The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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The Days I Should Like to Live Over

Dr. Frank Crane

THERE is no time of my life I would rather live over than my school days. It may interest boys and girls to know how I, fifty years old and over, having had all sorts of experience, would feel about going to school, if I were young again.

I would surely go to school, because school is the best place in which to pass one's youth. No matter how great a chance to make money a boy may have, he will make more money in the long run if he has a good schooling. No matter how good an opportunity a girl may have to get married, she will make a better wife and mother, and be happier, if she has an education.

There is more and better fun to be had in school than anywhere else during the age between six and twenty-one.

You are much more likely to meet the best kind of people with whom to form lifelong friendships in school than elsewhere.

Schools are not perfect, but they are the best institutions that exist for boys and girls. They are the finest product of civilization.

Time spent in school is not wasted. You lose nothing by taking pains to sharpen your ax.

In school you get in touch with the past. The human race has existed a long while. At school you get the benefit of its accumulated experience. You stand on your forefathers' shoulders and do not have to try experiments they have tried over and over.

At school you acquire your inheritance from the wisdom of the past, which is better than inheriting a million dollars from your father.

At school you learn to love and to use books, and from books come the best efficiency and enjoyment of life.

At school you learn what is best of all, how to form good tastes. The most marked difference between a cultured person and a vulgar one is the kind of things they like.

At school you learn how to use your riches so as to get real satisfaction, if you are to be rich; also, if you are to be poor, how to have a full and happy life in spite of it.

At school you rub off the sharp corners of your personality; you learn how to be agreeable, how to get along with folks, and how to play the game of life with the most enjoyment.

Of all the men and women I have known, not one of them was ever sorry for going to school, and every one who for any reason had missed an education regretted it.

If you have parents who will send you to school you are fortunate, and thrice fortunate if you have to work your way through school by your own exertions.

To say that you would like to go to school if you were able is nonsense. Any boy can get an education if he desires it enough. Any girl can get schooling if she is sufficiently determined.

Of all the fools that roam the earth, the one that wears the blue ribbon as the biggest fool of all is the boy who will not go to school because he wants to go into business. His only competitor for first prize is the girl who leaves school to get married.— *Good Housekeeping.*

Perfect Harmony

Put the Stars to Work for You

(Concluded from last week)

LINCOLN had a great saying when he was troubled and saw no clear way out. "This, too, will pass," he would remind himself; meaning that millions of such perplexities had rested on the shoulders of men since the world began, and had proved powerless to hurt, so long as men retained their courage and their humor. It's a fine bit of philosophy for any man to carry around with him; and if you find it hard to remember, look up at the stars. They are twinkling it down to you every single night.

The second bit of advice that the stars have to offer is: Be patient and keep everlastingly at it. Everything worth doing takes time.

Patience is no part of the regular equipment furnished us when we start out in the world. It is an accessory, an extra, that has to be bought from the garage of time and experience. I've noticed my youngster trying to put the cover back on a box, or mend a toy that has ceased to operate. One try, two tries, three tries, and — into the fireplace with it! If it won't mend at once, let it go unmended. Gradually, as we move along, we begin to understand that more than three attempts are required to put a proposition across if it amounts to anything. But only a few of us, like Harriman, ever fully learned the lesson.

"Much good work is lost for the lack of a little more," was one of his favorite mottoes. Men like him make a lot of their money by picking up the propositions that other men have dropped — dropped on the very threshold of success. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, who watched the careers of thousands of young men during his long lifetime in New York, said that there was one quality that outweighed all others in the fight for success. "Staying power is what does it," he said; "it wins over brilliance, and pull, and every other asset."

Patience and staying power are the stars' chief characteristics. Night after night they are on the job, going through the same old motions and apparently getting nowhere at all. From where we sit they seem to be fixed in their places — and our sun along with the rest. Forever shining away in an unbroken, monotonous routine. What could be more discouraging.

As a matter of fact, they merely *look* fixed. There is not one among them but is shooting through space at a terrific rate of speed. Five miles a second is a very slow rate; one of their number is clipping off one hundred eighty-five miles a second, traveling six hundred times faster than a cannon ball. And even our old Sun is racing along in the direction of one of the stars at a rate of twelve miles a second. Every twenty-four hours that passes, he and all his planets, including our earth, are more than a million miles nearer that star; yet so great is the distance that if the earliest Egyptians were to come back to earth and take a look at the skies they would not notice that we had moved at all.

Those two old brother stars, Castor and Pollux, have clung close together since the night when the first man studied the evening sky. Julius Cæsar, with the best modern telescope, would not be able to discover that they had separated in the slightest since the evening when he last saw them. Yet they are moving away from each other — at the rate of more than seven thousand miles an hour.

"Be patient," the twinkling stars sing out. "This universe is put together on the basis of allowing plenty of time for the solution of all its problems. You cannot expect to put anything across in a day; you need not look for the reform of humanity in your lifetime. Your life is too insignificant a measuring stick. When you come to the end of your days, you may not see any particular progress. Human nature will appear to you to be pretty much what it was a thousand years ago. You may even wonder whether you have done any good by living at all.

"Never doubt it, however. The progress has been made even though you cannot measure it. No good work has ever been lost, from the beginning of time, or ever will be. Only you must think in terms of centuries instead of years. Do your job and leave discouragement to us. If anything in the universe has a right to be discouraged, we have. We have been traveling at the rate of a million or more miles a day since time began, and do not seem a bit nearer our goal. Yet we keep on smiling and shining, and traveling just the same."

The Jesuits had a saying to this effect: "A great deal of good can be done in the world if one is not too careful who gets the credit." The stars are great old advocates of that idea. All of them blend their light to make the evening sky wonderful; and no one can tell which bit of brightness comes from any one of them.

The Stellar Yardstick

Most of them do not even have names — nor seem to sulk on that account. And how far away from us they may be we can only guess. The mile-a-minute train that we used as a measuring stick for our little solar system is utterly useless when we think of the stellar distances. Astronomers have a different tape line; they speak of so many "light years." Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second — more than seven times around the globe in the period of a watch tick. If you will multiply that little figure by the number of seconds in a year, you will get the neat total of 5,273,286,000,000 miles — and that's your yardstick for measuring the stars.

The Nearest Star

The nearest star to us is about 4½ light years away, or 25 million million miles. Put it another way, if that tires your brain. Think of the distance of the earth from the sun as being only one foot; on that basis the nearest star would be fifty miles away. Sound is a fairly rapid traveler, covering about 1,100 feet a second. But if you were to shout loudly enough to send your voice to the nearest star, your message would be something over three million years on the way!

Some of the stars, we know, are at least three hundred light years off; and others may be a thousand, or even ten thousand for all we know. Think of that when you are out there in the dark next time, getting rid of your worries. You see that tiny little star above you, and a little to the right? The ray of light from it that has just reached your eye left there on the night of Cæsar's murder and has been coming toward the earth at the rate of 186,000 miles a second ever since. Notice that other little fellow, seeming close beside it — the light that you

are getting from it tonight started on the evening when Napoleon got off the ship at Helena.

The Message of the Stars

What sort of emotions will be stirred in you after you have let your imagination play around with those thoughts for half an hour, I do not know. But it seems to me hard to escape the idea that the last message that the stars are trying to wigwag to us is a message of faith.

"Have faith in yourself," they're saying; "you're an important factor in a large enterprise. To be sure, your operations and responsibilities seem insignificant in comparison with the whole; but even the humblest clerk in the big corporation is cheating himself if he does not get some little thrill out of the fact that he belongs."

Some one said years ago that "no astronomer could be an atheist." Napoleon, when they talked atheism to him, answered with one sweeping gesture, "Look up there," he cried, "and tell me who made all that?" A gentleman named Paley expressed the same thought in interesting fashion. He held up a watch:

"If I were to tell you that all those wheels and springs and levers made themselves, and fitted themselves together and started running on their own account, wouldn't you question my intelligence? Of course you would. But look up at the stars. Every one of them has its perfectly appointed course and motion — the earth and planets around the sun, and the whole group pitching along at the rate of more than a million miles a day. Each star is another sun with its own group of worlds, rushing on through space like our own solar system. Yet there are no collisions; no disturbance; no confusion. All quiet; efficient; all controlled. Is it easier to believe that they just happened so, or that Some One made them happen?"

A good many wise folks have attempted to poke fun at Mr. Paley and his watch; but whenever I get out under the stars for long enough to let them really talk, it strikes me that he still has considerably the better of his critics. It staggers my imagination to think of an Executive big and powerful enough to have formed such a universe and to guide its operations. But I am a lot more shaken when I try to think of it all just happening, with no guiding intelligence to keep it from going to smash.

Same Materials Throughout Universe

One thing the astronomers are very sure about: The universe is made up of the same sort of stuff all the way through. By breaking up the light of the sun, and of the different stars, with the aid of a prism, they have learned that the same elements that make this earth are in the farthest star. Iron and carbon, and calcium and sodium, and the rest — they're all present in each separate sun and planet and bit of star dust. The universe is a unit from end to end.

Without being able to prove it, every man has a kind of prism in his own heart that tells him that the universe must be a spiritual as well as a physical unit. Right is right and wrong is wrong, on Jupiter or on the worlds that circle around the outermost star. If there are human beings on these millions of worlds, they may be much farther along in intelligence than we. But they have not any different spiritual standards.

This is the last, and most impressive, message of the stars, it seems to me. They are steadfast, tireless old workers, seasoned with much observation, and loaded with good advice. If you have never had any conversation with them, let me urge you to make their acquaintance. Their service is one of the benefits to which you are regularly entitled as an active member of the universe; and you might just as well put them on your staff.

The "Old Man of the Mountain"

WE who have looked upon the "Old Man" of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, agree with Mr. G. B. Shattuck, in *St. Nicholas*, when he says:

"In all the world, Nature has not carved another stone face as striking and noble as this one. For unknown centuries the 'Old Man' has gazed out over the Franconia Notch, the personification of eternal calm. Among natural wonders, the profile is unique, for it alone seems to possess a soul. Photographs cannot do it justice. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"The formation of the face is easily explained. It has been made by the crumbling away of a granite ledge. It is characteristic of granite to separate into huge blocks by means of transverse cracks. During the autumn rains, these cracks fill with water, which sets to solid ice with the first cold snap. Now water expands on freezing, and occupies considerably more space in the solid than in the liquid state. This expansion causes water pipes to burst on freezing, and, for the same reason, forces open cracks in ledges, until stones are pried loose and rattle down the mountain side. This process of destruction is constantly at work, sometimes loosening small fragments, sometimes casting down many tons of rock in a single slide. The profile is a chance outline in the progressive destruction of Mt. Cannon. Although it has been there during the memory of man, it is only a passing phase of erosion. Indians are said to have worshiped it as the 'Great Spirit;' Hawthorne wrote a beautiful story about it, 'The Great Stone Face;' and we admire it today; but it cannot last forever. The great cracks which dissect it are slowly opening wider, and sometime the crash will come. The 'Old Man' will be no more.

"Among Natural Wonders, the Profile Is Unique"

"Two years ago the State of New Hampshire was obliged to go to the rescue. A thirty-ton rock, that

formed the forehead of the profile, had slipped so far out of place that it threatened to fall and destroy the entire face. An expert stonemason climbed to the loosened bowlder and fastened it in position by steel bolts, thus staying the hand of time for a few years.

"The profile is about eighty feet in height, and rests against the side of the precipice one thousand feet above the valley. The illustration was made to show the structure, rather than the nobility, of the face."

The Great Stone Face

[The following is a condensed paraphrase of Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of the "Old Man of the Mountain," or "The Great Stone Face." Probably the thought in 2 Corinthians 3:18, that by beholding we become changed into Christ's image, is the basis of Mr. Hawthorne's story.]

FROM the door of their cottage, as Ernest and his mother looked upon the Great Stone Face lighted up by the setting sun, Ernest said, "Mother, I wish it could speak, for it looks so kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"There is an old Indian legend," said his mother, "that we shall sometime see here a man with just such a face as that."

Ernest clapped his hands and cried, "O, I hope I shall live to see him!"

His mother answered, "Perhaps you may."

Ernest never forgot the story, and often as he gazed upon the Great Stone Face he thought of the old legend. As he grew older, he seemed to see more nobility and sympathetic tenderness in the great face before him. He read therein integrity, kindness, justice, patience, and courage.

The simple folk of the valley upon which the Great Stone Face ever gazed, more than half believed in the old legend, and often talked together of the coming of the man with the face of the stone profile.

Years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, and after a time was able to open a small shop. This prospered and a larger venture was made. Then larger ones, until he became immensely wealthy, and curiously his miserly nature was suggested in his name, Gathergold. Whether this was his real name or merely a nickname that had grown out of his habits and successes in life, was not known, but that it was appropriate no one questioned. He not only gathered gold, but he knew how to hoard it.

When he had grown old, and thought of retiring from business, he cast about for a suitable place to spend his remaining years in quietness and peace. Thus it was that he built a marble palace on the spot where stood the old farmhouse in which he was born.

The rumor of the wealthy man's return and the sight of his stately palace gave voice to the rumor that quickly filled the valley, that Mr. Gathergold was the man for whom they had long been looking, the man with the face like the Great Stone Face. This rumor inspired the people to give the magnate a royal welcome on his return to his native village.

As his carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road, the people cried, "Here he comes! Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold, the very image of the Great Stone Face."

Ernest strained his eyes for a glimpse of the reputed great man; but as he saw a little old man with a skin as yellow as the gold he had gathered, with low forehead, small sharp eyes, thin lips "made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together," he was perplexed. He could see no resemblance to the noble features of the Great Stone Face. As he pondered over the problem, he saw an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, hold out their hands and beseech him pityingly for charity. "A yellow claw — the very same claw that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper."

Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled, sordid visage and gazed upon the face in which he beheld so much of true greatness, and said to himself, "It is not so. Mr. Gathergold is not the man. We must look for another." Later those who had acclaimed him the great one also came to see their mistake.

Years passed and again the rumor filled the village that another native son who had wandered away from the valley and had become a great soldier, was about to return. This "war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, sought refuge in his native valley." Despite the veteran's nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder, the rumor was soon passed about from mouth to mouth that in him was to be fulfilled the old legend. Therefore a welcome such as had been accorded Mr. Gathergold was given to the returning warrior; but Ernest observed that the weather-beaten countenance, though full of energy and expressive of an iron will, lacked the deep, broad, tender sympathies necessary to fulfil the prophecy.

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly. Ernest was now a man of middle age, a man of wisdom and benevolence. "Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken."

Gradually the people came to see that they had been too quick to proclaim the war veteran as the prototype of the benign visage on the mountain side. So they were ready to look to a returning orator as the fulfilment of the legend; but Ernest still waited and looked, for to him the Great Stone Face had grown more noble, beneficent, and spiritual with every passing year.

Finally, last of all came a "poet who celebrated the Great Stone Face in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own lips." If this poet "sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or

soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

"The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred."

As Ernest read these inspirations of genius, his soul was thrilled, and he murmured, as he addressed the Great Stone Face, "O majestic friend, is not this man worthy to resemble thee?" The face seemed to smile, but answered not.

The poet had heard of the godly preacher who still dwelt beneath the shadow of the Great Stone Face, and had read the words of wisdom and truth that daily flowed from his lips, and so on returning to his native valley, he sought intercourse with the great divine. As they conversed together, the preacher sought to discern in the features of the gifted poet the resemblance he had long sought, but he had to turn sadly away from even his talented friend.

"At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air." The people stood, sat, or reclined on the grass as seemed good to each, while Ernest, like the great preacher of old, spoke with authority, for his words accorded with his life. As the poet listened, he "felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he himself had ever written." He listened reverently to the words of him whose aspect was one worthy of a prophet and a sage; and as he glanced up, his eyes fell upon the Great Stone Face lighted up with the golden light of the setting sun. "At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

"'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!'"

Then all the people looked, and as they beheld the face of their beloved preacher lighted up as it seemed with the glory of heaven, they said, "'Tis true. Ernest is the man for whom we have long looked." F. D. C.

Duties of Missionary Volunteers

MABEL SORENSON

IT was a lazy August afternoon. Mildred was comfortably reclining in the hammock under the old elm tree when Doris came by.

"Aren't you going to the young people's meeting?" she queried.

"No, it's too warm. Come in and we'll have a chat here in the cool shade while the rest are sitting in the straight-backed seats in the hot church."

"Did you not know that Professor Thorpe is going to speak this afternoon? Seems as if we ought to go, inasmuch as there's something special."

"Well, I suppose we had," and Mildred reluctantly left the comfortable hammock.

It was only a block to the church, but the girls walked so slowly that the first song had been sung and the leader was reading the Scripture lesson as they entered. Soon some one behind them began whispering so loudly they lost the gist of the lesson.

Soon after arising from prayer, during which there was considerable noise of shuffling feet, a dropped book, some giggling and whispering from the occupants of the rear seats, another straggler came in, and it was nearly two minutes before all the confusion had subsided sufficiently for the secretary's report to be heard.

The theme of Professor Thorpe's talk was, "Duties of the Members."

At first Doris and Mildred felt rather out of sorts to think they had exerted themselves to come just to hear about their duty, for they were sure they knew and were performing theirs. But Professor Thorpe was not a man to give an uninteresting talk. After introducing his subject, he repeated the following poem:

"Some criticized each speaker, his grammar and his style,
And missed the saving message he spoke to them the while.
Some read the cards and letters brought in the morning mails,
And some took out their jackknives and trimmed their finger nails.
Some restless souls could not sit still, but wandered in and out;
Some shuffled noisy, squeaking shoes, and moved their chairs about.
I saw these things with sorrow. But some, I saw, were there
Who knew that Thou hast said, 'My house shall be a house of prayer.'"

He then showed how annoying it is to have members come late, as well as to have only a few present; he suggested bands; he talked on the work of bands and about reporting. He asked what the society goal was, and found they had none. He really was not surprised, for he noticed the lack of attention, at least in the beginning of the meeting, the tardiness of some, the listlessness and indifference of all.

"How many would like to be Ideal Members?" he asked, to the surprise of all. Most of those present now seemed to be quite interested, and nearly all hands went up.

"Do you know what that includes?" he continued.

As no one replied, he put the following on the board:

I nvaluable	**M** embers
D evoted	**E** ver
E arnest	**M** asterfully
A mbitious	**B** earing
L oyal	**E** very
	R esponsibility

His next query was, "How many believe in goals?" By this time the young people were becoming really interested, and every hand went up.

"How many would favor having a set of rules or principles for each one to follow?" A hearty response was given.

"Then let us make them up together and we shall enjoy them more." The following is the list they made up that afternoon:

An Ideal Member

Is a Christian.
Observes the Morning Watch, takes the Bible Year, and if possible takes a Reading Course.
Keeps informed regarding work.
Through daily consecration he strives to become an efficient soul-winner.
Attends institutes, conventions, and camp-meeting whenever possible.
Co-operates.
Is willing to fill a vacancy in the program at any time.
Believes that work plus goal equals results.
Always reports.
Helps in the church whenever possible.
Gives to missions.

"Now we have our rules; shall we stop there?"

From the audience came this motion: "That each band leader call his band together this afternoon, have a season of prayer, and plan for definite service; for if we postpone doing so, the enthusiasm will wear off."

There surely was plenty of enthusiasm by the time the motion was carried; and after the meeting of the respective bands for one-half hour, all returned to the main room for dismissal, a happy, enthusiastic group of young people with a determination to do something worth while.

Six months later Professor Thorpe dropped in unexpectedly to the young people's meeting, and such a change! "Can it be possible this is the same society I attended last August?" was his mental query as he walked unannounced into the room. Yes, the same, yet how different! Where before there were twelve present, he now saw twenty. In glancing over the group, he was sure two of the girls present were not Adventists, because of their mode of dress.

A few minutes before time for the meeting to begin all was quiet. Just before the opening song, an elderly man, who was evidently a stranger, appeared at the door. Instantly the young lady nearest the door, whose face looked familiar and who was no other than Mildred, went to the door and escorted the old man to a seat.

Just on the minute the meeting opened with a song in which all took part vigorously. During Scripture reading, prayer, and the reading of the secretary's report, all was quiet. When the roll was called, each told where he was reading in the Bible. Every one was present, and only three had not finished reading the Bible, and they were in Revelation. Some one in the audience informed the secretary that the two girls before mentioned were also reading the Bible.

Each band leader was asked to report, and such good reports! That of the Bible study band was especially inspiring, for through the influence of its members the midweek prayer meeting had resumed its old place. Thus the good influence of the band had extended even to the older members of the church.

Professor Thorpe was then asked to talk. He drew a comparison between the society of six months before and of the present time.

After meeting, as Mildred and Doris were walking home, arm in arm, Mildred exclaimed, "How glad I am that Professor Thorpe showed us our duties as members of the Missionary Volunteer Society!"

Our Portuguese Friends and Readers

THE accompanying photograph shows the third-year English class of the Seminario Adventista, of São Paulo, Brazil. In the work for this year Mrs. Steen has planned to read the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books for the year 1919-20. Accordingly, when school started May 5 of this year, these students began reading the book, "On the Trail of Livingstone," by one of our own missionaries, W. H. Anderson. This book is, of course, well known to our English-speaking young people, but outside of the English-speaking lands it is not known so well. These young people live in Brazil, a Portuguese-speaking country, but are learning English through the medium of the Reading Course books. Thus access to our fund of English literature is being gained by them. At the close of the year these students will each be given a Reading Course Certificate. On August 1 the class was on page 57 of "The Hand That Intervenes."

Brazilian Seminary Reading Course Class

They have spent no small part of their time during the last three years in preparing to know the language that admits them to our church literature. I wonder how many there would be in North America who would be willing to take two full studies in one of our schools in order to take the Reading Courses. This picture represents hard workers, and as I look at the picture and think of their characters, I cannot but feel certain that they will act an important part in the finishing of the work of the gospel message in Brazil.

W. E. MURRAY.

On the Street

LITTLE boys should raise their caps
To people on the street,
And little girls politely bow
Whene'er their friends they meet.

— *Fannie Montgomery.*

The Thin Line

WHEN we hear the many calls for workers in the regions beyond, and read of so many recruits being sent forward, we are likely to think that the foreign fields will soon be supplied with workers. But most of us do not realize what a big world we have to tell about Jesus and his coming, nor how widely scattered our missionaries really are on the far fields. One of our young men, Mr. Walter Murray, who a few months ago went to Brazil as union Missionary Volunteer secretary, writes:

"Here the workers are scarce. They are worked so hard that some of them are almost physical wrecks. Some of the folks say they spread a worker over so much territory here that he gets pretty thin in some places. In the States we sometimes thought large numbers of workers were going to the foreign fields, but there is no danger of those fields' being crowded; there are so many places where there are no representatives of this message.

"These South American cities are not small country villages, but large thriving municipalities. The capital, Rio de Janeiro, has 1,500,000 people. We have one evangelist here, Brother J. E. Brown. He preaches and directs the work. He has two native Bible women. Sometimes as many as 150 persons express their desire for Bible instruction. You can see that after one meeting there would be enough work among interested ones to keep his helpers busy several weeks. He is now trying to train some of his church members to do this work. Then I think of the vast field to the north. Great cities remain untouched! In the interior there are vast territories where the foot of white man has never trod."

In closing his letter he made this appeal:

"If you have the opportunity to point any one this way for a life-work, do not hesitate to do so. The field is hard, the work is pressing, but the Lord's power to save is not eliminated here. We are expecting recruits. While they are coming we will do the best we can."

When we bow before our heavenly Father to thank him for our blessings, and to ask for strength to do his will, let us not forget that Jesus said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

"There's a cry in the wind tonight,
From the lands where the Lord is unknown,
While the Shepherd above, in his pitiful love,
Intercedes at his Father's throne.

"There's a pain at my heart tonight,
From the heart of God it came;
For I cannot forget that he loves them yet,
And they've never heard of his name."

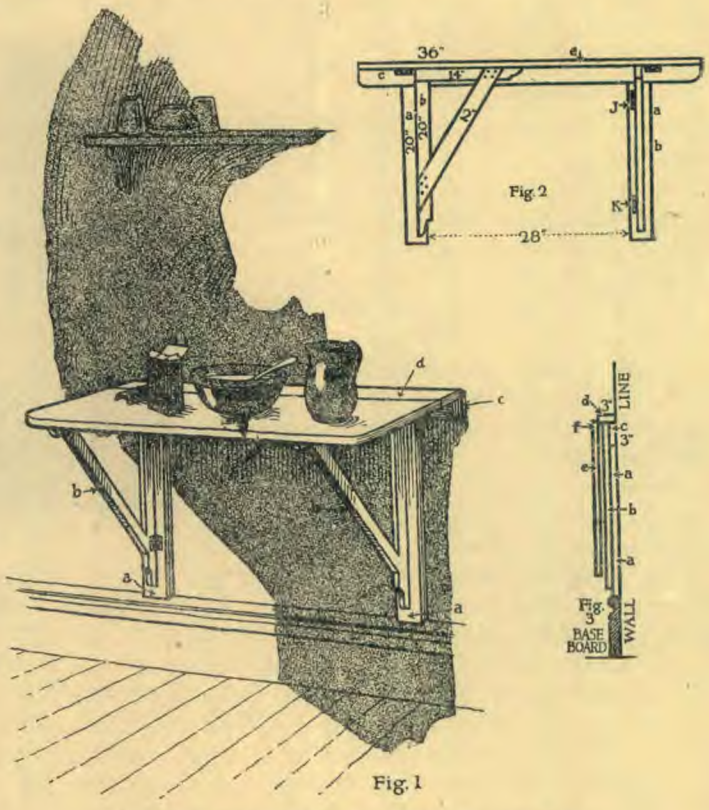
M. E. KERN.

A Folding Kitchen Table

WHETHER the kitchen is large or small, the chances are that there are plenty of uses to which an extra table can be put, if there is room for it. Here is one that takes up little space when it is not needed, and that can easily be made by any member of the household who is handy with tools.

It consists of a shelf eighteen inches wide by thirty-six inches long, two brackets to support the shelf, and a frame on which to hinge the brackets. The dimensions given may be easily modified to fit any given space, but care must be taken that the uprights, a a, are twice as far apart as the radius of the bracket, so that the brackets can swing under the shelf without touching each other. Cut two pieces of seven-eighths-inch pine stock thirty-six inches long and three inches wide. (Fig. 1, c and d.) Cut two pieces twenty inches long and three inches wide (a a). Nail the last two vertically to the wall or wainscoting twenty-eight inches apart and with the lower ends resting on the baseboard. Nail the strip c also against the wall and resting on top of the upper edges of the strips a a.

The shelf proper is to be thirty-six inches long and fifteen inches wide. Lay it on the floor, bottom up, with the strip d tight against the back edge. Join the two by screwing two two-inch hinges on the seam thirty-two inches apart.



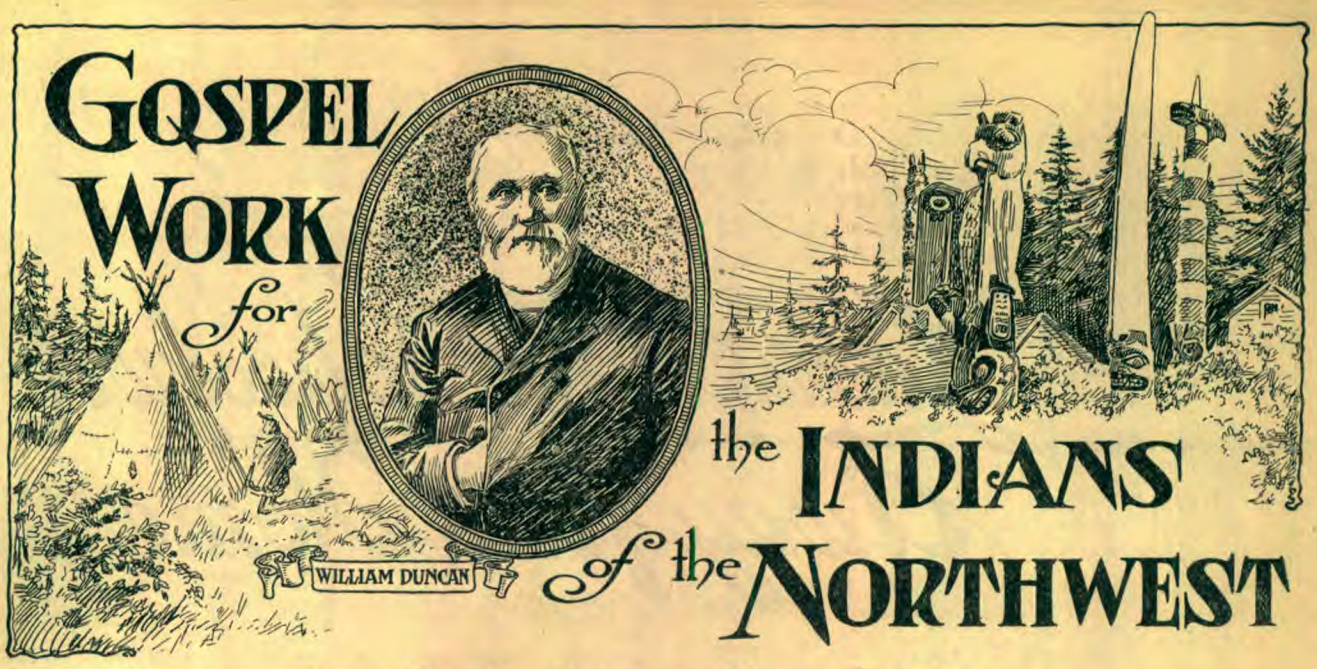
A Folding Kitchen Table Any Bright Boy Can Make

For the brackets, b b, you will need two uprights twenty inches long, two top pieces fourteen inches long, and two diagonals about twenty-two inches long, all of them of the same thickness. (Fig. 2.)

In order to make a neat joint, lay one piece on top of the other at the point where the joint is to be made, and with a sharp knife mark a deep line. Remove the upper piece, and with the point of the knife trim out a groove. The saw will slide in the groove, and the upper edge of the cut will thus be kept clean and sharp.

The various parts of the brackets should be screwed together with three-quarter-inch screws. The brackets are fastened to the uprights, a a, by means of two hinges on each, J and K, the hinges being put on the inside of each bracket, so that the brackets will swing inward.

The shelf with its hinged strip should be laid in place on top of the brackets, with the narrow strip, d, overlapping the strip c, to which it is to be nailed. When the two brackets are folded close against the frame, the shelf will drop so that it projects only four inches beyond the wall.— *Youth's Companion.*



Our Work Among These Indians

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

THE gospel work among the Simsien Indians, pioneered by Dr. Duncan, grew and prospered until, in the eighties, Port Simpson had become quite a missionary center. Besides representatives of other denominations, a godly Methodist missionary had established his headquarters there and opened a school for the Indians.

Among the missionary's pupils was a young man named Timothy, whose eyesight began to fail. Being anxious to help this promising young convert, the kind-hearted missionary furnished him with the means of transportation and sent him for treatment to an eye specialist with whom he was acquainted in Oakland, California.

Under the care of this specialist, Timothy's eyes improved rapidly, and he was soon able to walk unaided about the streets of Oakland. One day, while strolling past the old Pacific Press building, his attention was attracted by the machinery operated in the basement. As he stood looking, an Adventist boy stepped to his side, spoke kindly to him, and asked him if he would like to go through the building.

Timothy eagerly accepted the invitation, and there followed a wonderful hour for the young Indian as the work in department after department of the printing office was explained to him. At last they reached the book bindery, where "Bible Readings for the Home Circle" was being finished. The Indian boy, understanding English fairly well and being able to read some, examined the book eagerly, and into his heart came a great longing to take a copy home to his people. But having no money with which to purchase it, he did not make his desire known.

A little later Timothy started on his journey home. While in Victoria, British Columbia, waiting for his steamer, he noticed a large tent, and entering, he heard one of our Seventh-day Adventist ministers explaining the Scriptures. After listening for a little while, he said to himself, "That sounds like the man in Oakland at the book house."

After the sermon the boy went forward to a table where books were on display. The people in charge spoke kindly to him, and the very first book he looked at proved to be "Bible Readings for the Home Circle."

Timothy now had money with which to purchase the coveted volume, and when he resumed his homeward journey that precious book went with him. As soon as he reached Port Simpson, he began to read and study it with his people. Over and over again it was read until almost completely worn out.

Timothy died while still a young man, but his life, though short, was not lived in vain. Before his death he, and many others of his people, came to believe the truth regarding the state of the dead, which later proved the opening wedge for the Sabbath truth and other points of faith.

After Timothy's death, God did not leave this people without light. Some of the Indians continued studying the wonderful book, under the leadership of a young Simsien chief named Henry Pierce, of whom we shall hear more later.

When the British Columbia Conference was established, its first president, Elder J. L. Wilson, took an active interest in the Indians of his territory. One of his first acts was to encourage a missionary colporteur named Davis to visit them. This young man sold many of our books to the Indians, but he always found their favorite to be "Bible Readings for the Home Circle."

And so we see that the Christian courtesy of a young man in Oakland proved an important link in the chain of circumstances that carried the light of present truth to the Indians of the far Northwest. Elder T. H. Watson, who was the first Seventh-day Adventist minister to live and work among these Indians, has often wished that he might learn the name of this young man, the story of whose kindly act is a household tale among Timothy's people.

We may learn from this experience the importance of even little deeds of kindness.

THE flag is the emblem, not of a sentiment, but of a history, and no man can rightly serve under that flag who has not caught some of the meaning of that history.— *Woodrow Wilson.*

Letters to a Schoolgirl Away from Home

FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, Oct. 13, 1920.

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL: What a wail of woe your letter was! One would think that the six weeks' test was a life and death matter, with all the odds against you. By this time the test is over, and you may even know some of your grades. At least you know whether or not you passed. You will be feeling better, I'm sure, for I have no idea you failed. Failure to pass the usual tests and examinations in school is not a matter of accident, but has very definite causes. A student may be trying to take a subject he is not prepared for by his past work; he may have more subjects in his program than he is able to carry; he may have lost time by illness or by being obliged to spend more than the required number of hours in manual labor. These *are* good and sufficient reasons for failures, but they are abnormal conditions, which usually can be adjusted. You haven't any reason at all; and if you do fail, Doris Monteith, you will be in disgrace with your aunt Gussie. A normal young person who has a good foundation in the way of past work, should be able to carry all the subjects outlined for one grade and do entirely satisfactory work.

I know how you feel, dear: the work is new to you, and you are not really acquainted with your teachers yet; and then examinations will always hold for us something of that indefinable dread of the unknown. But in most cases of failure the teacher is sorrier than the student, so you mustn't imagine your teachers are lying awake nights to think of catchy questions to ask. Instead, they are planning outside the classroom and drilling inside it to get you girls and boys ready to pass fair examinations; and if you will put a reasonable amount of time and effort on each lesson as you come to it, you won't need to worry yourself sick the last day or two, nor cram as some students do.

I shall be anxious to hear from you again to know how you got along with your tests. If I had thought there was any danger of your not passing, I should have written more sympathetically, but your past good records are a bright prophecy for this year's grades.

I am more than a little disappointed to know that you were too busy to take part in the Missionary Volunteer program the first time you were asked, and almost equally sorry you stayed away from the musicale Saturday night. Your school work *is* important, but it does not end with the recitation of textbook assignments, as you seem to think. I feel safe in saying that 50 per cent of the value of the training given in our schools comes outside the student's class work. When your school days are over and you are working in your chosen field, you will be as grateful to your teachers for their words of counsel, both public and private, as for the accuracies of science they taught you. You will find the painstaking — and time-taking — effort you made to prepare and give a talk for your Missionary Volunteer Society as helpful in fitting you for the duties incident to your life-work as any lessons your teachers outlined. You will find the time you spent in social evenings and school outings a special preparation for getting acquainted with and helping the people among whom you work. Even the help given to some backward fellow student, which calls for unselfish sacrifice, will return to you "after many days." One thing that makes our schools so efficient in training workers for our many missionary enterprises is the prolific field for missionary endeavor afforded by the schools themselves, and no student makes the truest success of his school work if he fails to take advantage of this training.

I know what busy days a schoolgirl has, and, as you say, she just can't do everything, but she can "make first things first." When you find the things you ought to do and the things you want to do piling up and mixing up till you can't tell them apart, go to the Great Teacher and let him help you plan your program. He never requires the impossible, and having your work well planned will relieve you of much of the strain of your school life.

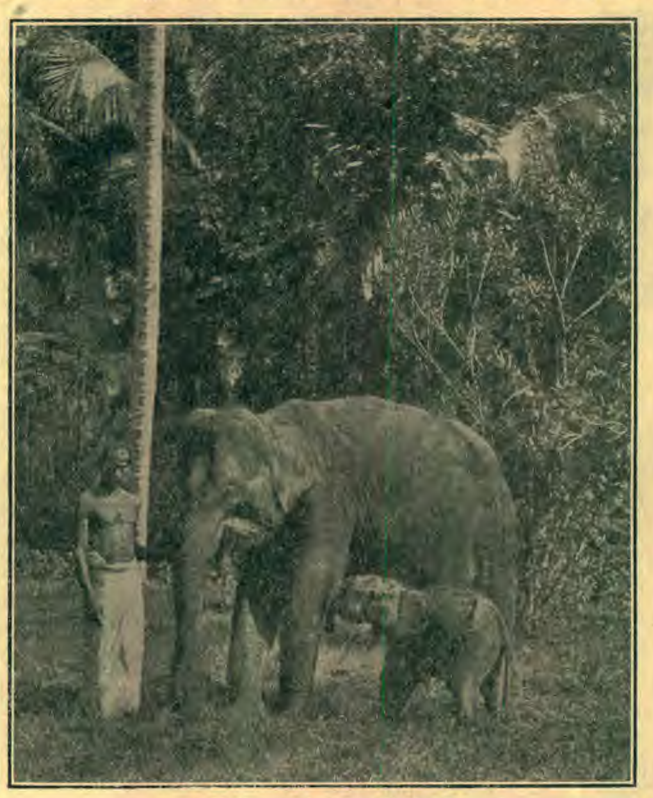
And now good-by, little girl. Forgive me for giving such a big dose of advice at once, and believe all of it is right from the heart of

Your loving
AUNT GUSSIE.

"HUMIDITY has a decided effect on the way we *feel* the heat or cold accompanying it. If the air is dry, the moisture from the surface of our bodies evaporates, reducing what we call the 'sensible temperature;' that is, the temperature as we feel it. But if the air itself is full of moisture, there is no evaporation from our bodies and we therefore feel the full force of the heat in the air. The reason we fan ourselves is to help this evaporation, which reduces the sensible temperature."

Ponderous Pets: Alice Elephant, Victoria Rhino, and Peter Hippopotamus

ALICE, the elephant, had loved her keeper at Luna Park, and she didn't like being taken from him, even for the honor of a new home in the Bronx Zoological Gardens. Perhaps she didn't take to her new keeper. At any rate, when she was being moved from one building to another, she heard the cry of a panther, which frightened her. So she promptly bolted, and broke into the reptile house, where people were looking at snakes. Apparently these people did not care to stay in the reptile house with Alice, for they immediately began pouring out on every side as if they had been "squeezed" out, while from inside came the sounds of trumpetings, mingled now and then with the crash of broken glass as Alice demolished a snake cage. A hurry call was sent to keepers and officers, and as the spectators poured out, the keepers poured in with chains and elephant anklets, and soon Alice was chained to the railing around a pool containing turtles, crocodiles, alligators, and the like. She had grown somewhat quiet, so it was decided that she might as well remain there during the night, when probably her terror would subside. But sometime that night her fears returned, and the rest of her romance is recited by Samuel A. Derieux, in his series of articles on animals appearing in the *American Magazine* (New York):



A Mother and Baby Elephant

"Maybe she didn't like the looks of the crocodiles. Anyway, she started on another rampage and broke out of the reptile house, pulling up the iron rail, which, rattling behind her, like a can tied to a dog's tail, redoubled her terror. No one was allowed in the park that morning. Not until day was advanced was she finally thrown and tied with chains, down by the bear dens, to the great edification of the onlooking bears.

"Meanwhile her old keeper had been sent for. Long before he came in sight over the hill, she sensed him in some way, raised her prostrate head, and began to trumpet. Straight to her the keeper went, while she made those deep sounds down in her throat by which an elephant expresses pleasure and relief.

"'Take the chains off,' he said; and then, to old Alice, while he sat on her head and stroked her: 'Somebody scared her. That's what happened. She doesn't know all these folks. She was afraid they were going to hurt her.'

"Meanwhile the prostrate elephant continued to make gentle noises, and catching him with her trunk, held him to her, afraid he would leave.

"At his orders the chains were taken off. Once on her feet, she followed him, as a dog follows his master, through the park, into the new elephant house, into her stall. Alice is one of the features of the elephant house today. 'As harmless as an old cow,' one of the park men declares."

Alice seems a bit spoiled, however, Mr. Derieux says. He was in her stall when Mr. Thuman, her present keeper, tried to tell him something. His talk was constantly interrupted by her shrill trumpeting, like the whistle of a small boy who hasn't learned the trick very well yet — this whistle magnified about fifty times. "She's begging for something to eat," her keeper said, and unceremoniously ordered her to hush up, which she did for a few minutes. Then she began her shrill whistling again, and it was only when the keeper got two loaves of bread and gave them to her, that she consented to permit further conversation. The writer continues:

"Outside the elephant house is her yard, about two hundred feet square, and surrounded by a fence of steel rails tightly bolted together and braced. She is always looking for a loose bolt about this fence, not with the intention of getting away, for after her one experience of running amuck she has not seemed to care to do so again, but only for the fun of unscrewing the bolt.

"'Now and then,' says Mr. Thuman, 'we find a loose bolt lying on the ground. How she gets them off, we don't know, but she does.'

"She was formerly very devoted to Congo, a small elephant who occupied the stall and pen next to hers, and who is now dead. She did not want people to come near her pet, being afraid of their harming him, apparently. The keepers could tease her any time by pretending that they were going to punish him. Then she would run to his rescue and try to thrust herself between the pole and him.

"Alice is a large elephant, but small compared to Khartoum, one of the features of the Bronx. In 1911, when he was brought to the park, he was four feet nine inches tall; now, at the age of twenty or thereabouts, he is nine feet four inches tall and weighs four tons. He is still young, too, a mere stripling, and hasn't filled out.

"Khartoum drinks thirty-six gallons of water at one time if he's thirsty. It takes five gallons of oil to give him a rubdown, a sort of oil shampoo, which the keeper applies with a mop, like whitewashing the side of a barn.

"I went into the stall with Khartoum, and he inspected me, running the feelers of his snout over my shoulders and the back of my coat, as if measuring me for a suit of clothes, then feeling in my pockets, apparently to see if I had any peanuts about me. I felt his trunk, which is a tough corrugated affair, hard as a tree trunk. This was the limit of our exchange of courtesies. Not finding any peanuts, Khartoum, I thought, looked a bit stern, and I did not have any strong feelings of regret when the time came to get out of his stall.

"Like all elephants, Khartoum requires a great deal of attention; the keeper has to be a sort of valet, doctor, and manicurist for him. At the order of Mr. Thuman, Khartoum raised his front foot, and the keeper scraped off the bottom; then he raised his hind foot and submitted to another operation there. While this was in progress he laid his big ears down flat against his head, which I suppose indicated pleasure. But when Mr. Thuman, with a shovel, scraped his back to show the kind of barnacles, so to speak, that form on him, he threw his ears forward, like huge fans. This, I think, means displeasure. The pictures of enraged and charging elephants have the ears thrown forward this way.

Caliph, a Pet Hippopotamus in the New York Zoo

"After it was all over, Khartoum examined the bottom of one of his front feet with his trunk. 'I nicked him there a little,' said the keeper.

"Khartoum is destructive in his large, sweeping way. His stall of iron is braced and rebraced, and his doors of triple oak, elaborately bolted and reenforced, must in addition be kept full of iron spikes or he'll butt them down. These spikes, the size of a grown man's little finger and sharpened, are welded in iron bands, but now and then Khartoum goes at them with his tusks and snaps them off like toothpicks.

"The fence around his outdoor yard is built like a steel trestle. There is no wood in it, but the uprights and crosspieces are of the stoutest railroad irons, bolted together, while the uprights are braced with steel projections fastened into concrete bases. You would think the fence might stop a locomotive engine, but it hasn't proved impervious to Khartoum when he is in a playful mood. Once having bent it out of place, though, he shows no tendency to ramble. A spirit of play seems to be responsible. He simply likes to show what he can do to smash things up.

"There used to be in the yard next to him an elephant named Sulhana. Every spring the steel fences are painted green; and one spring the painters, having finished the job, left in Khartoum's yard, but next to the fence, where Sulhana also could reach it, half a barrel of green paint. A warm day coming, both elephants were turned out, the keeper not having noticed the barrel of paint.

"He left them for a while, and when he came back, both were as green as a St. Patrick's Day parade. First Khartoum would dip his trunk in the barrel and daub Sulhana. Then Sulhana would take her turn. The sight of two enormous bright green elephants, so the keeper says, was enough to send any man who drank running straight to the doctor or the sanatorium, with the impression that he was 'seeing things.'

"Sulhana always seemed to have a dislike for children. Probably some child had teased her, and she didn't forget. Once the keeper heard a commotion within the house and ran in to find a child bleeding in the face. Sulhana had gone quietly out of doors, wrenched a door knob off, come back, taken aim, and made a good shot at the child.

"This dislike of some particular age or some particular person is characteristic of elephants. Gunda, the biggest elephant the Zoo has ever known, 'went bad,' came near killing his keeper, tried to kill everybody else, had to be chained, and finally executed. Gunda first showed dislike of Dr. Hornaday's office boy. The sight of that boy would throw him into a rage. Very likely some teasing had gone before that. Anyway, this incipient viciousness having started, his dislike spread to others besides the office boy. This caused him to be watched, some of his liberties taken away, and greater severity practised upon him. Finally he became a bad elephant, intent only on murder."

In the elephant house also live Victoria the rhinoceros and Peter Murphy, the hippopotamus. "I always think of these outlandish-looking creatures as nature's grotesque jokes," says the writer, but adds that they have little personal peculiarities that make them appeal to you once you come to know them:

"Victoria, for instance, is a creature of undoubted affections, especially fond of her keeper. At sight of him she begins to pace eagerly up and down, and when he enters her stall she rubs her gnarled and horned head against him, just like a pet cow. She is plainly jealous, too. Next to her are two pygmy hippopotamuses, and when the keeper goes to them she pokes her head through the bars and continues to rub up against him, trying to attract his attention back to her.

"In her jaw is a scar, the result of a surgical operation performed on an abscess. She was wrapped in a mattress and two and one-half pounds of chloroform and one-half pound of ether used before she was anesthetized. Some animals, after an operation where anesthetics are used, awake with a permanent grudge against the human race. Not so with Victoria. Mr. Thuman dressed and packed the wound for weeks afterward, and she offered no resistance. Like many other animals, she seemed to know that some beneficent reason lay back of what had been done for her.

"Even Peter Murphy, the hippopotamus, accepts medicine as something intended for his betterment. Now and then he suffers from a sore throat, which has to be swabbed with iodine. On such occasions he opens that cavern, his mouth, and holds it open until the operation is over.

"All animals show strange likes and dislikes for other animals and birds. There are about the park a number of birds which have become practically tame, or are tame by nature, and which now and then jump over into the pens of the elephants or of the rhinoceros or hippopotamus. All the animals, Peter Murphy especially, seem heartily to dislike the peacock, and will rush at him and kill him unless he gets out of the way in a hurry. Perhaps, not being an

object of beauty himself, Peter resents the intrusion on his premises of so gorgeous a creature.

"Some time ago, though, a mother goose with a dozen goslings strayed into Peter's pen. Straightway Peter was interested; not in a resentful way, but as an observer. Remember, he's a huge monster, tipping the scale at two tons! Imagine him patiently following the mother goose and her goslings round and round his pen, his enormous head close to the ground, studying the young ones closely. The mother, of course, was in terror, but Peter meant no harm. He continued his study of the goslings as long as they remained, followed them to the fence, and saw them leave with apparent regret.

"Appealing, then, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus come to be, but no one, not even the keepers, has ever accused them of being overstocked with brains. They are the lowbrow dwellers in the elephant house. For if we are to confer the degree of doctor of philosophy on the chimpanzee, we must hand to the elephant at least the degree of master of arts."—*The Literary Digest.*

Confucian Temples in China

CONFUCIAN temples, in China, are commonly called "Wen Miao," meaning temple of learning. Anciently these temples were held in sacred regard, indeed up to within a few years ago the people looked upon them with fear and reverence. No building in the city or country could be constructed as high as the temple. That is why the Chinese houses are low and have only one story.

In front of the main building of the temple was placed the stone figure of the dragon. The magistrate or other high official stood upon the dragon's head when addressing the people. It was believed that the dragon gave power and authority to the officials. The people feared and respected the official more because of the dragon than of anything that the official said or did.

No one but a high official dared to go near the dragon, much less stand upon his head, on penalty of death by beheading. Today any one may walk at will anywhere in the temple grounds; and in some cities on all sides the more modern buildings tower far above the once sacred temple. Recently in many places these temples have been transformed into public schools. The lower, middle, and higher grades are taught. English and the Western sciences are taught as regular subjects. So great is the change in old China. O. B. KUHN.

Another Count Against the "Movies"

ONE of our Washington dailies claims that the "movies" foster disrespect and lawlessness by caricaturing unfavorably officers of the law. The writer says:

"The officer of the law, especially at the present time, needs praise, not blame, appreciation, not ridicule; and the State Patrolmen's Association of New York is quite right in asking makers of 'films' and proprietors of motion picture houses to 'cut out' the incessant burlesquing and ridicule of policemen. Its net effect is to diminish respect; and from disrespect it is easy to pass to defiance when an acute case of lawlessness comes and the only protection that society has is in the 'force.'

"The moral of this protest is not one that is limited to the immediate issue. Ridicule of races, religions, and vocations, when tolerated either by theater managers, motion picture house proprietors, or bigoted journalists, has its definite effect in breaking down social morale and the peace of communities. It should be stopped."

No More Smokes for Him

THE following testimony is from a young man who has quit smoking, after having smoked cigarettes and a pipe since childhood:

"I'm doing fine, and am glad to say that I haven't touched tobacco in any way for two weeks. It bothers me very little now, about the only time being when I first get through supper. I have but little craving any more, and my appetite has improved wonderfully. I can eat any time now. I am on a fair road to the finish of the fight. I am well aware it will be a while before my system will be rid of the nicotine entirely, and I suppose there will be some craving as long as there is any of the poison in the system. I was under the impression it would be a long struggle. It is getting easier now every day; but I must say it was not so at first. It surely takes courage, will-power, strength, determination, and everything else. I thought I should go mad. I was so nervous I couldn't keep still. I couldn't sleep at night. One night I didn't sleep a wink. I felt that I could not make it alone. I wanted strength beyond that of man. The One who 'has never lost a battle' is the one I went to for help, and it is he who has made it easier than I had expected."

Draft Dodgers

THE Government possesses a "doomday" book containing the names of 173,911 men who suddenly became deaf when the bugler blew the call to arms in the spring of 1917. It is now rounding up these slackers, and proposes to publish the names of those who merit the stigma that will attach to the publication of that "roll of dishonor."

But what if the names of the slackers in the church were published? What if a list of those who disregard the sacred vows of the Christian life, responsibility for the lost, for the honoring of that name which is above every name, for the preaching of the gospel to a lost world — what if that list were published, would it include my name? "There's a great day coming," when the slackers shall be revealed. Better enlist and march to the fray before it is too late.—*Merlin Fairfax.*

The Service of Love

BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, in a devotional address at the Methodist General Conference in Des Moines, an address of rare spiritual beauty and power, uttered these illuminating sentences: "What is celestial service? Loving. A woman was sitting beside her sick husband. She was looking at him as he lay upon his bed, and he said in his feeble voice, 'What are you doing?' She said, 'Just loving you.' When God looks at us and says, 'What are you doing, folks?' please God, our answer shall be, 'Just loving you.' That is service." In these materialistic days, so full of bustle and hustle and push, let us never forget the priceless value of cultivating the habit of "just loving" our heavenly Father.—*Louis Albert Banks.*

Purity

CAN a man reach a point where he will not be tempted or yield to impurity?" asks Henry B. Wright. Then he answers: "The human mind is like a camera film. After exposure to an impure thought or suggestion it is possible to do one of two things: either to delay and develop the plate which fixes the picture permanently, or instantly to flood the plate with the light of Jesus — then the picture is forever destroyed. This latter is what is meant by 'putting on' Jesus."—*Paul F. Gilbert.*

From Here and There

About one tenth of the people of the United States live in the cities of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

Renewed efforts are being made to obtain the passage of the Smith-Towner Bill, which creates a department of education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet and provides Federal aid of $100,000,000 for education.

Just as St. Petersburg became Petrograd, Posen has become Poznan. The streets of Poznan have now dropped their German names: the Berlinerstrasse is the Street of December Twenty-seven, that having been the last day of German occupation. Wilhelmplatz is now Liberty Place. Isn't that a good one?

The greatest of all inventions are said to be the common, simple, everyday things. It was about a hundred years ago that a certain Scottish schoolmaster made the great invention of the blackboard. The thing is hard to believe, but it is true. Since the inventor's day his invention has penetrated into every school all the world over. If he had drawn a royalty from it, he and his heirs would have been rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Nathaniel Hawthorne knew how to sympathize with ambitious writers who have manuscripts often returned to them. He said that the manuscript for one book was refused or neglected by publisher after publisher until the sight of the unlucky packet of papers gave him nausea, and he thrust it into the fire, later remarking that he marveled that "such very dull stuff as he knew his manuscript to be, should yet have possessed inflammability enough to set the chimney on fire!"

It was a happy thought to clear spaces in the national forests for camping grounds, and to build fireplaces and garbage pits. How much they have been appreciated can be judged from the fact that the three hundred fifty camping places so established in Washington and Oregon were used this year by almost 350,000 people, who have thus become better acquainted with the beauties of their region and have learned to respect the forest rights and to leave things as they find them.

Dr. William C. Fowler, health officer of the District of Columbia, says that his department has analyzed a number of soft drinks now being sold, and he finds that many of these contain acids and coloring matter, but no juice of fruits. These dealers cannot be prosecuted because their goods are not labeled in a way to come under the law. Some merely say, "Fruit flavor." Some of the drinks contain only sugar and coloring matter. It is well to know the exact nature of a drink before patronizing the salesman.

The Virginia creeper, a beautiful and harmless vine, is often mistaken for the poison ivy; yet the difference between the two is so pronounced that no one should be made uncomfortable through proximity to the former. A simple rule to remember is to count the grouping of the leaves. If they are in fives, one for each finger of the hand, you may handle it as freely as you wish; but, if there are only three in a group, let it alone. The harmless vine creeps over the tree trunks by means of suckerlike tendrils; the poison ivy clings by countless aerial rootlets. The friendly vine has fruit of a dark purple color, resembling grapes; the poison one has whitish or dun-colored berries.

"ENTHUSIASM sets the embers glowing,
But only work can keep the fire going."

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics for November

NOVEMBER 6. Senior and Junior: "Reverence."
November 13. Senior: "The Man Who Found Himself."
Junior: "The Boy Who Found Himself."
November 20. Senior: "Making Our Society a Success."
Junior: "Being Active in Society Work."
November 27. Senior and Junior: "Thanksgiving."

Because of lack of space, it has been thought best to print the Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics but once a month. Every member should clip or copy this section of the paper and give it careful study. Go to your meeting with the results of some careful thinking about each subject in your mind. You will be able to give others a great deal more, and the meeting will prove a greater help to you.

Our Counsel Corner

Is it wrong to play classical music on the Sabbath, also to play games? V. D. M.

Perhaps it would throw light upon this question to change its form and ask, "Is it *right* to play classical music on the Sabbath, and is it *right* to play games on the Sabbath?" The Christian life is a positive life, and we are quite sure to make a mistake if we get to view it negatively like the little girl who was asked what it meant to keep the Sabbath holy. She replied that it meant to think of all the naughty things you would like to do, and then not do them. The Christian life is not merely refraining from doing wrong. It is doing right with all diligence and earnestness. Notice this statement from the spirit of prophecy:

"There are many whose names are on the church books, but who are not under Christ's rule. They are not heeding his instruction or doing his work. Therefore they are under the control of the enemy. They are doing no positive good, therefore they are doing incalculable harm. Because their influence is not a savor of life unto life, it is a savor of death unto death."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 304.*

Now let us put our question in the light of this statement. Is it right, is it positively good, will its influence actually draw to Christ, to play classical music on the Sabbath? If so, let us by all means play it. If not, let us remember that it will do incalculable harm. If such music as the beautiful sacred oratorios are considered classical, then we judge that most Christians agree that there is classical music which could be played under proper conditions on the Sabbath and be positively helpful and good. So we would have to discriminate between sacred and secular classical music.

Let us examine the other question the same way. Is it right, is it positively good, and will it uplift and draw to Christ, to play games on the Sabbath?

It is conceivable that there might be excellent Bible games that children could play that would actually acquaint them with the Scriptures and keep their busy minds and hands well occupied for a time on the Sabbath, and so be positively good.

Here again we need wisdom from the Lord to discriminate. It does not develop our character to have some one else tell us in every detail of life what is right and what is wrong. God wants us each to learn his great principles and then determine our course in harmony with them. It is a serious thing to pursue or encourage a course that is not positively right. On the other hand, we are quite likely to impair our influence for good if we strongly oppose that which, because of our mistaken opinion, we think to be wrong when it is really good and right.

Let us study the Scriptures and the Testimonies for the principles. Then let us not spend much time asking, "Is it wrong?" but let us decide our course by the question, "Is this positively good?" M. M.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VI — The Growth of Apostasy

(November 6)

Laxity in Obedience Leads to Apostasy

1. WHAT employment did God give to the two sons of Adam? Gen. 4: 2.

2. How did these brothers show that they knew of the plan of redemption? Gen. 4: 3, 4. Note 1.

3. What offering did Cain bring? Gen. 4: 3. What did this represent? Note 2.

4. What did Abel bring for his offering? Verse 4. What did it represent? Note 3.

5. How did God regard these two offerings? Verses 4, 5.

6. What terrible sin resulted from Cain's feeling toward his brother? Verse 8.

7. What besides the shedding of the blood of another is murder in God's sight? 1 John 3: 15; Matt. 5: 21, 22.

8. What conversation passed between the Lord and Cain? Gen. 4: 9-12.

9. Though Cain's sin merited immediate death, what did God do to him instead? Verses 13-15.

Loyalty amid Apostasy

10. How long did Adam live in the midst of this growing apostasy? Gen. 5: 5.

11. What was the condition of society before the flood?

12. Give a brief record of the life of Enoch. Gen. 5: 21-24.

13. What message did Enoch give in that age of apostasy? Jude 14, 15.

14. By what means did this growing apostasy threaten to become universal? Gen. 6: 1, 2.

15. How long did God extend mercy to the people of that generation? Verse 3.

16. Why does the Lord bear so long with sinners? 2 Peter 3: 9.

Notes

1. "These brothers were tested, as Adam had been tested before them, to prove whether they would believe and obey the word of God. They were acquainted with the provision made for the salvation of man, and understood the system of offerings which God had ordained. They knew that in these offerings they were to express faith in the Saviour whom the offerings typified, and at the same time to acknowledge their total dependence on him for pardon; and they knew that by thus conforming to the divine plan for their redemption, they were giving proof of their obedience to the will of God. Without the shedding of blood, there could be no remission of sin; and they were to show their faith in the blood of Christ as the promised atonement, by offering the firstlings of the flock in sacrifice. Besides this, the first fruits of the earth were to be presented before the Lord as a thank offering."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 71.*

2. "Cain came before God with murmuring and infidelity in his heart in regard to the promised sacrifice and the necessity of the sacrificial offerings. His gift expressed no penitence for sin. . . . He would come in his own merits. He would not bring the lamb, and mingle its blood with his offering, but he would present *his* fruits, the products of *his* labor. . . . The essential part, the recognition of the need of a Redeemer, was left out."—*Id., p. 72.*

3. "Abel grasped the great principles of redemption. He saw himself a sinner, and he saw sin, and its penalty death, standing between his soul and communion with God. He brought the slain victim, the sacrificed life, thus acknowledging the claims of the law that had been transgressed. Through the shed blood he looked to the future sacrifice, Christ dying on the cross of Calvary; and trusting in the atonement that was there to be made, he had the witness that he was righteous, and his offering accepted." —*Ibid.*

Intermediate Lesson

VI — The Good Shepherd

(November 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 10: 1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John 10: 11.

The Setting of the Lesson

The parable of the good shepherd is apparently a continuation of the conversation which arose out of the healing of the blind man recorded in the previous chapter. One writer says, "Perhaps the parable was suggested by the sight of the shepherds and their flocks on the hills about Jerusalem."

Questions

1. What beautiful illustration did Jesus give of his relation to his followers? How is the shepherd distinguished from the robber? John 10: 1-3. Note 1.

2. How does the shepherd guide his sheep? Why will they not follow a stranger? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.

3. When the people did not understand this parable, what did Jesus say of himself? What did he say of those who came before him? Verses 6-8. Note 3.

4. What do those have who enter in by the door? Verse 9.

5. What contrast is given between the purpose of the robber and the purpose of the shepherd? Verse 10. Note 4.

6. How great a sacrifice does the shepherd's love lead him to make? What does the hireling do in a time of danger? Why does the hireling flee? Verses 11-13.

7. How close is the relation between the shepherd and his sheep? Verse 14. Note 5.

8. What did Jesus say of the Father and himself? Verse 15.

9. What was his desire for the scattered sheep? Verse 16. Note 6.

10. How is the great love of the Father and the Son for a lost world expressed? Verses 17, 18. Note 7.

11. What did the words of Jesus cause among the people? What were the different opinions? Verses 19-21.

Worth Memorizing

The shepherd psalm.

"The heart cannot be hired."

"It is not the salary, but the service, that stamps the hireling."

"The work of the shepherd determines the worth of the sheep."

"Danger tests devotion."

Notes

1. Eastern shepherds have names for their sheep as we do for dogs, cats, and horses.

Each of us has a name (Isa. 4: 1; 45: 3), and God's name for us is our true name.

We shall be saved "not as a man, or some one of mankind, led forth by his Lord in the general flock, but as the Master's dear Simon, or James, or Alphæus, or Martha, whose name is so recorded in the Lamb's book of life."—*Horace Bushnell.*

"He never confounds Thomas and John, or Peter and Nathaniel, or Mary and Martha. Each name suggests its special problem, and requires peculiar ministry."—*J. H. Jowett.*

2. The "voice" of the True Shepherd comes to us through the Bible — the word of God. Those who accept and obey it are said to hear and know the voice of the shepherd. The "stranger" speaks that which is contrary to the teachings of the Bible, and this the true followers of Jesus will not accept.

3. Not only is Jesus a door or entrance to life and safety, but he is the only way. All who depend upon any other means of salvation, whether they be Jewish leaders or modern professed Christians, are thieves and robbers. (See Acts 4: 12.)

4. The life which Jesus gives is not merely a few short years of time, but ages of eternity.

5. To get the force of the illustration, we should understand shepherd life in the East.

"As we sat and looked, almost spellbound, the silent hillsides around us were in a moment filled with life and sound. The shepherds led their flocks forth from the gates of the city. They were in full view, and we watched them and listened to them with no little interest. Thousands of sheep and goats were there, grouped in dense, confused masses. The shepherds stood together until all came out. Then they separated, each shepherd taking a different path, and uttering as he advanced, a shrill, peculiar call. The sheep heard them. At first the masses swayed and moved, as if shaken by some internal convulsion; then points struck out in the directions taken by the shepherds; these became longer and longer, until the confused masses were resolved into long, living streams, flowing after their leaders. Such a sight was not new to me, still it had lost none of its interest. It was, perhaps, one of the most vivid illustrations which human eyes could witness of that beautiful discourse of our Lord recorded by John."—*"Bible Student's Manual."*

6. "Dr. Forsyth has told how a friend of his was on a sheep farm in Australia, when the owner took a little lamb from a pen and placed it in a huge inclosure with several thousand sheep, where the noise of the bleating of the sheep and the shouting of the sheepshearers was deafening. The lamb uttered its feeble cry, and the mother sheep at the other end of the inclosure heard it, and started to find it. 'Do not imagine that you are beyond the reach of the Good Shepherd,' said the preacher. 'He sees you, he hears you, every good desire of yours is known to him, and every secret longing for better things. He sees you as if there were no other child in the whole world.'"—*Tarbell.*

7. "That is, my Father has so loved you, that he even loves me more for giving my life to redeem you. In becoming your substitute and surety, by surrendering my life, by taking your liabilities, your transgressions, I am endeared to my Father.

"'I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' While as a member of the human family he was mortal, as God he was the fountain of life for the world. He could have withstood the advances of death, and refused to come under its dominion; but voluntarily he laid down his life, that he might bring life and immortality to light. He bore the sin of the world, endured its curse, yielded up his life as a sacrifice, that men might not eternally die."—*"The Desire of Ages," pp. 483, 484.*

EDITORIAL

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A Mission Christmas Present

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER once gave $500 to send the *Christian Endeavor World* to missionaries or others who would be helped by it. This was a practical way of expressing her appreciation of the paper. Are there not INSTRUCTOR readers who value the paper enough to join others in creating a fund to send the INSTRUCTOR across the waters to mission schools and other institutions that need it? We frequently receive letters from foreign workers requesting that the INSTRUCTOR be sent to their school free. The publishers meet certain calls; but they cannot supply the paper free to all our mission schools which really need it, many of which are unable to subscribe for it. Will not those willing to contribute to such a fund let us hear from them at once, that we may make a Christmas present of the INSTRUCTOR to schools and missions who could not otherwise have the paper?

Lions Visit Home of Missionaries

THERE are many times when a missionary in heathen lands needs the special protection of God. Mr. S. M. Konigmacher, superintendent of the Kongo Border Mission, relates some of these times as experienced recently by himself and his native workers. He says:

"As the boys did not attend the night school very well, I started for the compound one evening to see why certain ones were absent. As I was leaving one compound, my boy called to me that one of the boys had run into the bush at the rear of the compound. I started in one direction and my boy in the other, in a search for the runaway. Later we learned that the runaway was a lion and not a boy. It was in springing distance of both of us, but God protected us from harm.

"About this same time the lions had been crying in the bush near us for several days, and one boy said he saw one lying in our garden. As they did not attempt to break into the goat kraal or attack any one, we thought they were catching plenty of game and so would not harm us. The boys, however, repeatedly carried their guns to the night school, and one evening there were three guns, five spears, and two axes lining the wall. I also took my rifle.

"One night the lions' serenade became particularly loud down in the garden, and while they were roaring there, one slipped into the compound in the rear and pushed at one of the doors of a hut. A boy got up and seized a firebrand, scaring the lion off. It came back later to a grass hut, scratched the grass aside, grabbed a cloth hanging in the hut, and dragged it to the bush, tearing the cloth so badly that it could not be mended. One of the boys and his wife were sleeping inside.

"A boy named Noah went over into the lower Kongo to hold services in the villages. As the villages are small and far apart, there are no good paths running from one to the other, as there are on this side. The boy was unfamiliar with the country, and twice was lost in the bush. He walked for long distances, each time through the bush, and found a small path leading to the village. Some are lost in this district and are never found. He felt that he had the directing care of angels.

"Another of our teachers came near stepping on a snake, but saw it in time to save himself from trouble."

We believe that He who numbers the very hairs of our head takes note of all the dangers to which our workers are subjected and becomes to them a Saviour and protector at the opportune moment.

F. D. C.

"He Took On No New Habits"

IT was said of John Gough Howard, son of Clinton N. Howard, the well-known temperance lecturer, that he was one of whom it could be said, "He came out of the army as pure as when he went in. He took on no new habits." More than one mother bewails the fact that her son forsook home ideals and habits under the stress of army life, and became a devotee of liquor or tobacco, or else through the lapse of moral conduct became a victim of a dread venereal disease.

Mr. Howard, by his clean life, gave only joy to his parents. On April 25, 1919, the young aviator, with two brother officers, was ordered to make the flight to Boston in a raging wind, as part of the welcome home of the 26th Division. On the return flight the plane went into the sea in one of the fiercest storms of the winter. Nothing was afterward seen of the unfortunate trio. The untimely death of the young ensign caused great grief to his father; but despite his sorrow, he found real comfort in the fact that "John was loyal, self-reliant, loving, and devotedly Christian — a white-souled son." In one of the aviator's letters home he said, "When flying among the clouds, I feel that I am in the presence of God. It is like flying to heaven."

How beautiful it is to be worthy of a tribute such as this father gave his son. The "white-souled son" in this age of sin and corruption is not as common as we would desire; but we are glad of the few. May they never allow sin's foul breath to blight their purity of soul.

F. D. C.

A SMALL California lad who was well acquainted with the queer little horned toad of Texas, Arizona, California, and other Western States, was recently playing in the sand near where his father was working. On finding an acorn cup in the sand, he called out, "O papa! I found a horny toad's cap," the color and rough exterior of the cup reminding him of the little creatures he used to play with while on a farm near San Diego, California.

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