me learn.

Darkness, sorrow, and ill feelings  
Are within the heart of man,  
Finding there a natural dwelling  
Since the reign of sin began.

We are helpless—at their bidding—  
'Til we open wide our heart  
Toward the sunshine of God's mercy,  
And he says to them, "Depart!"

Then into our souls will enter  
Beams of light, dispelling gloom;  
Gentle breezes, bearing softly  
Heavenly music, sweet perfume.

But perchance we close our heart door,  
Planning thus, with selfish thought,  
To retain this gift of heaven—  
Christ's own gift so dearly bought.

It has cast out fear and doubting,  
Sorrow, sadness, and all care;  
It has made us love our neighbor,  
It has driven out despair;

Let us seize this happy fortune,  
Lock it close within our heart,  
Close the door and bar the window  
That it never may depart.

Thus our selfish hearts may reason,  
But it is deceptive thought,  
For the gifts of heaven must ever  
From without ourselves be sought.

When the heart door thus is fastened,  
Heaven's gifts are not retained;  
Darkness, sorrow, and strong hatred  
Then return where once they reigned.

Let us then keep wide our heart door,  
Passing happiness along  
To the others on beyond us;  
It will fill our hearts with song.

MRS. W. T. HILGERT.

The world's longest continuous automobile scenic highway, covering 4,500 miles, connecting eleven national parks, and traversing nine Western States, was dedicated at Denver, Colorado, last month. Stephen T. Mather, director of the National Park Service, and officials of the National Park-to-Park Highway Association officiated.

The French government is transforming a number of munitions factories into industrial plants. In Toulouse a big powder plant is being adapted to the manufacture of phosphate, fertilizer, and ammonia through the extraction of nitrates from powder. Only a few munitions buildings of small capacity will be held in case of emergency. These will be devoted mainly to the manufacture of guncotton.

## Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for October 23

SENIOR: "Court Week in Heaven."

JUNIOR: "Getting Ready to Meet Jesus."

He is truly coming soon! Before long you and I shall see that small cloud in the heavens. Seventy-six important, solemn years have passed. The judgment work is nearing completion. Then, how necessary that each Missionary Volunteer be ready!

## Our Counsel Corner

*Will you not give suggestions a secretary might follow in an effort to get every one to report?*

See "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work," pp. 319-322; also pp. 121-125.

*What is the age limit in our Missionary Volunteer Society membership?* M. L.

You have asked a question which from one angle is complex, but from another very simple. Some churches have solved it beautifully, but in a few it is still a much mooted question. Yet why should we let it concern us overmuch? There came a time in the wanderings of Israel when the Lord said, "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough." And do you not feel that in our Missionary Volunteer sojourn it is time we move away from this problem to give our strength to more vital ones?

After all, will a definite majority age limit settle this question in the safest way? Other young people's organizations have tried a definite age limit in their society membership, but found it a case of the "cure being worse than the disease," if the one be a cure and the other a disease. Our Missionary Volunteer organization is for the young people; and so far as observation and reports go, it seems best to leave it for individuals near the line that separates young and old to decide for themselves on which side they belong. Persons gravitate one way or the other, depending largely on their associates. For instance, you and I think Sister Brown young enough to belong to the Missionary Volunteer Society. But most of her associates belong to the home missionary society, and she prefers to work there. On the other hand, here is Brother Smith, as old as many who are in the home missionary society, still he mingles most freely with the young people, and as he is still young in both years and heart, he is keeping his membership in the Missionary Volunteer Society longer than some others. Against such personal liberty there is no law. M. E. A.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IV — Creation Not Now Going On

(October 23)

##### Our Obligation to Worship

1. In the time of the judgment whom are the people of all the world called upon to worship? Rev. 14: 7.
2. Why is such a call necessary? Note 1.
3. Why are we under obligation to worship Jehovah? Ps. 100: 3; Isa. 64: 8.

##### The Sabbath a Memorial of a Finished Creation

4. In what way are we constantly reminded of our duty in this respect? Ex. 31: 13, 16, 17; Eze. 20: 20.
5. What shows that the work of creation was completed before the Sabbath was made? Gen. 2: 3; Ex. 20: 8-11. Note 2.
6. What other scripture shows that the creation of this world is a completed work, not something still going on? Heb. 4: 3, 10.



**The Lord's Present Relationship to His Created Works**

7. What relationship does God now have to this universe? Heb. 1:3; Col. 1:17; Isa. 40:26.

8. What did Jesus teach regarding this subject? John 5:17. Note 3.

9. How else does the Bible express God's continued, active presence in upholding the things he has made? Neh. 9:6; Ps. 104:27, 28. Note 4.

**Lack of Knowledge Makes Scoffers**

10. What will scoffers say in the last days to deny the second coming of Christ? 2 Peter 3:4.

11. What great fact do these scoffers overlook? Verses 5, 6.

12. Unless these scoffers receive the gospel, what will be their end? Matt. 24:38, 39.

13. What exhortation is given to believers in the last days? Luke 21:34-36.

**Notes**

1. The doctrine of evolution denies the teaching of the first chapter of Genesis, which tells of the power of God in bringing all things into existence. This has led many into false views of creation, and therefore into failure to worship God as the creator of heaven and earth. Evolution is being taught in one form or another in the larger part of the institutions of learning throughout the world. Surely it is necessary in a time like this for God to bid his faithful people give a message that will call the world to worship him who made all things, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

2. The Sabbath was God's rest from the work which he had finished during the six previous days. This day of rest was a day of twenty-four hours, and was to commemorate the work of the Creator during the six previous days of twenty-four hours each. Thus the Sabbath is a memorial of a definite work done during a definite time, which is denied by the teaching of evolution.

3. Many teach that in the creation, vital power was given to all created things, which were then left to develop in different ways according to their own laws, and that God himself cannot change this order. This is false science, and is not upheld by the word of God. Nature is the servant of her Creator. God does not annul his laws, nor work contrary to them, but continually uses them as his instruments. There is in nature the continual working of the Father and the Son. Christ says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

4. "It is not because the mechanism that has once been set in motion continues to act by its own inherent energy, that the pulse beats, and breath follows breath; but every breath, every pulsation of the heart, is an evidence of the all-pervading care of him in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being.' It is not because of inherent power that year by year the earth produces her bounties, and continues her motion around the sun. The hand of God guides the planets, and keeps them in position in their orderly march through the heavens. . . . It is through his power that vegetation flourishes, that the leaves appear and the flowers bloom. . . . Every living creature, from the smallest insect up to man, is daily dependent upon his providential care."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 115.

**Intermediate Lesson****IV — Jesus Prays; Ten Lepers Cleansed**

(October 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 11:25-30; Luke 17:11-19.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Luke 10:21-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Luke 17:17.

LESSON HELP: "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, pp. 179, 180.

PLACE: Through Samaria and Galilee on the way to Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; ten lepers.

**Setting of the Lesson**

Jesus and his disciples are on their way to attend the feast at Jerusalem. The first part of the lesson is a continuation of the last lesson. Luke 10:1-20. The story of the ten lepers is one of the incidents of the journey.

"Ten lepers were cleansed, but only one  
Returned to give God glory;  
O, where are the nine, ungrateful nine?  
One only tells the story.

"Be not like the nine, be like the one,  
Ye who from Christ still tarry;  
There's pardon for you, O, come today!  
Christ will your burden carry."

**Questions**

1. After pronouncing woes upon the cities that had rejected him, for what did Jesus give thanks? Matt. 11:25. Note 1.

2. What things did the Father deliver unto his Son? How only may we come to know God? Verse 27.

3. How many are invited to come to Jesus? What will he give to all who come? Verse 28.

4. What does he ask us to take? What does he say of his yoke? Verses 29, 30. Note 2.

5. Continuing on his way to Jerusalem, through what countries did Jesus pass? Luke 17:11.

6. As he entered into a certain village, who met him? What did they ask? Verses 12, 13.

7. What did Jesus tell the lepers to do? As they went, what miracle was wrought? Verse 14. Note 3.

8. What did one of the lepers do when he saw that he was healed? What degree of earnestness did he show? Of what nationality was this man? Verses 15, 16. Note 4.

9. What questions did Jesus then ask? Verse 17.

10. What cheering words did Jesus speak to the Samaritan who returned and gave thanks? Verses 18, 19. Note 5.

**Topics for Thought and Discussion**

Who are meant by the "wise and prudent" in Matthew 11:25?

Who are meant by "babes"?

What words in this lesson have brought special comfort and blessing to all of God's people?

What blessings do we receive from the Lord of which we are likely to be unmindful?

What blessings do the evil receive alike with the good?

**Notes**

1. God does not refuse spiritual things to the so-called wise and prudent; but they think themselves so wise that they will not listen to him, and they close their ears and eyes to his word. It is only to the humble and to those who consider themselves babes in understanding that the Lord can impart his light and knowledge.

2. "The yoke is an instrument of service. Cattle are yoked for labor, and the yoke is essential that they may labor effectually. By this illustration, Christ teaches us that we are called to service as long as life shall last. We are to take upon us his yoke, that we may be coworkers with him."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 329.

"The yoke is placed upon the oxen to aid them in drawing the load, to lighten the burden. So with the yoke of Christ. When our will is swallowed up in the will of God, and we use his gifts to bless others, we shall find life's burden light. He who walks in the way of God's commandments is walking in company with Christ, and in his love the heart is at rest."—*Id.*, p. 331.

3. The old-time law required that the leper should be brought before the priest for examination, and if the priest should pronounce him "unclean," he must henceforth dwell alone, without the camp. A leper claiming to be healed would, of course, be subjected to the same examination.

These lepers might naturally have objected to starting to the priests until the miracle of healing had been experienced, but their faith led them to obey, and in the act of obeying, the blessing came.

4. "Here is a lesson for us all. These lepers were so corrupted by disease that they had been restricted from society lest they should contaminate others. Their limits had been prescribed by the authorities. Jesus comes within their sight, and in their great suffering they cry unto him who alone has power to relieve them. Jesus bids them show themselves to the priests. They have faith to start on their way, believing in the power of Christ to heal them. As they go on their way, they realize that the horrible disease has left them. But only one has feelings of gratitude, only one feels his deep indebtedness to Christ for this great work wrought for him. This one returns praising God, and in the greatest humiliation falls at the feet of Jesus, acknowledging with thankfulness the work wrought for him. And this man was a stranger; the other nine were Jews.

"For the sake of this one man, who would make a right use of the blessing of health, Jesus healed the whole ten. The nine passed on without appreciating the work done, and rendered no grateful thanks to Jesus for doing the work."—*"Testimonies for the Church,"* Vol. III, pp. 179, 180.

5. How many there are, who, like the lepers, receive blessings continually from the hand of the Lord, and yet fail to return and give thanks to him!

"If we would give more expression to our faith, rejoice more in the blessings that we know we have,—the great mercy and love of God,—we should have more faith and greater joy. No tongue can express, no finite mind can conceive, the blessing that results from appreciating the goodness and love of God."—*"The Ministry of Healing,"* pp. 252, 253.



# EDITORIAL

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## Good Salesmanship

**H**AVE you not patronized the Regal Shoe Company? The president of this company is Elmer J. Bliss, who owns three shoe factories and sixty stores, and his shoes are sold by more than sixteen hundred agencies. Mr. Bliss, in speaking of the qualifications of good salesmanship, says:

"To be effective, salesmanship must also be unobtrusive. Loud talking is the great American crime. No clerk in a retail store ought ever to raise his voice to call another employee; and conversation with a customer should be carried on in a tone just loud enough for him to hear distinctly. This makes a great difference in the general atmosphere of a store.

"I remember traveling one night on the boat train that was to catch the steamer from Harwich to the Hook of Holland. Only one person in our party had failed to engage a cabin. Travel was very heavy at that season, the steamer was small, and it looked as if the man minus a reservation would be out of luck.

"While this particular individual was giving voice to his fears, an Englishman turned to him and said:

"Let me suggest something to you: As soon as you board the ship, hunt up the purser and, in a low, quiet tone, ask him if he cannot make some arrangement for you. Your subdued voice will be in such sharp contrast to the way most of your countrymen talk that I think he will accommodate you."

"My fellow traveler took this advice, and was fixed up without difficulty. I have never forgotten this illustration of the truth that a calm, quiet statement will accomplish more than a hysterical harangue."

## The German Kaiser and Alfonso

**T**HE secret sympathies of Alfonso, king of Spain, during the war are said to have been with the Allies instead of with Germany, and it is claimed that it was a simple matter of discourtesy on the part of the German kaiser that placed them there.

The following description of the incident is given as coming from the king himself:

"When I was eighteen years old, the German emperor nominated me a colonel in one of his regiments—partly because such an honor was customary and partly because he knew it would embitter France.

"Soon after, the emperor arrived at Vitte, and I went to meet him in my new colonel's uniform. All the way down in the train I practised saluting German fashion, but when I saw the kaiser I was so overcome by embarrassment I forgot all I had practised, and advanced with outstretched hand, a smile of welcome on my face.

"The emperor withdrew, offended, and before his staff and mine proceeded to give me a lesson in etiquette, couched in the haughtiest and most severe terms. 'When one greets the emperor of the imperial German Empire,' he told me, 'one salutes! You should not have forgotten!'

"Needless to say, I shall never forget that incident as long as I live. The emperor deliberately humiliated me before my inferiors."

There was small occasion for the emperor's rebuke, and it is not strange that the prince did not quickly forget the hurt; for the young colonel's breach of military etiquette was far less grievous than the emperor's conduct, which trespassed upon both civil and military conventions.

Those possessed of fine sensibilities overlook accidental digressions from prescribed rules, and refrain from needlessly embarrassing or humiliating one before others.

The golden rule, "Do to others as you would have them do to you," is the principle upon which

all fundamental conventions of good form are based. Those whose lives conform to this rule pass down the stream of time scattering blessing and joy instead of irritation and hurts. This is worth while.

F. D. C.

## The Power of Personality

**C**OURAGE joined to affability—what wonderful assets these are for a man to possess! And how far they carry him! Potent at every stage of history, they have apparently lost none of their magic charm, even in this in one sense turbulent and in another jaded and *blasé* age. The case of Alfonso XIII furnishes a splendid illustration. Alfonso is not only king of Spain, but also hereditary count of Barcelona, but he had not visited that part of his dominions for more than twelve years because the wisecracks of his many unstable cabinets represented the city as a hotbed of anarchy and socialism, and so hostile to the king's person and dynasty that, if he appeared there, he would run serious risk of assassination.

Within a very recent period there appeared to be good grounds for these apprehensions, for Barcelona, being in a restless condition during July, showed marked antagonism to the central government, and its inhabitants were clamorous for independence and the consequent secession of the whole of Catalonia from the Spanish throne. It was in these circumstances that Alfonso decided to take a hand himself in quelling the disturbances and in bringing back his rebellious subjects to their allegiance. Despite his ministers' protests, he went to Barcelona with no retinue except one or two aides-de-camp. He walked and rode through the streets unattended and unarmed, mixed freely with all classes of the populace, and by his evident courage and frank and debonair manner so won all hearts that in twenty-four hours the talk of secession was entirely abandoned, the Catalonian separatist flag was pulled down, and from every coign of vantage the royal standard of Aragon and Castile was flung bravely to the breeze. In addition the people collected funds for the erection of a palace, so that Don Alfonso, as count of Barcelona, may once more hold court in the capital of his county, thereby restoring a solemn ceremonial which has lain in abeyance for more than one thousand years.

The moral of this little story lies on the surface and has a wide application. Personality still counts for much, and those who trust the people are not betrayed.—*Washington Post*.

"CONSIDER the fish: he never gets caught so long as he keeps his mouth shut."

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